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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX San Francisco, February 4, 1911 No. 962

GERALDINE MALONE AND JAMES T. POWERS

In Leslie Stuart's international musical comedy success "Havana" coming to the Savoy for a brief engagement.

170030

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Our Glorious Triumph

San Francisco experienced a great thrill of joy when from Washington came the glad tidings that we had won the first battle in the contest for the World's Fair. That contest had kept us more or less on edge for weeks. As we were all sensible of the tremendous importance of victory, of the great loss that we should suffer through defeat, the whole community was keyed up to a high pitch of anxiety, and when through the cannon mouth came to eager ears the transporting news of triumph the city was swept with grateful emotion. That perennial citizen, the oldest inhabitant, probably informed the man that winds up the ferry clock that no such ecstasy had been experienced hereabouts since that memorable steamer day on which the old flag was unfurled on Portsmouth Square to signalize the admission of California to the Union. And certain it is that of all the red-letter days that have occurred in California since the bear flag went out of official business last Tuesday was the reddest. A world's fair in San Francisco will mark the opening of a new and pregnant epoch not only for the metropolis of the West but for the whole State. So enormous are the benefits that are bound to accrue from the Fair that an approximate estimate of them is beyond the powers of the most optimistic of rainbow prophets. The material benefits in store for us are not greater than the spiritual benefits. For a great fair such as we are to hold will bring with it many refining and educational influences that will be felt by all the people. We have been told that the aftermath of a world's fair is depressing, but the Pacific-Panama Exposition is to be exceptional. We are not to commemorate anything. We are to celebrate a great national achievement which is to bear fruit at the very time when all the belts of civilization will be intersecting along our avenues, when a new cosmopolitanism will be burgeoning in our midst, when all our industries, all our higher faculties will be receiving a new impetus. There will be no retrogression thereafter. The movement will be onward, upward and irresistible. The Pacific is mankind's New Theatre. In its multitudinous seas are to be re-enacted those great scenes that marked the progress of history, first along the shores of the Mediterranean and then upon the tempestuous Atlantic.

Fools and Knaves at Sacramento

The indications are that at the close of this session of the Legislature California will have her bellyful of reform. No State in the Union was ever threatened with so direful consequences of rash and blundering incompetency as those which are now portended by the crazy projects that have been broached at Sacramento. Perhaps before adjournment "reform" and "anarchy" will have become synonymous terms in California because if the reformers at Sacramento are to have their way the government of this State will soon be what Anarchists pronounce the ideal government. For Anarchists hold that the best government is the worst since the best government is the farthest removed from disorder and dissolution. Now the converse of the proposition is that the worst government is the best, and apparently that is the consummation for which our zealous fanatics at Sacramento are striving. They are the most destructive band of statesmen that ever assembled in this or any other State in the world's history. If this assertion appears extravagant try to recall an historical instance of a deliberative body that exhibited anything approximating the contempt of recognized essential principles of government which is evinced in the present session of our Legislature. There have been several market democracies but in none of them was it ever proposed to make justice a matter of public opinion. This proposal is of course the most vicious of all the fantastic innovations which our statesmen are considering. It is in itself fatal to government as any person is aware who can see beyond the length of his nose. It ought to be sufficient to satisfy the most rabid anarchist. The spirit in which this measure was conceived is apparently characteristic of the Legislature, for there are other measures under consideration which rather argue the mischievousness and recklessness of defiant bullyism than the awkwarkness of unconscious incompetency. Take for example the proposal to validate and make constitutional at a special election all the acts of the Legislature. The proponents of this measure candidly admit that they consider it advisable to rush the amendments to the people while the wave of hysterical reform is washing over the State because on second thought the masses may conclude to be conservative. In other words it is the purpose of our statesmen, a purpose which they openly proclaim, to catch the people unaware, to take advantage of their passions before they have time to cool off and bring their sober judgment to bear on questions of the most vital importance. Where is there to be found in all history a parallel for such barefaced official depravity? This certainly affords us an insight into the character of some of the men who are legislating for us at Sacramento. And having this insight we should not be amazed at any of the strange devices which they are constructing. We are reminded by their frankness of Hazlitt's observation that he was always afraid of a fool because he could never be sure that he was not a knave. Obviously there are men making laws at Sacramento who are at once both fools and knaves; a very dangerous combination even though the fool may sometimes expose himself to execration by unconsciously revealing his own rascality. This combination with its plans for amplifying the tyrannical powers of organized labor, giving our greedy job-holders the right to blackmail everybody in business and keeping the people incessantly engaged in politics, is likely to work more harm in California in a few months than was wrought by machine politicians in all her previous history.

Emulating Arizona

Now that our Legislature is inclined to revolutionize the State government by infusing into the organic law all the fads and fancies that have been conceived by the quack philosophers and paranoiac patriots of the Chautauquan School it might be well to consider the attitude of President Taft toward Arizona. This is of interest to us because we have been getting inspiration from that wild and wooly territory. Let it not be supposed that all the ideas of the current dispensation have been borrowed from the bleeding commonwealth of Kansas and the riproaring State of Oklahoma. Some have come from Tucson, others from Tombstone. In one or the other of those cultured burgs was conceived the idea of making judges responsive to the will of the masses, and it is now embodied in the Constitution of Arizona, a circumstance which in all probability will delay the admission of that State to the Union. When Theodore Roosevelt was President in spite of his progressiveness he could not stomach the radical features of the Oklahoma Constitution, but he protested in vain. To prevent a repetition of the calamity the enabling acts for Arizona and New Mexico were so worded that the State Constitutions must be approved by Congress before they can become valid. Now President Taft does not approve the Arizona Constitution. He is especially opposed to the recall for judges, and he takes the ground that it is not consistent with a republican form of government. If his position be correct then perhaps a recall for judges will be futile, for one of the things guaranteed by the Federal Constitution is the preservation of the republican form of government in every State. That President Taft's position is correct we have no doubt since we know that to make judges the puppets of the masses is to do away with justice which is the primary essential principle of all government. How can there be such a thing as due process of law in a State where the law doesn't matter?

Deliberate Statesmanship

When the Supreme Court decided to grant Abe Ruef a rehearing great was the impetus given to the sentiment behind the proposal to apply the recall to the judiciary. As soon as the news of the decision reached Sacramento several of the giant intellects that give lustre and distinction to the legislative body perceived at once the inherent virtue of the principle of administering justice by counting noses. Senator Miguel

Estudillo of Riverside, who is doubtless a worthy representative of the intelligence and goodness of his constituents, seized the decision as a pretext for his conversion to the views of the great panjandrum who distributes patronage. "I was opposed to the measure," he said, "but now it has my hearty approval." Similarly Senator Ernest Birdsall of Auburn: "I was strongly opposed to the recall on judges, but this Ruef decision is too much." Also Senator Lee Gates of Los Angeles, who is an attorney but whose practice is not so large as to keep him at home: "The decision proves the necessity of the action recommended by the Governor." Also Senator Hurd of Los Angeles: "No argument on earth can now convince me that the recall on judges is not a crying necessity." Thus are we permitted to glimpse the mental processes of some fine specimens of the kind of talent in which the sovereign people love to repose their priceless confidence. From the utterances which we have quoted it appears that our impetuous statesmen are as easily swayed by their prejudices as the most capricious of their constituents. Convinced that Ruef should go to the penitentiary they are in favor of pitchforking him there regardless of law. We are not astonished that this should be their sentiment, but we are astonished that any of them should ever have been opposed to the recall of judges. Our astonishment is due to our instinct for the logical. These statesmen tell us they are now in favor of the recall because the Supreme Court has done something contrary to what they think should have been done. This being so it is clear they should always have been for the recall. For the purpose of the recall is to deter judges from exercising their own judgment and inducing them to decide cases according to the opinion of Tom, Dick and Harry. The principle of the recall is that Tom, Dick and Harry who know nothing of a case except what they read in the newspapers are more likely to be right than judges who are versed in the science of law and familiar with the evidence. And undoubtedly Senators Estudillo, Birdsall, Gates and Hurd are convinced of the soundness of this principle. Their conviction is attested by their assumption that they know it was wrong to grant Ruef a rehearing. They did not attend his trial and they do not know what the facts are, but they do know he ought to be in the penitentiary and that is sufficient for them. They agree of course with Senator Cartwright who tells us that the law has been set aside by the Supreme Court. Senator Cartwright knows this by intuition. The Supreme Justices who have read some of the record, which it is hardly likely that Senator Cartwright has ever seen, are of the opinion that possibly it was Judge Lawlor who set the law aside, but their opinion being contrary to the opinion of Tom, Dick and Harry it follows that there is crying necessity for the recall. Perhaps these statesmen might again be made to change their views by giving each of them a trial such as Ruef had.

Amending the Criminal Law

So many are the defects of our system of justice and so notorious is it that criminals break through the meshes of the law that nobody is insensible of the need of reform. All agree that something should be done to make Justice less erring and to prevent the further decrease of public respect for the law and the courts. But as is usually the case when the people become impatient of anything that deserves their reprobation, to escape the ills they cannot bear they fly to others they know not of. This appears to be the tendency with reference to the abuses of the criminal law. The reformers are acting on two theories that are absolutely erroneous: first, that the trial courts are all right and the higher courts all wrong; secondly, that while guilty men escape innocent men are never sent to the penitentiary. The absurdity of the first proposition ought to be apparent to anybody capable of exercising the faculty of thought. The trial courts are the schools in which we educate our judges, and to the criminal courts are assigned the least competent men. Many of the lawyers elected to the Superior Court are men of no experience. On the other hand never is an inexperienced lawyer, seldom is an inexperienced judge, elected to one of the appellate courts. Of course this system so far as it affects our trial courts is all wrong. In this system are rooted nearly all the evils of which we complain. Our criminal cases are tried by men who are ignorant of the science of law, and whose blunders which usually result from an absorbing desire to make a record for convictions necessitate reversals, the result being that between the first and second trials witnesses disappear and the guilty go free. As to the theory that innocent men are never convicted instances disproving it have frequently come to light, and of course it is not unreasonable to assume that there are cases of which the public has never heard. Lawyers and penologists will tell you that in about ninety per cent of the convictions in rape cases the men are the victims of conspiracy. On the theory that justice is to be improved by making it easier to convict it is proposed to give our undergraduates of the bench and our prosecuting attorneys more power, to reduce the number of challenges allowed to the defense and to empower nine jurors to render a verdict. Now the purpose of the first proposal is to neutralize the ignorance of juridical officers, to give them so much latitude that it will be difficult for them to make fatal blunders. This of course will have the effect of reducing the number of reversals, but it will set us back a few centuries. How far the proponents of the measure are from appreciating its character we learn from their statement that they merely wish to give our judges the same power that English judges have. They forget that English judges are independent both of the people and the Crown, that they have no incentive to a record for anything but the calm and sober administration of the law. They forget also that whereas in England no newspaper ever comments on a case in court, nearly all our sensational criminal cases are tried by the press, and that our trial judges take their cue from the newspapers. Whether the three-fourths verdict will improve justice remains to be seen, but meantime it may be well to consider the views on this subject expressed by Justice Sloss, the least experienced of our appellate judges, a man who never practiced criminal law or tried a criminal case. "I do not find," he says, "that the verdict of nine jurors in a civil case is regarded as any less binding or any less likely to be right than the unanimous verdict of twelve in a criminal case. I see no reason why this rule should not work equally well in a criminal case, at least in all cases except such as, upon conviction, are punishable with death or life imprisonment." Judge Sloss's sentiments are hardly in harmony either with the spirit of the times or the traditional maxims of the law. The spirit of the times demands that we put man above merchandise, and the traditional maxims of the law are very much in accord with that spirit favoring as they do a special principle in criminal practice designed to shield from error every man accused of crime. It is somewhat singular that Judge Sloss should hold the views that he has expressed, for evidently he believes that a unanimous verdict is more to be relied upon than a "three-fourths verdict." Else why should he object to the "three-fourths verdict" when the defendant may be punished by death or life imprisonment? Does he think it of no consequence that an innocent citizen of this country should be sent to jail for six months or for sixteen years?

To the Lady of the Poplars

By Seumas O'Sullivan

A song for you, a song I made
  Of glimmering moons and moon-white ways,
And branches woven into shade
  Where quiet goes; to make your praise,
I sought in these, and dreams of these,
My Lady of the Poplar trees.

Ah, deeper quiet he must seek,
  And deeper-shadowed ways I ween,
Peace hidden of no earthly trees,
  Radiance no earthly moon has seen,
He must seek out who sings to please
My Lady of the Poplar trees.

A Man of Letters

By Theodore Bonnet

George Brandes writing of Anatole France says that the true author is recognizable by the existence on every page of his works of something which no one else could have written. And he quotes this as a specimen of France's unique workmanship: "If we may believe that amiable shepherd of souls it is impossible for us to elude divine mercy, and we shall all enter Paradise—unless, indeed, there be no Paradise, which is exceedingly probable." This is typical of the French wit and satirist, but France is not the only man who could have written it. Ambrose Bierce could have written it. Ambrose Bierce is the most versatile genius in American letters. He is a man of letters in the broadest acceptation of the term. He has rippled almost every stream of the Pierian fount. There is but one form of the literary art that he has not touched—the dramatic. He is poet, philosopher, historian, novelist and essayist. He has produced masterpieces of the art of short-story writing—tales of terror and psychological tales that none but a Poe could have written; fables and allegories—some in the vein of Lucian, some after the manner of Swift, some as grotesque as any that were ever written; satirical verses as epigrammatic, pungent and compact as Pope's; comic sketches as funny as Mark Twain's; historical narratives more lucid and entertaining than any I have ever read. Bierce unites in himself the genius of many authors, but like Boileau he is original even in imitation. He has comprehended in his works the whole world of satire fusing all that he gathered into a mixture which has its own flavor, its own spirit and taste, approximating some writers even in the very qualities for which they were distinguished. Above all things Bierce is a satirist, and in some respects the quality of his satire resembles Anatole France's. Both have written in the same vein. Compare for example the following with what Brandes has quoted: "A religious work says that Christ should be held up as an example to the church. We have somewhere read that he was once held up very conspicuously as an example to the church. That was eighteen hundred years ago, and the church has not imitated him yet. We don't think it is of any use to put him up again." Here is another: "I confess I do not understand the one-half that is written about faith. This is probably because I have it not. An eyeless fish from the Mammoth Cave cannot be expected to know much about optical science, but at least he may boast himself free from optical illusions." Bierce has written some things which France could not write. This, for instance, written in the days when a Governor of this State was pardoning criminals by wholesale:

"God said 'Let there be crime,' and the command
Brought Satan leading Stoneman by the hand."

Nor could France have written this epigram entitled "Novum Organum":

In Bacon see the culminating prime
Of British intellect and British crime.
He died, and Nature, settling his affairs,
Parted his powers among us, his heirs:
To each a pinch of common sense, for seed,
And, to develop it, a pinch of greed.
Each frugal heir, to make the gift suffice,
Buries the talent to manure the vice.

There are not many people to share my enenthusiasm for Bierce. There are not many that have read half that he has written. Now that his works have been collected and are coming from the press of Neale & Company of New York and Washington perhaps this man who has been writing for forty years will emerge from obscurity before he dies. That he will ever become popular is of course not to be expected. Writers who require active intelligence and taste in their readers never become popular. They merely become classic. If to be a classic is, as Sainte-Beuve asserts, to be an author who has enriched the human mind, increased its treasure and rendered his thought in a style of his own which is at the same time a model of excellence then Bierce has been a classic for many years. And he has yet to receive universal recognition! This is not strange. Had it been otherwise, in Bierce's case, that would have been extraordinary. For we are not as the Early Victorians whom we unjustly regard as unenlightened, narrowly conventional and Philistine. Considering, as an English essayist has recently observed, that Carlyle, Tennyson, Thackeray and Browning were popular, not after their death but in their prime, it must have been a high level of taste that rapidly acclaimed them. But nowadays many cases may be cited to prove that the man who puts any pressure on his readers' power of thought writes for the few; also, that as in most periods it is only mediocrity that can achieve popularity. How slow was the growth of Ibsen, the man that revolutionized the modern drama! Even now to admire him is to be suspected of being a highbrow. The popular taste is now for novels, but George Meredith hasn't been dead long enough to have his works ranked with the standards of fiction. But there are circumstances other than the obtuseness of the general to which must be attributed the neglect of Bierce. His intrinsic merit alone does not account for his obscurity. Perhaps the chief reason why he has not tasted the sweets of fame or walked with outward glory crowned is that he is a satirist. His has been the fate of many of the great satirists. Worshipped by the few whom he has cared to call his friends, he has provoked widespread fear and malignity, and the men who might have spread his fame have been eager to prevent the world from knowing of his existence.

Like all great satirists Bierce is a moralist who hates cant and hypocrisy above all other sins, and early in his career he seized the thong with genuine impulses and applied it to the pelts of the Pharisees with ardent enthusiasm. He has seen life moreover as Meredith described it—a supreme ironic procession with laughter of the gods in the background, and it has been his pleasure to keep the pageant moving. The absurdities and defects of everything that has come under his notice he has exposed to ridicule and contempt as but one other living man can, that one being Anatole France. Every genuine human grievance, every downright human folly quickens Bierce into animation. Possessed of a mind analytic and destructive the shattering of shams is his delight. Equipped with the stilettos of speech and all the resources of irony and ridicule he loves to play havoc with follies; with the presumption of criticasters, the impertinence of logrollers, the pretension of literary mediocrities. So among the citizenry of the Republic of Letters there are few who have any enthusiasm for Bierce. Many hate him with good reason, not all readers have the intelligence to appreciate him, and few have but more than a vague knowledge of his works, for most of Bierce's writing was done in the provinces. It is only now that Bierce's writings are being collected and printed. I have received the first three volumes, and there are seven more to come. In the first of the three are some masterly satirical allegories in which are pictured for us new worlds of fancy and humor; some beautiful historical sketches dealing with battles of the Rebellion in which the author figured as a staff officer; and a philosophical monograph on the decline and fall of the American Republic written in the year 4930. In this last mentioned performance we get much of the farce and mummery of political life as none perhaps but Bierce could give them to us, revealing as he does his familiarity with the science of government and illustrating the weaknesses of our system with far-fetched conceits, flippant jests, grotesque absurdities, quaint burlesque and delicious travesty. Bierce's contempt of democracy is as bitter as Lucian's. The futility of it he points out in this paragraph:

"To us of today it is clear that the word 'self-government' involves a contradiction, for government means control by something other than the thing to be controlled. When the thing governed is the same as the thing governing there is no government, though for a time there may be, as in the case under consideration there was, a considerable degree of forbearance giving a misleading appearance of public order. This, however, soon must, as in fact it soon did, pass away with the delusion that gave it birth. The habit of obedience to written law, inculcated by generations of respect for actual government able to enforce its authority, will persist for a long time, with an ever lessening power on the imagination of the people; but there comes a time when the tradition is forgotten and the delusion exhausted. When men perceive that nothing is restraining them but their consent to be restrained, then at last there is nothing to obstruct the free play of that selfishness which is the dominant characteristic and fundamental motive of human nature and human action respectively. Politics, which may have had something of the character of a contest of principles, becomes a struggle of interests, and its methods are frankly serviceable to personal and class advantage. Patriotism and respect for law pass like a tale that is told. Anarchy, no longer disguised as 'government by consent,' reveals his hidden hand, and in the words of our greatest living poet,

'lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all!'"

Here is a bit of drollery that is typical:

"A little later nearly all classes and callings became organized conspiracies each seeking an unfair advantage through laws which the party in power had not the firmness to withhold, nor the party hoping for power the courage to oppose. The climax of absurdity in this direction was reached in 1918 when an association of barbers, known as Noblemen of the Razor, procured from the parliament of the country a law giving it a representative in the President's Cabinet and making it a misdemeanor to wear a beard."

That combination of brutal cynicism and sardonic humor which is characteristic of Bierce is

(Continued on Page 20.)

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Varied Types

VII—EDWARD M. GREENWAY

By Edward F. O'Day

Gentle reader, do you remember Kohler and Frohling's liquor store? Whether you do or whether you do not, you will probably see no reason to dispute the statement that it was once a place of very especial resort. If you had happened to be in Kohler and Frohling's about four o'clock one sunny afternoon just twenty-five years ago, you would have noticed the entrance of a very dapper young man with a round face, small keen brown eyes and a slight mustache. You would have noticed that he approached the bartender, nodded a salute, arrayed one graceful foot upon the rail and said in a quick but pleasing voice:

"John, a little of that port."

If you had happened to maintain an interest in this by no means extraordinary proceeding, you would have noticed that the bartender took down a bottle and enriched a small wine glass with its ruddy contents, that the dapper young man held it before the light for the gratification of his eye, swept it slowly before his face for the titillation of his sense of smell and then tilted it over his tongue for the propitiation of his palate. Then you would have watched the dapper young man bring the glass sharply down upon the polished mahogany and you would have heard him exclaim:

"John, you've switched the bottle on me."

And then in a corner you would have seen a head emerge from behind a rustling newspaper, the while a voice exclaimed in an accent of surprise:

"What's that? What's that?"

* * * * *

Let us now turn, gentle reader, from Kohler and Frohling's liquor store in Montgomery street to the stately old home of the Gwins in South Park, still imagining ourselves younger by twenty-five years. It is the night of a grand ball and all the beauty and chivalry of San Francisco are in attendance. We find the same dapper young man in the brilliant ball room and as it is his introduction to San Francisco society, he is very carefully dressed. Let us suppose that he stands for a moment surveying the charming scene before him and that his thoughts are interrupted by a hand upon his shoulder. He finds himself confronted by a tall, handsome, soldierly man of middle age who regards him with a keen but kindly eye.

"Young man," demanded the elderly stranger, "did your grandfather ever mention to you the names of his three best friends?"

"Yes, sir," answered our dapper youth; "he mentioned them many times. They were General Scott, General Albert Sydney Johnstone and General Keyes."

And the stranger answered:

"I am General Keyes."

* * * * *

"That first incident," explains Edward M. Greenway—for our dapper youth is none other—"proved that I had a taste for wine; it was my introduction to the wine business. The second incident proved that I had a grandfather; it was the beginning of my social career."

Edward Macdonald Greenway was born in New York in 1851. His ancestry is interesting and significant. In the dark backward and abysm of time the Greenways were Vikings who ravaged the coast of Britain and drained the mead cup to their war god Thor. In much later years the Macdonalds were Scottish cavaliers who fought for Bonny Prince Charlie by day and finished their four bottles every night. And at the beginning of American history the forebears of our hero settled in Virginia and began to multiply and spread to Maryland and New York and Tennessee. So you see Ned is not alone in having a grandfather; his grandfather had one too. At the age of four Greenway was taken to Baltimore and lived there until 1875, just two dozen years. Very interesting years they were, as Ned is very frank in confessing. For a good part of the time he was tutored by a Scotch minister who endeavored to ferule some of the joy of living out of his charge, but failed most dismally. Then he went to St. John's College at Annapolis. He stayed there for three and a half years, spending three years in the freshman class and half a year as a sophomore. "What did I take?" says Ned.

EDWARD M. GREENWAY

"I took football and rowing. My chum and I made a vow that we would not open a book until we rowed our first race with the Naval Academy, so they fired us." No whit discouraged Ned returned to Baltimore and joined a rowing club. It was a pleasant life, especially in spring; for in that sweet season he spent every other night at the boat club, arising at four in the morning to pursue the soft shell crab. It was a life gladdened with Maryland fried chicken and corn cakes, with broiled oysters—("You can't broil the California oysters," says Ned)—and sweetbread croquets and last but not least, with "pins and pain" as they used to call it, terrapin and champagne. Ned, you see, was taking his post-collegiate course as a bibeur and a gourmet. His eyes flash when he speaks of that joyous period and words can scarcely express his contempt for the Philadelphia recipe for preparing terrapin.

Ned was a Democrat and he cast his first three votes for Horace Greeley. I said his first three votes, for on his initiation into citizenship he voted three times—just to get the hang of the thing, no doubt—once for his uncle, once for his grandfather and once for himself. And being a great admirer of Horace the time came when he resolved to follow the celebrated Horatian advice, to turn his back on soft shell chabs and terrapin and head for the alluring West. He had friends out here, among them Louis McLane and General Stoneman and having inherited some money, he resolved in a curious groping after a destiny that was not yet ripe, to become a grape-grower. Greenway's family tree may be a grape-vine, but there is no pruning-knife on his coat of arms. So after a short stay at the Stoneman place in San Gabriel he came to San Francisco in 1875 looking for employment. He asked his friend McLane to place him in the Nevada Bank, but it was just after the failure of the Bank of California and the Big Four—Flood, Mackay, Fair and O'Brien—had berthed all their friends in the Nevada Bank and there was only the job of messenger left. Greenway took it and after a month of legging was made receiving teller and later collection clerk. He stayed in the Nevada for five years and was let out with Edward H. Sheldon and seven others when the Brander-Angus combination was made. Then for five years he was clearing house clerk for the Anglo, but was fired when the papers announced that Edward M. Greenway, the popular society amateur, was receiving instructions from George Osborne and would appear at the California Theater as a professional actor in "Hoodman Blind." Perhaps Ned might be an ornament of the stage today if he had not happened to meet James C. Flood ("the best friend I ever had in my life," says Greenway). Flood persuaded Greenway to take a position in the office of the Ophir Mining Company, a position he held for about seven years.

It was shortly after his arrival that the incident at the Gwin ball opened to Greenway the most exclusive drawing rooms of the city. He became the friend of Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, of the Mills', the Coltons and the Crockers and when Edward Sheldon started the Bachelors' Cotillon, he joined it. After two years Sheldon turned the club over to Ned and he has been running it ever since. It was not long afterwards that Charles Kohler discovered through the other incident I have narrated that Ned had an accurate taste for wines and he used to call him in to decide nice questions concerning the comparative excellence of different vintages. By the time that the Midwinter Fair came along Ned had the reputation of a connoisseur and he was made one of the judges of wines. Soon afterwards he met the New York representative of the Mumm people and was made Pacific Coast representative.

Times have changed since Ned started to manage the Bachelors' Cotillon Club. He gave his first german in old B'nai B'rith Hall which, according to Ned, had the best dancing floor in the city. It was a very scrumptious affair. The subscription for the season was ten dollars and the first supper cost one dollar a cover—and that included champagne, for the first time in the dancing history of the city. It was an elaborate supper too, Mrs. Fair contributing the shrimp salad. Ned led the german with Miss Tessie Fair, afterwards

(Continued on Page 20.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Correspondence

The Mysterious Press

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I see that the newspapers are having another spasm of morality. They are terribly shocked at the police for permitting gambling games to run. They regard faro as a device of Satan's and craps as the most diabolical of all forbidden pastimes. How about lottery? Is lottery a Christian game? Is it edifying? Is it conducive to morality? Has it the sanction of law? Is it a gospel sport conducted by the clergy for the benefit of the church? I ask these questions because I notice that while the sensitive dailies are greatly opposed to faro and craps they never print anything about the lotteries except the winning numbers. Evidently the dailies have no objection to lottery, for there are three lottery companies in this city and all of them pay tribute to the dailies "for advertising." Perhaps the ethical test by which the character of a gambling game is determined is the one applied by the business managers of the dailies. Perhaps the answer to the question, "Do you advertise?" is the criterion. Perhaps if the faro dealers advertised their business after the manner of theatrical managers the newspapers would look elsewhere for pretexts for moral spasms. I make these suggestions, Mr. Editor, in the hope that they may incite you to entertaining reflection. I would like some light on a subject which is to me a profound and abstruse but nevertheless interesting subject. I don't know anything about the newspaper business, but I ponder it frequently and wonder at its mysteries. All editors I believe are good men bowed beneath a great load of responsibility. I believe, too, that there is something divine about them so inscrutable are their ways and motives.

Yours truly,
—Mortimer L. Hunt.

San Francisco, January 30.

The Ugly Inference

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I read in the Bulletin the other evening this statement: "Citizens who have kept track of Supreme Court decisions predicted that if that body gave Ruef a rehearing his respite would come from Justices Beatty, Lorigan, Henshaw and Melvin, sometimes referred to as the 'Big Four.'" I have not kept track of Supreme Court decisions, but I keep track of the Bulletin and of Town Talk and I read in the latter journal recently some paragraphs that astonished about the reconciliation between Justice Sloss and Judge Dunne, and about the Bulletin's change of attitude toward Sloss, Angellotti and Shaw, and though I had given no thought to the Ruef decision I was not at all surprised that the little trio did not join in it. It is most lamentable if the state of affairs in our Supreme Court is what the Bulletin hints that it is. It would be especially lamentable if that journal was able to predict the Ruef decision, for the inference to be drawn from such a circumstance is most hideous. The inference is that the Supreme Court leaks, and in this instance of course it is not to be supposed that the Bulletin found a leak among the four justices whose characters it continues to blacken after having forgiven the other three that had long enjoyed its hostility. I am not acquainted with any of our judges, but I am from Nevada where the reputation of Chief Justice Beatty still survives, and if I were on the Supreme Court bench I would rather be wrong with him than right with any of his associates.

Yours respectively,
San Francisco, January 28. —Sage Brush.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

No Sleeping in the River

It is a good sign when Los Angeles does not take itself too seriously. It is also a rare sign. Many Los Angeles people undoubtedly resent the following bit of pleasantry which appeared in the columns of the Los Angeles Express. The only crime which would surpass it in heinousness would be a joke at the expense of the great San Pedro harbor, which Guy Buham one proposed to irrigate, and where President Taft got stuck in the mud. Says the Express:

"From the 'Abstract of the Official Proceedings' of the council, printed in the city's official paper, we rescue this paragraph: 'Request of police commission, that an ordinance be enacted making it a misdemeanor to loiter, loaf or sleep in the official bed of the Los Angeles River; to legislation committee.' We rejoice in the vigilance of the police commission. The bed of the Los Angeles River is not to be slept in. On that sacred bed none may loaf or loiter. It is to be preserved inviolate. A corps of matrons will be appointed to make it regularly. The commission has but done its duty, yet what a reflection its action casts on the character of the homeless wanderers who look covetously on that river bed. We do not hear that the police commission of New York, for instance, asks that sleeping in the bed of the East River or the Hudson be declared a misdemeanor. St. Louis has no trouble in keeping vagrants out of the bed of the Mississippi. Whereas here only constant watchfulness maintains the Los Angeles River bed free from occupants. If a little water could be turned into the river, invaders might be discouraged."

Our Obsolete Fighting Ships

When the cruiser Detroit, which cost the government $1,233,039, was sold a few days ago for $20,000, the fact that a war vessel only twenty years old could in that short time deterioriate to so insignificant a value, recalled to the mind of every naval man in America that the United States Navy, like the English and French, and to a certain extent the German, is at the present time burdened with a great many vessels that are so completely out of date as to be termed "obsolete." For several years now Great Britain has been selling warships that a score of years ago were rated among the greatest afloat, to junk dealers, and the elimination of the Detroit shows that this government is on the eve of adopting a similar policy. The process that leads to the listing "obsolete" and the junk pile, may be said to begin when a war vessel goes "into reserve." The next step is when she is placed "out of commission" in a navy yard, and then come the dismantling and finally the sale to the highest bidder. In the United States Navy it is estimated that at the present time vessels that cost between $140,000,000 and $150,000,000 are either in reserve, dismantled in navy yards, or admittedly of no further fighting value.

Reno Is Glad of the Change

When gambling was suppressed in Nevada the most pessimistic prophecies were made concerning the bad effect which the reform would have on business. In Reno particularly merchants and saloonmen declared that the future of their city was dark indeed. Now it is found that the situation was misunderstood. Prosperity has increased remarkably in the short time since the tiger was hunted to cover. The merchants are surprised and gratified to find that the workingmen have a great deal more money to spend in legitimate ways than they had before. Business which used to be conducted on credit because buyers were temporarily embarrassed by a run of bad luck at the gaming tables, is now being done on a cash basis. There is something of a slump in the sale of expensive lingerie and silk stockings because the gamblers and their women have departed for other fields of endeavor, but of more important articles larger purchases are being made than ever. The strangest circumstance of all is that the saloonmen, with a few exceptions, express themselves as glad that gambling has ceased. Instead of spending all their time at the roulette wheels or the faro banks, men now have time for a sociable glass. And to add to the general prosperity of Reno the divorce colony continues to increase.

The Prospector Still at Work

The early days of gold in California were recalled vividly to the minds of Fresnoites a few days ago when a man offered to pay for tobacco with either gold dust or nuggets. An investigation into the queer offer revealed the fact that the man actually had a quantity of gold dust and nuggets in a "buck skin" bag contained in his pocket. For the benefit of the incredulous, he emptied out a portion of his golden property for inspection. The bag contained about $250 in dust and grains of gold, the largest of the latter being about the size of a pea. When pressed for an explanation the prospector stated that the gold in his possession was the result of about two months' work in the creeks of Tuolumne and Mariposa County, where he has been engaged in placer mining all by himself for the length of time mentioned. A small "burro" was his sole companion, and he gave up his work only when his "grub stake" had been entirely consumed. "Any man can take a pan and make living wages there," explained the prospector, "and there is no reason why any able-bodied person should be loafing about the towns when there is gold to be had such a short distance away and when it can be secured so easily." The picturesque old prospector is evidently not yet a personage of ancient California history.

Victory

By R. B. Cunningham Graham

Ranks upon ranks of rastaquoeres, Brazilians, Roumanians, Russians, Bulgarians, with battalions of Americans, all seated round the "piazza" of the Grand Hotel. Ladies from Boston, Chicago, and New York, their heels too high, their petticoats too much belaced, their Empire combs bediamonded so as to look almost like cut-glass chandeliers, as in their chairs they sat and read the latest news from Tampa, Santiago, and how Cervera's Squadron met the fate which they (the ladies) reckoned God prepares for those who dare to fight against superior odds.

Outside upon the boulevards, cocottes, guides, cabmen, and androgynous young men, touts, and all those who hang about that caravansary where the dulcet Suffolk whine, made sharper by the air of Massachusetts, sounds, passed and repassed.

Smug-faced, black-coated citizens from Buffalo and Albany, and from places like Detroit and Council Bluffs, to which the breath of fashion has not penetrated, scanned the New York Herald, read the glorious news, and, taking off their hats, deigned publicly to recognize the existence of a God, and after standing reverently silent, masticating their green cigars in contemplation of His wondrous ways, to take a drink.

Aquatic plants and ferns known only to hotels, and constituting a sub-family of plants, which by the survival of the ugliest have come at last to stand gas, dust, saliva, and an air befogged with Chypre, grew in the fountain where, in the tepid water, gold fish with swollen eyes, and blotched with patches of unhealthy white, swam to and fro, picking up crumbs and rising to the surface when some one threw a smoked-out cigarette into the basis, in the midst of which a fig-leaved Naiad held a stucco shell.

The corridors were blocked with Saratoga trunks; perspiring porters staggered to and fro, bending beneath the weight of burdens compared to which a sailor's chest is as a pill-box.

All went well; the tapes clicked off their international lies, detailing all the last quotations of the deep mines upon the Rand, the fall in Spanish Fours; in fact, brought home to those with eyes to see, the way in which the Stock Exchange had put a rascals' ring around the globe.

Waiters ran to and fro, their ears attuned to every outrage upon French, seeking to find the meaning of the jargons in which they were addressed.

Majestic butlers in black knee-breeches, and girt about the neck with great brass chains, moved slowly up and down, so grave and so respectable that had you laid your hands upon any one of them and made a bishop of him he would have graced the post.

Mysterious, well-dressed men sat down beside you, and after a few words proposed to take you in the evening to show you something new.

Women walked to and fro, glaring at one another as they had all been tigresses, or again, catching each other's eyes, reddened, and looked ashamed, as if aware, though strangers, that they understood the workings of the other's heart.

Burano chandeliers and modern tapestry, with red brocade on the two well-upholstered chairs, imparted beauty and a look of wealth, making one feel as if by striking an electric bell a door would open and a troop of half dressed women file into the court, after the fashion of another kind of inn.

Outside the courtyard Paris roared, chattered, and yelped, cycles and automobiles made the poor pieton's life a misery, and set one thinking how inferior after all the Mind which thought out Eden was to our own.

Upon the asphalt the horizontales lounged along, pushing against the likely-looking passer-by like cats against a chair.

Cabs rattled, and the whole clinquant town wore its best air of unreality, which it puts off alone upon the morning of a revolution.

Through boulevards, parvis, cites, along the quays, in the vast open spaces which, like Saharas of grey stone, make the town desolate, in cafes, brothels, theatres, in church and studio, and wherever men most congregate, groups stood about reading the news, gesticulating, weeping, perspiring, and agog with a half-impotent enthusiastic orgasm of wildest admiration for Spain, Cervera, and the men who without bunkum or illusion steamed to certain death. And, curiously enough, the execration fell not so much upon Chicago as on "ces cochons d'Anglais," who by their base connivance had wrought the ruin of the Spanish cause.

Yankees themselves read and remarked with sneers that England's turn was coming next, and after "Kewby," that they reckoned to drag the British flag through every dunghill in New York; then one winked furtively and said, "We need them now, but afterwards we'll show Victoria in a cage for a picayune a peep, and teach the Britishers what to do with their old Union Jack," thinking no doubt of the ten-cent paper which is sold in every city of the States, stamped with the Spanish flag.

And as I sat, musing on things and others—thinking, for instance, that when you scratch a man and see his blood you know his nature by the way he bears his wound, and that the Spaniards, wounded to the death, were dying game (after the fashion of the English in times gone by, before Imperialism, before the Nonconformist snuffle, the sweating system, and the rest had changed our nature), and that the Yankees at the first touch cried out like curs, though they had money, numbers, and everything upon their side—I fell a-thinking on the Spain of old. Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, el Gran Captain, Cortes (not at the siege of Mexico, but in the rout before Algiers) came up before me, and I thought on the long warfare, extending over seven hundred years, by which Spain saved the southern half of Europe from the Moors; upon Gerona, Zaragoza, and, most of all, upon Cervera, last of the Quixotes, Vara de Rey, Linares, and the poor peasants from Galician hills, thyme-scented wastes in Lower Aragon, Asturian mountains, and Estremenian oak-woods, who, battling against superior numbers, short of food, of ammunition, and bereft of hope, were proving their descent from the grim soldiers of the Spanish "Tercios" of the Middle Ages, and making the invaders of their country pay for their piracy in blood.

Blood is the conqueror's coin the whole world over, and if the island which Columbus found for Spain pass into other hands, let those who take it pour out their blood like water to inaugurate their reign of peace.

Where the connection between the senses and the brain comes in, which influences first, and how, or whether a wise Providence, always upon His guard (after the fashion of an operator in a Punch and Judy show), influences each man directly, as by celestial thought suggestion, I cannot tell.

All that I know is, that once walking on the rampart gardens which in Cadiz overhang the sea and form the outside rim of the "Taza de Plata," as the Spaniards call the town, I on a sudden saw the River Plate. The Gauchos, plains, wild horses, the stony wastes, the ostriches (the "Alegria del Desierto"), came up before me, and in especial a certain pass over a little river called the Gualiyan; the sandy dip, the metallic-looking trees, the greenish river with the flamingoes and white herons and the black-headed swans; the vultures sitting motionless on the dead trees, and most of all the penetrating scent of the mimosa, known to the natives as the "espinillo de olor."

Turning and wondering why, I saw a stunted tree with yellow blossoms duly ticketed with its description "Mimosa" this or that, and with its "habitat" the warmer district of the River Plate.

I leave these things to wise philosophers and to those men of science who seem to think mankind is worth the martyrdom of living dogs and cats; or who, maybe, drag out the entrails of their quivering fellow-mortals merely to stimulate their senses or erotic powers.

But the "dwawm" over, looking about, fenced in by swarms of overjoyed Americans, all talking shrilly, reading out the news, exultant at the triumph of their fleet, puffed up and arrogant as only the descendants of the Puritans can be, I saw a Spaniard sitting with his daughter, a girl about nineteen.

Himself a Castellano rancio, silent and grave, dressed all in black, moustache waxed to a point, square little feet like boxes, brown little hands, face like mahogany, hair cropped close, and with the unillusional fatalistic air of worldly wisdom mixed with simplicity which characterizes Spaniards of the older school.

Being a Christian, he spoke no tongue but that which Christians use, was proud of it, proud of his ignorance, proud (I have no doubt) of his descent.

No doubt he saw everything through the clear dazzling atmosphere of old Castille, which Spaniards of his kind seem to condense and carry off with them for use in other climes.

Seeing so clearly, he saw nothing clear, for the intelligence of man is so contrived as to be ineffective if a mist of some sort is not interposed.

The daughter fair, fair with the fairness of a Southern, blue-eyed, and skin like biscuit china, hands and feet fine, head well set on, and yet with the decided gestures and incisive speech, the "aire recio," and the "meneo" of the hips in walking, of the women of her race.

They sat some time before a pile of newspapers, the father smoking gravely, taking down the smoke as he were drinking it, and then in a few minutes breathing it out to serve as an embellishment to what he said, holding his cigarette meanwhile fixed in a little silver instrument contrived like two clasped hands.

The Spanish newspapers were, of course, all without news, or said they had none, and as the daughter read, the old man punctuated with "Valiente," "Pobrecitas," and the like, when he heard how before El Caney, Vara de Rey had died, or how the Americans had shot the three Sisters of the Poor whose bodies were found lying with lint and medicine in their hands.

"Read me the papers of the Americans, hija de mi corazon," and she began, translating as she read.

(Continued on Page 20.)

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Perspective Impressions

Police scandals we have always with us, the reason being that we always have police.

There's a very distinguished person at Sacramento who seems to be jagged with authority.

San Francisco will now proceed to have growing pains. Watch us embrace the other side of the bay.

Marsdon Manson says that Spring Valley is worth $37,000,000. The bear transformed into a bull.

The Chronicle complains that while a movement has been started in London to erect a suitable monument to Bret Harte there is no monument to him in San Francisco. Quite true, but San Francisco has a monument to Robert Louis Stevenson, and no movement has yet been started to erect one to him in London.

Senator Reed of Kansas having drafted a bill to prohibit bands on cigars because bands ruin many of them the New York Sun observes how remarkable it is that the green cheese in the moon has not appeared worthy of remedial legislation in Kansas. The California Legislature has exclusive jurisdiction in lunacy matters.

Elbert Hubbard is a true Philistine. He says that grammar is as useless as the vermiform appendix. And yet it is clear that Mr. Hubbard wasted some time trying to master the rudiments of that science before learning that knowledge is

"—— but a kind
Of wantonness and luxury of the mind."

He reminds us that

"Men's talents grow more bold and confident,
The further they're beyond their just extent,
As smatterers prove more arrogant and pert,
The less they truly understand an art;
And, when they've least capacity to doubt,
Are wont t' appear most perempt'ry and stout."

The Spectator

Our Director-General

Now that we are to have a world's fair it follows as the night the day that we are also to have a director-general. Upon whose shoulders is the enormous responsibility of this great office to fall? If it be a sin to covet this bright honor what a lot of transgressors there are among our leading cits? Well, may the best man win. I have no choice for the job. But earnestly do I hope that the winner will stack up to his responsibilities, fall not below the measure of his duties. It is a mighty big job, this director-generalship. Not one man in ten thousand has the capacity for administration which will be required of a director-general. None but a man of varied talents and rare experience will suffice. Above all things he ought to have great executive ability such as has been acquired in the management of diverse enterprises. He ought to be a man whose intellectuals have received high cultivation, who has traveled, whose horizon is broad, whose enthusiasm is unbounded. Obviously it is no easy to task to find the man to fill the bill. And one might imagine that not many men of average intelligence could be found eager to assume the responsibilities of the office. But the woods are full of them; of men so obviously unfit that it is a joke to mention their names. And I hear that some of them have considerable backing, and that consequently it will be no easy matter to make a judicious selection.

The Spurs of Ambition

The Director-General of the World's Fair will be a man of great power and great prestige. He will have considerable patronage at his disposal, he will have some very precious favors to dispense, his influence will be such that he will rank in importance above every individual in the State. So the job is really worth having for the man who is able to do himself justice in the chair of authority. But if a man take the chair and fall short of the requirements he will have much reason to regret that he had not flung away his vaulting ambition. Woe to the small man who has merely succeeded in little things and flatters himself that he was born to be sublimely great!

The Great Fight

During the progress of the fight for the World's Fair it was amusing to observe how the dailies differed with reference to the distribution of glory among the men on the firing line. Each paper had its pets and boosted them accordingly. The only man who received credit from all was R. B. Hale whose dry-goods advertisements are printed in all the dailies, and who was therefore not to be deprived of his meed of praise. There is no sympathy so perfect as that which exists between the business office and the editorial sanctum. Of course Mr. Hale is deserving of credit, and so are all the gentlemen who devoted their energies to the city's interests. And now that we have won a great triumph we should not be niggard of our praises. And I hope that I will not be suspected of a disposition to disparage any of our gallant heroes when I observe that at first we relied too much on men who know more about merchandise than they know about politics. It was not their fault that while we were felicitating ourselves on the superior merit of our arguments the New Orleans politicians who know the ropes were pledging congressmen from one end of the country to the other. When our politicians went on, such men as Theodore Bell, M. F. Tarpey, Frank Herring, Mayor McCarthy and Thornwell Mullally and joined forces with M. H. De Young who has had experience as a lobbyist, and Andrew M. Lawrence, also a man of experience, the complexion of the situation began to change. These men rendered real assistance to our Congressmen. It was in the very last week of the fight that the effective political tricks were turned. Of this fact everybody is probably aware who followed the course of events. So it must have been amusing to the people who read the Bulletin last Tuesday and learned from its columns that the people of San Francisco are indebted only to Fremont Older, Rudolph Spreckels and Francis J. Heney. They lined up the insurgents, we are told. The men that made the fight for us on the floor of the House are Congressmen J. Sloat Fassett, Sereno Payne, Sulzer and Tawney. They are not insurgents.

The Parochial Press

The parochialism of our daily press was strikingly illustrated during the progress of the Fair fight by the studied and zealous efforts of the Chronicle's contemporaries to keep M. H. De Young out of the limelight. Mr. De Young was one of the most active of Fair boosters. He has been hammering away from the beginning with characteristic persistency, with the same energy with which he overcame opposition in this city to the Midwinter Fair and made of that memorable event a most creditable achievement. Two of the pinheaded dailies have never mentioned his name. In sharp contract to the littleness of their spirit was the action of the Chronicle in publishing a picture of William R. Hearst on Wednes-

Every hour, if needful
In office - store - home or hotel. Over in a few minutes. Wash handkerchiefs - fancy collars, cuffs, edging etc. with Pearline, in basin-rinse well-stretch on Mirror, Window, or Marble Slab. Will quickly dry and come off like new.

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etc-etc.

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For
Washing delicate things
Quick Washing
-see above-
Bathing
Shampooing
Cleansing spots
etc-etc.

Pearline is best and handiest

day morning and giving that gentleman praise for the work that he has done.

He Would Give Us Coney Island

Frederic Thompson, one of the greatest showmen in America, was in this city not long ago. Thompson created Luna Park at Coney Island and is the successful producer of many plays, including "Polly of the Circus" in which his wife Mabel Taliaferro starred. While he was in this city he met his old friend Dick Ferris of Los Angeles and their conversation turned on the Panama Exposition. "Dick," said Thompson, "if San Francisco gets the fair I'll put Luna Park on wheels and move it out here." Ferris remembered the joking statement on Monday night and sent a wire to Thompson: "Get ready to move Luna Park." Now here is a suggestion for the men who are in charge of the exposition. If they want to make the amusement concessions a great financial success, let them induce Frederic Thompson to take charge of them. He is a showman who knows the show business from the ground up. They swear by him in New York. He could lay out a "Midway" that would be the talk of the world. Why not start right by inviting Frederic Thompson to make some sort of a proposition? It won't do any harm to see what he thinks about the project.

Our Mayor Is Rich

It is the most natural thing in the world for us to take an interest in the private affairs of our great men. Our curiosity is always alert to pierce the secrets of their personality, to delve into their domestic life, to glimpse their unguarded moments of relaxation. Naturally this interest extends to Mr. P. H. McCarthy, our chief executive. He is one of the great men of our parish and we want to know all about him. I have just gleaned an interesting fact concerning Mayor McCarthy from an unexpected source. Mr. Frederic Palmer, the war correspondent, contributed to the February issue of Hampton's an article entitled "San Francisco of the Closed Shop," which is far from complimentary to Mayor McCarthy. One statement in it I have never seen before. It is a statement from the lips of Mayor McCarthy himself which makes him a rich man. Mr. Palmer quotes the mayor as saying: "The present speaker is telling you that he values his union card more than the honor of the mayor's office or all the money he has made—and P. H. McCarthy made money, sixty thousand dollars in stocks in the nineties."

Who Is This Man?

Young Richard Barry, the former San Francisco newspaperman who was recently embroiled with the suffragists of New York, has just contributed to one of the magazines an article with the lurid title, "Who Betrays the Working Girl?" With Barry's answer to the query I am not at all concerned, but I am rather interested in one story which he tells in the course of his article. I may as well quote it here: "There was once in San Francisco a merchant-prince who also gave a museum to the city. He was not in his personal life as was Marshall Field, abstemious, self-denying, absorbed in the mental problems of his vast affairs. Instead, he had the emotional nature of a Turk, the conscience of a Persian satrap, and the sexual instinct of Louis XVI. This merchant was a bachelor, but he had eleven 'homes' scattered judiciously in exclusive localities. These 'homes' were peopled by concubines which he acquired from various sources, but the principal source was his own store. There he kept a man on the constant lookout for young, attractive girls, and like Louis XVI, he wanted them 'quite fresh.' In this store a girl received from three to seven dollars a week, according to the length of her service. When the week's work was done she could go on Sunday afternoon to Golden Gate Park and there be permitted, under the suspicious eye of uniformed guards, to look for a brief time on the treasures amassed from scrimping her wages and the wages of the 'likes of her,' or she might be 'fortunate' enough to be invited to one of the eleven 'homes.' Then she could have a few treasures of art and dress every day in the week. But for her own normal, wholesome life, she had less than enough to supply the bare necessities." Now, I would like to know who that man was. What has become of his museum in Golden Gate Park? What has become of the department store? Richard Barry has been drawing heavily on his imagination. His story is even more faulty than his grammar and his historical allusions, which are certainly bad enough, in all conscience.

The Professor Scolds

Professor Henry Morse Stephens addressed the Merchants' Association some time ago on the proposal to consolidate the bay cities in a "Greater San Francisco." The professor is in favor of the proposition. But that is neither here nor there. The interesting thing is that he took occasion to scold the city a little. He did it in these words: "Do you realize that wherever there is an intelligent person in the world there is a knowledge of San Francisco? It sometimes seems to me strange that one like myself, who has come from a foreign land, should have to bring home to you the real romance of this wonderful city. You do not seem to know it; you do not seem to know—if you will pardon me for saying it—your own history." And one of the merchants present was mean enough to say that San Francisco might know more about its own history if only the professor would finish his "History of the Fire."

A "Modern" Comedy by Gayley

I have been told on the quiet that there is a secret over on the University campus that is coming to be Polichinelle's. By way of a little intellectual treat—a sort of mental cocktail to whet the appetite of his most intimate admirers—I understand that Professor Charles Mills Gayley has been spreading the news—sub rosa, of course—that he is writing a modern comedy. A "modern" comedy by the author of "Classic Myths" and the "Plays of Our Forefathers" and more lately of the phosphorescent "Idols of Education" is sure to be interesting. Gayley is one of the chief antagonists of the co-educational system and is sometimes wont to lecture for an hour or so on Ibsen, who, he says, is not worth wasting one's time over. He has also been known to take an occasional fling at women's clubs. These convictions, together with his interesting and original views on the suffragette question, the high cost of living, the principles and progress of poetry, the education of children and the fundamental basis of esthetics, will certainly make for something worth while in the elevation of the stage, a task which seems either to be sadly neglected or forgotten just at present. Professor Gayley, who has lately been making a detailed study of old English comedy, believes, according to those who have been fortunate enough to be entrusted with this momentous secret, that the stage ought to be enriched with a few high comedies of the type Percy Mackaye is producing. The professor's comedy has already been in an embryonic stage for more than a year. The manuscript, however, will soon be sent to the literary director of the New Theater, according to campus rumors.

The Omnipotent One

The Hon. Hiram Johnson is now enjoying that very same blissful immunity which was for a time the glad prerogative of another distinguished personage. Also, like that same distinguished personage, he is waxing fat on the tributes of deference which cowardly sycophants in office pay to the autocrat of the hour. What he says, goes.

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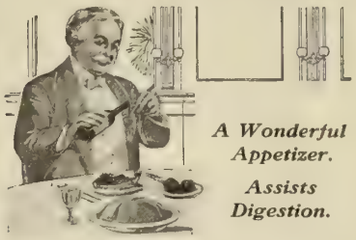
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His nod compels obeisance. His frown causes gooseflesh. His ipse dixit increases the membership of the Ananias Club. The members of the Legislature are falling over their own feet in their haste to lick his boots. They are pointing with pride to their servility. They are shouting their sycophancy from the housetops. Now may the rogue vindicate his claim to sainthood by making sacrifice of the last vestiges of his manhood on the reeking altar of patronage. It is all very disgusting, but the popular stomach is for the present in no danger of revolting. The unheaded multitude is capricious, but not easily disenchanted. After the apotheosis there is always a pause. The dazzled worshipers require some little time in which to recover their sight—and invariably it returns.

The Mob and the Hypocrite

Speaking of Governor Johnson, Mr. Alden Anderson says that he hates a hypocrite. So do the people, but it is hard for them to see through a mask. Besides the people do not always know as much about a man as it known by individuals who have private sources of information. And to the credit of the people, be it said they do not always believe what they hear about a man—especially if he seems to be their man. Indeed, they are disposed to palliate the weaknesses of their man. Even hypocrisy they will tolerate while the hypocrite is gratifying their passions. So far as the people are concerned it really does not matter if Governor Johnson, as Mr. Anderson intimates, once upon a time had a hand out for crumbs from the Southern Pacific table, and went away disappointed. Even though it should appear that Governor Johnson's hostility to the corporation is inspired with a revengeful motive, the people will sympathize with him so long as they believe he is going to advantage them. The people love to be told they are scrupulous and honest; and they are when they have no selfish interests to subserve. There are times when they are quite willing to be led into dishonesty, and it is only when they have found that it hasn't paid that they experience a change of emotion. And then they salve their conscience by kicking their erstwhile leader into oblivion.

Mrs. Jollyboy—Where on earth have you been?

Mr. Jollyboy—I cannot tell a lie; I've been at my office

Mrs. Jollyboy—That's where we differ. I can tell a lie—when I hear one.

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"The Soul's Rubaiyat"

It is worth while noting that not all of a club woman's activities are of a futile description. That sentiment may sound ungracious and undoubtedly it is not entirely polite. But as a mere man one may be pardoned for holding to the conviction that the debate in the California Club on the subject, "Are man's dominant qualities being transferred to woman?" bears all the earmarks of futility and can serve no useful purpose. And, therefore, when we find one of the debaters engaged in really serious work, it is permissible to flash a spark of masculine optimism on the subject of women's clubs. The debater to whom I refer is Mrs. Anna Woodward Truesdell and her serious work is a pretty little volume recently issued from the publishing house of A. M. Robertson, entitled, "The Soul's Rubaiyat." This is quite an ambitious poem clothed in the Fitzgerald quatrains which we have come to associate with the work of the old Persian hedonist. It was not the most appropriate metre for Mrs. Truesdell's purpose, but she has handled it with all the success that was possible, considering the difficulty of her subject. For "The Soul's Rubaiyat" deals with a very difficult theme. It is the age-old theme of the individual's relation to the universe. When inherited belief is unsettled the groping after new truth often results in substituting rationalism for dogmatic religion. That is the tragedy of many souls; it is the theme of Mrs Truesdell's poem .

Taking Omar Seriously

Mrs. Truesdell evidently takes the ancient Persian seriously. She does not find in his verses, as I do, the elaboration of Rabelais' "Oracle of the Bottle." She thinks him a religious teacher, the expounder of what has been called "an idealized sufism," which only means that he uses the language of a voluptuary in a symbolical religious sense. Having respect for Omar's study of the "great ruler's scheme to man," Mrs. Truesdell wonders "if aught more today we know; aught more, life's puzzle-riddle solve than he." She finds that despite his teaching of a thousand years ago "sleek tradition" is still "deifying fetish, faith and fate" (which is a strange collocation of terms) and keeping the "deadly keys where souls are locked in darkness, fed on lees of legends steeped in dreams, dank cloister weeds." Then she exclaims, "A score of centuries since Jesus died, and sin our daily comrade still?" She wonders if the Saviour's life was lived in vain and "the serpent Doubt" asks, "With the Almighty would you make a trade? So much salvation for so much shed blood?" The soul revolts at the idea. It asks, What is sin? Is God's mercy greater than man's and man's religion? And so "from Ark of the old faith" the soul goes forth, seeking truth. It tries philosophy and finds it a "maelstrom of words"; it investigates the ancient religions and receives no help. For truth it searches "a hundred seas and lands," but truth eludes. Nature is questioned and replies that "the individual is a worthless weed," preaching the survival of the fittest and crying, "Away with shrine and kirk." Although truth is not found, there ensues a struggle between truth and doubt and the soul prays God for mercy in a sort of despair, And finally comes the query, "Omar! Ah, do you yet the Mystery know? Is Death a Fakir with no wonder-show?"

The Creed of Love

In the second half of the poem Mrs. Truesdell shows the soul disentangling itself from the maze of doubt. She resolves to put away the old faith that has ceased to satisfy and to accept truth wherever she finds it. It is a period of agony. "Oh! The hurt when old beliefs are rent from lives by churchyard doorways long content." Truth comes bearing two tablets, History and Science, and promises that the time will come when these two will be reconciled, thus showing God's purpose to man. But this is unsatisfactory. The soul is interested in the salvation, not of the race, but of the individual. And then finally Truth reveals the secret. It is Love. "A heart of love the key that opens now the one life-truth to thee." And so "the little gods of fretting creed" are cast out and Love remains. I have summarized this poem at some length because it is much more ambitious than the usual effort of our local versifiers. Mrs. Truesdell has thought seriously and has been at considerable pains to express her thoughts and her conclusions. She deserves to be appreciated. Whether her poem will bring consolation to souls in distress is quite another question. Probably it depends on the souls. It is not profound; it does not sound any unaccus-

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tomed deeps or rise to any unusual heights. And it is not au courant with the religious trend of the times. The movement away from dogma, in the opinion of many careful observers, has exhausted itself. The pendulum is swinging the other way. But Mrs. Truesdell, as a club woman who has done a thing of importance, is worthy of praise.

The Return of a San Francisco Girl

I notice that Geraldine Malone is coming to this city with James T. Powers in "Havana." Geraldine Malone is a San Francisco girl who left here several years ago to win histrionic fame in the East. She has evidently achieved considerable success, although she did not start out to be a musical comedy actress. Like her father she was ambitious to shine in the legitimate and left Notre Dame College in this city before graduating to take lessons in histrionics. Her father was John T. Malone who was very well known here a generation ago. He was a Santa Clara college man who came up from San Jose and achieved a great deal of local fame as a Shakespearian actor. He was a great student of Shakespeare and went to London where he worked hard to perfect himself in the great roles. When he returned to San Francisco it was in the distinguished company of Booth and Barrett and he could not stand the comparison. His old friends realized that he was not a great Shakespearian actor, but he commanded great respect on account of his scholarly attainments and his high theatrical ideals. Malone finally realized that he was not destined to win high rank as a tragedian and went to Harvard where he lectured on the Shakespearian drama.

Dan O'Connell Marked Down

"There is a psychology in book buying," remarked a collector who has had considerable success in his search for rare Californiana. "Part of it consists in attending furniture sales. The people who go to furniture auctions know very little about books and when books are offered, in miscellaneous lots, they go for almost nothing. And yet you are likely to get a prize. Once I got 'Shapes of Clay' and 'Black Beetles in Amber' for ten cents apiece. And only a few days ago I saw 'Songs of Bohemia,' Dan O'Connell's volume of poetry, knocked down for twenty cents." I repeated this conversation to Aleck Robertson, the publisher, and his eyes gleamed. "I published that book," he said, "and I haven't a single copy of it. If I had, I wouldn't part with it for twenty dollars."

Steam Beer Redivivus

After years of neglect it looks as though steam beer is once more coming into its own. Time was when steam was not quaffed exclusively by teamsters and other horny-handed sons of toil. At a date not so far distant, before this city was as much addicted to "airs" as it is now, there was no vulgarity imputed to the man who confessed a liking for steam. That was before the expensive brews of Milwaukee and St. Louis came to compete with our own excellent lagers. But the halcyon days of steam seem to be reappearing. An incident that happened at the Press Club in the wee sma' hours comes to mind. A little coterie was speeding the dark hours with music and reminiscence when somebody "reminisced" about steam beer. That gave one of the party an idea. He proposed that they all shake the dice to determine which two of the crowd should go around the corner to Fourth street and get a few quarts of steam. The proposal was hailed with enthusiasm, the dice were rattled; the two lowest throwers were supplied with a big tin receptacle from the kitchen and carrying it between them, stole out in the twilight like two maids a-dairying, to get a supply of steam. Habits spread in clubdom and although it is something of a cry from the Press Club in Market street to the Pacific-Union on Nob Hill, who knows but that the cushioned millionaires may yet smack their lips, as their fathers did many a time, over a long glass of sharp cool steam. They say it is only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves. Let us see how many decades it is from steam to steam.

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Elvia Crox Is Dead

Quite by chance I learned the other day of the death in New York of Elvia Crox, formerly a great favorite at the Tivoli. She was at one time the wife of Thomas Seabrooke, the comedian. Elvia Crox was a versatile woman, equally at home in drama and opera. I recall that she shone locally both as Nedda in "I Pagliacci" and as Roxane in "Cyrano de Bergerac." She had many friends here and will be sincerely mourned.

The Creed of a Poet's Daughter

Eccentricity seems to be hereditary in the family of Joaquin Miller. The seer of The Hights cannot be conventional. There is no record, of course, that he ever tried; but if he should, there is no doubt that his efforts would be most unconventionallly unsuccessful. His daughter Juanita has inherited the trait. Quite recently a New York paper discovered her ensconced in a little box-like studio in Carnegie Hall and living on $17 a week. She is studying song writing and giving lessons. If the poetical faculty is also hereditary, Miss Miller may achieve her ambition. Meanwhile she is proving herself an eccentric. She has some very peculiar ideas. Listen to her:

"I believe in predestination and transmigration, and know that I started on my circle at a white point to which I shall return. Every emotion and every crime is a color; but, whatever may be the somberness of the color tone, everything shall be white again at last. The other day an old man came to see me under the name of Duncan. He told me that he could not give me his right name, for he had been a convict. He believed that blue was the color from which we start and in which we end. We had the most interesting discussion. Proposals of marriage have come from California, Texas, Canada and from all of the big cities of the land, but I am not yet at the point where I should marry; and may be I shall not marry until my next existence on earth. I can take none of the proposals seriously, for I must wait until my time comes."

Clever Valentines

The merry sentimental observance of St. Valentine's day has each year grown more general and the "grown ups" as well as the children have come to consider this as another occasion for the sending of friendly greetings or messages of love. Yearly Paul Elder and Company, 239 Grant avenue, have prepared a variety of original missives—humorous, sentimental and beautiful to meet each individual need. Their valentines this year are more attractive than ever before.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Ladies Played High

If by chance you had wandered into the white and gold room of the St. Francis on Tuesday evening, you would have rubbed your eyes in surprise and wondered whether you had been suddenly transported to the great casino at Monte Carlo. For the white and gold room was tenanted by half a hundred men and women, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels, who were indulging in an unusual form of social diversion. They were having the time of their lives staking their gold against the caprices of the moody Goddess of Chance. It was a very interesting scene. The half-hundred guests were

Photo, Fruguiere

MRS. PERCY MOORE

One of the most popular young matrons of the ultra smart set. She is the sister of Mrs. Willis Polk.

all personages of considerable prominence in the community. Some of the most beautiful women in town were there and they were exquisitely dressed according to the most recent ukase of fashion. The center of attraction was a roulette wheel of the most approved French design. The clatter of the little ivory ball proved an irresistible lure to both men and women and the cloth was agleam with golden stakes. The women particularly showed a disposition to play high; in fact some of their bets were of almost startling size. As the night wore on the ladies simply monopolized the wheel, so eager were they to dally with its fascinating hazard. The men could not get near it; it was literally surrounded by a circle of gleaming shoulders. Of course there were other games, and the men were forced to satisfy their gambling enthusiasm in poker, etc., leaving the roulette wheel to their better halves. When the entertainment came to an end a great deal of pin money had been lost and won. I say "pin money," for pin money in our smart set runs into impressive figures. Mr. and Mrs. Michels were congratulated on having devised a splendid form of entertainment. As one lady remarked, "It was the best fun I have had since our last visit to the Riviera."

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She Is Still a Spinster

An amusing interchange took place at one of the big card parties this week. A lady who has been abroad for several years and had but recently returned thought she recognized in her vis-a-vis a prominent young society lady of former years. Said the traveler: "Were you not formerly Miss Soandso?" To which the other coolly replied: "Yes, and I am still holding down my maiden name."

Ballet Dancing in Society

Would you be surprised if, in the next Kirmess, some of the clever girls in society appeared in public in the scanty costume which Pavlowa wore at the Valencia? Well, that is just what may happen. No doubt it will be a great shock to the staider folk in society to see the pretty misses exposing their charms in the costumes of a ballet, but we—most of us—are not as prim as we used to be and the innovation will be sure to cause a great deal of excitement. Ballet dancing is the latest fad in society and it is not confined to the debutantes by any means; even some of the matrons meet once a week to take lessons There is a class every Wednesday at Miss Hamlin's and the attendance is quite large. Among the young women who are learning the art in which Pavlowa and Genee excel are Mrs. Ray Somers and the Misses Agnes Tillmann, Helen Leavitt, Marie Louise Foster, Elva de Pue, Mina Van Bergen and Dorothy Van Sicklen. Miss Van Sicklen is one of the most proficient.

The Dance of the Forty Dominoes

The dance on last Wednesday evening at the Town and Gown Club in Berkeley was the jolliest affair given this season by the exclusive young folk in the college town. The evening afforded one surprise which I have not seen mentioned. The girls stole a march on the young men, very much to the bewilderment of the latter. As usual, the forty girls were escorted to the hall by the college men, who left them at the door of the dressing room. When the girls reappeared they were transformed. Over their pretty frocks they wore white kimono dominoes covered with large black polka dots. They hid their faces behind black masks and their hair in white hoods. The young men were taken by surprise as the girls filed into the ballroom and had a great to-do finding their partners. Owing to mistakes in identity two or three interesting little heart secrets were let slip before the girls unmasked. Needless to say the merriment was great. The dance was voted the pleasantest ever.

To Save Their Velvets

This has been a season of velvets, as many a husband has found to his cost, for velvet gowns are dreadfully expensive and do not last long, as they are susceptible to every imprint and soon acquire a shabby appearance. A certain hostess at a swagger card party had this in mind, and to the great astonishment of her guests came into the card room with an armful of newspapers, remarking: "If any of you ladies are afraid to spoil your velvet gowns by sitting on these rattan chairs, here are some newspapers to put under you." The guests did not avail themselves of the offer, which shows that they scorn economy. But I am willing to bet that their husbands would bless that hostess for her thoughtfulness.

The Men Stayed Away

Without making any pretensions of arithmetical accuracy, I should say that the women outnumbered the men at the Pacific-Union opening about ten to one. Never in the history of the city were men so shy about entering their own club. They stayed home or down town and let their wives

Photo, Boye

MISS MARIE PAYNE

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Payne who has recently returned from abroad. She was the guest of honor at an elaborate tea given last Friday by Mrs. A. Wellington Bogart and her daughter. Over two hundred and fifty friends were invited to meet Miss Payne.

and daughters roam at will through the palatial building. The few members of the more masterful sex who did pluck up courage enough to attend showed plainly that they were not enjoying themselves. It was nothing like the opening of the Bohemian Club when the ladies were allowed the privilege of signing wine cards and had such a hilarious time that they had to be reminded at midnight—some of them—that is was about time to think of going home. The Pacific-Union men are a staid lot in their club habits, however frisky some of them may be otherwise So they did not look with favor on the admission

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of the women to their sacred preserve and wanted the function over with as quickly and as quietly as possible.

Polo Fields for Aviation

Clarence Walker, son of the late David Walker, formerly president of the California Safe Deposit Company, has been trying to secure Charley Clark's polo field down in San Mateo in order to aviate privately, I hear. Walker recently bought a thirty-horsepower biplane from Glenn Curtiss and made several quite successful flights on one of the dull days of the recent meet. He wanted to get far from the madding crowd, however, and Clark's polo field down on the county road seemed an ideal place to become an expert in the newest art. However, the Clarks are away in Europe now, and the caretaker was rather afraid of displeasing the senator's son by converting the field into an impromptu aviation field. Last Saturday Walker decided to fly from Selfridge field down to the San Mateo polo field to show some of his friends his new biplane, but landed in a gully. He is going to Salt Lake City to fly in the near future. The Clarks, by the way, are making an extended trip on the Continent and will not be back until late in the summer. Had they been home, there is not a doubt that Clarence Walker would have gained consent to use the field. From the interest the Hillsboro and San Mateo people are showing in aviation, it will not be long before the polo fields will be filled with biplanes and monoplanes.

The Death of Mrs. Heney

The death of Mrs. Francis J. Heney has thrown several prominent families into mourning. As Rebecca McMullin, Mrs. Heney was a great social favorite. The elder folks will readily recall the hospitable home of Mrs. John McMullin in California street near Hyde. Mrs. McMullin was the first society matron in the city to have a private ballroom in her home. The house was afterward sold to Dr. Younger. When he went to Paris with his family it was rented to Mrs. William Hood. It was destroyed in the fire. Pretty Susie McMullin married Thomas H. Williams. After their divorce she married a prominent Kentuckian and died in the South. Anna McMullin became Mrs. Jack Hayes, Lilo McMullin became Mrs. E. B. Perrin, and Betty McMullin Mrs. Charles Weller. They were all favorite belles in their debutante days. Owing to the death of their aunt, Miss Eliza McMullin and Miss Anna Weller will be greatly missed in society for the remainder of the season.

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The Best Passport to Society

Mrs. Herbert Asquith, the "woman with the serpent's tongue," made something of a sensation in London recently by a statement on the witness stand. She was called as a witness in the suit for slander brought by Mrs. Horace West against her father-in-law, Sir Algernon West. The premier's wife was asked whether the fact that the plaintiff had been described as extravagant would endanger her social position. To which she replied: "On the contrary, I should think it would be her best passport to society." The reply has been widely quoted and variously commented on. It seems to surprise a lot of people who ought to be better informed. Do we not all know that the woman who has the inclination to force the barriers of society can always accomplish her purpose by the free use of money? Let her entertain extravagantly and unless she belongs to the class set down as "utterly impossible" she will receive recognition. So why should Mrs. Asquith's remark cause so much surprise?

The Soft Pedal

At a recent dinner-party a certain orchestral conductor sat next to a handsome and brilliant woman who is noted not only for saying what she likes, but also for saying it whenever and wherever she may feel disposed so to do. When the champagne had begun to flow rather freely, the lady suddenly remarked to her musical partner: "Organ is played with the feet, isn't it?" "Partly," replied the man of the baton, whose ears turned very red on the instant. "I'm surprised then," continued the relentless one, "that you didn't become an organist rather than an orchestral leader." Everyone looked at the pair and the offender's hearing appendages turned quickly to a deep and unbecoming shade of purple. Thereafter he became noticeably quiet, and it is to be hoped that his well-known propensity for pedal studies was cured for all time to come.

The Philanthropic Tevis

When the news came from New York some time ago of the illness in that city of Dr. Harry Tevis more than one person in this city was filled with grave apprehension. "There is not a man in this city," said a well known banker to me when he heard that Tevis had been stricken with appendicitis, "whose death would cause more genuine sorrow than that of Dr. Harry Tevis." I looked at him in astonishment. I have known Dr. Tevis for years, and I have never regarded him as a very popular man. He has always impressed me as being an odd genius with a little of the artistic temperament, not much given to cultivating friendships but inclined to indulge some quaint, and a few expensive, whims. He is chiefly absorbed in his home, and the one he now has in the Santa Cruz Mountains, I am told, is a wonderful place. Every little while he adds some new feature. He goes in for athletics, and for automobiles and of these he has a very large collection. But to return to my bank friend. Noting my look of astonishment, he said, "I don't know anybody who has as much charity in his heart as Tevis. That man is supporting about a dozen people right now. He is especially kind to the impoverished widows of old-timers. He is educating boys and girls with artistic talent in Europe. Some time ago I happened to tell him of the son of an old-timer for whom I had obtained a job in an architect's office. 'Has he any talent in that direction?' he asked. I told him I didn't know. 'I wish you'd find out,' he said. I did. The architect told me the youngster had a great deal of talent. I told Tevis, and he is now educating the boy in the East."

Who Will Be Mrs. Director-General?

That is the absorbing theme of conversation in society just now. There is a social side to the position of director-general which the men may overlook but to which the women are keenly alive. They are very anxious that the director-general should be someone whose wife has an assured place in society. There will be a deal of entertaining during the exposition season. Distinguished visitors will come here from all over the globe and swarms of envoys of more or less impressive rank will flaunt their uniforms and their orders and decorations for the edification of our provincialism. All these people must be suitably received and society thinks that they should not be turned over to the tender mercies of those who lack the grand manner of the haut ton. Now it happens that several of the men who have been mentioned for director-general have no particular social position; none at least that our exclusives recognize. Hence the uneasiness of the women. Of all our public celebrations the Portola came nearer to measuring up to the high standard demanded by our exacting aristocrats than any other. And yet the Portola was not altogether to their taste. They feel that if the right man is chosen for director-general San Francisco will be able to show the world that it satisfies the social requirements of European capitals. The ladies have picked out from their ranks the personage whom they would like to salute as "Mrs. Director-General." For fear of exciting a tempest in a teapot I withhold her name.

In the Social Spotlight

A number of dinner parties at the St. Francis preceded the Greenway Assembly, among the prettiest being that of Mrs. Frank Anderson and that at which Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin presided, having as their guests of honor Miss Helene Irwin and Templeton Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman entertained at an elaborately appointed dinner dance at the St. Francis last Tuesday night. One hundred and fifty guests enjoyed their hospitality.

Miss Helen Gray was hostess at the Palace during the week at one of the pretty luncheons, which was given in the honor of Miss Marian Lally.

The Misses Morrison of San Jose were the honored guests at a luncheon Thursday given by Mrs. E. F. Ashburner at the Palace.

Miss Jennie Blair entertained a few friends at tea at the Palace Wednesday.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM
OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 62 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations.

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GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE
Removes Superfluous Hair. Price $1.00, by Mail

ERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York City

The Cawston Ostrich Farm

Since time immemorial, the ostrich plume has been recognized as a peer of the diamond and the ruby for the adornment of feminine royalty. Cleopatra sent hunters into her native African deserts to gather the matchless wing feathers of the earth's hugest bird; and today the ostrich plume is still a necessity to the wardrobes of the courts of the whole world. So, when visitors pass into the beautiful Cawston Ostrich Farm at South Pasadena and move about among the 150 great ostriches, they are in close touch with the most interesting and valuable bird on earth—the most sought-after bird of all history and a conspicuous tempter of the vanity of women since times older that Rome. Swiftly advancing civilization has altered many human tastes, but it has only increased the feminine instinct for the ostrich plume. Here, at the great original American ostrich farm, which Mr. Cawston has made famous the world over, the modern American woman may see such a display of the royal feather as Cleopatra never saw, nor present-day royalty, either—several thousand dollars' worth of living plumes displayed by the birds themselves, and $50,000 worth of prepared plumes on exhibition in an adjoining building. And, more wonderful still, the whole evolution of the most luxuriant ostrich plumes known—the scientifically produced Cawston plumes—lies open before the eyes of the visitor. "From egg to plume" is no idle catch word at the Cawston Farm. Here every thought is bent toward developing the egg into the highest class of feather product possible. Science and skill are applied to the egg the moment it is laid, and from that instant its value is developed step by step until the quality for which mankind cherishes it—the plume quality—is brought to perfection. There, right before your eyes, is each step in the wonreful process—the huge ivory-colored eggs lying in their sand nests, guarded by pairs of ungainly birds; the newly-hatched, frowsy chicks about the size of a large hen; the feeding of the birds of various ages; the plucking of the plumes in the harvest season, and finally the preparation of the feathers in the factory.

Having seen the eggs, the chicks and the grown birds, the visitor turns to the factory, where the wonderful feather goods, for which the name Cawston is famous the world over, are prepared. This is the largest ostrich feather factory west of New York, and the most famous probably in the world. The Cawston Ostrich Feathers have been awarded prize medals at the expositions in Paris, Buffalo, Omaha, St. Louis, Portland and Jamestown in competition with the world's manufacturers. We now turn to the handsome exhibition salesroom, where the most magnificent display of ostrich plumes is arranged. The stock in this room alone amounts to $50,000. A city salesroom is also maintained at No. 313 South Broadway, Los Angeles. The Cawston Ostrich Farm has no agents. Another large Cawston farm composed of almost 1000 birds is maintained at San Jacinto purely for breeding purposes. Here experiments are carried on in crossing the different strains of ostriches imported by Mr. Cawston. Mr. Cawston originated ostrich farming in America twenty-two years ago, when he imported a flock of fifty birds from Africa. The vicissitudes of the homeward voyage is the specially chartered and equipped ship form a story of intensest interest, but too long to relate here. It is told briefly in a souvenir catalogue issued by the Farm, and which may be had on request. The catalogue also gives details concerning the big feather repair department maintained by the Cawston factory, where old feathers may be sent from any part of the world for rehabilitation. Ostrich feathers never become too old to be made over by experts. The farm pays the shipping charges on all goods repaired or sold. Ostrich plumes last a lifetime, defying changing fashions. Thousands of visitors pour into the Cawston Ostrich Farm annually to study the process whereby this fashion which has held women for centuries is satisfied.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Sylvanus Farnum entertained several friends at tea in the Palm court of the Palace Hotel Saturday.

Mrs. Taber Norwian and her daughter, Mrs. Hall, came up from the Presidio of Monterey to attend the aviation meet. They have been guests at the Hotel Victoria during their stay in the city.

Mrs. James E. Poillon and Miss Gladys Poillon who are living at the Fairmont during their stay in San Francisco, were the guests of honor at a reception Tuesday at the Town and Country Club at which the hostesses were Mrs. Lathrop Ellinwood and Miss Leona Stone.

Mrs. William Stringer and Miss Isabel Stringer are down from Portland and are stopping for a few days at the Victoria, en route to Los Angeles where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey spent the week-end at Del Monte with Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron who have been there for several weeks, golfing and motoring.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin entertained several friends at dinner at the Fairmont, Friday, preceeding the ball given by Senator Charles Felton in honor of his granddaughter, Miss Marie Louise Elkins.

Mrs. S. R. Merriman is another visitor from the Monterey post who has been making the Victoria her stopping place during a week-end trip to the city.

La Questa

One of the FINEST RED WINES in the World. Served at First-Class Hotels, Cafes, Clubs, Etc.

Producer, E. H. RIXFORD
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THE Bell Telephone keeps the traveler in touch with all the resources of civilization.

The Bell Sign becomes an old and tried friend.

He can order his dinner, explain his delay, summon relief in an emergency, or say the word forgotten in the hurry of starting. He can do this from almost any point on the road, because the Bell System has stretched out its lines to meet his unexpected needs.

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Stage

A Crackerjack Orpheum Bill

It is the theory of the Orpheum management that the ideal vaudeville bill is one which contains some numbers that please everybody and some about which there is a difference of opinion. This theory is undoubtedly correct, as might be expected of a theory indulged by men whose experience enables them to speak the last word about variety entertainment. All lovers of vaudeville agree in their liking for a clever sketch, a mirthful monologue and a rapid song and dance turn. Not all lovers of vaudeville like an acrobatic turn; many have no use for an animal act; still others are unenthusiastic about a straightaway vocal number. But as all tastes must be catered to, a bill which contains all these elements is regarded as an ideal bill. In other words the individual judgment of a whole bill is worthless in appraising the excellence of an Orpheum program; it is the collective judgment of the men, women and children who sit upstairs and down which makes a show at the Orpheum good, bad or indifferent. Judging from the enthusiasm of the audience, the bill at the Orpheum this week has been unusually good. Three acts stand out as particularly clever and entertaining, two of them being old friends: "Cherie," a slangy sketch by George V. Hobart; Harry Tate's absurd "Motoring"; and Charles B. Lawlor with his two attractive daughters in a song and dance turn that carries the mind back pleasantly to the olden times before Wigwam variety had yielded to Orpheum vaudeville. The changing fashions have brought "Cherie" back to us in a hobble gown which Marie Stuart manipulates with considerable skill, even when it becomes necessary for her to dance in it. Clayton White extracts as much fun from his lines as before, which is saying a great deal. "Motoring" contains the sort of horseplay which is irresistible, never offensive. The person who cannot laugh at it is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. The offering of the Lawlor family is full of good character work, Italian, Irish and Bowery. It is one of the exceptional vaudeville acts, the kind that you go to see a second and a third time. John Neff and Carrie Starr have a joshing and singing act that the crowd can't get enough of. Hugh Lloyd has what is called an "original novelty bounding rope act." It is all of that and more. Experienced Orpheum patrons will tell you that it is unique. The Victoria Four, a quartet of young men who are sartorial visions, Arthur Borani and Annie Nevaro in acrobatic twistings and Madame Vallecita, a very comely young woman who puts a cageful of leopards through their paces, complete a crackerjack bill.

—The Second Nighter.

SCENE FROM "THE GIRL IN THE TAXI"
At the Columbia Theatre.

"Havana" at the Savoy

The last performance of "The Chocolate Soldier" will be given at the Savoy this Saturday evening and on Sunday night James T. Powers will begin a limited engagement in the Shubert production of "Havana," an entertaining combination of melody, movement and fun in which the music ranks with the most delightful ever sent to this side from England, it being by the composer of "Florodora." Mr. Powers, of course, is the principal comedy element and he is said to shine even more brilliantly than ever before in his long and successful laugh-creating career. The music is written in Leslie Stuart's best vein, the scenery is by Arthur Voetglin of the New York Hippodrome, the costumes by Melville Ellis and the business and dancing numbers by Ned Wayburn. There are three acts and all of the scenes are laid in Havana.

Josef Hofmann, "Master-Pianist"

Ever since he was six years of age Josef Hofmann has been one of the most notable figures in the world of music. He is one of the very few "wonder-children" who have fulfilled every promise of their youth. He and Paderewski are the only pianists who can draw really big audiences, and, what is more, he can hold them enthralled until the very end of a two-hour program. For the Hofmann Sunday matinees which will be given February 19 and 26, Greenbaum has secured the Columbia and for the only evening concert, Thursday night, February 23, Christian Science Hall.

Sigmund Beel's Sunday Concert

Our own Sigmund Beel has certainly demonstrated that he is entitled to a position in the very front rank of the world's great violinists and a great crowd will no doubt gather at Christian Science Hall this Sunday afternoon, February 5, to hear his final program, which, by the way, is one of the most interesting, beautiful and novel offerings ever presented in this city. There will be four works given for the first time in this city. The program includes the old "Chaconne" by Vitali, the very modern and brilliant "Concerto" by Saint-Saens, an unaccompanied Bach "Sonata," "Two Irish Airs," an Eposito number; a "Melodie Tartare" by Kosloff, and the "Perpetum Mobile" of Novacek. Gyula Ormay will be the assisting pianist.

"The Arcadians" Coming

The next attraction at the Columbia, commencing Monday, February 13, will be the big production of "The Arcadians" which Charles Frohman is to send here with a company of unusual strength. Gilbert Childs, Marie Shields, Johnny Osbourne, Vernon Davidson, Alice Russoh, Moya Mannering, Edward Morris and Ruth Thorpe are at the head of the large company. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday.

"The Girl in the Taxi" Taxing Columbia

"The Girl in the Taxi" is taxing the capacity of the Columbia at every performance and with 1,600 theatergoers nightly she is making herself one of the most popular persons of the season. The entire town is talking about "The Girl in the Taxi."

AMY BUTLER
The Tiny Comedienne who will appear with "Her Big Quartette" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

As a result, she will have one of the most lucrative engagements ever filled by a farce comedy in San Francisco. Her third and last week begins Monday.

Merle's New Play at the Alcazar

"The Fullback" which is to be given its first presentation on any stage next Monday evening at the Alcazar, is a comedy of American college life by Martin V. Merle, author of several successful plays. Its premiere is made here by special arrangement with Selwyn & Company who hold the producing rights and will present it in New York next season. The author has just returned from the East where he closed negotiations for the New York production. It is now the custom of Eastern managers to give some of their new plays tryout productions in the better class stock companies and San Francisco was decided upon by Selwyn & Co. owing to the splendid company at the Alcazar and the fact that

Even Europe acknowledges the purity and high quality of the Italian-Swiss Colony's California wines. Ask your grocer and family wine and liquor store for them.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

UNION SQUARE

Under the management of JAMES WOODS

The center of entertainment
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RESTAURANT, CAFE AND LADIES' GRILL

Have secured

SIGNOR GINO SEVERI

the talented Italian Artist, conductor of orchestra, ably assisted by gentlemen of genius, each a soloist.

Concerts Daily during Luncheon, Shopping Hours, Dinner and After Theatre

Special Luncheon Served during Shopping Hours

Under the Management of A. C. MORRISSON

S. Constantini, Proprietor

Private Dining Rooms and Banquet Hall

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HOTEL AND RESTAURANT

Only Genuine Italian Restaurant in San Francisco

Now Open in its New Beautifully Decorated Home at

362 GEARY STREET

Twenty Feet from St. Francis Hotel

Music by Italian Orchestra from 6 to 8 p. m.

Kitchen under supervision of chef expressly brought from Europe for this place. Italian dishes in every known style.

THE ST. GERMAIN RESTAURANT

Announce their removal from 497 GOLDEN GATE AVE. to

60-64 ELLIS STREET

LUNCH, 75cts. REGULAR DINNER, $1.00

Music Every Evening Banquet Hall in connection Seating Capacity, 800

Jules Wittman, Prop. Phone Kearny 1812

Jules Restaurant

MONADNOCK BLDG.

Next to Palace Hotel. All cars pass the door
Rooms for Ladies Lunches a la Carte

Regular Dinner With White or Red Wine $1.00

Open evenings including Sundays Music

San Francisco

RACING

NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB

OAKLAND RACE TRACK

SIX RACES EACH DAY

Racing Every Week Day, Rain or Shine

First Race at 1:40 p. m.

Admission—Men, $2.00—Ladies, $1.00

For special trains stopping at the track, take S. P. Ferry foot of Market St.; leave at 12 m., thereafter every 20 minutes until 1:40 p. m. No smoking in the last two cars which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y. THOS. H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

Merle is a San Francisco man. The production of "The Fullback" will mark the first new effort to be presented at the Alcazar since its opening in Sutter street. The entire production will be made under the personal direction of Fred J. Butler, assisted by the author. Bertram Lytell will play the title role and charming Evelyn Vaughan will be his sweetheart. They will be supported by the full strength of the Alcazar Stock Co. Martin Merle is the author of "The Light Eternal" which is now in its sixth successful season on the road and of "Silver Threads" which is in its second season and which will be seen in San Francisco in the spring. He is a California college man himself, which fact lends interest to the production. In the football scene the playing will be done in view of the audience by picked teams of local professional players. A brass band and scores of enthusiastic "rooters" will enhance the realism.

Next Week at the Orpheum

Frank Tinney, the famous burnt cork comedian, will be the headliner at the Orpheum next week. Tinney is also an excellent pianist. Miss Amy Butler, the diminutive comedienne, will appear with what she calls "Her Big Quartette." This tiny actress has many musical comedy successes to her credit and is a capital vocalist. Maxim's Models will be an artistic feature of the coming bill. They will give living reproductions of world famous paintings. Comedy, novelty and acrobatics, will compose the specialty to be presented by the Reed Brothers. Next week will be the last of Madame Vallecita and her trained leopards; Neff and Starr; Hugh Lloyd and Harry Tate's London company in the automobile skit "Motoring."

Ye Liberty Offers "Brewster's Millions"

The supreme comedy success, "Brewster's Millions," will be the offering of the Bishop Players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, for the week commencing next Monday evening. Twice before have the transbay stock players been presented in this fantastic comedy and both times capacity houses have been the rule, and in all probability the same condition will prevail next week. For nothing more attractive in the comedy line has been seen upon the American stage for many years than "Brewster's Millions." George Fried will appear again as "Monty" Brewster and an excellent cast and production will be provided. "The White Sister" will be the following bill.

Mark Twain as a Frontier Editor

A man who knew Mark Twain in the early days said:

"All that part of his early writings are lost to posterity, I believe. I don't suppose there is a copy of the paper extant anywhere. The fire that destroyed Virginia City years ago consumed the files of the Territory Enterprise, and the only other complete file was one that Flood and O'Brien compiled at a cost of forty thousand dollars by sending canvassers all over Nevada and California in search of back numbers of the paper, paying any price for such copies as they needed to make their file complete. The only way to prove title to scores of mining claims depended upon the records published in those copies of the Territory Enterprise. Eventually Jim Flood presented the complete file to the San Francisco public library, and it too was destroyed by the great fire of four years ago."

A CANDY-FILLED VALENTINE

A most appropriate valentine. Dainty, satin or paper, heart-shaped boxes filled with sweets. Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse

Cor. Geary and Mason Sts. Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgrs.

Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783

Nightly including Sunday, Matinee Saturday

Third and Last Week Begins Monday, February 6th

The Sensation of Paris—The Scream of 'Frisco

THE GIRL IN THE TAXI

Xceeding the Speed Limit

Prices, $1.50 to 25c.

Monday, February 13th The International Success "The Arcadians."

SAVOY THEATRE

McAllister Street near Market

Phones, Market 130 and Home J 2822

This Saturday Evening—Last Time of "The Chocolate Soldier"

Starting Sunday Night, Feb. 5th—For Two Weeks Only

Sam S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.), Present

America's Funniest Comedian

JAMES T. POWERS

In the International Musical Hit, "HAVANA"

With a Big and Brilliant Ensemble

Night and Saturday Matinee Prices, $2.00 to 50c;

Special Thursday Matinee, $1.50 to 50c.

Coming—"The Midnight Sons."

ALCAZAR THEATRE

Sutter and Steiner Sts. Belasco & Mayer, Owners-Mgrs.

Phones, West 1400 and Home S 4242

Week Commencing Monday, February 6th

Evelyn Vaughan, Bertram Lytell and the Alcazar Players in

The First Presentation on Any Stage of

THE FULLBACK

A Comedy of American College Life by Martin V. Merle, Author of "The Light Eternal"

Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

Prices: Night, 25c to $1. Matinees, 25c to 50c.

Seats for Sale at Box Office and Emporium.

NEW ORPHEUM

O'Farrell St. bet. Stockton and Powell

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon—Matinee Every Day

THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

FRANK TINNEY, a Revelation in Burnt Cork; AMY BUTLER, the Tiny Comedienne and Her Big Quartette; MAXIM'S MODELS, LIVING REPRODUCTIONS OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PAINTINGS; REED BROTHERS, Unique Gymnasts; Last Week of MADAME VALLECITA and HER FEROCIOUS TRAINED LEOPARDS; NEFF and STARR; HUGH LLOYD; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last Week—Great Comedy Hit, HARRY TATE'S ENGLISH CO. in "MOTORING."

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

OAKLAND. Direction H. W. Bishop.

Week of Monday, February 6th, Every Evening

Matinees Saturday and Sunday

BISHOP'S PLAYERS Present the Supreme Comedy Success

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS

With a Great Cast and Production

Entire House: 25c and 50c—All Performances.

Next—"The White Sister."

GREENBAUM'S ATTRACTIONS

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL

Sacramento and Scott

PEPITO ARRIOLA

Boy Pianist

THIS SATURDAY AFTERNOON, February 4th at 2:30

SIGMUND BEEL

Violinist

THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, February 5th at 2:30

Mail Orders now for JOSEF HOFMANN Concerts. Two Sunday Afternoons, February 19-26 at Columbia and Thursday Evening, February 23 at Christian Science. Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00.

In Oakland—FRIDAY, FEB. 24—Ye Liberty

Coming—BONCI, Tenor

AFTER THE PLAY

THE FORUM CAFE

OAKLAND

Under the Management of GUSTAV MANN

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—We find very little change in the industrial and financial list at the close of the week unless it be a slight betterment in feeling in banking and commercial circles covering a wide area. This sentiment has been largely induced by the very heavy purchases in new bond issues by individuals and institutions that seem to have passed the point of fear on the railway rate question and pending the Tobacco and Standard Oil decisions. In fact, it can be said that there has been a steady volume of absorption of the standard railway and industrial stocks on the New York Stock Exchange by the small but careful investor, which has never failed to be a good sign for the future of the security market generally. Since the placing of the order for the 176,000 tons of rails by the New York Central there has been a fair volume of orders from other railways which has given material encouragement in the steel outlook for a substantial recovery. There lies the strength in the industrial world for greater activity. We believe that greater cheerfulness will prevail in Wall Street ere long as a result of railway rate increases and that greater activity will result and higher prices obtain for all stocks of merit.

Wheat—January has passed without any important revival of merchandising or speculative interest in wheat or flour or any evidence of material decrease in supplies. There is no apparent approach to an export outlet for our surplus. The buyer is confident and has only to indicate his desires to have his wants speedily filled and usually at close prices. Developments in the foreign field are even more depressing from the wheat owners' standpoint than in this country. Argentine is evidently bent on not repeating the the mistake made by herself and the United States a year ago and is putting her wheat on sale as freely as though importing countries were not independent. While it is too early to talk of the conditions of the growing crop, it is well known that an important area in the southwest went into the winter very dry and much of the wheat sown has failed to germinate. This grain has in many instances been found to be as dry in the ground as in the bin. Favorable conditions are necessary from the beginning of the growing season and in any event there is a situation in this important section that is unprecedented.

Corn has made a better showing than any of the other grains during the last week. Prices at the last were about the same as the week before. In view of the fact that the new speculative demand, following the Argentine crop losses, had spent its force, while primary receipts had increased enormously, this steadiness of the market was a little remarkable. It was based largely on the belief that there would be no great accumulation of supplies previous to the opening of spring work on the farm and also on the theory that an export call would develop for corn on all dips in prices. Export demand has been in evidence during the last week here and elsewhere, although exporters continue to assert that European wants are supplied for the present.

Cotton—The market for future delivery during the last week has been mostly a waiting affair and prices have fluctuated in a very narrow range. The movement to market was again ahead of the corresponding figures for the same week last year and it will only require a movement from this time on in keeping with last year after this date to bring the commercial crop up to 12,000,000 bales. Business with Manchester is less buoyant and demand from Lancashire spinners has become smaller. Great Britain has already secured about 1,000,000 bales more than last year and takings by the Continent are now only about 100,000 bales behind last year. American manufacturers are buying from hand to mouth and will probably adhere to this policy. We think the cotton market is a good sale.

A Bachelor's Queer Will

The highly original will of an eccentric bachelor, Emil von Bizony, is published in the Hungarian papers. The deceased, the brother of a well known Hungarian deputy, was sixty-five years old, detested women, and lived on a war footing with all his relations. Although a wealthy owner of a great deal of land, Herr von Bizony lived so frugally that he did not spend the tenth part of his large income. In his will he bequeathed all his real and personal property to his twelve draught horses. As executors of the will he named the Society for the Protection of Animals at Budapesth, stipulating that the interest on his property should be devoted to the care of these twelve animals, and that upon the death of one of them another aged horse was to be taken in and cared for, so that the number of twelve might always be maintained. Herr von Bizony's relations were naturally amazed at the contents of the will, and the deputy, Herr Alusius Bizony, will dispute it. Negotiations have been commenced with the above mentioned society, and $20,000 was offered it, but refused. The society will bring an action against the Bizony family for the retention of the property, which is worth about $200,000.

Dauntless

"Sir, I wish to make your daughter my wife!"

The old man hesitated. "Hadn't you better see her mother" he asked gently, after thinking a moment.

"I've seen her mother and it doesn't make any difference—I'm willing to take the chances!" exclaimed the youth with all the ardor of honest love.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS

Savings 108 SUTTER STREET Commercial

(Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

Capital Authorized	$1,000,000.00
Capital Paid In	750,000.00
Reserve and Surplus	220,331.45
Total Resources	5,613,737.73

Officers—A. Legallet, Pres.; Leon Bocqueraz, V.-Pres.; J. M. Dupas, V.-Pres.; A. Bousquet, Secty.; John Ginty, Cashier; M. Girard, Asst. Cashier; P. Bellemans, Asst. Cashier; P. A. Bergerot, Attorney.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

No. 4 MONTGOMERY STREET

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$11,067,549.97
Cash and Sight Exchange	12,523,591.86
Deposits	24,670,584.72

Officers—Isaias W. Hellman, Pres.; I. W. Hellman Jr., V.-Pres.; F. L. Lipman, V.-Pres.; James K. Wilson, V.-Pres.; Frank B. King, Cashier; W. McGavin, Asst. Cashier; E. L. Jacobs, Asst. Cashier; V. H. Rossetti, Asst. Cashier; C. L. Davis, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Isaias W. Hellman, Leon Sloss, C. De Guigne, Percy T. Morgan, James K. Wilson, I. W. Hellman Jr., Wm. Haas, Wm. F. Herrin, F. W. Van Sicklen, James L. Flood, Hartland Law, J. Henry Meyer, Chas. J. Deering, John C. Kirkpatrick and F. L. Lipman.

Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.

Anglo & London Paris National Bank

Sutter and Sansome Sts., San Francisco

Paid Up Capital	$ 4,000,000.00
Reserve and Undivided Profits	1,593,419.91
Deposits	24,817,292.56
Cash and Sight Exchange	10,821,505.75

Sig. Greenebaum, Pres.; H. Fleishhacker, V.-Pres. and Mgr.; Joseph Friedlander, V.-Pres.; C. F. Hunt, V.-Pres.; R. Altschul, Cashier; A. Hochstein, Asst. Cashier; C. R. Parker, Asst. Cashier; William H. High, Asst. Cashier; H. Choynski, Asst. Cashier; G. R. Burdick, Asst. Cashier; A. L. Langerman, Secretary.

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Accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations, Firms and Individuals Invited

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

The German Savings and Loan Society

Savings (THE GERMAN BANK) Commercial

526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Guaranteed Capital	$ 1,200,000.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,580,518.99
Employees' Pension Fund	$ 109,031.35
Deposits December 31, 1910	$42,039,580.06
Total Assets	$44,775,559.56

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells Fargo & Co.'s Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Officers—Pres., N. Ohlandt; First V.-Pres., Daniel Meyer; Second V.-Pres. and Mgr., George Tourny; Third V.-Pres., J. W. Van Bergen; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Asst. Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Asst. Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodellow, Eells & Orrick, Gen. Attys.

Board of Directors—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, George Tourny, J. W. Van Bergen, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

Mission Branch, 2572 Mission St., between 21st and 22nd Sts. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Manager.

Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement St., between 5th and 6th Aves. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

Doctor—You need a change of climate.
Patient—What's the matter with this climate?
Doctor—It's too changeable.

Telephone DOUGLAS 2487 R. E. MULCAHY, Manager

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

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SAN FRANCISCO
Branch, ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

Two Private Wires to Chicago and New York

Washington, D. C., 1301 F Street
Los Angeles, 112 W. Third Street
New York, 31-33-35 New Street

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, who was making her bow to society, and he confesses that he was so nervous that he forgot the first figure and had to be coached. Ned says that the most successful period of the club was when the dances were given in Odd Fellows' Hall. That was when the Hopkins girls, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Alice Simpkins, Miss McNutt, Miss Mary Belle Gwin and Miss Mollie Thomas—all matrons now—were blushing debutantes with their hearts in their heels. There came a time of opposition and for two years the Greenway club suspended while Mrs. Monroe Salisbury lorded it over society; but it was revived and is a very lively institution today.

Dancing and wining are very serious matters to Greenway. He has tipped glasses with three generations of bibeurs and has presided over the debuts of two generations of buds; so why shouldn't he take them seriously. He has learned not to be too self-confident in social matters. In the earlier days he referred all his doubts to a charming lady whose tact and judgment were flawless and in following her advice he never erred. When she died he made it the rule, on the rare occasions when consultation was necessary, to consult two or three women with daughters growing up.

As to the wining, Ned needs no advice. Years ago one of the Mumms advised him never to retire without first drinking a glass of beer. He has been doing that ever since. And he never tries to mix whiskey or cocktails with champagne. How much wine can he drink? I don't think he has ever exhausted his capacity. "On the day that I received my appointment from the Mumm people," he says, "I drank twenty-three pints and remained perfectly sober."

And about that widely heralded book of social reminiscences? I have asked him about that book. "I shall not begin it," he said, "until I stop drinking wine." In the name of chalk-stones, I wonder when that will be!

There are two block signals to a mile.

A block signal costs $500.00.

To equip a mile with block signals represents an expenditure of $1000.00.

Every mile between San Francisco and Chicago on the route of

San Francisco "Overland Limited"

represents such an expenditure or a total of over Three Million Dollars to attain the highest in the science of railroading and provide you a trip of

SAFETY SPEED CONTENTMENT

Ask or Phone us about it.

UNION PACIFIC
SOUTHERN PACIFIC

TICKET OFFICES:

Flood Building — Palace Hotel
42 Powell Street — Market Street Ferry Depot

Broadway and 13th St., Oakland.

A Man of Letters

(Continued from Page 6.)

to be found in all its vigor in the closing paragraph of his monograph. He relates that one day a man announced that at a certain hour he would stand on the steps of the capital and expound a plan for reconciliation between capital and labor. He did appear, and what he said was what Christ said: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." And the people cried "Lynch him, lynch him!"

In so brief a space as this article must occupy it is impossible to give more than a vague hint of a wit so multiform and versatile as Bierce's, appearing as it does in all sorts of shapes, postures and garbs. Here is a man who has exploited every stream of humor that has ever enriched the literary meadows. A critic of literature, of government and of life, he is at times as droll as Rabelais, at times as caustic as Swift; he has vindicated the much disputed maxim that ridicule is the test of truth; he has been as comic as Butler, as dexterous and as mordant as Voltaire, as apt at the finesse of words as Pope. As a humorist, like Horace he has seen the absurdity of pedants, the presumption of political pretenders. Like Lucian he has blended irony with narrative, taking his readers into topsy-turveydom to facilitate the flow of his acid merriment. Like Poe he has taken us into the realm of mystery and builded tales that enchant and bewilder. He has written poems that are triumphs of graceful expression and that are penetrated with passion and enthusiasm. And this man who has been writing for forty years is now having his works collected for the first time! No wonder he has remained in obscurity. No wonder—for Bierce is not the man to make overtures to Fame. He never asked a publisher to print a book. He never even peddled his wares. Almost since the close of the war he has worked as a journalist, and always he has maintained his independence—even of editors and newspaper proprietors. When he wrote what pleased his employers it was because it pleased him. Though a sceptic and a cynic he never worked with unimpassioned heart. And while there is but little in his work to attest the fact he is a sensitive impulsive man, an ardent crusader in the cause of truth whose earnest nature has imparted fire to his matchless wit.

Victory

(Continued from Page 9.)

Reading of the whole agony, choking but self-possessed, she read: the Vizcaya, Almirante Oquendo, and the rest; the death of Villamil, he who at least redeemed the promise made to the Mother of his God in Cadiz before he put to sea.

And as she read the old man gave no sign, sitting impassive as a fakir, or like an Indian warrior at the stake.

She went on reading; the fleet steamed through the hell of shot and shell, took fire, was beached, blew up, and still he gave no sign.

Cervera steps on board the conqueror's ship, gives up his sword, and the old man sat still.

When all was finished, and the last vessel burning on the rocks, slowly the tears fell down his old brown cheeks, and he broke silence. "Virgen de Guadalupe, has not one escaped?" and the girl, looking at him through her now misty eyes, "No, papa, God has so willed it. . . . What is wrong with your moustache?"

Then, with an effort, he took down his grief, said quietly, "I must change my hairdresser," got up, and offering his daughter his arm, walked out impassible, through the thick ranks of the defeated foe.

LOZIER RECORDS

Three drivers with three

LOZIER STOCK CARS

competed in Speedway Races and all the Great Road Events of 1910.

Starting 15 times---with a record of 15 Finishes---not a single instance of a failure to finish.

In these races the three cars ran 2596 miles, at an average speed of 65.32 miles per hour. The greatest record for endurance ever made by any car in the world's history of automobile racing.

Pioneer Automobile Co.

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California Limited

Is known to experienced travelers as the nearest approach to the ideal yet attained in railway transportation.

It leaves San Francisco at 9 p. m.; Oakland at 8:55 p. m. and Berkeley at 9.00 p. m. every day for Chicago, going via Kansas City, with connection for Denver.

It carries a through Pullman sleeper daily direct to the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Ask for our free art books on the Train, the Trip and the Canyon.

J. B. Duffy, Gen. Agent, 673 Market St., San Francisco. J. J. Warner, Gen. Agent, 1120 Broadway. Oakland. Santa Fe.

How the Panama Fair Advanced Sutro Forest Tract 10 Years

Every man in California knows what the Panama Fair will do for San Francisco
What the Fair will do for San Francisco is what it will do for Sutro Forest Tract
It will advance the interest of Sutro Forest Tract fully 10 years
The Fair makes Sutro Forest shares worth several times as much today as they were last week

What the Fair Will Do

The Fair will bring a hundred thousand people to San Francisco to live
The Fair will bring a hundred thousand permanent residents to San Francisco in addition to hundreds of thousands of visitors
The Fair will bring the wide-awake prosperous citizens to San Francisco who will wish to build artistic homes within the limits of the city
The Fair will make the Sutro Forest Tract investment not only safe but highly profitable
The Fair made St. Louis a modern western metropolis
With permanent solid improvements
Which follows in the wake of all Fairs
And which will follow the San Francisco Fair

Thousands Will Come

Hundreds of thousands of people from all parts of the world will visit San Francisco
Will become enamored with our climate
Will be permeated with the spirit of this city
Will breathe the atmosphere of California
And all these things
Will promote the interests of San Francisco
And make it a larger and more prosperous metropolis
Even more than it is today
Every new citizen
Within the boundaries of the city
Will add to its prosperity
And will want to build a home
And will naturally seek the park-like district you know as Sutro Forest Tract
Shrewd men of business
Trained in judging conditions and values
Have expressed their opinions of Sutro Forest
And its future
Here follow a few of their remarks:

J. GOLDBERG
(President Goldberg, Bowen & Co.)

From the point of view of the retail merchant whose profits must depend principally upon the trade with those who live in San Francisco, I wish to add my recommendation to your undertaking, in creating within the bounds of San Francisco a residence district of such a character that people of good taste and adequate means will wish to build artistic homes rather than to seek locations elsewhere.

JAMES WOODS
(Manager Hotel St. Francis)

From the hotel man's point of view, nothing commends itself more than those features in a city which will attract visitors. I have noted with a great deal of pleasure your proposal to purchase the Sutro Forest Tract and build winding roadways and afford opportunity for the erection of artistic bungalows and homes, surrounded by trees, flowers and shrubs, and the making of it a place where the tourist will wish to go to see the possibilities of development along artistic lines, in a residential district.

JOHN McLAREN
(Superintendent of Golden Gate Park)

If the individual idea is subordinated to the group idea, Sutro Forest can be made into the most beautiful park in the United States.

MARSHALL HALE
(Hale Bros.)

Sutro Forest Tract offers an opportunity to construct attractive homes in the suburbs of San Francisco, which means that we will be able to keep many people here who would otherwise go out of the city to live.

HORACE H. ALLEN
(President, Down Town Association)

I want to commend the undertaking in the matter of saving for San Francisco the Sutro Forest, or that part of it called "San Miguel Rancho." I hope the enterprise will succeed and sufficient capital be obtained from the public-spirited citizens of this city, who will show by their subscriptions that they are behind the endeavor to preserve this beautiful property.

GEORGE WILLIAMS HOOPER
(Lumber Merchant)

As the business is outlined, my intention is to subscribe for the purchase of a liberal amount of stock, which I consider is as good an investment as can be had today. I cannot see why the entire issue should not be subscribed for within the next thirty days. The opportunity offered the public in this case is one that does not come to them often. It is something that should appeal to them both as investors and as public-spirited citizens.

H. O. TROWBRIDGE
(Capitalist)

It is the only instance I have ever seen where every one was given an opportunity to buy stock in a big land company on the same basis. Under the offer of this company the man with $1000 can buy ten shares of stock at exactly the same price that the capitalist does who puts in $10,000.

DR. HARTLAND LAW
(Capitalist)

The merchants and capitalists of San Francisco, as well as those who have only a few thousand dollars to invest, should subscribe promptly for the stock of this company, which is organized not only for profit, but for the beautification and advancement of San Francisco.

WILLIAM J. DUTTON
(President Fireman's Fund Insurance Company)

I know of no enterprise recently planned which means so much for the advancement and betterment of this city than the aims and purposes of the Residential Development Company of San Francisco.

GEORGE A. NEWHALL
(H. M. Newhall & Co.)

The scheme is all right, and I have subscribed for stock because I think it is a good buy, and also because I want to see a first-class residence district established in the suburbs of San Francisco.

Invest Your Money

Your money will work for you in this big deal
Along with the money of these men hundreds of others
All pulling together a great success can be made
You should make at least 300 per cent on your investment

Title

Arrangements have been made with the Pacific Title Insurance Company
To issue a policy of title insurance
To the Residential Development Company of San Francisco
Insuring the title of the 724 acres
For the full amount of the purchase price namely $1,418,520.83

Payments

$10 a share payable upon subscribing
$90 a share (final payment) payable when 9000 shares are sold, which presumably will be no later than February 27, 1911
All payments are to be made to the Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco

Quick Action

Is necessary as the option has only
A short time to run
Send for map showing suggested division of property
Get the booklet giving details
To see the property by automobile, or for information, apply to:
Baldwin & Howell, 318-324 Kearny street, San Francisco

Also for information call upon any of the following real estate firms:

Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., 27 Montgomery street
A. J. Rich & Co., 121 Sutter street
Lyon & Hoag, 636 Market street
Von Rhein Real Estate Co., 141 Sutter street
J. W. Wright & Co., Mills Building
Harrigan, Weidenmuller & Rosenstirn, 345 Montgomery street
Behlow & Lucas, 205 Montgomery street
Abrahamson Bros. & Co., 251 Montgomery street
John McGaw & Co., 232 Montgomery street
Guy T. Wayman, 232 Montgomery street
Sterling Realty Company, 546 Market street
Edwards, Brewster & Clover, Mills Building
Pringle Company, 357 Russ Building

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,681, Dept. No. 10.

PLINY E. RITNER, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE I. RITNER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Grace I. Ritner, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, A. D. 1911. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

AUSTIN LEWIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
504 to 508 Schmidt Bldg., 12 Geary St., S. F. 2-4-10

ORDER OF PUBLICATION TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF GUARDIAN FOR ORDER TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 11,018, Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY L. MacDONALD, an Incompetent Person.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition this day filed and presented by Peter MacDonald, the guardian of the person and estate of Mary L. MacDonald, an incompetent person, praying for an order to mortgage certain real estate belonging to the said ward; that it appearing to the Court that such real estate should be mortgaged.

It is hereby ordered, that the next of kin of the said ward, and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Thursday, the 23rd day of February, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be made for mortgaging the said real estate.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before said day of hearing, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, January 24, 1911.

(Seal) THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed Jan. 24, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By ...., Deputy Clerk.

GEORGE F. OWENS, Atty. for Guardian,
515-16 Shreve Bldg., Post St. and Grant Ave.
San Francisco, Cal. 1-28-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION BY FOLSOM CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, A CORPORATION, FOR DECREE ADJUDGING ITS VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,806, Department 7.

In the Matter of the Application of the FOLSOM CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, a corporation, for Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the Folsom Consolidated Company, a corporation duly organized under the laws of the State of California, and having its office and principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid, filed in the above entitled Court on the 25th day of January, 1911, an application for a decree adjudging its voluntary dissolution under the provisions of the following sections of the Code of Civil Procedure of California, to-wit, from and including section 1227 to and including section 1233; that the above entitled Court has ordered that notice of the filing of said application be given by the Clerk of said Court by publishing this notice in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County of San Francisco, for the period of thirty (30) days; that at any time before the expiration of the time of publication, to-wit, thirty (30) days from and after the first publication of this notice, any person may file in said Court his objections to the said application; that if no objection is filed before the expiration of said time of publication said Court will proceed to hear and determine said application on Tuesday, the 14th day of March, 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in the Courtroom of Department No. 7 of said Court in the Grant Building, situate on the southeasterly corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the said City and County of San Francisco, and if the statements contained in said application are legally sufficient and are shown to be true, will thereupon make its judgment and decree declaring said corporation dissolved; but if any objection to said application shall be filed, the hearing of said application will be continued by the Court until five (5) days' notice of the hearing of such application shall have been given to all persons who shall have filed any objection to said application.

Dated, San Francisco, California, this 25th day of January, 1911.

(Seal of Superior Court). H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Date of first publication February 4, 1911.

LEO H. SUSMAN, Atty. for Applicant,
445 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-28-5

Singleton—After all, one in moderate circumstances can be quite happy.

Wedmore—Yes, but two can't.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,623, Department No. 10.

MAUD GRANGER, Plaintiff, vs. ALFRED GRANGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Alfred Granger, defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. A. DORN, Atty. for Plaintiff,
812 Phelan Building, San Francisco. 1-28-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CLARA J. BIGELOW, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Clara J. Bigelow, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Nowlin & Fassett, Foxcroft Building, No. 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Clara J. Bigelow, deceased. FREDERIC H. FASSETT,

Executor of the Estate of Clara J. Bigelow, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 28, 1911.

NOWLIN & FASSETT, Attys. for Executor,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 1-28-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,254.

J. W. SCHOUTEN AND COMPANY, a corporation, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE LETTERELL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: George Letterell, defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 21st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. W. HENDERSON, Atty. for Plaintiff,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 1-28-4

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8131, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of THERESA J. O'CONNOR, Deceased.

Annie L. Jones, the Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Theresa J. O'Connor, deceased, having filed herein her duly verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing her to borrow the sum of Six Hundred Dollars ($600.00) or such lesser sum as the Court may deem necessary wherewith to pay the debts of said estate, and to make the necessary improvements thereon, as set forth in said petition on file herein, and for the purpose of securing the re-payment of such loan to mortgage to the lender of such money certain real property of said estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Church Street, distant two hundred and twenty-seven feet northerly from the northerly line of 24th Street; thence northerly along said line of Church Street thirty-three (33) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles southerly thirty-three (33) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 64.

It is therefore ordered, that all persons interested in said estate appear at this Court in Courtroom of Department No. 10 of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the Grant Building, Seventh and Market Streets, on the 27th day of February, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause why said prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property within described mortgaged to secure a loan to said estate for Six Hundred Dollars ($600.00), or such lesser amount as the Court shall deem meet, and

It is ordered that notice of the time appointed for hearing said petition, and the Order to Show Cause, be published for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

For further particulars in said petition you are hereby referred to said Petition now on file herein, which said petition is made a part hereto.

Dated, this 19th day of January, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

GEO. M. THOMAS, Atty. for Administratrix,
722 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-28-5

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Your choice of

TWO TRAINS

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Los Angeles,

New Orleans

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Ticket Offices:

Flood Building,

Palace Hotel,

Market Street Ferry Depot,

Third & Townsend Sts. Depot

Broadway & 13th St., Oakland

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JACOB LEVI, also known as JACOB LEVI, Jr., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix and Executor of the estate of Jacob Levi, also known as Jacob Levi, Jr., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix and Executor at the office of Jeremiah V. Coffey and Edward I. Coffey, 557 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Jacob Levi, also known as Jacob Levi, Jr., deceased.

FANNIE LEVI,
HERMAN LEVI,
Executrix and Executor of the Estate of Jacob Levi, also known as Jacob Levi, Jr., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 14, 1911.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY and EDWARD I. COFFEY,
Attys. for Executrix and Executor,
557 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-14-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Dept. 10, Probate, No. 4877.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN SKEEHAN, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition of Louis Jurgens, administrator of the above entitled estate, that a sale of the real property of the estate of said John Skeehan, deceased, is necessary to pay the debts outstanding against the said decedent, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and further, that it would be to the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate, and those interested therein, to sell the real property belonging to said estate;

It is hereby ordered that all parties interested in the estate of John Skeehan, deceased, be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court in the Courtroom of Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the hour of 10 A. M. on the 15th day of February, 1911, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of the real property belonging to the estate of decedent, John Skeehan, or in which the said John Skeehan had any interest at either public or private sale.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in Open Court this 11th day of January, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

tum SUDEN & tum SUDEN,
Attorneys for Administrator,
619 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PETER SMITH, Deceased—No. 10,954, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Edwin S. Tucker and Joseph Emanuel Reilly, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Peter Smith, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Madison & Burke, real estate and insurance brokers, No. 30 Montgomery Street, between Post and Sutter Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Peter Smith, deceased.

EDWIN S. TUCKER,
JOSEPH EMANUEL REILLY,
Executors of the Estate of Peter Smith, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 28, 1911.

CHARLES A. SHURTLEFF, Atty. for Executors,
800-806 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, California. 1-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL LEWIS RUMSEY, Deceased—No. 10,800, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Emma Forsythe Rumsey, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Samuel Lewis Rumsey, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Emma Forsythe Rumsey, at the office of James C. Sims, Rooms 612-614 Claus Spreckels Building, corner of Market and Third Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Samuel Lewis Rumsey, deceased.

EMMA FORSYTHE RUMSEY,
Executrix of the Estate of Samuel Lewis Rumsey, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 21, 1911.

JAMES C. SIMS, Atty. for Executrix,
612-614 Claus Spreckels, Bldg., San Francisco. 1-21-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9379, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JAMES BARRETT, Deceased.

Timothy J. Barrett, Executor of the Last Will of James Barrett, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition praying for an order of sale of the whole of the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, reference to which said petition on file herein is hereby made for further particulars than those appearing in this order, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary and would be beneficial to sell the whole of said real estate for the causes and reasons therein set forth and good cause appearing therefor;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Monday, the 27th day of February, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom thereof, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said Executor for the sale of said real estate, and that a copy of this order be published for four (4) successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: January 16, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

W. W. SANDERSON, Atty, for Executor,
548 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-21-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25,085, Dept. No. 10.

GIOVANNI CASELLI, JUSTINE CASELLI, his wife, and EMILY MONCHAUT, also known as Emily Merchant, also known as Emily Monchant, also know as Emily Monchont, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the said plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Piece No. 1—Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Mason Street, distant thereon seventy-seven (77) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of Broadway Street; running thence northerly and along said easterly line of Mason Street sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle easterly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle southerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle westerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Lot, Number Three Hundred and Thirty-two (No. 332).

Piece No. 2—Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon Thirty-seven (37) feet and six (6) inches easterly from the easterly line of Spruce Street; running thence easterly and along said southerly line of Sacramento Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and seven (107) feet and seven and one-eighth (7 1-8) inches; thence at a right angle westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and seven (107) feet and seven and one-eighth (7 1-8) inches to the said southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition, Block Number Eight Hundred and Thirty-two (No. 832).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that plaintiffs' title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages, or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 13th day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 24th day of December, 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiffs: Name, Laura M. Dill; Address, San Francisco, California.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 12-24-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,385.

ADELE NOVARESE, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH ROBERT NOVARESE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to Joseph Robert Novarese, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed herein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of October, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 12-31-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALFRED G. PLATT, also known as Alfred George Platt, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Alfred G. Platt, also known as Alfred George Platt, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor, at the office of its attorneys, Messrs. Heller, Powers & Ehrman, Room No. 713, in the building now known as Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Alfred G. Platt, also known as Alfred George Platt, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Alfred G. Platt, also known as Alfred George Platt, deceased.
By H. Van Luven, Secretary.

Dated, San Francisco, January 7, 1910.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attys. for said Executor,
Nevada Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-7-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,712, Dept. No. ——.

LOUISA ZAMBELLI, SILVIO HECTOR ZAMBELLI, WALTER ZAMBELLI, IRENE ZAMBELLI, and RITA ZAMBELLI, also known as Marguerite Zambelli, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County within three months after first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Market Street, distant thereon forty-nine (49) feet and one (1) inch northeasterly from the easterly line of Sanchez Street; running thence southerly and parallel with Sanchez Street sixty-eight (68) feet and six and three-eighths (6⅜) inches; thence at a right angle easterly thirty-three (33) feet and five and three-eighths (5⅜) inches; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly eight and three-fourths (8¾) inches; thence southwesterly and along the said southeasterly line of Market Street forty-eight (48) feet and seven and one-half (7½) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a part of Mission Block Number 96.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that plaintiffs' title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and the whole thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages, or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of January, 1911.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiffs: None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25,793 Department No. 2.

SEBASTIANO CICERONE, also known as A. Sebastiano Cicerone, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Sebastiano Cicerone, also known as A. Sebastiano Cicerone, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Lafayette Place, distant thereon ninety-seven (97) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of Green Street; running thence northerly along said line of Lafayette Place fifty-nine (59) feet; thence at right angles easterly fifty-seven (57) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly fifty-nine (59) feet; and thence at right angles westerly fifty-seven (57) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot Number Three Hundred and Seventy-six (No. 376).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 21st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 31st day of December, 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 12-31-16

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZA MOTTE BRODIE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Eliza Motte Brodie, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of Messrs. Pringle & Pringle, 378 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Eliza Motte Brodie, deceased.

W. S. ANDREWS,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Eliza Motte Brodie, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 7, 1910.

PRINGLE & PRINGLE, Attys. for Administrator,
378 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-7-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco No. 30,011. Department No. 4

KATE E. HENESEY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Kate E. Henesey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of California Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches westerly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of California Street with the westerly line of Octavia Street; running thence westerly and along said southerly line of California Street thirty-four (34) feet nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly thirty-four (34) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 197.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises; and that the easement and right of said property to the party wall on the boundary between said property and the real property of M. Sheftel Co., a corporation, immediately abutting upon the rear of said property, be established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
M. Sheftel,	2083 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
City and County of San Francisco,	San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Erancisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,012, Department No. 4.

ELIZABETH ANN GUNN, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Elizabeth Ann Gunn, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Thirty-third Avenue, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet southerly from the southerly line of Ulloa Street (formerly "U" Street); running thence southerly along said westerly line of Thirty-third Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles northerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 1206.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiff to said real property and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims of every kind and nature whatsoever in and to said real property and every part thereof, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple of each and every, all and singular, of said real property, free and clear from any and all liens and encumbrances whatsoever.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN H. BRUNS, Deceased—No. 10,925, Department 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will of John H. Bruns, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Barrows & Barrows, Room 407 Mutual Savings Bank Building, 704 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John H. Bruns, deceased.

JOHN H. BRUNS, Jr.,
Executor of the Last Will of John H. Bruns, Deceased.
Dated, January 14, 1911.

BARROWS & BARROWS, Attys. for Executor.
Room 407 Mutual Savings Bank Building,
704 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-14-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco No. 30,021. Department No. 4.

WILLIAM A. KAAS and DELIA KAAS (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William A. Kaas and Delia Kaas, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Utah Street, distant thereon one hundred and eighty-seven (187) feet and six (6) inches southerly from the southerly line of Mariposa Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Utah Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Utah Street and the point of commencement; being a part of Potrero Block number seventy-four (74).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,015, Department No. 4.

ANNIE C. WIEGNER, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Annie C. Wiegner, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), distant thereon eighty (80) feet Easterly from the intersection of the Southerly line of Geary Street with the Easterly line of Eight Avenue, running thence Easterly along the said Southerly line of Geary Street twenty-six (26) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Eighth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-six (26) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street and point of beginning; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 277.

2nd. Commencing at a point on the Western line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Northerly from the Northern line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Western line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in the fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
Title Insurance and Guaranty Company,	250 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CAROLINE B. BRODIE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Caroline B. Brodie, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of Messrs. Pringle & Pringle, 378 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Caroline B. Brodie, deceased.

W. S. ANDREWS,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Caroline B. Brodie, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 7, 1911.

PRINGLE & PRINGLE, Attys. for Administrator,
378 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco No. 30,014, Department No. 4.

SARA M. DALY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Hereinafter Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem to establish and quiet Plaintiff's title to real property and to determine all adverse claims thereto.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Sara M. Daly, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court, and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Randolph Street, distant twenty-five (25) feet easterly from the east line of Ramsell Street and running thence east twenty-five (25) feet; thence north one hundred (100) feet; thence west twenty-five (25) feet; thence south one hundred (100) feet to to the point of commencement; and being Lot 7 of Block 37 of the City Land Association as shown on a map of the same recorded on August 24, 1870, in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, and being also the same premises heretofore conveyed to Annie A. Daly (widow) by Anne McCormac by deed recorded August 2, 1897, in Volume 1748 of Deeds, Old Series, Records of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That this Court by its final judgment and decree, may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and may adjudge said plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands, and may establish and quiet its title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief in the premises as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Dated this 14th day of December, 1910.

GEO. K. FORD, Atty. for Plaintiff.
617 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No, 30,020, Department No. 4.

VIRGINIA CASSIDY WILBUR, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

First—Commencing at the northwest corner of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue) and Twentieth Avenue; thence northerly along the west line of Twentieth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly and parallel with Twentieth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle easterly and along the north line of Geary Street fifty (50) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 201.

Second—Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue); running thence northerly along said westerly line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the said westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, and the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 201.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of this Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property, and every part thereof; and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof; and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RANDOLPH CROWELL BRANT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Randolph Crowell Brant, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Lile T. Jacks, 548 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Randolph Crowell Brant, deceased.

PAUL BRANT,
Administrator of the Estate of Randolph Crowell Brant, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 14, 1911.

LILE T. JACKS, Atty. for Administrator,
548 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-14-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,018, Department No. 4.

MARY I. GREELY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mary I. Greely, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet North of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number 201.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society,	San Francisco, California.
R. McColgan and Ryland C. Goodspeed, as Trustees for Mariam L. Goodspeed,	Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, California.
R. McColgan and Daniel A. McColgan, as Trustees for C. H. Williams,	Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,019, Department No. 4.

KATHERINE J. CASSIDY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Katherine J. Cassidy, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet North of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being in Block No. 201 of Outside Lands.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1910.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names:

Names	Addresses
Bank of Italy,	Montgomery and Clay Streets, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM R. CHRISTY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of William R. Christy, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Neal Power, 544 to 546 Mills Building, Northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William R. Christy, deceased. MARTHA E. CHRISTY,
Administratrix of the Estate of William R. Christy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 4, 1911.

NEAL POWER, Atty. for Administratrix,
544 to 546 Mills Bldg., San Francisco. 2-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 30,017, Department No. 4.

HARRY E. CASSIDY and MARY J. MERRILL, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Harry E. Cassidy and Mary J. Merrill, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), distant Eighty (80) feet Easterly from the Southeast corner of Geary Street and Twenty-second Avenue; thence at right angles with Geary Street Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the West line of Twenty-first Avenue; thence at right angles Northerly along the line of Twenty-first Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-six (26) feet Eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Twenty-first Avenue One Hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street; thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Geary Street One Hundred and Thirty-three (133) feet, Four (4) inches to the point of commencement; being lots numbers Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight and Ten in Block No. 263 of Outside Lands.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owners of an undivided one-half interest, each, in tenancy in common and in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D., 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 23 N.S. Dept. No. 10. Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANDREW COLEMAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above-entitled Court, made on the 11th day of January, 1911, in the matter of the estate of Andrew Coleman, deceased, the undersigned administrator of the estate of said decedent will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in lawful money of the United States and subject to confirmation by the said Court, on or after the 10th day of February, 1911, all of the right, title, interest and estate of the said Andrew Coleman at the time of his death and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Andrew Coleman at the time of his death of, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Visitation Avenue, distant thereon four hundred and eighty-nine (489) feet northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Carter street, running thence northwesterly along said northeasterly line of Visitation avenue twenty-eight (28) feet, thence at right angles northwesterly two hundred and seventy-nine (279) feet, three (3) inches, thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and twenty-eight (128) feet, thence at right angles westerly one hundred and four (104) feet, three (3) inches, thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred (100) feet, thence at right angles southwesterly one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet to the said northeasterly line of Visitation avenue, the point of commencement. Being a portion of lot number 88 as said lot is laid down and so delineated upon a certain map entitled "Map of the Visitation Valley Homestead Association," filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on September 22, 1868, in Libers C and D of Maps, Page 119.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: Cash in lawful money of the United States, deed at expense of purchaser, bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice but before the making of the sale, all bids or offers must be in writing and left at the office of W. D. Grady, attorney-at-law, room number 505 Pacific building, corner of Market and Fourth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, or delivered to the undersigned personally.

Dated this 11th day of January, 1911.

GUSTAV WEIHE,
Administrator of the Estate of Andrew Coleman, Deceased.

W. D. GRADY, Attorney for Administrator.
505 Pacific Building, San Francisco. 1-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALFRED TWYFORD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Alfred Twyford, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, R. F. Mogan, 953-955 Phelan Building, corner Market and O'Farrell Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Alfred Twyford, deceased.

ELIZABETH KAMENA,
Administratrix of the Estate of Alfred Twyford, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 11, 1911.

R. F. MOGAN, Atty. for Administratrix,
953-955 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-14-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,016, Department No. 4.

JOHN J. CASSIDY, ANNIE CECILIA WIEGNER, MARY I. GREELY and VIRGINIA CASSIDY WILBUR, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John J. Cassidy, Annie Cecilia Wiegner, Mary I. Greely and Virginia Cassidy Wilbur, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. Commencing on the Northerly line of Pine Street at a point distant one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Pine Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-seven (27) feet and six inches; and thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with said line of Broderick Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot Number Two (2), in Block No. 540 as designated upon a certain map entitled "Hoadley's Extension of the Western Addition," which said map was recorded May 10, 1862, in the office of the Recorder of said City and County.

2nd. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue) with the Easterly line of Second Avenue; thence Southerly along said line of Second Avenue one Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street; thence at right angles Westerly along said line of Geary Street thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being part of Outside Lands Block No. 283.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Courts for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owners in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff, Mary I. Greely:

Names	Addresses
R. McColgan and Daniel A. McColgan, as Trustees for C. H. Williams,	Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

ORDER DIRECTING NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 10350. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of LUCINDA POINDEXTER, Deceased.

AXEL E. BERN, having presented to this Court and filed herein his duly verified petition, claiming to be entitled to a conveyance from Mary S. Merrill, as the executor of the estate of Lucinda Poindexter, deceased, of that certain real property described as Lots 7 and 8 in Block 2, Laymance Subdivision of Warner Tract, in Brooklyn Township, Alameda County, California; and it appearing to this Court that said Lucinda Poindexter in her lifetime entered into a written contract with the said Axel E. Bern to convey said real property described in said verified petition and in this order, and that said Lucinda Poindexter died before making said conveyance, and that said Axel E. Bern was, before the death of said deceased, and is now, entitled to a conveyance of said property described herein, and good cause appearing therefor;

It is hereby ordered that the hearing of said petition be set for the 13th day of February, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. at the Courtroom of this Court, Department No. Ten thereof;

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be served upon said Mary S. Merrill as said executrix, personally, and that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated, January 11th, 1911.

Endorsed: Filed January 11, 1911.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

H. F. CHADBOURNE, Atty. for Petitioner. 1-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLOTTE E. BEADLE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte E. Beadle, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor, at its office, at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charlotte E. Beadle, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte E. Beadle, Deceased.

By H. Van Luven, Secretary

Dated, San Francisco, January 28, 1911.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for said Executor,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 1-28-5

Auto Notes

In view of the fact that not many radical changes are observed in the mechanical details of the cars exhibited at the auto shows, novelties in body construction receive most attention from the crowds. One of the newest things is seen on the torpedo type of body shown by the Lozier. This model is termed the "Lakewood" and in place of a chauffeur's seat on the running board, this is incorporated in one of the side doors. To place this side seat in service, the door is dropped outward and downward, disclosing side arm and back. When closed and out of service the seat has the appearance of a flush-sided door.

A shipment of 30 horsepower Autocar roadsters is reported for San Francisco from the factory. These cars are due to arrive the early part of next week.

Since the report lately went abroad that the four factories which make up the United States Rubber Co. would operate under one sales management, there has been considerable speculation in tire circles as to just what the outcome would be. Some expect that in the near future the four different brands of tires will be sold by a single concern. The Morgan & Wright distributors, Weinstock-Nichols Co. do not think that such will be the case.

A feature of the coming motordrome races at Elmhurst will be the competition of Pope Hartford cars driven by Jack Fleming and Bert Dingley, the two Pacific Coast pilots who have achieved national distinction. Both of these men have won their chief prominence as road race drivers, but Dingley has recently become one of the most famous of track drivers because of his sensational performance on the Los Angeles Motordrome, January 14.

The Pioneer Automobile Company's new building will be the next notable addition to San Francisco's Automobile Row. This three story structure is now rapidly nearing its last stages of construction and will be ready for occupancy by the Pioneer Automobile Co. near the middle of this month. The sales manager of one of the Eastern factories visited the new building a few days ago and said: "This building will make the handsomest and best arranged automobile garage that I have seen west of New York. What impresses me most favorably is the large amount of glass used in the arrangements for offices, partitions, show windows, etc. Surely the Chalmers, Lozier and Hudson people should be proud of the new home of their San Francisco representatives."

R. M. Murden, manager of the Haynes Auto Sales Company's repair department, is Automobile Row's most recent benedict. Bob has just led to the altar Miss Cleo White, a San Francisco girl. Murden came out from the Haynes Factory where his brother is general superintendent and where he himself held responsible positions successively in the testing, repair and parts departments, to take charge of the Haynes service department in this territory.

"In order to get the maximum service from your tires," says C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of the Diamond Rubber Company, "it is necessary that you keep them away from oil. Oil soon softens the rubber. Under this condition the tire can't possibly last as long as otherwise. Never let the oil escaping from the car in the garage run and stand about the tires. Never let your car stand in oil puddles on the street. A little more care of the axles in the matter of washers at the ends or in using a heavier grade of oil, will save tire money."

"The importance of the place achieved by the commercial vehicle in the last year is well illustrated," says Walter Morris, local Autocar distributor, "by the consideration given it at the New York Show. Advices received from New York declare that a large share of the interest in the Madison Square Garden's exhibition centers in the display of trucks to which the last two weeks of the show are to be solely devoted."

E. C. Collins of the Cartercar Auto Co. reports that a shipment of 1911 Cartercars has just been unloaded and the machines are now being equipped for immediate delivery.

With the completion of the new works of the Lozier Motor Company at Detroit, Michigan, next spring, Mr. John G. Perrin, superintendent of the present works at Plattsburgh, N. Y., will take charge of the combined works of the Lozier Motor Company at Detroit, Michigan and Plattsburgh, N. Y., with the title of Chief Engineer and Factory Manager. Both of these plants will be operated to their fullest capacity, although the Plattsburgh plant will devote its energies to producing finished parts and supplies, while at the Detroit works all assembling will be done.

Bank wreckers have a new force to deal with since the automobile has become so handy in pursuit races. One of the liveliest races a gang of yeggmen ever had was in the twelve-hour chase just completed in Lenawee County, Michigan, which resulted in the capture of four bank robbers and the conveyance of them to the county jail in a Hudson roadster which had been driven two hundred miles in a snow storm to locate the bandits.

T. V. Saunders, secretary of Hall & Co., the local wholesale jewelers, has joined the ranks of local motorists. After a thorough investigation of the market he has purchased a Haynes Touring Car.

E. A. Christensen has equipped his Pope Toledo with Morgan and Wright Nobby Tread tires furnished by Weinstock-Nichols Co. Mr. Christensen is an ardent Nobby Tread advocate, having used none other for the last year.

Remedy Worse Than the Disease

A man had been called as a witness to prove the correctness of the bill of a physician.

"Let us get at the facts of the case," said the lawyer, who was doing a cross-examination turn "Didn't the doctor make several visits after the patient was out of danger?"

"No, sir," answered the nurse. "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

She—So you are sure that your new play will be a success?

He—Certain, why, even the manager blushed when he read it.

PATRICK & CO
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TOWN TALK
THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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43d ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company of California

ASSETS	
Loans on Real Estate	$8,313,959.64
Loans on Approved Collateral	1,043,772.48
Loans to Policy-holders	3,163,168.12
Bonds and Stocks Owned	5,712,286.85
Real Estate Owned	1,120,450.10
Interest and Rent—Accrued	210,660.39
Outstanding and Deferred Premiums	820,493.46
Cash on Hand	380,397.23
Total Admitted Assets	$20,765,188.27

LIABILITIES	
Reserve on Policies	$18,128,589.36
Claims in Process of Adjustment	123,483.51
Premiums and Interest Paid in Advance	116,765.94
Reserved for Taxes Payable 1911	71,549.42
All Other Liabilities	179,128.72
Total Liabilities	$18,619,516.95
Surplus to Policy-holders	2,145,671.32
Total	$20,765,188.27

Increase in Life Business in Force, 1910	$5,973,789
Increase in Assets, 1910	2,335,983
Increase in Cash Income, 1910	586,237
Increase in Surplus, 1910	293,789
Increase in Payments to Policy-holders, 1910	469,940

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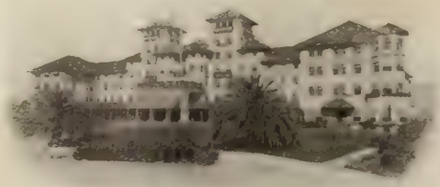

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, February 11, 1911 | No. 963

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TOWN TALK

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A Measure to Promote Murder

One of the toughest of all the tough bills introduced at this session of the Legislature is the handiwork of that eminent statesman, Thomas Finn, whose self-sacrificing devotion to the dear people is evidenced by the fact that he serves them not only as a member of that august body, the Senate of the State, but also as Sheriff of this city. Sheriff-Senator Finn's bill provides that the Governor shall not order out the militia to enforce the laws unless asked to do so by the Chief of Police or the Mayor. The motive that inspired this bill seems obvious enough in view of the fact that our municipal government is in the hands of organized labor. The presumption is that in the opinion of the author our municipal authorities would not call for assistance in the event of a strike and incidental disorder. But Sheriff-Senator Finn is inclined to shirk the onus of authorship. He has publicly announced that he introduced the bill in behalf of organized labor. What has organized labor to say touching this mild impeachment? Do the leaders of organized labor who are constantly reiterating their opposition to violence wish to have it understood that the Finn bill is their measure and that it truly reflects their spirit and their sentiment? If so it is time for this community to feel a little startled, for the bill may pass. There is great sympathy between this legislature and organized labor, and also between Senator-Sheriff Finn, despite his curious unsavory connections, and one Hiram W. Johnson. The Sheriff-Senator from the lower level and the pure and undefiled Governor from the heights do politics together. They are bosom, confidential friends. Perhaps the Governor may feel that it would be advisable for him not to have the responsibility of determining just how much bloodshed justifies a call for the militia.

The Cowardly Merchant

Has anybody observed in the daily papers any editorial comment on the vicious Finn bill? Has anybody noted the omission of editorial comment? These are questions that are worth the pondering of the average citizen who wonders why things are as they are and laments the failure of our men of affairs to see them right. A few weeks ago Mr. William L. Gerstle in retiring from the presidency of the Chamber of Commerce read before that body a paper in which he pointed out the evil results of lack of competition in labor. The dailies reported Mr. Gerstle's remarks—all but those dealing with labor. Our esteemed contemporary, the Argonaut, called attention to the omission and characterized our dailies as cowardly. Now we wish to suggest that the dailies are not at all more cowardly in their attitude toward organized labor or more infamous in their betrayal of the interests of this city than many of the members of the Chamber of Commerce. The dailies suppress everything that might displease organized labor not because they love organize labor or its leaders nor because they are in sympathy with union principles. The truth is that the arrogant leaders of organized labor are disliked in every newspaper office in this city, and that our distinguished journalists are quite frank among themselves in discussing their sordid policy of supporting labor in all its contests with capital. This policy is inspired by fear of losing circulation. Now the dailies are much more fearful of losing advertising patronage, and a combination of big advertisers could bring them all to their knees in twenty-four hours. In other words the Chamber of Commerce has the power of coercing the dailies. Were the attempt made our merchants would doubtless be accused of attempting to destroy the liberty of the press, but this would be bald and unvarnished cant. The newspapers have sold their liberty. They have betrayed the government that has guaranteed them liberty. There is very little conscience left in daily journalism, and the merchant who contributes to the support of a daily paper is like the man who warms a viper in his breast.

Dr. Lathrop's Message

Let us keep an eye on the Rev. C. N. Lathrop of our parish. He is pregnant with the enthusiasm that moves stones and charms brutes, and he will not rest until half mankind are "like himself possest." From that pious patron of the pulpit, the sacrosanct editor of the Bulletin, we learn that little Dr. Lathrop has sent into "this callous world a ringing message," one with bells on it, we suppose. This message is entitled "Pulpit and Politics." It brings to a callous world the news that we have with us poor people as well as rich people and consequently "an unjust social condition." This is a fact, says this profoundly sagacious clergyman, which it is the business of every Christian citizen to admit, "and once admitting it, to set himself to find out the trouble; and once having decided what the trouble is to set himself to do his best to right it." "There," says the Boughten Bulletin, "is Dr. Lathrop's message, a message to clergy and laymen." And Dr. Lathrop's journalistic admirer thus exhorts us with most persuasive vehemence: "Acknowledge the truth, speak fearlessly of wrongs, seek the remedy, and having found it, do what you can to right those wrongs." A ringing message indeed! It evokes in us the twang of a responsive chord, and we say to Dr. Lathrop and also to the pious and sympathetic editor, Lead on Bombastes Buncombe and Hell Fire for him who first cries hold enough! With unrestrained enthusiasm, and absolutely without equivocation, we respond to the ringing appeal, we acknowledge the deplorable fact that there are poor people as well as rich people in the world! Indeed we cannot see how anything is to be gained by denying it; and for that reason if for none other we acquiesce in the ringing impeachment of God's workmanship. But as to finding out the trouble, and then doing our best to right it, that is another matter. We are with Dr. Lathrop heart and soul, but when it comes to trouble-finding we defer to his superior sagacity. After you, good clergyman. Your relations with God are much more intimate than ours. We suspect that God had some ulterior reason for not making us all capable of acquiring riches and for causing some of us to experience the pinch of poverty; and as humble laymen we would not have the presumption to inquire. We suspect moreover that the spread of poverty is one of the designs of Providence. We suspect this because there are many members of Dr. Lathrop's profession converting savages at the divine behest, and no savage is ever poor until he becomes a Christian. For riches consist not in the extent of one's possessions but in the fewness of one's wants, and the savage has everything he wants until civilization gets him. Perhaps on investigation Dr. Lathrop may learn that God believes with Daniel who tells us "He is not poor that has little, but he that desires much." And perhaps in the end Dr. Lathrop may come to the conclusion that instead of holding some of the greedy and extravagant rich up to obloquy as he has done, and thus appealing to the prejudices and passions of the poor by inciting them to hatred of all people who are rich, it might be more judicious, more in keeping with the ideals of the ecclesiastical profession and less in keeping with the manners of the demagogue for him to expound nothing but the New Testament. To bring that to the hearts of men is after all the great desideratum. There is "message" enough in that for all our purposes. By preaching it with zeal, with sincerity and with intelligence a minister may do far more toward stirring the hearts of the rich to generous impulses, far more toward ameliorating the condition of the poor than by trying to solve the mysteries of the ways of Providence and indulging the notion that after solving them he may be able to alter the scheme of things sublunary. Looking into the seeds of time we hazard the prediction that the rich will be with us as well as the poor long after little Dr. Lathrop gets through his self-imposed task of setting things right, but we are prepared nevertheless to watch him sympathetically as he goes along removing obstacles from the path of the oncoming millennium.

The American Desmoulins

Speaking of the Republican League which was organized at Washington by a little band of Chautauquan statesmen and mag-

azine incendiaries, Mr. John Temple Graves says "The Hearst newspapers and the Independence League have been the matrix of its inspiration." Mr. Graves believes that the new league is destined to make important history, and as he was the Independence League candidate for Vice-President he would like to have posterity informed that he was a personage of some consequence in the opening of an epoch. Otherwise he would be willing to let the Hearst papers take all the credit if any there be in connection with the current revolution of American politics. As a matter of fact the Hearst newspapers were the instigators of the progressive movement. This movement is nothing more nor less than a renewal of what Emerson calls the primal antagonism, of the intermittent battle of patrician and plebeian, of conservatism and radicalism; and of this movement William R. Hearst is the Prophet. Long has he incarnated that star-eyed Goddess who kicks with hoofs, who runs to egotism and bloated self-conceit, to asinine pretension, to chaos and reaction. The La Follettes and Colliers, the Pinchots and the Hamptons are all disciples of Hearst without knowing their master. William R. Hearst is the Camille Desmoulins of American journalism and American politics. "It is for us who live," said Desmoulins in his La France Libre, "who are now in possession of the earth to make laws in our turn. But, as one is never in complete possession of this earth, as there is never a complete clean slate, we must expel those who are too long in making room for us and are in our way." This was the work which Camille undertook in his Journal, to which he devoted himself by decrying men of virtue and moderation, by destroying respect for dead statesmen whose memory was revered, and by libeling the conservative members of the Constituent Assembly. At an earlier period he conducted the Revolutions de France et de Brabant in which he assailed all the powers which the first Constitution tried to establish or preserve by regeneration. All the men then in the public eye he defamed and calumniated, and incessantly urged the people to take more power. He was Hearst's prototype, as Hearst is the prototype ot all the lesser muckrakers behind the Republican League. Like Camille, Mr. Hearst started the ball rolling, and in the event of the revolutionizing of our government on the principles of the Republican League he will be easily the most powerful individual in all the nation. Government by the people with no institutional safeguards will of course mean government by the power that suggestionizes the mob; and Mr. Hearst wields more of that power than any five journalists in the country. Camille Desmoulins wielded it in France and he brought on the Terror, and one day he repented and suggested clemency, and his life went out on the guillotine. Sometimes by inadvertence the people are just.

The Hearst Philosophy

There is nothing so difficult as to read history aright, to see how powerfully circumstances have influenced the opinions and feelings of men, "how often," as Macaulay says, "vices pass into virtues and paradoxes into axioms." But as difficult as it is to form a correct estimate of other ages, it is still more difficult to see what is passing in our midst. It is when the hour of conflict is over that we come to a right understanding of the strife. And so it is that now "Battle Bob" La Follette and some of the other half-baked statesmen who are trying to float to glory on the largest wave in sight have no conception of the force that gave it impetus. They are quarreling among themselves as to which one of them is entitled to the credit of having created the tide when as a matter of fact they had nothing to do with it. The Hearst newspapers are alone the authors of the mood receptive wherever it exists, for the principles of the Republican League. All those principles are reducible to one which is embodied in the maxim, Vov populi, vox Dei, the maxim that justified the guillotine of the French Revolution. The Hearst newspapers began propagating that maxim long before "Battle Bob" La Follette was seized with the ambition to become a tribune of the people. They never employed the maxim as a shibboleth, they never argued the divinity of the people's voice, but they assumed as a self-evident proposition that might makes right, and that the people having the power to make government it was right for them to abolish all checks on themselves and it was impossible for them to go wrong. This briefly is the philosophy of the Hearst newspapers. It is the philosophy which they have been expounding for many years; and the acceptance of the postulates of this philosophy as truisms is essential to the toleration of such things as the recall and the referendum and the various schemes to undermine the institutions of the country. All the pin-headed statesmen, all the demagogues who have got into office by advocating political devices calculated to give the people supreme and unobstructed power are indebted to the Hearst papers. These papers have made the maunderings and vaporings of La Follette and all his kidney seem like the quintessence of divine wisdom. It was these papers that first generated dissatisfaction and discontent; that first magnified evils and ills; that made it the fashion to assassinate character by wholesale; in short, that by creating universal suspicion and distrust precipitated the chaotic situation in public affairs existing at this moment. Every toad that has crawled into the seat of an eagle owes a debt of gratitude to the Hearst papers, and today when possession of public office is a badge either of imbecility or cunning or insolence, this being the logical result of the Hearst propaganda, the proprietor of the Hearst papers may at once justly point with pride to himself and to a public policy that fluctuates between the awkwardness of unconscious incompetence and the arrogance of unbridled demagogism. This whole subject we discuss with an air of authority because we have been a student of the Hearst papers and because we know something of the principles of the Hearst brand of journalism. Mr. Hearst is the prototype of all the muckrakers. He has revolutionized American journalism. He has demonstrated that the way to make a paper pay is to cater to the passions and prejudices of the mob. "Get circulation," is his motto; "get circulation and ads. will follow." When the virtue of this motto began to dawn on the perceptions of magazine editors and other unscrupulous journalists Mr. Hearst became the object of the sincerest form of flattery, but despite competition he is still supreme in his own field.

The Awakening of the Plutocracy

Our politicians are devoting so much of their attention to commercial affairs these days it is but natural that our captains of industry should begin to pay some attention to politics. Those that have always interested themselves in politics have done so only to the extent of buying what they wanted at the government counter. But the great bulk of the business interests have held aloof altogether, disdaining to do anything more than contribute funds to the party that pledged itself to give them protection. Now it has come to pass that to no party can our big business men look with absolute assurance for the promotion of their interests. The politicians having created widespread distrust of all business and progagated the notion that the people must fortify themselves against the aggressions of capital wherever it is accumulating, the statesmen of all parties consider it to be to their interest to pay deference to the sentiment of the hour without regard for the old-fashioned principles of government. As a result of this state of affairs self-interest is making patriots of the predatory rich. Fat and sleek financiers long believed to have no enthusiasm for anything but the market are now sitting up and taking notice of the new democracy. They are emerging from their luxurious clubs and getting in touch with the common people. They have begun to concern themselves about such things as the dignity of the State and the stability of government. The unscrupulous among them are no longer looking to their agents for special privileges; they will be quite content to see our institutions maintained with something of their old vitality. Our demagogues have really done some good. While perverting public sentiment they have corrected the impulses of some derelict citizens and induced them to take the public into their confidence for the public weal as well as their own good. The discussion of important public questions is no longer monopolized by blatherskite editors and mushroom statesmen. Hardly a day passes now without some corporation magnate coming out of his upholstered chair to protest against the mischievous machinations of politicians and to appeal to the people to subdue their choler and to realize that they are being led into evil ways. But while there is much apprehension there is not yet any organized effort to stem the tide of hysteria or backfire the rascals in public office. The bankers of New York have sounded a keynote,

but a very faint one. They gave their last annual banquet in honor of the Constitution of the United States, which ex-Governor Frank S. Black alluded to as that "devenerated instrument." Mr. Black gave the bankers some advice. He told them "it is as needful sometimes to speak as it is sometimes to fight, and in most cases if the speech is in time there will be no fight." It was the business of men of sense, continued Mr. Black, to quit whispering in private when demagogues and disturbers are busy and to come out and give the people the benefit of their reasoning in the open. Demagogues always start, he said, with an advantage no fair disputant ever has, and that is why their course should be checked early. Their first aim is to excite, and the excited man is hard to reason with. After expressing his disapproval of the recall and referendum and the election of Senators by direct vote, Mr. Black continued:

"The whole country, including you, ought to change its tactics. The muckraker and the demagogue have done harm enough and ought to be sent to the rear. Their message of distrust and turbulence is neither sincere nor true. Evils do exist, dishonest men are everywhere, the rich are sometimes arrogant and the poor are sometimes oppressed, but these are only items in the gigantic volume of American life. The vast majority of American business is honestly done. The vast majority of individual fortunes are got by methods honest men approve, the vast majority of laboring men are getting what they earn. And the standard of enlightenment, of honor and morality is higher than it ever was before. And all the unequalled opportunities of the country and the age are open to every man who seeks them, no matter how poor his start. Twenty-five years ago half of the men in this hall were receiving smaller incomes than the bricklayer gets today.

"Why not say things as they are? The disturber has for years and at the public cost ridden at the head of a continuous and noisy parade, while the people stood by dazed and business suffered. Why not let him walk a while and give the business man a chance to catch up? We have been too long excited and misled by counterfeits, and I believe the people are eager for the truth and willing to be just. If they are not yet fully awake they at least have begun to rub their eyes."

These are fine sentiments. The advice is good. It would be well were the bankers of San Francisco to heed it. Also the merchants and all men whose interests are involved as well as those who have a genuine feeling of love for the institutions of their country. But why do nothing more than speak out? Why go on supporting the demagogic and degenerate newspapers that are alone responsible for all the mischief that is being done?

Perspective Impressions

Some of our legislators are in favor of big bounties for coyotes. Why not include Senators and Assemblymen?

Our respect for Mark Twain has much increased since we learned that he didn't go to his grave unconscious of the true character of Colonel Roosevelt.

The members of the Police Department were the only men in San Francisco who didn't know the tiger was rampant. And even now they don't know that three lottery companies are in full blast. When vice puts up 'tis policy to be deaf, dumb and blind.

If the recall is such a good thing why not give us a chance to recall each and every act of the present Legislature including the rotten election of Works?

How near the present legislature comes to representing the people of this State we shall be able to judge by the volume of enthusiasm that is stirred up for Roosevelt on his next visit to California.

"Weak Brother" Pardee is against the proposal to consolidate San Francisco and Oakland. So is every Oakland politician who is conscious of the importance of conserving his political resources.

The Chronicle is certain the three-fourths verdict will "assure justice," but favors unanimity for capital cases. Is assurance tainted with scepticism?

William J. Bryan has declared himself in favor of Champ Clark for President. For the purposes of the campaign Mr. Bryan incarnates the process of elimination. Champ is now out of the running.

That the Irish of San Francisco brought with them from the old sod the tendency to scrap among themselves is evident from the fact that St. Patrick's Day will be celebrated by two factions.

Correspondence

Suggestions for McLaren

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Every little while I hear it remarked that Golden Gate Park is finely managed. The newspapers have said this so often that people have come to believe it. The people who are most pleased with the Park are the people who ride through it in their automobiles; not the people who make of it a pleasure ground and who know every spot in it. I know every tree in the Park and I know something of what it lacks. It is lacking among other things in clean, well-kept latrines and in directions as to where the few that are there can be found. This is a matter of no small importance to men and women who stroll through the Park with their children. There is a decided lack of management in the Children's Playground. It is run in a haphazard fashion. On Sundays the donkeys and goats which are a source of great pleasure to the little ones are put into service at any old hour. Nobody knows just when they are to appear, and sometimes they don't appear until the noon hour. As a consequence parents who have an hour or so to spare for the benefit of the children on Sundays don't know when to take them to the playground. There are nuisances in Golden Gate Park, the worst being a wire fence that stretches through the trees east of the bandstand. Why that wire fence? It compels people to take circuitous routes. Must we all stick to the roads and take a chance at being run down by automobiles? Golden Gate Park is showy from the roads, but there are eyesores in spots—for example just north of Prayerbook Cross where somebody permitted a contractor to cut away a graceful slope and create a red-rock quarry from which he took material to grade streets in the neighborhood. Does anybody know why this was done; why a piece of the Park was virtually destroyed?

Yours truly,
—Thomas F. Kennedy.

San Francisco, February 7.

The Dread Tyrant

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I was much surprised to read in the Bulletin that Mr. F. J. Heney made the statement at Sacramento that Judge Bahrs was the only incumbent of the bench ever beaten for re-election and that he was beaten because he wasn't nominated. Fresh in my recollection are the cases of Daingerfield, Sanderson and Wallace who were nominated and who were beaten at the polls. The case of Daingerfield is one that might be pondered to advantage at this time. Daingerfield was not a brilliant judge but nobody ever questioned his honesty, and he was surely as competent as some of the men now on the bench. He was beaten because of a brutal campaign waged against him by the Examiner, and as everybody knows the Examiner fought him because he did not have sufficient respect for the power of Mr. Hearst during the trial of a libel case. Hearst pursued him as he has since pursued Elihu Root for personal reasons. Might it not be well to consider how greatly the power of the press would be increased in the event of the recall being applied to judges. What judge would dare give a decision against a powerful newspaper if we had the recall in operation? There is a great deal of talk these days about personal liberty, but as we are now situated the press has the power to curtail every man's liberty. The only redress that a citizen has against the tyranny of the press is such as the law affords, but even now it is pretty hard to find a judge who will give a citizen a square deal in a scrap with a newspaper. How much harder will it be to find one with the recall hanging like a sword over the bench?

—A Victim of Newspaper Tyranny.

San Francisco, February 6.

Private Wire—New York, Chicago. Western Union Code

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Varied Types

VIII—GENERAL E. A. FORBES

By Edward F. O'Day

He isn't full of strange oaths and he isn't bearded like the pard, but, believe me, he is ready at all times to seek the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth. Although tradition hath made the flinty and steel couch of war his thrice-driven bed of down, he is pretty nearly the mildest mannered man that ever cut a throat. There is nothing grim visaged about his smooth, unwrinkled front, and if the time ever comes when he must cry "havoc" and let slip the dogs of war, he will cry it in a subdued, gentle and dulcet voice. He doesn't dream exclusively of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades and when he drinks, which is not too often, his healths are not five-fathom deep.

Now you may infer from this negative description that Colonel—I mean General—Edwin Alexander Forbes is no soldier; but you are wrong. Or you may suspect that he has never been to war; and you are right. Colonel—I mean General Edwin Alexander Forbes has never menaced the embattled foe; he has never waved his gleaming falchion on a stricken field; he has never smelled the smokeless powder of actual warfare; he has never devoured the coffee and beans of a real campaign. But it isn't his fault. He has a life to give for his country—would give nine if he had 'em. Only a concatenation of unfortunate circumstances accidentally arrayed in opposition to his heartfelt desire of spilling blood for Uncle Sam prevented him from being a battle-scarred hero; which, you will admit, is pretty tough luck for a soldier.

You see, it was written in the tablet of destiny that Colonel—I mean General Edwin Alexander Forbes—he has been a colonel so long and a general for so short a time that it is hard for me to remember his proper rank—is was written that he should be a soldier. All the Forbes' used to be soldiers. The ancestral home was near Culloden in Scotland and the boys all sallied out with their trusty claymores to take a hand in that glorious scrap. His grandfather belonged to the famous Ninety-third Highlanders. It is one of the treasured memories in the Forbes family that granddad's bare and hairy legs followed the skirl of the pipe from Africa to Spain, from Spain to Belgium and from Belgium to the United States. Granddad fought all over the map. When he had helped the settlement of troubles in Cape Town he went to the Peninsular War; he took a hand in the burning of Washington; and he heard the pibroch at Waterloo. An examination of dates will show that he kept moving at a tremendous pace, but that is neither here nor there.

With a grandfather like that it was no wonder that Edwin Alexander Forbes became a soldier. Edwin Alexander was only nineteen years of age when he joined the National Guard. It was a proud day when he first donned a private's uniform. His pulse beat like a drum; the rhythm of "Scots wha' hae" thundered like martial music through his brain, and the intricacies of "hay-foot, straw-foot" held no mystery for him. For years he burned to burn powder, but the piping times of peace refused obstinately to give way before the skirling times of war, until in 1894, when Private Edwin Alexander Forbes tightened his belt, oiled his rifle, crushed mercy out of his heart and went to Sacramento to take a pot shot at the strikers. He acquitted himself with such stern courage in that terrific conflict that they made him a captain and he went home to weep, like his Macedonian namesake, because there were no more worlds to conquer. But, lo and behold, along came what has been very irreverently dubbed the Yanko-Spanko War, and Captain Forbes was right on the job, breathing defiance to the hated Don. He was commissioned a major in the Eighth California Volunteers and like a dog of war straining at the leash, fidgetted feverishly because they didn't get marching orders soon enough. At last the glorious summons came and Major Forbes, himself the substance of ten thousand soldiers if resolution counts for anything, set out for—the front? Shades of Julius Caesar, no such luck! He set out for Vancouver Barracks. Then he came down to Angel Island and stayed there till the Eighth California was mustered out, with his pipe clay all untarnished, his blade unnicked and nary a tale of battle to hand on to his children. He remained in the National Guard until 1907, rounding out twenty-eight years of service with

GENERAL E. A. FORBES

the rank of lieutenant-colonel, which, of course, is the reason why we have called him colonel. But although he hung his sword over the mantlepiece and despaired of fulfilling his destiny, he by no means relinquished his interest in martial affairs. Not very long ago he made a leisurely trip around the world and in the intervals of writing postcards and visiting cathedrals he studied the military systems of Europe and Asia. Which wasn't a bad thing by any means, for he hadn't been home long when Governor Johnson made him Adjutant-General of the State.

General Forbes has not devoted all his activities to the pursuit of elusive military glory. His has been a well rounded life. He was born in 1860 in Brandy City, Sierra County, where his father was engaged in mining. When he was seven the family moved to a farm in the foothills of Yuba County, and he has been identified with the Sacramento Valley ever since. He taught school for three years and entered the Hastings College of Law in '81, graduating in '84. James D. Phelan was a classmate, but didn't stick it out. During vacations he taught school in Yuba, harvested in Turlock, drove cattle from Modoc and the Pitt River to Sacramento or broke horses in Western Nevada for forty dollars a month, thus proving conclusively that he was no mollycoddle. He clerked for a while in the office of Marcus Rosenthal in this city, but soon after graduating from Hastings went back to Yuba and was promptly elected district attorney, thereby demonstrating his popularity with the county folk. He held the position for four terms and took part in a lot of very important litigation. In the famous hydraulic litigation he won the undying esteem of the farmers by shutting down forty of the mines which were ruining the valley lands. He practiced law for twenty years in all and then plunged into politics, newspapering and bigger enterprises.

Having been born with the fighting spirit, General Forbes plunged into politics on the anti-machine end and waged the battle with variable success. He was chairman of the State convention which tried to instruct delegates against the re-nomination of McKinley; was a candidate for the congressional nomination and lost by one vote to S. D. Wood of Stockton; was a Pardee man at Santa Cruz, and went heart and soul into the Lincoln-Roosevelt League movement. A reformer? Well, if that word had not been so damned by abuse, I would call him a reformer, but it has so many odious associations that in justice to General Forbes I refrain from tagging him. Just about the time that Taft was selected as a candidate for the presidency he bought six newspapers and swung them into line for the big fellow. These papers were the Sacramento Union, the Marysville Appeal, the Marysville Democrat, the Chico Enterprise, the Sterling City News and the Yreka Journal. Later on he sold all but the Marysville Appeal and the Yreka Journal which he still owns. He says he made money with all his papers, but every newspaper proprietor says the same thing.

However, there is no doubt that he has made a lot of money in other enterprises. He was a successful gold dredger. He bought the Marysville and Yuba City street railway. If you happen to know the property you may sniff at its bobtail cars and burros, but General Forbes operated it at a profit and sold it for a handsome price to the Northern Electric Company. He is a stockholder in the Northern Electric and president of the Sutter County Land Company, which does the big land business for the Northern Electric. Do you wonder that he should make a trip around the world?

Just another word about his military career. It is customary for the newspapers to make fun of the non-combatant colonels in our midst. Ambrose Bierce started it when he was writing "Prattle" for the Sunday Examiner, and it has become a habit. But there are colonels and colonels; also there are adjutant-generals and adjutant-generals. General Forbes has always been eager to serve his country as a soldier. He was raised on horseback, has all sorts of gold bars and medals for sharpshooting and would surely distinguish himself in the field if the opportunity came. When he was appointed adjutant-general to succeed Lauck, who was not popular, to put it mildly, a chorus of approval went up from all over the State. Everybody says he is the right man in the right place and I guess he is. I can imagine how he yearns for a try at those insurrectos along the Mexican border from Mexicali to Juarez. But he is working as well as yearning. He has simplified the dress of the National Guard. He has made one dress cap grow where two grew before.

Heney's Swatting of the Founders

By Theodore Bonnet

Sated with victories over grafters, higher-ups, hobgoblins and the like, the Hon. Francis J. Heney has turned his attention to those idols of other days, the Founders of the Republic. At Sacramento last week, Mr. Heney took occasion with characteristic bluntness to dissipate some delusions regarding George Washington and his confreres. Thanks to Mr. Heney, who unsheathed the weapon that lies between his jaws and struck the scales from our eyes, we are now aware that our Revolutionary sires whom we were taught to reverence were tyrants, cheats and impostors. It now appears that the Founders did not, as hitherto we supposed, actualize the dreams of time by introducing on this continent that reign of freedom which the primitive golden ages had faintly forshadowed, which patriots had so long struggled and sighed for in vain, and which the political martyrs of many climes had welcomed in beatific vision. What they did was shameful. They practiced deception on the people. "They gave us the Constitution," says Mr. Heney, "before they ever dared let us know what they had to say about it." And though they affected great love for the people and professed to have confidence in the people, "they pledged themselves that they wouldn't permit the people to know anything about what they had to say. Why? Because the people might not be willing to adopt the Constitution if they understood what it meant."

Mr. Heney was arguing before a committee of the Legislature in favor of the measure to apply the recall to the judiciary, and the point he was making was that the Constitution gave so much power to the courts that if the people had understood it they wouldn't have adopted it. He tells us that the Founders "got up a Constitution in which they did not protect a single right of an individual," also that the Supreme Court "stole the veto power on acts of Congress." He explained that he learned of the duplicity of the Founders from the "Secret Debates" of the Constitutional convention. From these it appears that it was proposed in the Constitutional Convention to give the veto power to the courts, and that the proposal was voted down. "But," exclaimed Mr. Heney in one of his impassioned flights, "we were given a Constitution made up in secret, with no recall back of it, so that they could defy the people." And he added, by way of giving emphasis to the deplorable picture, that England does not give her courts the power to declare an act of Parliament unconstitutional.

All of which is conclusive of the fact that Mr. Heney is a student of Constitutional history, and that he has pursued his studies in the same frame of mind with which he prosecutes men charged with crime. The presumption of guilty Mr. Heney indulges from instinct. He puts confidence in nobody, withholding his suspicion not even from Washington, for George was the presiding officer of the Constitutional Convention. "There is no rule more invariable," said Thoreau, "than that we are paid for our suspicions by finding what we suspect." How well does Mr. Heney exemplify this rule in his conduct! And how utterly does our experience of this virtuous patriot disprove the theory that always to think the worst is the mark of a mean spirit and a base soul!

Mr. Heney's argument at Sacramento was at once a frank exposition of his views, and an impeachment of the men who framed the Constitution. Mr. Heney has impugned their honesty and integrity. And now, not for the purpose of refuting him, but for the purpose of indicating how we came to have other views of the motives of the founders and of the history of the Constitution, I will call attention to some trivial matters which seem to have made no impression on the ornament of the bar and the redeemer of the people's rights.

Mr. Heney has read the "Secret Debates," but he seems not to have read the essays on the Constitution (now known as "The Federalist") which were written in support of the Constitution during the campaign for its adoption. The opening paper on the judiciary, written by Alexander Hamilton, appears to belie much of what Mr. Heney has said. For from this paper it is clear that the power of the courts with reference to the legislative department was a subject of discussion before the Constitution was adopted. If Mr Heney will read this paper he will see why the proposal to give the courts a veto power was voted down in the convention. It was voted down because it was deemed sufficient for the courts to have the power to declare invalid such acts of the Congress as are in conflict with the Constitution. Hamilton explained that the Constitution limits the power of the Congress, prohibiting as it does the passage of bills of attainder, ex post facto laws and the like, and he says: "Limitations of this kind can be preserved in practice in no other way than through the medium of the courts of justice whose duty it must be to declare all acts contrary to the manifest tenor of the Constitution void." Obviously Alexander Hamilton was practicing no deception on the people. He was for telling them the plain truth. And much of what he said in his essay is of interest today in view of the notion prevalent among great and learned scholars of the Heney type that an act of the Legislature must always be considered an act of the people. Give ear to Hamilton:

"There is no position which depends on clearer principles than that every act of delegated authority contrary to the tenor of the commission under which it is exercised is void. No legislative act, therefore, contrary to the Constitution can be valid. To deny this would be to affirm that the deputy is greater than his principal; that the servant is above his master; that the representatives of the people are superior to the people; that men acting by virtue of powers may do not only what their powers do not authorize, but what they may forbid. * * * It is not to be supposed that the Constitution could intend to enable the representatives of the people to substitute their will for that of their constituents. It is far more natural to suppose that the courts were designed to be an intermediate body between the people and the Legislature in order, among other things, to keep the latter within the limits assigned to their authority. A Constitution is, in fact, and must be regarded by the judges as a fundamental law. It, therefore, belongs to them to ascertain its meaning, as well as the meaning of any particular act proceeding from the legislative body. If there should happen to be any irreconcilable variance between the two that which has the superior obligation and validity ought, of course, to be preferred; or, in other words, the Constitution ought to be preferred to the statute, the intention of the people to the intention of their agents."

In this same paper Alexander Hamilton (as though in anticipation of the Heneys of this era), spoke of the importance of an independent judiciary. He said: "The independence of the judges is equally requisite to guard the Constitution and the rights of individuals from the effects of those ill humors which the arts of designing men or the influence of particular conjunctures sometimes disseminate among the people themselves and which though they speedily give place to better information and more deliberate reflection, have a tendency in the meantime to occasion dangerous innovations in the government and serious oppressions of the minor party in the community."

Mr. Heney was somewhat inaccurate when he described the power of the courts to control a legislative act as a veto power. The courts have no veto power. They have jurisdiction only over acts affecting some individual or corporate interest and only when questions arise in actions at law or in equity and in actual litigation. Legislative or executive proceedings which are in their nature political, however they may affect the general welfare and public interest, do not come in contact with personal rights or reach one individual more than another and can not be the subject of litigation. The judicial power can not touch questions of war or peace, the admission or division of states and other questions of the same general character.

As to Mr. Heney's assertion that the Founders did not protect a single right of an individual, this is also somewhat inaccurate. They prohibited the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus except in times of rebellion or invasion. It is true that they did not give full protection to personal liberty, but Mr. Heney is probably the first man who ever harbored the suspicion that the men of the Revoluntion who gave the inspiration and original impulse to our nation, who formed its character and sentiment, and whose sublime thought of freedom was the fruitful germ of our best inward and outward life, were indifferent to the blessings of personal liberty. It has been said that there is nothing that makes a man suspect much, more than to know little. Perhaps this explains Mr. Heney's imputation against the Founders respecting their omissions. Perhaps if he had known of a very plausible and agreeable explanation of their omissions he would not have made the imputation. The explanation of the omission is that the Founders being men of English blood had so strong in their minds the idea of inherited rights under a traditional unwritten constitution that many of the provisions for the protection of personal liberty were at first omitted under the supposition that the assertion of them was unnecessary and might even be prejudicial. The supposition is that it was only upon subsequent consideration that it was fully perceived that the Constitution, if written, must be the whole Constitution, and must therefore be made complete in itself; that the rights of Englishmen under the British government would not follow them into another land after they had thrown off their allegiance unless in some effectual way incorporated into the new institutions which they established And here it may be timely to touch upon Mr. Heney's observation that the English courts have not the power to annul an act of Parliament. Is Mr. Heney not aware that England has a traditional, not a written constitution?

(Continued on Page 20.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The Diet of a Stenographer

They had quite a debate in the House of Representatives a few days ago on an appropriation to pay for a typewriter bought by a stenographer with her own money for governmental work. The machine, it was shown, had been used for ten years. That fact aroused the curiosity of Congressman James R. Mann, and he delivered himself thus: "Here was a case where they made a request for a typewriter in 1894 for a land office. The Department refused to purchase a typewriter; but the girl wanted the job, and was so anxious to keep the job that she bought the typewriter herself and used it for ten years. How anybody could use a typewriter for ten years is a mystery to me. My stenographer has chewed up a good many typewriters in the course of ten years." The congressman's stenographer must have the capacity of an ostrich.

Holland's Coast Defences

While there is no diminution of concern in France over the course of Holland in fortifying her seacoast, obviously to the advantage of Germany, England has at last wakened up to the seriousness of the issue. Colonel Repington, the military expert of the London Times, has devoted two articles to a broad discussion of the subject. His conclusion is that the fortification of Flushing, closing the navigation of the Scheldt in time of war, answers to no national necessity of Holland, and that in fact it is not on the sea side that Holland is weak, but along her long and practically undefended eastern border. The navigation of the coast is perilous for warships, the shores of the sea afford no landing place for an army, and the 170,000 soldiers of the Netherlands, operating among the canals and waterways of the maritime provinces, could put up an irresistible defence. On the other hand, the German frontier is without defences of any value. It is a temptation to German occupation in case of war. In fact, the writer wonders whether the whole agitation has not been stirred up by Germany to afford an excuse for invasion at the right time. Commenting, the Times says it is the duty of Holland to protect her neutrality on all sides alike, and it is the duty of England to prevent the violation of Belgian neutrality today more than ever before. It is therefore imperative that she should have free access to Antwerp. The Times ends with an appeal to the wisdom of the Dutch government and people to consider the rights of Belgium before entering on a course that may have grave consequences.

Turkey to Borrow From France

When Young Turkey turned her back on France as a source of financial comfort in order to placate Germany she seems to have expected that Berlin and Vienna would vie with each other in begging her acceptance of their surplus cash on long time and easy terms. Her statesmen apparently didn't know that neither capital has any surplus cash to speak of. Anyway, what Germany did was lend the amount urgently required by Turkey, a beggarly $30,000,000, but she lent it with a string to it. The loan is a short time accommodation, and Djavid Bey, the Finance Minister of the Porte, is already wondering how he is to pay it. In this predicament he inclines again to France, and he is said to wonder why he found it impossible to accept last fall the terms which the officials on the Quai d'Orsay exacted as a sine qua non of the listing of a new issue of Turkish bonds on the Bourse. The main condition was that in creating a new Turkish navy and grading up the equipment of the Turkish army the necessary material should be bought in France or from the ally of France, England. Any guaranty to this effect, Djavid Bey and his colleagues then thought, would be a humiliation to Turkey. To give it would be an abandonment of the ideals of the new regime. France couldn't see any advantage in lending her money to be spent in Germany, so the loan was not negotiated. When Djavid Bey, or perhaps his successor, goes back to Paris for the means to pay Germany he will find the same or even more stringent conditions confronting him. It is not believed, however, that he will see any humiliation in them. Turkey must have money, and France is the one country in which she can get it.

The Hell-Roarer on Teddy

General Jacob H. Smith, familiarly known as "Hell-Roaring Jake," has at last made a statement about his military operations in Samar and his resultant troubles. After telling how he was ordered to Samar, Smith continues: "If I would make public the nature of those orders your hair would stand on end. When we got to Ballangiga, in Samar, we found the wounded had been mutilated and burned. I gave instructions to my men to fight the savages to a finish, but to my knowledge not a single woman or child was killed by my soldiers during the campaign. We taught the savages a lesson they needed badly. When I came back to this country I was pictured as a monster. Instead of coming home a hero, as I expected, I was retired two years before my time had expired, by that man Roosevelt, who afterward lauded his friend General Wood to the skies for a similar campaign in the Philippines, except that Wood did not spare anybody of either sex. To my knowledge Theodore Roosevelt has never yet hesitated in sacrificing a friend to further his own ambitions and desires for popularity."

A Swindle Borrowed from Fiction

Paris reports a pearl swindle so near in design to the plot of a short story in a recent American magazine that the inference is irresistible that the Parisian swindler copied the idea. A perfectly dressed man called on a well known Paris jeweler. He wanted a unique pearl. The jeweler had one, but it was expensive—$12,000. The customer asked to see it, and the jeweler suspiciously produced it. "The pearl will do," said the swell stranger, "will you take $10,000? If so, send it to my address." The jeweler, more suspicious than ever, took the pearl round the next morning, on the chance of the buyer being genuine. He was quite determined not to be done, and not to give the pearl up except for cash. The stranger kept the appointment, paid $10,000 cash down, and took the pearl. The jeweler felt sorry he had been suspicious of him. A fortnight later the gentleman called again at the shop. "Could you find me another similar pearl? The one I bought from you I like so well that I want a pair. Of course, I know I shall have to pay more for the second, and I am prepared to give you just double what I gave for the first." The jeweler went pearl hunting, and was lucky enough to find the exact counterpart of the one he had already sold. He wrote to his customer, who called, examined the pearl minutely, and gave it back. "I am awfully sorry to have troubled you, but I can't take it. It won't do, it will not match the one I have well enough.". The jeweler, left with the pearl, for which he had paid $16,000, on his hands, was annoyed and surprised, because, as far as he could see, the second pearl was the exact counterpart of the one he had sold before. He was still more surprised and annoyed on finding out later that it was the same pearl. The man he had bought it of for $16,000, hoping to sell it for $20,000, was a confederate of the original purchaser, and between them the two swindlers had netted $6,000 with an outlay of $10,000, which works out at 60 per cent profit in two weeks.

The Realty Boom in Sacramento

Perhaps it is unfair to speak of the activity which is manifested in Sacramento's realty market as a "boom," for a boom usually rests on an insubstantial basis and lasts but a short time before bringing a crash in its wake, whereas the advance in real estate values which is the most remarkable thing about Sacramento at the present time, has every appearance of being normal. The capital is at last coming into its own; the days are gone, never to return, when it depended on the Legislature for a temporary quickening of business. Steel-ribbed buildings are being erected one after another on sites in the building district which only a short time ago were covered by old-fashioned structures that brought in handsome rentals. There are three structures worthy to be called skyscrapers in course of erection at the present time and more are to be started in the near future. One of the real estate dealers estimates that between six hundred and fifty and seven hundred and fifty families have moved into the Sacramento Valley during the past year. The advance in realty values has been marvelous. A piece of property, eighty feet on L street and one hundred feet on Sixth street, belonging to the Young Men's Institute, has just been sold for $50,500. It was bought six years ago for $6,250. On upper K street a piece of property of fifty-five feet has been sold for $24,000 and a skyscraper will be built upon it. It is part of a lot of one hundred and thirty-five feet by one hundred and sixty which was sold some years ago for $2,000. These are isolated instances, but they show what is happening in Sacramento.

The most popular native table wine in the United States is the Italian-Swiss Colony's TIPO (red or white). There is a reason—it is the best.

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That small sum is the price of Pears' Soap, with its power to repair the harm done by common soaps and to give healthful, fresh and lovely skin. There's beauty in
Pears' SOAP
15c. a Cake for the Unscented

The New Butler

By Alfred Af Hedenstjerna (From the Swedish)

A providence had blessed the house of Bykvist, so that now they were millionaires, although both husband and wife had started as poor little "kids" with broken shoes, and without any absolute certainty as to their daily provender. They had reached an age between fifty and sixty, and had remained free from cancer, chronic dyspepsia, heart disease, or anything else in that line which occasionally hampers the enjoyment of the rich and shadows their sunny existence. The Bykvists fared well and heartily, and they even enjoyed the rare luxury of a good conscience, favorable circumstances having brought them extraordinary riches without demanding extraordinary rascalities on the part of Mr. Bykvist.

They had a fine, capable son, who practically directed the business. They also had two pretty daughters in the early twenties, gentle girls with golden hair, dainty figures, and delicate complexions.

Yet husband and wife were deliberating whether the present standard of their fortunes did not require decisive measures, destined to lift the family once for all above their fellow citizens. Not that they meant to withdraw from their old friends. On the contrary, their triumph was to derive its chief flavor from shining before their circle of acquaintances. Something must be done that could not be imiated by any one in Strandholm.

How about building a palatial mansion? This was already planned, but for obvious reasons the palace could not be completed before three years from date.

How about a Lucullian banquet, with champagne for the cheapest wine, a choice variety of refreshments, and all the vegetables and fruits at least six months ahead of time? No, that had been done on a previous occasion, when one of the guests had gorged herself with new asparagus at Christmas time, without being at all impressed with the fact. The Strandholm gentlemen, moreover, called all brands of wine superior, as soon as they had guzzled a certain amount.

"I know!" said Fru Bykvist at last. She fetched the newspaper and read aloud with a slightly trembling voice:

"A capable man-servant and experienced butler, with excellent references, who has served for eleven years in a baronial castle, desires a position in an aristocratic family. Kindly address Reliable, Esperoed, General Delivery."

"We must have him, John?" said Fru Bykvist.

"Hmm! yes, that would certainly impress the small fry," answered Father Bykvist.

"Oh, how splendid! Of course, he must have a beautiful livery," said the girls.

"He would have plenty of time to assist occasionally in the warehouse," interpolated Bykvist Jr., who had an eye for business.

Half an hour later each member of the family was wielding a pen. The daughters ordered fashion papers with livery patterns, Bykvist Jr. asked for a price list of buttons, gaiters, etc., and the old man himself wrote to "Reliable, Esperoed, General Delivery."

"Heaven grant that he has not already accepted an engagement!" sighed Miss Emmy.

The only one who did not write was Mother Bykvist, who was promenading up and down the avenue with a friend.

"Yes, my dear, there is going to be quite a change in our house very soon," said Fru Bykvist in conclusion.

"You don't say so! How very interesting. Pardon me, but I must hurry home now. Edward is expecting me!" answered the friend, hurrying away as if she had stepped upon a firecracker.

Edward, however, did not get a glimpse of her for the next three hours, for she first peeped into every house in Strandholm to report:

"What do you think? One of the Bykvist girls is engaged to be married! The mother herself hinted as much to me!"

Whereupon a certain ambitious young iron merchant, who loved Miss Emmy better than his life, experienced all the torments of doubt and jealousy, so that he began to dust his revolver case and polish the weapon.

Fortunately "Reliable" was as yet free. His services were available for a paltry five hundred dollars a year.

"No more than our bookkeeper's salary," commented Bykvist Sr.

When "Reliable" arrived at the station and inquired for the home of the millionaire merchant, some Strandholm ladies, who happened to be promenading in the vicinity, nudged each other and whispered: "Just see, will you—that's the father-in-law, who has come to take a look around."

"How peculiar that none of the family is here to meet him?"

"Why, it's to be kept secret for the present, my dear, don't you see?" explained the first speaker.

When the bell rang soon afterward in the Bykvist home, Miss Louise herself went to open the door. Seeing a middle-aged, very well dressed and distinguished looking gentleman, with gray whiskers and a silk top hat, she inquired respectfully for his name.

"Let's not stand on ceremony, little girl! We are going to be comrades, I take it. You just go in and announce that Jousson has arrived," replied "Reliable," chucking the young lady condescendingly under the chin.

"Mamma—Jousson—M. Jousson has come," said Louise excitedly and with some embarrassment, as she opened the door of the parlor.

Fru Bykvist had, it is true, traveled through a few large cities, where she had seen head waiters and lackeys in plenty, whose appearance fully equalled that of any judge or counsellor at law. When, however, "Reliable," alias Jousson, made her a formal obeisance in her own hall, she lost her equanimity altogether, held out her plump hand, and stammered politely: "I bid you welcome, M. Jousson—I mean Jousson. I trust you will make our simple home—our home—I mean."

"Thank you, milady, thank you. When once I understand my duties, I——"

"Yes, indeed—well that is—yes, my husband and myself are not at all hard to please. Everything will be all right if you will begin at once by doing everything just the way it is done in a really aristocratic house. As to your room——"

Miss Louise kept pulling her mother's sleeve so persistently that Fru Bykvist at last followed her into the dining room.

"Mamma, that little closet behind the office is impossible. We must let him have the roon next to papa's."

"I'm afraid you are right. I didn't expect him to be so distinguished looking. Did you hear him address me as milady? That will be the finish of your Aunt Cederlund, and of the Browall set."

It can not be denied that Miss Emmy, as well as Bykvist Sr. himself, also felt somewhat oppressed when they first set eyes on Jousson. The only one not over-awed was the son of the house. He was a child of the modern era, vice-president of several associations, and not so easily dazed.

"These barrels must be taken to the loft before noon," was his short and sharp order, when Jousson accidentally passed the office door.

"Very well, sir," answered Jousson politely, uncovering his head.

At the end of an hour he returned. "Sir?"

"What is it?"

"The barrels have been attended to."

"All right."

"The man who has moved them wants a dollar."

Now this did overwhelm young Bykvist, great, big strong fellow though he was. He gazed in awed surprise at his father's servant, and in some embarrassment paid him a dollar and a silver quarter besides. "Many thanks, sir!"

At the approach of the dinner hour, which had been postponed from two o'clock to half past five, for the sake of appearances, the entire family happened to be assembled in the parlor adjoining the dining room.

"Go to your rooms, girls, and you, John, step into the office, so that Jousson may have a chance to announce dinner."

"But, Martha, my dear, why can not we simply walk into the dining room? I'm hungry as a bear," said Father Bykvist plaintively.

"John, what are you paying five hundred a year for, if you want to sit down to dinner by the clock, like a cobbler?"

When Jousson returned from the girls' rooms, he informed Fru Bykvist with a bow that the young ladies were not yet dressed.

"Were you taking a bath, girls?" asked their mother, when both promptly entered the dining room.

"No, indeed—why do you ask?"

"Jousson said—hmm." The solution suddenly dawned upon Fru Bykvist. Jousson was evidently accustomed to see the ladies dressed for dinner. She almost withered with mortification.

At table, the family looked at each other, ate, chewed, and kept silence. Eleven years of baronial references crushed the small home circle, generally so bright and cheerful, with a heavy and almost annihilating weight. They were so terribly afraid of committing some dreadful mistake!

"I beg your pardon, milady, but I have not yet been entrusted with the key to the wine cellar. Perhaps the maid is to serve the wine today?"

Fru Bykvist range the bell. She was ready to drop under the table. "Bring us some claret, Christina."

"Both bottles, or will one of them do?" answered the maid.

Fru Bykvist felt like crying. Meanwhile Jousson poured the wine with a pained expression in his noble features, as if the grape juice were his own life blood. "I humbly beg your pardon, milady; the temperature of this wine is all wrong. But it shall not happen again."

The table service was indeed admirable of its kind. Hardly had the cakes and preserves been discussed, when Jousson placed a lighted taper before each of the two gentlemen.

"What is he going to do now, mamma?" whispered Emmy, brimfull of respectful curiosity.

"I have no idea, child."

(Continued on Page 21.)

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The Spectator

The Smothering of a Bill

Impregnable is the virtue of the rural press, profound its concern for the welfare of the dear people, unappeasable its hatred of grafters and higher-ups—but it must eat. That appetite begets predatory proclivities even in the palladium of our liberties, the following brief history of an act of the Legislature illustrates: On the eighteenth of January Assemblyman Young of the Hadleyburg of California—the township of Berkeley—introduced a bill amendatory of the section of the political code relating to the publication of the delinquent tax list. It provides that the cost of such publication "shall not exceed fifty cents for each lot, piece or tract of land." This bill, I am told, was introduced at the instigation of certain Berkeley reformers who don't like a certain paper published across the bay, which charges one dollar and a half for each description of delinquent property. This paper did not support the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, which accounts for the speed with which the bill was rushed along on its way to the goal between the covers that bind the code. Three days after the first reading it was in type and was referred to committee. In two days it was reported back with the recommendation that it be adopted. On January 26 it was read the second time and was ordered engrossed. The next day it was reported correctly engrossed. Up to that day not one word of opposition to the bill had been uttered. And up to date the newspapers have had nothing to say about it. But the bill has been whispered into oblivion. On January 31 it was re-referred to the Committee on Revenue and Taxation, and there, so the story goes, it will receive its quietus. All of a sudden the bill that had been speeding along with apparently no obstacle in its way was sidetracked, and nary a word said in explanation. What a lesson is this for those who are eager for the recall, the referendum and the other devices by which public servants are to be made to eat out of the hands of the men that operate the great engine of public opinion. That bill has been smothered at the behest of the honest rural press of California. I am told that of the seventy-five papers that published the delinquent tax lists last year, sixty of them supported the men of this Administration, and that all of the sixty charged a higher rate than the rate charged by the paper aimed at by the author of this bill. Naturally the publishers of these papers that preached reform in the last campaign have considerable influence at Sacramento. But far be it from me to suggest that their influence extends to that impeccable statesman, the Governor of the State, who has pledged himself to compel every predatory interest to remove its prehensile fist from the pockets of the taxpayers. It would not astonish me were he to resuscitate the asphyxiated bill and convert in into an Administration measure. A brave and honest man is the Governor—so I've been told.

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How the Grafters Operate

There is no uglier form of graft in this State than that by which taxpayers' money is poured into the pockets of greedy publishers who obtain the contract to publish the delinquent tax lists of the several counties at exorbitant prices. The graft is managed by collusion, an illustration of which came to public notice some years ago when the publisher of the Boughten Bulletin, the smug and rectitudinous Mr. Crothers, was exposed by the Post. A corrupt deal had been made by Crothers with the Post under a former management, whereby collusive bids were submitted to the supervisors, the Bulletin's bid being higher than the Post's. In accordance with this deal the Bulletin received a rake-off from its contemporary, but before the expiration of the contract the Post changed hands, and when Mr. Crothers called on the new manager for his share of the swag he was told that the deal was off. It was about that time, I believe, that Mr. Crothers became a reformer and began associating with the good Dr. Rader and other clean and pure clergymen who hate grafters.

Margaret Still Loves Him

Margaret Illington still loves Mr. Edward J. Bowes—and for publication. In Cleveland, where Mrs. Margaret Illington Bowes is appearing this week, she looked up from her darning long enough to tell a newspaper reporter that her feelings for Mr. Bowes are more affectionate than words can tell. "Oh, I should be afraid to tell you just how well I like Mr. Bowes," said Mrs. Bowes, as she caught up a run in the blue lisle sock on which she was laboring. "I should be afraid to tell you how terribly primitive a woman I really am. People wouldn't understand and would laugh, and I'm half sick of it all, the prying and the misunderstanding and the ridicule and everything." Mrs. Margaret Illington Bowes paused long enough to tie a true lover's knot in her darning silk. "And one morning," resumed Mrs. Margaret Illington Bowes, "the Overland Limited took me into Reno. I stayed there many months awaiting my decree. I worked all morning in my vegetable garden while mother talked to me. And in the afternoon I would walk or gallop on horseback way off into the foothills. Mr. Bowes and I were made for each other and ought to have been married—oh, hundreds of years ago. From now on I am going to discuss for publication the stage and legitimate things. I am never going to tell about my dreams. They are mine from now on, just mine." And with a sigh Mrs. Margaret Illington Bowes plucked from her work basket a gray woolen sock which bore a general resemblance to a porous plaster.

To Whoop It Up For Teddy

If one may judge from the complexion of the committee of leading cits. appointed by Governor Johnson to welcome Colonel Roosevelt that "disastrous burden" and "showy charlatan" as Mark Twain has described him will receive a fitting reception on his visit to us in March. The reception will be personally conducted by a congenial crew of our most honest citizens. With one or two exceptions they are all so nearly on a level that none can be said to be conspicuous. Even Mr. Fremont Older, who, in ordinary company glisters like a defunct mackerel in the moonlight softens his spectral fires in this group of highly seasoned patriots which includes P. E. Bowles, a banker as renowned in Oakland as in local financial circles; Charley Bentley, the fruit packer whose company had some misunderstanding with Uncle Sam recently on account of the latter's antipathy for decayed jams; J. J. Dwyer of the memorable Sullivan & Dwyer political combination, later of the Independence Leg and still later of the Spreckels leg; Tommy Hickey of the Public Administrator's crib; Charles Wesley Reed, famous for his mules; F. G. Sanborn, most obedient of the Oliver grand jury who is now quite appropriately a fish commissioner; William Denman of the Graft Prosecution's whitewashing committee, appointed by E. Robson Taylor who still lives in memory; Rudolph himself, arch-angel of the Grand Cabal, and his two attorneys; Matt Sullivan, sometimes attorney for the Boughten Bulletin. But why go on. Suffice that the committee is all but complete. No names missing save those of James Duval Phelan and the Hon. Francis J. Heney. The rift is still in the lute.

Colonel McNear Almost a Hero

It was no deficiency of resolution and no lack of readiness which prevented Colonel E. B. McNear, the brick magnate of Marin County, from proving himself a hero a few days ago. The colonel was "there" but the opportunity was not. I give the story on the authority of the Marin County Tocsin. On the day destined to be fatal to Colonel McNear's hopes of being a hero the whirling tide that eddies and churns between the Brothers Lighthouse and Point San Pedro, bore upon its wave lashed bosom two dark objects which to some fifty laymen appeared like two men battling for life on an upturned skiff. A cry for help went round the point and echoed in the McNear ears. Rushing to the cliff the colonel saw the sight and hurrying back he jumped into the brickyard yawl followed by his chef, his foreman, and his blacksmith. A storm was raging on the bay and the waves lashed and tossed the stout boat until the half hundred souls on shore trembled for the safety of the gallant rescuers. High above the noise of the wind and the crashing waves rose the clear voice of the mighty colonel as every muscle of his lithe body strained with the hand held on his bending oar. "The brickyard expects every man to do his duty. Lay to, boys!" he cried. When the boat had been driven fully a mile out into the

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troubled waters and the rescue was at hand it was discovered that the things to be rescued were the gnarled roots and body of a cottonwood stump which was being rushed by the current from the river to the sea.

He Sang Before He Died

On the day that Dr. T. A. Rottanzi died at the German Hospital he called his nurse into the room and asked her what was her favorite opera. The question, coming from a man whom the nurse knew to be dying, was surprising, but nurses are used to surprises, so she answered that she loved "Rigoletto" most of all. "You have been very kind to me," said the dying physician, "and I would like to do something in return. Would you like me to sing something from 'Rigoletto'?" The nurse replied in the affirmative, so the doctor raised himself on his pillows and in that beautiful tenor, so familiar to his many friends and in no wise marred by approaching dissolution, he sang "La Donna e Mobile." Then with a smile he dismissed the weeping nurse and when she returned he had passed away.

DeBoozer—"It's warmer today, my dear; I don't think I shall need my overcoat."

Mrs. De B—"You had better take it. You'll find it cold enough tomorrow morning when you are hanging on the palings, as usual, waiting for the keyhole to pass by."

They Can't Understand Him

Notwithstanding the fact that President Benjamin Ide Wheeler has simplified his lectures on American Democracy (originally delivered at the University of Berlin) for local consumption at his own university, I understand that the majority of the large class of undergraduates who are registered in the course are unable to assimilate the doctor's exposition of this very interesting subject. Blank faces and listless fountain pens, I hear, are very common at the Wheeler lectures, the first of any regular course the President has given for years. Whether this state of affairs is caused by a lack of intelligence on the part of the undergraduates, many of whom were enticed to the course because it had been bruited about the campus that the course was to be a "snap," or because of a lack of lucidity on the part of Wheeler, I have been unable to ascertain. The fact remains that there is a great deal of whispering and pleasantry among the underclassmen about the Wheeler lectures. At the conclusion of the first and second lectures they were asking one another "What is he talking about?"—a question which even the large number of duly-registered ladies of "late-in-life" culture seem unable to answer. President Wheeler's lectures have attracted any number of these ladies to California Hall, and a long training in navigating in the rarified atmospheres of sterilized culture has taught them to sit and listen without the quiver of an eyebrow. Many of the collegians, by the way, have decided that the most certain way to win their "prexy's" approbation is to laugh heartily at the jokes which come as oases in the arid wastes of learning and rehashed Teutonisms in which the President is said to be indulging, and to give a vivid pantomime of the exercise of taking notes—one of the least-favored recreations among lovers of "snap" courses.

A Diagnosis of a Howl

Occasionally reformers tread on the toes of reformers and the consequent ululations echo from the empyrean. As for example when one reformer at Sacramento introduced a bill to give the foreign heirs of an estate the right to nominate an administrator. The effect of this bill on little Eustace Cullinan was like a swift and sudden impact at the slack of his trousers. Eustace was off to Sacramento in the morning. Eustace was full to the brim of indignation. Which was to be expected, for was not his meal ticket in jeopardy? Eustace divides with Tommy Hickey and Billy Hynes the emoluments that fall from dead men's estates, and if foreign heirs are to be allowed to look after their own interests there'll be no emoluments. On the face of the bill nothing unreasonable is perceptible. Indeed, to the average disinterested person it might seem that as creditors are allowed to nominate receivers, heirs ought to be allowed to nominate administrators. And to the citizen of decent sensibilities the bill might commend itself inasmuch as it would have the effect of abating the unseemly grabbing of estates by an unnecessary public official. Besides as there has been a great deal of scandal in connection with the office of public administrator, that might appear to be a good reason for limiting the activities of the post-mortem functionary. But on the other hand Eustace and Tommy and Billy must eat, and God forfend! that either of them should be deprived of the comfort of a dead man's leg. However, considering their live connections, there is not much likelihood of the bad reform bill passing. Eustace went to Sacramento to protest, but that was only for appearance sake. The trip wasn't necessary. Eustace and Tommy are Bulletin pets, and they have the Governor's ear.

Matt Wants the Recall

Matt Sullivan went to Sacramento to advocate the application of the recall to the judiciary. Matt is a very ardent reformer of the Boughten Bulletin School. I think I can understand why he is in favor of the recall. His favorite client is the man who has been injured in a railroad accident, and assuming that he does business on the principle on which that particular branch of the law is generally done, his fee is in proportion to the amount of the verdict. In other words, I assume that Matt does business on the contingent fee basis. If he does not, he is exceptional and the assumption in my opinion would do him a very grievous injustice. But merely for the purpose of speculation I assume that all lawyers who cultivate the damage suit practice have a pecuniary interest in their clients' cases. It does not necessarily follow, of course, that they are all akin to what are known in New York

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as ambulance chasers and half-a-leg lawyers, because the business may be conducted on a dignified basis. The cause of injured men, moreover, may be espoused from sympathy and pity. But whatever the motive the damage suit attorney is very likely to regard the recall as a good thing. For the recall will facilitate matters for all attorneys who have suits against corporations. It will be a great help to all lawyers who claim to represent the plain people. It will be especially advantageous to organized labor, and will be clamored for by all union men who believe that their interests are not identical with the interests of society.

The Genesis of Williams

The appointment of State Treasurer Williams to the bank commissionership is at once a tribute to Chester Rowell of Fresno and a smash at "Weak Brother" Pardee. Mr. Williams hails from Fresno where he was once a drug clerk, qualifying himself at the prescription counter for the banking business. His debut in politics was made at the memorable Santa Cruz convention which, the reformers have repeatedly told us, was the worst that ever happened, the reason being that Pardee wasn't able to trade off public patronage for renomination. Now it happens that Mr. Williams was one of the gentlemen who thwarted the beneficent designs of the great conservationist. The Fresno delegation was traded against Pardee in accordance with a bargain by which Williams received the nomination for State Treasurer. But Mr. Williams is a reformer. He belongs to the faction that has been rolling its eyes in horror at the methods employed to nominate James Gillett for Governor. How instructive and interesting to keep track of the saints in politics and observe the processes by which the affections of the dear people are cultivated and conquested?

A State Anthem

To Assemblyman Bishop of Santa Ana we are indebted for the introduction of a bill which would give us a State anthem. I have not read the bill, so I do not know what penalties are provided for these criminals who refuse to sing the anthem, but I have read the anthem and I know what punishment fits the crime of authorship. Neither by an act of the Legislature nor Constitutional amendment can this effusion with its catalogue of California resources be saved from swift oblivion. As a specimen of boost literature it might serve the purposes of a railroad publicity agent, but as an official lyric it's impossible. It smacks of the Indiana school of poetry. And besides, with all its hungry attention to details of scenery, fruits and flowers, it contains a statement that no proud native son can ever afford to endorse. I allude to the statement that the fame of Shasta and of Yosemite extends latitudinally only from the Sierras to the Sea. This is the songlet:

"CALIFORNIA"

A song to thee of loyalty, a song of the Golden West,
A land that lies 'neath sunlit skies, beside Pacific's breast.
Thy native son and adopted one, from snowy climes, agree
That heaven hath crowned this land renowned —land by the Western sea.

(Refrain)

California fair, California rare, all nature sings to thee,
The balmy breeze, the fragrant trees, the blue of sky and sea.
Mission bells, sweet chimes, as in olden times, and the mocking birds in the vale.
Let the chorus rise to the sunny skies, Eureka California hail.

Thy hills hold wealth, thy breezes health, thy valleys fruits and flowers.
Here the orange bright blends golden light with the poppy pride of ours.
Oh, the lofty heights of Shasta white, Oh, grand Yosemite,
From south to north thy fame goes forth from Sierras to the sea.

(Refrain)

We lowly bend, for heaven doth blend with sunshine, shadows cold;
But God's above this land we love, above the blue and gold.
So here we'll wait till the Golden Gate shall ope when day is done.
Almighty Hand, hold thou our land, "Land of the Setting Sun."

(Refrain)

Caller—Will the cashier be away long?
Office Boy—It depends entirely on the jury.

The Divining Rod in San Berdoo

Up from the parched wastes of San Bernardino comes a story, amazing if true, to the effect that two men, working separately, located the same underground flow of water by means of the divining rod. The two men, it seems, have acquired the reputation of being "water witches" and were called upon to locate the site of a well for the city water department of San Bernardino. With the aid of peach twigs they located several underground streams. Whether their divination will stand the test of digging remains to be seen. But it is claimed for one of the men that he located a well on a ranch near San Berdoo which proved one of the greatest gushers of the countryside. This thing engages the imagination. Who would have thought that rhabdomancy was being practiced seriously in California? I believe the Cornish miners still use it in their native land, though I have never heard of a "Cousin Jack" trying it in any of our mining towns. But in San Berdoo it seems to be very popular, for I learn that one of the diviners there has been engaged on numerous occasions to find water for the thirsty dwellers.

Are They Dousterswivels?

The Germans have a word by which they characterize a swindler who pretends to locate water or anything else by means of the divining rod. They call such a faker a "dousterswivel." The question is, Are the two men of San Berdoo "dousterswivels"? It is a hard name and it will be very difficult to fix upon them the deception which it implies. For the history of the divining rod—and it has a most interesting history—indicates that nothing is more difficult than to decide

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whether the man who manipulates it is honest or dishonest, whether he is manifesting a phenomenal natural sensibility or whether he is playing a trick. The history of the divining rod goes back to the most ancient times. Cicero laughed at it when he wrote "De Divinatione" and the learned Varro, we are told, wrote a satire on the subject which is lost with the rest of his multitudinous writings, to the grief of scholars and the solid satisfaction of the school boy. Agricola, Sperlingius and Kirchmayer, curious old pundits whose names may be familiar to those who poke in the dusty corners of literature, all wrote at prosy length about the divining rod and took it very seriously indeed. The Jesuit Kircher experimented with it and decided than while it was no good for the detection of mines, treasure, murderers or thieves, it was an efficient instrument for the discovery of subterranean springs and water courses. Other churchmen regarded it as a tool of magic and therefore abominable. But the generality of investigators seem to have leaned to the notion that those who used it were nothing more than "dousterswivels."

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What the Divining Rod Is

The divining rod, also called the wand of Mercury and the rod of Aaron, is usually a forked branch of hazel, but not always. It may be cut from another tree; then again it may be only a twig, not forked; or it may be a rod of iron, copper or brass. In its usual form it is held by the two prongs in front of the body, the holder's elbows being pressed to his sides while the fingers and thumbs close over the forks. Thus carried it is supposed to indicate by a decided inclination where the hidden water is located. Sometimes it rotates rapidly in the proximity of water. Of this inclination and rotation of the divining rod there can be no doubt; it is substantiated in too many cases, ancient and modern, by reliable authorities. The difficulty is in explaining the phenomenon. Some say it is caused by the contraction and relaxation of the pressure of the hands, due to mental and nervous excitement. Others say that certain men have the sensitiveness of a hydroscope and that the divining rod is merely a means of concentrating their peculiar powers. And others say that the whole thing is poppycock. So there you are. Those who wish to investigate the subject are referred to Baring-Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages" and to Dr. Herbert Mayo's "On the Truth Contained in Popular Superstitions." In Baring-Gould's book they will read the remarkable stories of the celebrated Jacques Aymar, through whose divination a hunchback was broken on the wheel for a murder committed in Lyons, and of Bleton, the hydroscope. They will find that both men were detected in frauds, but will have a mighty hard time deciding whether all their amazing doings were fraudulent. And they will be interested in knowing that if the two men of San Berdoo have actually discovered water, California has added a chapter to the history of a curious subject.

"We won't print any such stuff as that!" said the editor loftily as he handed back the manuscript

"Well, you needn't be so haughty about it," retorted the irregular contributor. "You're not the only one who won't print it."

Paying for Society Scandal

London, says one of my correspondents, is very much shocked to learn through the columns of the Thunderer that a woman correspondent of certain American newspapers has been bribing butlers and footmen at fashionable houses to furnish her with such English society scandal as they could overhear at dinner tables. No wonder London is shocked. It causes uneasiness to suspect that the servant who brings in the soup carries out of the dining room the story of your tiff with your wife and sells it to a newspaper woman for American consumption. You don't like to feel that the footman who takes your card has retailed the story of your latest liaison. It is not only embarrassing but saddening, for it reveals a depth of wickedness in the servant which you did not suspect. As to the newspaper woman who subsidizes the servants, she deserves severe censure. But no doubt she defends herself by saying, "I must eat."

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By TANTALUS

Mrs. Carolan's Latest Distinction

Mrs. Francis J. Carolan's prolonged visit in Paris has not been in vain. This distinguished Blingumite who is going to establish a salon in San Francisco on her return, has been mingling with the highest highbrows in the French capital and has capped all her other achievements by obtaining membership in the Societe des Amis du Livre Moderne. You never heard of it? Shocking! Not to know the Societe des Amis du Livre Moderne argues oneself unknown. In its list of members are included the Duchesse de Rohan, the Marquise de Clermont-Tonnerre, the Comtesse de Fels, the Duchesse de Guiche, James de Rothschild, Jules Claretie and Henry Houssaye of the French Academy, Comte Stanislas de Casteja, Comte Foy, Comte Robert de Montesquiou and other esthetes. As far as I know only Mr. W. R. K. Young and Mrs. Carolan represent San Francisco while the rest of the United States has contributed one Indiana man and one Philadelphia man to the roll of membership. Truly our social leader is moving in a rarefied atmosphere of culture. But I suppose that for the benefit of my benighted readers I must tell what the Societe des Amis du Livre Moderne is for. It is a society organized to publish three books which are expected to be the dernier cri in de luxe bookmaking. The first volume was a history of modern bookmaking, the second is Maeterlinck's "La Vie des Abeilles" and the third has not yet been determined on. No doubt Mrs. Carolan will have a voice in selecting it. I have seen the de luxe Maeterlinck "imprime pour Mrs. Francis J. Carolan," for it is on exhibition at Newbegin's book shop in Sutter street. I have also seen the bronze plaquette which is the visible sign of Mrs. Carolan's membership in the society.

Photo, Webster
MRS. BENJAMIN EGGERS
A former belle of Oakland who since her marriage has been residing in Dakota. She will visit the West this summer.

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE
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MRS. EDGAR DE WOLFE
INTERIOR DECORATION AND OBJECTS D' ART
TEMPORARY OFFICE, GRANADA HOTEL TELEPHONE FRANKLIN 422

Will Mrs. Carolan Read It?

What old bibliopole was it who said that people who buy de luxe books never read them? I hesitate to apply his cynical aphorism to Mrs. Carolan. For there can be no doubt that in her rather brief career as a culturist—or shall I say a highbrow?—Mrs. Carolan has gone a long distance. If she had not, would she ever have attained membership in the Societe des Amis du Livre Moderne? By some it may be objected that this is a society for the buying and not for the reading of books, but of course we must first buy books before we can read them, must we not? Either that or join a library, and I cannot imagine Mrs. Carolan reading a library book grimed by somebody's "observant thumb." I prefer to let my imagination luxuriate in the vision of Mrs. Carolan reclining in her boudoir and drinking in the beauties of "La Vie des Abeilles." I refer not only to the beauties of Maeterlinck's style but to the beauties of craftsmanship displayed in this de luxe volume. Can you not see her gloating over the wonderful workmanship of the famous Meunier who designed and bound the volume, drinking in the exquisite art of the illustrations by Schwabe, illustrations that have gone through the color press as many as ten times? These are pleasant imaginings. Perhaps Mrs. Carolan may make of them realities—if she is not too busy with her social duties—or if she is interested in Maeterlinck and bees.

A Diminished Wedding Party

It was at first intended that the attendants at the wedding of Templeton Crocker and Miss Helene Irwin should include Mrs. Richard Hammond as matron of honor, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Marian Zeile, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Marian Newhall and Miss Jennie Crocker. Several misfortunes have necessitated the curtailment of this plan. Mrs. Hammond has withdrawn on account of the death of her husband and Miss Julia Langhorne, the sister of Mrs. Hammond for the same reason. Miss Keeney withdrew on account of the death of her grandmother Mrs. Pratt. Miss Elizabeth Newhall has become a bride. Miss Marian Zeile withdrew when her father died but has since consented to take part. So only Miss Zeile, Miss Marian Newhall and Miss Crocker remain of the original party. And in the meantime Templeton Crocker is going about with his arm in a sling, having broken it while cranking his machine.

How Burton Harrison Voted

There has been considerable comment about town on the fact that Francis Burton Harrison, congressman from New York, voted for New Orleans in the exposition contest. Harrison has been severely criticized for this action, and, in my opinion, with good reason. For Congressman Burton Harrison should feel particularly grateful to San Francisco and should have showed his gratitude by favoring San Francisco as the place for the fair. Burton Harrison married Mary Crocker, one of San Francisco's greatest heiresses, and when she died he inherited the bulk of her immense wealth. He is sharing the enjoyment of that wealth today with the woman he married in hot haste after his first wife's death in an automobile accident and who, it was said, long before her marriage was wearing some of Mary Crocker's emeralds. There was great indignation over this among the friends of the Crockers. In politics Harrison is known as a reformer.

MRS. WILLIAM MILLER GRAHAM
The well known matron of Santa Barbara who will occupy a distinguished position among the American hostesses in London during the coronation festivities.

She Took the Salt Cellars

This is not the tale of a kleptomaniac, as the heading might lead one to suppose, but the perfecly true story of a recent bride who moves in one of the best circles of our parochial society. She was visiting one afternoon at the home of a matron whose social position is just as good if not better, but whose worldly wealth is almost a negative quantity. This matron informed the

VALENTINE'S DAY
OBSERVANCE
becomes more general yearly and "grown-ups" as well as "the kiddies" are adopting this as another occasion for the sending of friendly greetings or messages of love.
Missives---humorous, sentimental and beautiful, to meet each individual need---are now on display for your selection.
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SAN FRANCISCO

bride that she was about to give a luncheon and that she was at a good deal of a loss what to do, as she did not possess enough silver for the number of guests she wanted to invite. The bride immediately came to her assistance. "I've got loads of silver," she said, "and will gladly lend you whatever you want." The offer was gratefully accepted. The luncheon was given and everybody voted it a charming affair. The bride was present. As she left the table she astounded her hostess and all the other guests by emptying the salt cellars on the table cloth and saying very coolly: "I'll take these home in my purse. My chauffeur will call for the larger pieces you borrowed."

Infantile Maladies in the Smart Set

The bavardes caused some concern among friends of the Charles Stetson Wheelers this week when they announced that Mrs. Wheeler and her daughter Elizabeth had taken "permanent" apartments at the Bellevue. Gossips speculated and the telephones were busy. At the Wheeler home in Jackson street it was stated that the house was not closed. The second daughter in the family has whooping cough and it was deemed advisable to remove a younger sister from the danger of infection. With her mother she is at the Bellevue while the invalid is in semi-quarantine at the Wheeler home. The family expects to leave in May for New York to attend the graduation of Miss Lillias Wheeler from Vassar and they will spend the summer in Europe. "The Bend," their country home on McCloud River, will remain closed this year. Mrs. Peter Martin has been suffering from another infantile malady. An attack of chicken-pox which she contracted from her son, Charles Oelrichs Martin, kept her housed for ten days but she is out again. Mrs. Peter is to take her departure this week for New York where she will visit her parents and later her sister, Mrs. Thomas, at Newport.

They Were Not Prominent Enough

A certain matron who recently moved into a very beautiful home in the Western Addition has been giving a series of bridge parties. One day last week a society reporter on one of the papers rang her up and asked for the details of one of these affairs. The hostess was very gracious and supplied a list of the guests which included a number of well known ladies, described the decorative scheme, the prizes, etc., and ended by stating that she intended to give another bridge party on the same day in the following week. So the reporter rang her up again this week and asked for the particulars of the more recent affair. Judge of her surprise when she received this reply: "I do not care to give you the list of my guests this week. They are not sufficiently prominent to publish."

A Clocked Stocking

It is whispered that Oakland society women have taken up a new fad which has been in vogue in London and before that in Paris. Evidence has been hard to secure because of the delicacy of the subject, but at that there be those who make positive statements in the matter. It is said that some of the ultra fashionables of the elite of the Athenian city now wear an ankle band which encloses a small clock, or watch. As yet the idea has not gained a strong foothold but if it should it would appear as if many stockings would be watched.

The Whereabouts of Cornelia and Lily

Mrs. Cornelia Baxter Tevis (McKee) who has dropped the McKee from her name is enjoying the social whirl at Knoxville, Tennessee. Her return from Paris was quietly made and she went from New York to her relatives, Governor and Mrs. George Baxter of Tennessee at whose gubernatorial residence she is now a guest. In New York she stayed with Miss Lily Lawlor who has been her loyal friend since the McKee divorce. Miss Lawlor, by the way, has an apartment in New York this winter where she entertains musical and literary celebrities at a weekly salon. Her voice is said to be more vibrant and rich than ever and her hair retains the Titian splendor. Miss Lawlor is a stunning looking woman who had the reputation of being the most popular bachelor-girl in the American colony of Paris a few years ago.

Young Hammond's Death

The death of young Richard Hammond was a great shock to his family and friends although his health had necessitated living in the dry altitudes of Colorado and Arizona for several years. He was a promising young man, the elder son of the A. B. Hammonds. Deep sympathy is extended the young widow who was Maizie Langhorne, sister of the popular Julia Langhorne. She was to have come from her Colorado home to be matron of honor at the Irwin-Crocker wedding but her husband's physicians advised a return to Arizona in the hope of prolonging his life and she accompanied him. He died in Tucson last Monday. Leonard Hammond, the second son of the family, married Ruth Merrill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill and sister of Mrs. Harry Sears Bates.

Winter Recreation

One of the most favored recreations among some of the ultra fashionable Piedmont matrons these winter days is posing for their portraits in the studios of clever artists who make their homes in the Piedmont hills. Xavier Martinez is one of the artists who makes his home in the exclusive hillside community, while Dick Partington is another. Partington has lately done a number of stunning canvases quite suggestive of Sargent. Mrs. Frank C. Havens, Miss Amy Bowles, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Bowles, and Mrs. Edward C. Engs are among those whose charms he has transferred to canvas. Another stunning portrait in the Partington studio is that of Mrs. "Wick" Havens. Partington is painting now in a vigorous and fresh manner, and has succeeded in pleasing his sitters with faithful and lifelike portraits. Martinez also has painted several maids of the Piedmont smart set, and the canvases are promised an early exhibition.

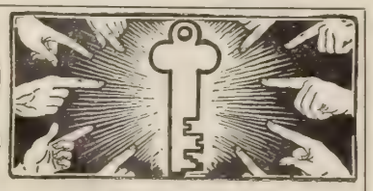
They Are Honeymooning Here

Mrs. F. W. Devereux who is at the Palace with her husband to whom she was married in Portland last week was formerly the wife of Chauncey Rose Winslow of San Francisco. She was Alice Libson, a belle of the Northern city, and married Winslow a year or two after his divorce from Mrs. Sallie Stetson Winslow, daughter of the late J. B. Stetson. He died a few months later in Europe and the young bride returned to her parent's home where her wedding to Devereux, who is a New Yorker, took place. They are to continue their honeymoon trip to Coronado. The first Mrs. Winslow makes her home with her sister, Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

For a Worthy Charity

A vaudeville entertainment for the benefit of the Humane Department of the Catholic Settlement & Humane Society will be given at the Central Theater, Market and Eighth streets, on the evening of February 21 and the afternoon of February 22. Tickets will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's after February 16, and will cost $1.50 and $1.00. The Catholic Settlement and Humane Society which is now for the first time coming prominently before the public was organized over two years ago. It aims to organize and develop Catholic activity in every field of charity work and to assist in bringing about closer co-operation among Catholic charities. The movement was in the beginning au-

$4.00 per annum



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EVENTUALLY A STEINWAY

¶ You may only wish to purchase a moderate priced piano now. It will serve you for several years, but eventually you will want and will have a STEINWAY—the **standard.**

¶ We will sell you any of our less expensive pianos and agree to take the same in exchange for a STEINWAY any time within three years, allowing the **full purchase price paid.**

¶ Moderate terms on any piano, even on the Steinway.

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$150 in Gold for a Name

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The Greatest of all Household Remedies

$100.00 in gold for the name adopted. $25.00 in Gold for the next best name. Five $5.00 Gold pieces as consolation prices, one to be given to each of the five persons submitting the next best names.

This new remedy is a pleasant antiseptic, most efficient in preventing and warding off infection from dangerous diseases. An almost infallible remedy for catarrh; a throat, tooth and mouth wash that destroys all dangerous germ life. Removes many eruptions and facial blemishes. Removes offensive perspiration odors. Relieves chilblains and hardens tender feet. A remedy that has a thousand uses in every household.

A large 8 oz. bottle at your druggist only 50c. If he cannot supply you, I will send you two bottles by prepaid express on receipt of one dollar and you can have two chances of winning the prize. Write for full particulars.

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the talented Italian Artist, conductor of orchestra, ably assisted by gentlemen of genius, each a soloist.

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Special Luncheon Served during Shopping Hours

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Private Dining Rooms and Banquet Hall

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Only Genuine Italian Restaurant in San Francisco

Now Open in its New Beautifully Decorated Home at

362 GEARY STREET

Twenty Feet from St. Francis Hotel

Music by Italian Orchestra from 6 to 8 p. m.

Kitchen under supervision of chef expressly brought from Europe for this place. Italian dishes in every known style.

THE ST. GERMAIN RESTAURANT

Announce their removal from 497 GOLDEN GATE AVE. to

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LUNCH, 75cts. REGULAR DINNER, $1.00

Music Every Evening Banquet Hall in connection

Seating Capacity, 800

DO YOU ENJOY A GOOD DINNER?

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Jules Restaurant

Regular Dinner With White or Red Wine $1.00

MONADNOCK BLDG.

Next to Palace Hotel. All cars pass the door

Rooms for Ladies Lunches a la Carte

Open evenings including Sundays. Music

RACING

NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB

OAKLAND RACE TRACK

SIX RACES EACH DAY

Racing Every Week Day, Rain or Shine

First Race at 1:40 p. m.

Admission—Men, $2.00—Ladies, $1.00

For special trains stopping at the track, take S. P. Ferry foot of Market St.; leave at 12 m., thereafter every 20 minutes until 1:40 p. m. No smoking in the last two cars which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y. THOS. H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

thorized by the Most Rev. Archbishop and has since been under his constant supervision. For the past year the Rt. Rev. Bishop D. J. O'Connell, auxiliary bishop of San Francisco, assisted by Rev. J. B. Hannigan, has been in direct charge. Mr. R. E. Queen is president of the organization and Mr. Geo. A. Stanley, secretary. The finances of the society are drawn from subscriptions, donations and bequests.

In the Social Spotlight

The members of Islam Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, will give their first annual ball next Thursday evening, February 16, at the new and beautiful Scottish Rite Temple, corner of Van Ness avenue and Sutter street. As this will be the first function in the new hall the Shriners and their ladies are anticipating a very enjoyable and interesting evening. Illustrious Potentate Francis V. Keesling and Mrs. Keesling will lead the grand march at nine o'clock.

Mrs. John A. Fairchild, Mrs. John G. Mott and Mrs. N. W. Myrick, society women of Los Angeles, are visiting in San Francisco for a short time and are stopping at the Palace.

Among the hostesses who entertained at the Fairmont at tea in the Laurel court following a visit to the Pacific-Union Club, were Mrs. William Sherwood, Mrs. Wilfred R. Chapman, Mrs. Fred Denny, Mrs. William Gwinn, Mrs. Edward Barron, Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mrs. James Follis, Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mrs. Frank C. Proctor, Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Alexander Loughborough, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. William C. Peyton, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Augusta Foute, the Misses Morrison of San Jose, Miss Jennie Blair and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla.

Mrs. Jack Spreckels is living at the Fairmont with her children while her handsome home in Pacific avenue is undergoing renovation.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at the U. S. Grant Hotel, San Diego, include: William McQuire, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Franklin, W. A. Hartwell, J. E. Ryan, Thomas Mirk, C. W. Sparrows, R. F. Oakley, S. Meyer, Donald D. McGarrity, James Harris, A. S. Holman, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Turnbull, H. W. Keller, R. Arnold, G. H. Pratt, C. N. Noble, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Sunne, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Washburn, S. Witkiwski, Otto Joel, R. W. Maples, Mrs. M. A. Huntington, Miss M. Huntington, Mrs. Sallie Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Davenport, M. Adelsdorf, S. W. Krans, R. C. Lyons, D. E. Kessler, J. L. Williams, J. E. Hains, Charles Welch, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Harwood, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Jefferys, Frank E. Gregory, J. F. Sullivan and A. A. Klingman.

Mrs. George Todd and her daughter spent a few days recently at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Becker, who are well known in Los Angeles and other cities of the coast, spent the week at beautiful Del Monte.

Theodore B. Wilcox, one of the big men of the northern section, is at Del Monte with Mrs. Wilcox and their son.

Mrs. M. M. Stiltson, State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the other State officers are to make the Hotel Victoria their headquarters during the State Conference which meets in the city on February 16th and 17th.

Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Easterday and Miss Bernice Easterday have registered at the Hotel Victoria. They are prominent folk in Watsonville.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman Jr. were registered at Del Monte for a week or more. They had with them Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lehman and Miss Goodhart of New York.

Pay Director S. R. Calhoun, U. S. N. (retired), and his daughter, Mrs. Eugene Tricou, have given up their apartments at the Victoria and have gone to Santa Barbara, where Paymaster Tricou's ship, the "Pennsylvania" is ordered.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse

Cor. Geary and Mason Sts. Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgrs.

Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783

Two Weeks, Beginning Monday, February 13th, Charles Frohman Presents the Fantastic Musical Comedy

THE ARCADIANS

Superb Company—Best Dancing Chorus in the World

20 Song Hits—Augmented Orchestra

Matinee Saturday and Washington's Birthday

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Starting Sunday Evening, February 12th—Second and Last Week of America's Funniest Comedian,

JAMES T. POWERS

In the International Musical Hit, "HAVANA"

With a Big and Brilliant Ensemble

Night and Saturday Matinee Prices, $2.00 to 50c. Special Thursday Matinee, $1.50 to 50c. Seats at the Theater and Emporium.

Sunday Evening, Feb. 19th—"The Midnight Sons."

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Sutter and Steiner Sts. Belasco & Mayer, Owners-Mgrs

Phones, West 1400 and Home S 4242

Week Commencing Monday, February 13th,

Evelyn Vaughan, Bertram Lytell and the Alcazar Players in

An Elaborate Revival of

THE PIT

Dramatized from Frank Norris' Famous Novel of the Same Title by Channing Pollock

Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

Prices: Night, 25c to $1. Matinees, 25c to 50c.

Seats for Sale at Box Office and Emporium.

NEW ORPHEUM

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Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon—Matinee Every Day

THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

MISS FANNIE WARD, the Distinguished English Actress and Her Company Presenting "An Unlucky Star"; MIGNONETTE KOKIN, Impersonating Comediennes of Foreign Lands; REDFORD and WINCHESTER; GALETTI'S SIMIAN CIRCUS; PORTER J. WHITE & CO. in "The Visitor" (Next Week Only); AMY BUTLER and Her Big Four; REED BROTHERS; SPECIAL ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES Showing "THE LASSOING OF WILD ANIMALS IN AFRICA." Last Week—Great Laughing Success FRANK TINNEY, a Revelation in Burnt Cork.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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OAKLAND. Direction H. W. Bishop.

Week of Monday, February 13th, Every Evening

Matinees Saturday and Sunday

THE BISHOP PLAYERS

Offer an Elaborate Production of

THE WHITE SISTER

F. Marion Crawford's Last and Greatest Play

Entire House: 25c and 50c—All Performances.

Next—"Quincy Adams Sawyer."

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JOSEF

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Piano Virtuoso

TWO SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, February 19-26, at Columbia

ONE EVENING—THURSDAY, February 23, Christian Science Hall

Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co's, where mail orders should be addressed to Will. L. Greenbaum.

OAKLAND Friday Afternoon, Feb. 24, at 3:30 Ye Liberty

Steinway Piano

Coming—BONCI, the Greatest Lyric Tenor.

AFTER THE PLAY

THE FORUM CAFE

OAKLAND

Under the Management of GUSTAV MANN

The Rev. M. S. Levy has been down at Del Monte for a short rest.

Martin Merle's College Play

By Edward F. O'Day

I have read with considerable interest what the critics of the morning papers had to say about the first presentation on any stage of "The Fullback," a college play by Martin V. Merle of this city. It seems to me that these critics, while hurrying from the Alcazar to their newspaper offices, must have encouraged a state of mind in which severity was unduly prominent. I am inclined to think that they went a great deal too strong. What a savage sound their banging typewriters must have given forth as they battered away at the playwright's defenses! How grim their countenances must have been as they completed the damnation of his effort! I can almost fancy them quoting softly, with considerable self-satisfaction: "Down, down to Hell, and say I sent thee thither!" Is it not possible that their overstrained scrupulosity obscured their sense of justice? In their well-intentioned zeal to give the public to the very last iota their expert judgment of Merle's attempt did they not forget that the author was entitled to a certain amount of consideration which would in no wise have infringed the rights of theatergoers? Let us admit for the sake of argument that Merle offended against the rules of dramatic writing. Is it not his first offense? And should he not receive the mercy which justice bestows on first offenders? Was it necessary to condemn him in terms calculated to bring upon him the blight of discouragement? For one I do not see the necessity. Before "The Fullback" was produced it was announced that Merle had made arrangements to have it presented in the East under the management of Selwyn and Company and that it was to be given at the Alcazar in advance of the eastern production simply because the author was a native San Franciscan. "The Fullback," therefore, was passed upon by Selwyn and Company and by the Alcazar management. Now I am willing to admit that the producers of plays are more frequently at fault in their judgments than the critics of plays. That is inevitable, because plays are never completed until the curtain rises for their first presentation and perhaps the critics would be no more infallible than the managers if they had to pass upon them in manuscript or in rehearsal. But when a play receives the approval of two such experienced concerns as Selwyn and Company and the Alcazar, may we not infer that it is not hopelessly bad? Merle's play is very far from being hopeless. Its principal defect springs from its author's inexperience. Merle is a young man in years, a very young man in dramaturgic experience. His pen is still experimenting. He has not found himself. Call it modesty, call it diffidence it you will; but there is visible in his work a quality which quells his inclination to be original. He is learning his craft by imitating others, an excellent method that is recommended by teachers of all the arts. Being a college man he knows the college life, he senses the college atmosphere, he understands college romance. But when he undertook to write a college play he was hampered by his knowledge of other college plays; he lacked the experience in playwriting which would have enabled him to steer clear of the beaten track and open up a new way for others to follow in. College debts, college yells, college frats, colleges loves, college freaks of both genders and college football games are very real things, very interesting things. Merle probably knows as well as the rest of us that they are not the whole of college life. There are bigger and more difficult things in college life, things worthy the pen of an Ibsen or a Hauptmann, things which only a Wedekind would have the courage to put into a Kraft-Ebing sort of drama. Those who have not been at college may know some of these things from "Pendennis" and "Tom Brown at Oxford" and the darker pages of Mrs. Voynich's "Jack Raymond." Some day Martin Merle may see fit to put some of these things into a college play; but he will not be able to do it for several years. He must win his spurs by pedestrian exercises, like the squires of old, before he mounts for more serious work. "The Fullback" is part of the pedestrian process and therefore should not be criticised as the fruitage of a ripened workmanship would deserve to be criticised. Let us remember—parva componere magnis—that Shakespeare wrote the impossible "Titus Andronicus" and still lived to achieve some little success with later efforts; let us recall Moliere's, Sardou's, Wilde's immature gropings for dramatic expression. And then let us ask ourselves whether it is necessary to blast youthful enthusiasm with heavy-handed excoriation. Merle should forget what the critics have said about "The Fullback" and set about improving it, for it is worth working on and there is no reason why he should not round it into very acceptable shape. Let him remember how it was received on the first night at the Alcazar. The audience liked it and at the end of the second act applauded so vociferously that the author had to appear before the curtain and express his appreciation. If Merle has been chilled by the cold blasts of the critics, let him warm himself at the genial fire of that first night's ovation and tackle his work with renewed vigor and undiminished enthusiasm. Let him recollect that Byron had an experience just as unpleasant as his and found the courage to say:

"As soon
Seeks roses in December,—ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics."

"The Arcadians" at the Columbia

"The Arcadians," a musical comedy in three acts, with the promise of sprightly dancers, satisfying ensembles, lilting music and clever dialogue will be offered for an engagement of two weeks at the Columbia beginning Monday night. "The Arcadians" enjoyed over two seasons' run in New York and is now in its third year in London. It will be presented by the same company that was seen at the New York Theatre this season. Of the musical numbers some of the most popular are "Pipes Pan," "Bring Me a Rose," "Arcady," "The Girl with the Brogue," "My Motter," "Joy of Life," "I Like London," "Picadilly," "Somewhere," "Charming Weather," and "Back Your Fancy." Charles Frohman is standing sponsor for the production and care is given to every detail.

SCENE FROM THE FANTASTIC MUSICAL COMEDY "THE ARCADIANS" AT THE COLUMBIA THEATER

Stage

James T. Powers in "Havana"

During the past season the Savoy has provided the town with a great deal of wholesome food for laughter, but not since De Wolfe Hopper was with us have we had any comedian so expert in tickling the risibles as James T. Powers who has been playing this week in "Havana." Powers is an irresistible comedian of the most approved up-to-date sort, a rapid-fire funmaker who is never content unless the audience banishes every trace of seriousness in his presence. In "Havana" Powers has a happy medium for eliciting guffaws and giggles. The book of this musical play has passed through several hands. George Grossmith and Graham Hill, two English librettists of considerable distinction, were originally responsible for it, but it was "Americanized" for the New York production, and received its final touches from Powers himself. That was a good thing. Powers knows what he wants and also knows what his audiences want. The book in its present form suits the comedian to a "T." As for the music, it is the work of Leslie Stuart, who awoke one morning to find himself famous as the author of "Floradora." It is all very soothing to the ear and if it is in many places reminiscent of what Stuart has done before there is nobody to complain. The lyrics, which are from the pens of Adrian Ross and George Arthurs, are delightful. Of patricular charm are the pretty "On the Shores of Sheepshead Bay" and the topical "How Did the Bird Know That?" Of course, the "Hello, People," which reached across the continent just as soon as it was sung on Broadway, was bound to be received with acclaim and it certainly gains by the fascinating manner in which it is presented. Miss Geraldine Malone in the role of Anita scores a success which can not but be gratifying to her many friends in this city. It is quite a while since she has been in San Francisco and she comes back a very finished player. Another young woman who has local fame is Miss Helen Darling; she, too, acquits herself in fine fashion. The rest of the cast is of a high standard and the show girls are peaches. —The Second Nighter.

Josef Hofmann, Piano Virtuoso

The sale of seats for the three concerts to be given by the master-pianist Josef Hofmann, the true successor of the great Rubenstein, will open next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s The opening concert will be given at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, January 19. On this occasion the artist will play a group of four or five Beethoven numbers, a group of Chopin works and a group of six of the masterpieces of the modern Russian composers including Scriabine, Gabrilowitsch, Liadow, Rubenstein and Tschaikowsky. The only evening concert will be given on Thursday night, February 23, at Christian Science Hall when a program devoted exclusively to Schumann, Chopin and Liszt will be the attraction. A special program will be arranged for the farewell concert at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, February 26.

"The Pit" at the Alcazar

"The Pit," a dramatization of the late Frank Norris' story, is announced as the Alcazar's offering throughout the coming week, with Bertram Lytell as Curtis Jadwin, the role in which he scored his first emphatic success in the Sutter street playhouse, and Evelyn Vaughan also favorably placed in the cast. All the splendid strength of the book is brought out in Channing Pollock's adaptation. There are five acts and each of them demands an elaborate and artistic setting. During the progress of the play Evelyn Vaughan becomes the wife of Jadwin and Bessie Barriscale will be seen as her younger sister, Viola Leech as the daughter of Jadwin's partner, Adele Belgarde as a broker's wife and Will R. Walling, Howard Hickman, Louis Bennison, Burt Wesner, Charles Gunn and all the other male principals as typical stock brokers. There are fifty-two speaking characters and more than that number of supernumeraries.

JAMES T. POWERS

The favorite comedian who is making such a hit in "Havana" at the Savoy Theater.

Another Week of "Havana"

"Havana" will begin its second and last week in San Francisco at the Savoy this Sunday evening. "The Midnight Sons," Lew Fields' big musical production, with George W. Monroe and an immense cast, will begin a limited engagement at the Savoy Sunday evening, February 19.

Pepito Arriola's Farewell

Pepito Arriola, the Spanish boy pianist who has been the sensation of the musical season, will give his farewell concert this Saturday afternoon at Christian Science Hall and will play a stupendous program, including Beethoven's "Sonata Apossionata," two Chopin works, Scriabine's "Prelude and Nocturne" for left hand alone, Rubenstein's "Valse Caprice" and other works including a group of three Liszt masterpieces.

English Beauty at the Orpheum

Miss Fannie Ward, the famous English beauty who will appear next week at the Orpheum, is one of the most popular of the younger actresses on the British stage and a great favorite in the most exclusive social set in London. For eighteen months she appeared in one play in that city and his late Majesty King Edward and Her Majesty Queen Alexandra went to see her five times. For four years in succession she won the annual prize for the best dressed woman in London. All her gowns are designed by Lady Duff Gordon, the foremost modiste in the world. Miss Ward is the widow of Sam Lewis, the famous London multimillionaire, and she is the possessor of a mansion in Berkeley Square and a country estate adjoining that of William Waldorf Astor. Her jewels are celebrated throughout Europe. Miss Ward's contribution will consist of a sketch of originality and brilliancy called "An Unlucky Star" which has been specially written for her and in which she will have the support of a company of metropolitan players. Mignonette Kokin is always a welcome visitor to this city. Her impersonations of comediennes of foreign lands are clever and diverting. Redford and Winchester are two very clever eccentric jugglers. They appear with Galetti's Simian Circus. Porter J. White will return for one week and present his thrilling one-act sketch "The Visitor" in which he recently scored such a great hit. Next week concludes the engagements of Amy Butler and Her Big Quartette, The Reed Brothers and Frank Tinney.

Alessandro Bonci, Tenor

When the assertion is made that Bonci is the greatest living tenor, the question is immediately asked, "What is the matter with Caruso?" The latter has unquestionably the most powerful, the biggest and perhaps the most beautiful tenor voice in existence, but in the art of singing, the true Italian art of "bel canto," Bonci stands alone His voice is of a different quality from Caruso's, being of the lyric or coloratura style, a type that is rapidly disappearing for the simple reason that the demand for tenors is so great that those found to possess this quality of voice are tempted to appear in public without sufficient time for study. It takes many years to cultivate the voice as Bonci has and his work will be a revelation to our music lovers. Will Greenbaum is paying Bonci a very large fee to appear twice in this city, and the artist promises two exceptional programs at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, March 5 and 12. Mail orders for these two events may now be sent to Mr. Greenbaum and will receive prompt attention.

Ye Liberty Offers "The White Sister"

Another of the recent notable dramatic successes will be offered the patrons of Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, next Monday evening when the stock players will be presented in "The White Sister," F. Marion Crawford's last and best play. It will be recalled as the piece in which Viola Allen, James O'Neill and other prominent players scored such a success here last fall. Manager Bishop is planning an excellent production of the play. Muriel Hope and Sydney Ayres will have the leading roles and Henry Shumer is to be seen as the Monsignore in which part O'Neill appeared originally. There are enough other strong acting parts to allow all the favorites to be seen to almost equal advantage. Three elaborate stage settings will be shown, all of which have been specially prepared. "Quincy Adams Sawyer" will be Ye Liberty's attraction for Washington's Birthday week.

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Heart-shaped candy boxes filled with the most delicious candies—at once a "message" and a gift. She'll like this kind of valentine the best. Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

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SAN FRANCISCO

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—After a continuous rise for a week the stock market has entered a period of readjustment, speculatively speaking. There has been sufficient good selling of the leading issues and without further bull impetus by banking syndicates a moderate recession of a point from the high figures now seems in order. There still remains some timidity on the part of the important interests as regards the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific merger decisions which are likely to be handed down the first part of any week now, and this seems to be the chief factor in depressing stocks. Other than this we see no change in the situation and after moderate recessions we look for higher prices as the result of increased railway rates.

Wheat—Virtually no progress in decreasing the available supply of wheat in this country or the world has been made in the last week. New crop grain from Argentine and Australia has been coming into commercial channels at a lively rate and although there was some decrease in the primary receipts in this country they were large enough to keep commercial supplies on the increase. On account of severe weather and ice blocades to shipping the Russian and Danubian shipments for the last week will fall behind the recent showing, but the trade is aware that this relief, if such it is, is but temporary. Prospects are that the official visible supply statement will show an increase in this country for the last week, and there is conviction in grain offices the world over that the world has an oversupply insofar as the present crop year is concerned.

Corn—The bare fact that corn prices are hovering around the export level has given that grain a much better status than wheat. The United States seems destined to supply about all of the European demand for corn. The item of exports, however, is a small one as compared to the total quantity that never crosses the county line in which it is grown. Nevertheless, along with the Argentine crop scare the export demand has been timely in keeping commercial supplies from piling up. Indications now are that European wants have been so largely supplied for the present that the foreign buyer can hereafter depend on "job lot" prices and sales to replenish his wants.

Cotton—The deadlock which has existed for several months past in the market for futures was partially broken during the week by a marked change for the worse in the European trade situation and values declined substantially for the active options. There is a general feeling that Liverpool has overestimated Manchester's requirements and has taken considerable cotton on speculation against prospective future business. This view would seem justified by the fact that while exports of cotton goods from Great Britain for the last quarter of 1910 amounted to only 351,671,000 pounds against 331,899,000 for the same quarter in 1909, imports of cotton for the season thus far amount to 1,057,500 bales in excess of this date last season. This leaves the Liverpool stock and afloat 4,419,000 against only 1,103,000 bales a year ago. With the possible exception of Texas where sufficient time yet remains to receive the necessary moisture to permit planting, conditions throughout the cotton belt are more favorable for planting a larger crop than for many years. Farmers have commenced hauling a month sooner than usual and a material increase in the amount used is reported.

Heney's Swatting of Founders

(Continued from Page 8.)

I have said nothing about Mr. Heney's argument in favor of the recall because I find that it is quite logical. It is based on the proposition that in the representative form of government all agents are supposed to carry out the will of the people without regard to their own judgment or their own conscience. This is practically what he said at Sacramento. And it is probably the first time such a proposition was ever set forth by a man reputed to be as wise as Mr. Heney. I have always understood that in a representative government the people presumably select for their agents the ablest men that can be found and allow them to exercise their knowledge for the good of the people under the check of the freest discussion and the most unreserved censure and with the least possible direct interference of their constituents. If this idea is wrong, then Mr. Heney is right, and a representative government means the absolutism of the majority; and the only objection to be urged against the recall of the judiciary is that it presupposes law and judges. Now when the will of the majority is absolute it is like comic opera to have law and judges.

Slow Enough

Old Bill Titcomb has taken a sack of grain to an old-fashioned mill to have it ground into meal He watched the ponderous wheels revolving slowly while a tiny stream of meal trickled feebly out. Finally his patience became exhausted.

"Do you know," he said, "I cud eat that there meal faster than yer durned mill can grind it!"

"Yes?" remarked the miller, "but how long could you keep on eating it, Mr. Titcomb?"

"Wal," replied Old Bill, conclusively, " I reckon I cud keep on at that rate till I starved."

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Jess—It is—like one of Browning's.

Bess—What do you mean?

Jess—Some of the lines are so deep.

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The New Butler

(Continued from Page 10.)

"Presumably, we are to smoke," Bykvist Jr. informed his sister, for he had seen a little more of the world than the rest of his family.

This proved to be the case. Fortunately there was a box of cigarettes in Father Bykvist's room, else there would have been another source of mortification. When the family at last arose, the joys of the table were found to have consumed exactly an hour and three-quarters. The maid Christina had usually managed to supply their needs in considerably less time.

Ostentatiously, though noiselessly, Jousson threw open the folding doors to the parlor and withdrew humbly behind the sideboard, where he stationed himself like a show horse on parade. They all felt that something was expected of them, without knowing what to do.. Bykvist Sr. politely offered his arm to his wife, and solemnly led her into the parlor, fondly hoping that he was living up to Jousson's expectations.

When coffee had been served, the old man invited a few friends over the telephone to a small impromptu card party—just enough to fill two tables, for there was a dearth of "swell" gentlemen in Strandholm.

"He is going to introduce us to the new father-in-law," said the invited guests. When they arrived and entered the parlor, they did not find any father-in-law, however. What they did see, through the door leading into the room of the master of the house, was a stately old gentleman, who was arranging the card tables with serious dignity.

"The new relative is making himself at home," whispered the guests as they nudged each other. "He does look confoundedly aristocratic."

As they came into the room to draw lots for their places at the tables, the strange gentleman busied himself unconcernedly at the sideboard with a tray of punch glasses, as if the company did not interest him in the least. All the guests stopped at the door, looking reproachfully at Bykvist, and asked him in a half whisper: "Introduce us—why don't you?"

"Some more soda water, Jousson!" ordered Bykvist briskly; and as the butler walked off, and the others gazed at the host in speechless surprise, he added nonchalantly: "That's the new manservant I have engaged. Those confounded servant girls have almost killed me with their slovenliness."

Everything went off well, until the very strong and expensive cognac took its effect, and master-tanner Barkhom began to use more forceful than elegant language over his bad luck at cards. At the uncouth words Jousson shuddered as at a serpent's bite, and looked so imploringly at his master that they all felt ashamed of themselves.

At supper the doctor waxed wroth when the attentive Jousson placed three clean forks beside him, having seen him indiscriminately thrust the same fork he was using to eat with into all the side dishes and preserve jars upon the table, in deference to a time-honored custom of the simple life.

Meanwhile, poor Christina sat in the kitchen shedding bitter tears, because she was no longer entrusted with waiting on the table.

Fru Bykvist's face fell when Jousson asked her for the finger bowls. And when the beer made its appearance in crystal pitchers, so that it was impossible to distinguish the brew, the railroad inspector said pointblank: "Look here, Bykvist, what do your mean by all this tomfoolery?"

None of the guests enjoyed themselves at the Bykvists' upon that occasion as they were in the habit of doing; although certainly no one could find fault with the service. On the following day, Jousson, alias "Reliable," alias Bykvist's father-in-law, took his departure by the noonday train, with a fair sum in his pocket to indemnify him for the position he had lost.

"Do you think women would vote for the best man?" "Certainly; the bridegroom wouldn't be noticed at all."

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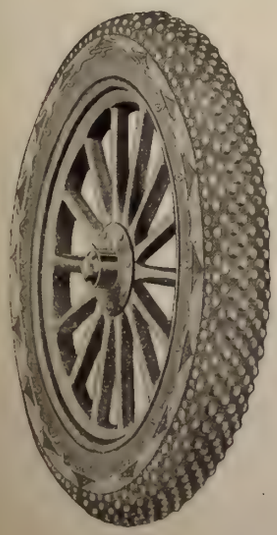

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,385.

ADELE NOVARESE, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH ROBERT NOVARESE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to Joseph Robert Novarese, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed herein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of October, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 12-31-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL LEWIS RUMSEY, Deceased—No. 10,800, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Emma Forsythe Rumsey, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Samuel Lewis Rumsey, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Emma Forsythe Rumsey, at the office of James C. Sims, Rooms 612-614 Claus Spreckels Building, corner of Market and Third Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Samuel Lewis Rumsey, deceased.

EMMA FORSYTHE RUMSEY,
Executrix of the Estate of Samuel Lewis Rumsey, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 21, 1911.

JAMES C. SIMS, Atty. for Executrix,
612-614 Claus Spreckels, Bldg., San Francisco. 1-21-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Dept. 10, Probate, No. 4877.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN SKEEHAN, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition of Louis Jurgens, administrator of the above entitled estate, that a sale of the real property of the estate of said John Skeehan, deceased, is necessary to pay the debts outstanding against the said decedent, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and further, that it would be to the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate, and those interested therein, to sell the real property belonging to said estate;

It is hereby ordered that all parties interested in the estate of John Skeehan, deceased, be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court in the Courtroom of Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the hour of 10 A. M. on the 15th day of February, 1911, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of the real property belonging to the estate of decedent, John Skeehan, or in which the said John Skeehan had any interest at either public or private sale.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in Open Court this 11th day of January, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

tum SUDEN & tum SUDEN,
Attorneys for Administrator,
619 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,681, Dept. No. 10.

PLINY E. RITNER, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE I. RITNER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Grace I. Ritner, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

AUSTIN LEWIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
504 to 508 Schmidt Bldg., 12 Geary St., S. F. 2-4-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,623, Department No. 10.

MAUD GRANGER, Plaintiff, vs. ALFRED GRANGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Alfred Granger, defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. A. DORN, Atty. for Plaintiff,
812 Phelan Building, San Francisco. 1-28-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CLARA J. BIGELOW, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Clara J. Bigelow, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Nowlin & Fassett, Foxcroft Building, No. 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Clara J. Bigelow, deceased.

FREDERIC H. FASSETT,
Executor of the Estate of Clara J. Bigelow, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 28, 1911.

NOWLIN & FASSETT, Attys. for Executor,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 1-28-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,254.

J. W. SCHOUTEN AND COMPANY, a corporation, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE LETTERELL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: George Letterell, defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 21st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. W. HENDERSON, Atty. for Plaintiff,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 1-28-4

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8131, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of THERESA J. O'CONNOR, Deceased.

Annie L. Jones, the Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Theresa J. O'Connor, deceased, having filed herein her duly verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing her to borrow the sum of Six Hundred Dollars ($600.00) or such lesser sum as the Court may deem necessary wherewith to pay the debts of said estate, and to make the necessary improvements thereon, as set forth in said petition on file herein, and for the purpose of securing the re-payment of such loan to mortgage to the lender of such money certain real property of said estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Church Street, distant two hundred and twenty-seven feet northerly from the northerly line of 24th Street; thence northerly along said line of Church Street thirty-three (33) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles southerly thirty-three (33) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 64.

It is therefore ordered, that all persons interested in said estate appear at this Court in Courtroom of Department No. 10 of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the Grant Building, Seventh and Market Streets, on the 27th day of February, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause why said prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property within described mortgaged to secure a loan to said estate for Six Hundred Dollars ($600.00), or such lesser amount as the Court shall deem meet, and

It is ordered that notice of the time appointed for hearing said petition, and the Order to Show Cause, be published for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

For further particulars in said petition you are hereby referred to said Petition now on file herein, which said petition is made a part hereto.

Dated, this 19th day of January, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge

GEO. M. THOMAS, Atty. for Administratrix,
722 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-28-5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BETSY LIPPITT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Betsy Lippitt, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of A. L. Weil, Room 362 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Betsy Lippitt, deceased.

PHILLIP LIPPITT,
Administrator of the Estate of Betsy Lippitt, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

A. L. WEIL, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 362 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PIETRO VALLERGA, also known as and called PETER VALLERGA and PEDRO VALLEROGA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Pietro Vallerga, also known as and called Peter Vallerga and Pedro Valleroga, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Messrs. Fitzpatrick & Greeley, 423-425 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Pietro Vallerga, also known as and called Peter Vallerga and Pedro Valleroga, deceased.

GIACOMO VALLERGA,
Administrator of the Estate of Pietro Vallerga, also known as and called Peter Vallerga and Pedro Valleroga, Deceased.
Dated: San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, Attys. for Administrator,
423-425 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALEXANDER LIPPMAN, Deceased—No. 11,097, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Alexander Lippman, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Attorney at Law, 616-617 Metropolis Building, Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Alexander Lippman, deceased.

HYMAN LIPPMAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Alexander Lippman, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Atty. for Administrator,
616-617 Metropolis Building,
Market and New Montgomery Sts., San Francisco. 2-11-5

"Well," sighs the man with the wash tie, "now that the aeroplane is becoming popular the women won't spend so much money for automobile hats and veils."

"No," growls the man with the ingrowing mustache, "but they'll blow in just as much on silk stockings and high-heeled shoes."

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco No. 25,793 Department No. 2.

SEBASTIANO CICERONE, also known as A. Sebastiano Cicerone, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Sebastiano Cicerone, also known as A. Sebastiano Cicerone, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Lafayette Place, distant thereon ninety-seven (97) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of Green Street; running thence northerly along said line of Lafayette Place fifty-nine (59) feet; thence at right angles easterly fifty-seven (57) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly fifty-nine (59) feet; and thence at right angles westerly fifty-seven (57) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot Number Three Hundred and Seventy-six (No. 376).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 21st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 31st day of December, 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 12-31-16

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9379, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JAMES BARRETT, Deceased.

Timothy J. Barrett, Executor of the Last Will of James Barrett, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition praying for an order of sale of the whole of the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, reference to which said petition on file herein is hereby made for further particulars than those appearing in this order, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary and would be beneficial to sell the whole of said real estate for the causes and reasons therein set forth and good cause appearing therefor;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Monday, the 27th day of February, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom thereof, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said Executor for the sale of said real estate, and that a copy of this order be published for four (4) successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: January 16, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

W. W. SANDERSON, Atty, for Executor.
548 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-21-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RANDOLPH CROWELL BRANT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Randolph Crowell Brant, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Lile T. Jacks, 548 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Randolph Crowell Brant, deceased.

PAUL BRANT,
Administrator of the Estate of Randolph Crowell Brant, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 14, 1911.

LILE T. JACKS, Atty. for Administrator,
548 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-14-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for The City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 10.

In the matter of the Application of GEORGE OTTEN, for Change of Name. No. 33,835.

George Otten having this day filed his application and petition in the above entitled Court for change of his name to George Smith:

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before the above entitled Court, Department 10 thereof, at the Courtroom of said department, located in what is known as the Grant Building, situated on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Friday, March 3, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause, if any they have, why such application and petition for change of name should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed in said City and County of San Francisco, which said publication is hereby adjudged to be sufficient notice of the hearing of said application and petition.

Dated: this 3d day of February, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

BRENNAN & LANE, Attys. for Petitioner,
Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-4

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco No. 25,085, Dept. No. 10.

GIOVANNI CASELLI, JUSTINE CASELLI, his wife, and EMILY MONCHAUT, also known as Emily Merchant, also known as Emily Monchant, also know as Emily Monchont, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the said plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Piece No. 1—Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Mason Street, distant thereon seventy-seven (77) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of Broadway Street; running thence northerly and along said easterly line of Mason Street sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle easterly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle southerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle westerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Lot, Number Three Hundred and Thirty-two (No. 332).

Piece No. 2—Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon Thirty-seven (37) feet and six (6) inches easterly from the easterly line of Spruce Street; running thence easterly and along said southerly line of Sacramento Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and seven (107) feet and seven and one-eighth (7 1-8) inches; thence at a right angle westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and seven (107) feet and seven and one-eighth (7 1-8) inches to the said southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition, Block Number Eight Hundred and Thirty-two (No. 832).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that plaintiffs' title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages, or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 13th day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 24th day of December, 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiffs: Name, Laura M. Dill; Address, San Francisco, California.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 12-24-10

ORDER OF PUBLICATION TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF GUARDIAN FOR ORDER TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 11,018, Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY L. MacDONALD, an Incompetent Person.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition this day filed and presented by Peter MacDonald, the guardian of the person and estate of Mary L. MacDonald, an incompetent person, praying for an order to mortgage certain real estate belonging to the said ward; that it appearing to the Court that such real estate should be mortgaged.

It is hereby ordered, that the next of kin of the said ward, and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Thursday, the 23rd day of February, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be made for mortgaging the said real estate.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before said day of hearing, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, January 24, 1911.

(Seal) THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed Jan. 24, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By ....., Deputy Clerk.

GEORGE F. OWENS, Atty. for Guardian,
515-16 Shreve Bldg., Post St. and Grant Ave.
San Francisco, Cal. 1-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. TAYLOR, also known as JOHN JAMES TAYLOR, also known as J. J. TAYLOR, Deceased—No. 11,091 (N. S.), Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix respectively of the estate of the above named John J. Taylor, alias, etc., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of W. A. S. Nicholson and D. I. Mahoney, Attorneys for said Executor and Executrix, at Number 1112 Market Street, Rooms 106, 107 and 108, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said John J. Taylor, alias, etc., deceased.

WILLIAM A. TAYLOR,
DAISY V. ROBERTS,
Executor and Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of John J. Taylor, also known as John James Taylor, also known as J. J. Taylor, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., February 11, 1911.

W. A. S. NICHOLSON and D. I. MAHONEY,
Attorneys for Executor and Executrix,
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco No. 29,71?, Dept. No. ——.

LOUISA ZAMBELLI, SILVIO HECTOR ZAMBELLI, WALTER ZAMBELLI, IRENE ZAMBELLI, and RITA ZAMBELLI, also known as Marguerite Zambelli, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County within three months after first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Market Street, distant thereon forty-nine (49) feet and one (1) inch northeasterly from the easterly line of Sanchez Street; running thence southerly and parallel with Sanchez Street sixty-eight (68) feet and six and three-eighths (6⅜) inches; thence at a right angle easterly thirty-three (33) feet and five and three-eighths (5⅜) inches; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly eight and three-fourths (8¾) inches; thence southwesterly and along the said southeasterly line of Market Street forty-eight (48) feet and seven and one-half (7½) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a part of Mission Block Number 96.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that plaintiffs' title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and the whole thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages, or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of January, 1911.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiffs: None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-7-10

NOTICE OF APPLICATION BY FOLSOM CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, A CORPORATION, FOR DECREE ADJUDGING ITS VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,806, Department 7.

In the Matter of the Application of the FOLSOM CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, a corporation, for Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the Folsom Consolidated Company, a corporation duly organized under the laws of the State of California, and having its office and principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid, filed in the above entitled Court on the 25th day of January, 1911, an application for a decree adjudging its voluntary dissolution under the provisions of the following sections of the Code of Civil Procedure of California, to-wit, from and including section 1227 to and including section 1233; that the above entitled Court has ordered that notice of the filing of said application be given by the Clerk of said Court by publishing this notice in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County of San Francisco, for the period of thirty (30) days; that at any time before the expiration of the time of publication, to-wit, thirty (30) days from and after the first publication of this notice, any person may file in said Court his objections to the said application; that if no objection is filed before the expiration of said time of publication said Court will proceed to hear and determine said application on Tuesday, the 14th day of March, 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in the Courtroom of Department No. 7 of said Court in the Grant Building, situate on the southeasterly corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the said City and County of San Francisco, and if the statements contained in said application are legally sufficient and are shown to be true, will thereupon make its judgment and decree declaring said corporation dissolved; but if any objection to said application shall be filed, the hearing of said application will be continued by the Court until five (5) days' notice of the hearing of such application shall have been given to all persons who shall have filed any objection to said application.

Dated, San Francisco, California, this 25th day of January, 1911.

(Seal of Superior Court). H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Date of first publication February 4, 1911.

LEO H. SUSMAN, Atty. for Applicant,
445 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-28-6

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PETER SMITH, Deceased—No. 10,954, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Edwin S. Tucker and Joseph Emanuel Reilly, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Peter Smith, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Madison & Burke, real estate and insurance brokers, No. 30 Montgomery Street, between Post and Sutter Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Peter Smith, deceased.

EDWIN S. TUCKER.
JOSEPH EMANUEL REILLY.
Executors of the Estate of Peter Smith, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 28, 1911.

CHARLES A. SHURTLEFF, Atty. for Executors.
800-806 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, California. 1-28-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,011, Department No. 4.

KATE E. HENESEY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Kate E. Henesey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of California Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches westerly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of California Street with the westerly line of Octavia Street; running thence westerly and along said southerly line of California Street thirty-four (34) feet nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly thirty-four (34) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 197.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises; and that the easement and right of said property to the party wall on the boundary between said property and the real property of M. Sheftel Co., a corporation, immediately abutting upon the rear of said property, be established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
M. Sheftel,	2083 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
City and County of San Francisco,	San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,012, Department No. 4.

ELIZABETH ANN GUNN, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Elizabeth Ann Gunn, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Thirty-third Avenue, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet southerly from the southerly line of Ulloa Street (formerly "U" Street); running thence southerly along said westerly line of Thirty-third Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles northerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 1206.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiff to said real property and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims of every kind and nature whatsoever in and to said real property and every part thereof, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple of each and every, all and singular, of said real property, free and clear from any and all liens and encumbrances whatsoever.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JACOB LEVI, also known as JACOB LEVI, Jr., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix and Executor of the estate of Jacob Levi, also known as Jacob Levi, Jr., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix and Executor at the office of Jeremiah V. Coffey and Edward I. Coffey, 557 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Jacob Levi, also known as Jacob Levi, Jr., deceased.

FANNIE LEVI,
HERMAN LEVI,
Executrix and Executor of the Estate of Jacob Levi, also known as Jacob Levi, Jr., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 14, 1911.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY and EDWARD I. COFFEY,
Attys. for Executrix and Executor,
557 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-14-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,021, Department No. 4.

WILLIAM A. KAAS and DELIA KAAS (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William A. Kaas and Delia Kaas, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Utah Street, distant thereon one hundred and eighty-seven (187) feet and six (6) inches southerly from the southerly line of Mariposa Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Utah Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Utah Street and the point of commencement; being a part of Potrero Block number seventy-four (74).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,015, Department No. 4.

ANNIE C. WIEGNER, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Annie C. Wiegner, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), distant thereon eighty (80) feet Easterly from the intersection of the Southerly line of Geary Street with the Easterly line of Eight Avenue, running thence Easterly along the said Southerly line of Geary Street twenty-six (26) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Eighth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-six (26) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street and point of beginning; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 277.

2nd. Commencing at a point on the Western line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Northerly from the Northern line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Western line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in the fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
Title Insurance and Guaranty Company,	250 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN H. BRUNS, Deceased—No. 10,925, Department 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will of John H. Bruns, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Barrows & Barrows, Room 407 Mutual Savings Bank Building, 704 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John H. Bruns, deceased.

JOHN H. BRUNS, Jr.,
Executor of the Last Will of John H. Bruns, Deceased.

Dated, January 14, 1911.

BARROWS & BARROWS, Attys. for Executor.
Room 407 Mutual Savings Bank Building,
704 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-14-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,014, Department No. 4.

SARA M. DALY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Hereinafter Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem to establish and quiet Plaintiff's title to real property and to determine all adverse claims thereto.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Sara M. Daly, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court, and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Randolph Street, distant twenty-five (25) feet easterly from the east line of Ramsell Street and running thence east twenty-five (25) feet; thence north one hundred (100) feet; thence west twenty-five (25) feet; thence south one hundred (100) feet to to the point of commencement; and being Lot 7 of Block 37 of the City Land Association as shown on a map of the same recorded on August 24, 1870, in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, and being also the same premises heretofore conveyed to Annie A. Daly (widow) by Anne McCormac by deed recorded August 2, 1897, in Volume 1748 of Deeds, Old Series, Records of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That this Court by its final judgment and decree, may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and may adjudge said plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands, and may establish and quiet its title thereto against all persons whomsoever' claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief in the premises as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Dated this 14th day of December, 1910.

GEO. K. FORD, Atty. for Plaintiff.
617 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No, 30,020, Department No. 4.

VIRGINIA CASSIDY WILBUR, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

First—Commencing at the northwest corner of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue) and Twentieth Avenue; thence northerly along the west line of Twentieth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly and parallel with Twentieth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle easterly and along the north line of Geary Street fifty (50) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 201.

Second—Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue); running thence northerly along said westerly line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the said westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, and the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 201.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of this Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property, and every part thereof; and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof; and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CAROLINE SHARP, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Caroline Sharp, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of J. F. Riley, Attorney for said Administrator with the Will annexed, 715-717 Pacific Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Caroline Sharp, deceased.

ARTHUR M. SHARP,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Caroline Sharp, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

J. F. RILEY, 715-717 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.,
Atty. for Administrator with the Will Annexed. 2-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,018, Department No. 4.

MARY I. GREELY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mary I. Greely, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet North of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number 201.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society,	San Francisco, California.
R. McColgan and Ryland C. Goodspeed, as Trustees for Mariam L. Goodspeed,	Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, California.
R. McColgan and Daniel A. McColgan, as Trustees for C. H. Williams,	Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,019, Department No. 4.

KATHERINE J. CASSIDY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Katherine J. Cassidy, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet North of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being in Block No. 201 of Outside Lands.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1910.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names:

Names	Addresses
Bank of Italy,	Montgomery and Clay Streets, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM R. CHRISTY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of William R. Christy, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Neal Power, 544 to 546 Mills Building, Northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William R. Christy, deceased. MARTHA E. CHRISTY,
Administratrix of the Estate of William R. Christy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 4, 1911.

NEAL POWER, Atty. for Administratrix,
544 to 546 Mills Bldg., San Francisco. 2-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 30,017, Department No. 4.

HARRY E. CASSIDY and MARY J. MERRILL, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Harry E. Cassidy and Mary J. Merrill, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), distant Eighty (80) feet Easterly from the Southeast corner of Geary Street and Twenty-second Avenue; thence at right angles with Geary Street Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the West line of Twenty-first Avenue; thence at right angles Northerly along the line of Twenty-first Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-six (26) feet Eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Twenty-first Avenue One Hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street; thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Geary Street One Hundred and Thirty-three (133) feet, Four (4) inches to the point of commencement; being lots numbers Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight and Ten in Block No. 263 of Outside Lands.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owners of an undivided one-half interest, each, in tenancy in common and in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D., 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 23 N.S. Dept. No. 10. Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANDREW COLEMAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above-entitled Court, made on the 11th day of January, 1911, in the matter of the estate of Andrew Coleman, deceased, the undersigned administrator of the estate of said decedent will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in lawful money of the United States and subject to confirmation by the said Court, on or after the 10th day of February, 1911, all of the right, title, interest and estate of the said Andrew Coleman at the time of his death and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Andrew Coleman at the time of his death of, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Visitation Avenue, distant thereon four hundred and eighty-nine (489) feet northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Carter street, running thence northwesterly along said northeasterly line of Visitation avenue twenty-eight (28) feet, thence at right angles northwesterly two hundred and seventy-nine (279) feet, three (3) inches, thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and twenty-eight (128) feet, thence at right angles westerly one hundred and four (104) feet, three (3) inches, thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred (100) feet, thence at right angles southwesterly one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet to the said northeasterly line of Visitation avenue, the point of commencement. Being a portion of lot number 88 as said lot is laid down and so delineated upon a certain map entitled "Map of the Visitation Valley Homestead Association," filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on September 22, 1868, in Libers C and D of Maps, Page 119.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: Cash in lawful money of the United States, deed at expense of purchaser, bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice but before the making of the sale, all bids or offers must be in writing and left at the office of W. D. Grady, attorney-at-law, room number 505 Pacific building, corner of Market and Fourth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, or delivered to the undersigned personally.

Dated this 11th day of January, 1911.

GUSTAV WEIHE,
Administrator of the Estate of Andrew Coleman, Deceased.

W. D. GRADY, Attorney for Administrator.
505 Pacific Building, San Francisco. 1-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALFRED TWYFORD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Alfred Twyford, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, R. F. Mogan, 953-955 Phelan Building, corner Market and O'Farrell Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Alfred Twyford, deceased.

ELIZABETH KAMENA,
Administratrix of the Estate of Alfred Twyford, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 14, 1911.

R. F. MOGAN, Atty. for Administratrix,
953-955 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-14-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,016, Department No. 4.

JOHN J. CASSIDY, ANNIE CECILIA WIEGNER, MARY I. GREELY and VIRGINIA CASSIDY WILBUR, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John J. Cassidy, Annie Cecilia Wiegner, Mary I. Greely and Virginia Cassidy Wilbur, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. Commencing on the Northerly line of Pine Street at a point distant one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Pine Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-seven (27) feet and six inches; and thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with said line of Broderick Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot Number Two (2), in Block No. 540 as designated upon a certain map entitled "Hoadley's Extension of the Western Addition," which said map was recorded May 10, 1862, in the office of the Recorder of said City and County.

2nd. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue) with the Easterly line of Second Avenue; thence Southerly along said line of Second Avenue one Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street; thence at right angles Westerly along said line of Geary Street thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being part of Outside Lands Block No. 283.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Courts for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owners in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff, Mary I. Greely:

Names	Addresses
R. McColgan and Daniel A. McColgan, as Trustees for C. H. Williams,	Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

ORDER DIRECTING NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 10350. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of LUCINDA POINDEXTER, Deceased.

AXEL E. BERN, having presented to this Court and filed herein his duly verified petition, claiming to be entitled to a conveyance from Mary S. Merrill, as the executor of the estate of Lucinda Poindexter, deceased, of that certain real property described as Lots 7 and 8 in Block 2, Laymance Subdivision of Warner Tract, in Brooklyn Township, Alameda County, California; and it appearing to this Court that said Lucinda Poindexter in her lifetime entered into a written contract with the said Axel E. Bern to convey said real property described in said verified petition and in this order, and that said Lucinda Poindexter died before making said conveyance, and that said Axel E. Bern was, before the death of said deceased, and is now, entitled to a conveyance of said property described herein, and good cause appearing therefor;

It is hereby ordered that the hearing of said petition be set for the 13th day of February, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. at the Courtroom of this Court, Department No. Ten thereof;

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be served upon said Mary S. Merrill as said executrix, personally, and that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated, January 11th, 1911.

Endorsed: Filed January 11, 1911.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

H. F. CHADBOURNE, Atty. for Petitioner. 1-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLOTTE E. BEADLE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte E. Beadle, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor, at its office, at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charlotte E. Beadle, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte E. Beadle, Deceased.
By H. Van Loven, Secretary.

Dated, San Francisco, January 28, 1911.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for said Executor,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 1-28-5

Auto Notes

Howard E. Coffin, the noted motor car engineer whose latest achievement is the designing of the 1911 Hudson "33," has just been elected president of the Manufacturers' Contest Association. This very clearly shows the esteem in which Coffin is held by his fellow engineers.

Another shipment of Pope-Hartford cars was unloaded recently and they are now being equipped for immediate delivery by the Consolidated Motor Car Company.

One of the chief agents for the destruction of tires encountered on city streets is the street railway track. Speaking in this connection, C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of the Diamond Rubber Company, said: "Keep your auto out of the car tracks. The steel rails are constantly being worn and frayed by the car wheels and slivers of steel and sharp edges are left on the iron rails. These soon cut the sides out of any tire."

"The selection of a proper lubricant," says Walter Brookins, "for use in an aeroplane is no simple matter. Choice of lubricating oil always demands large consideration from me, since on its perfect work the satisfactory running of the engine, so essential to aviation, is largely dependent. During the San Francisco meet I used Monogram oil exclusively and my judgment was fully vindicated by the service that oil gave."

The Haynes Auto Sales Company reports that a Haynes five-passenger foredoor touring car has just been shipped to Marcus Blanchard of San Jose. Blanchard reports that the 1911 Haynes foredoor line is creating much interest in the Garden City.

Two carloads of Inter-State cars billed to the Motor Sales Company of California are en route from the factory. The shipments include five passenger torpedo body, 50-horsepower seven passenger and interchangeable coupe and roadster cars.

James Radley, the aviator who distinguished himself here by his flights in his Bleriot monoplane, uses a Chalmers "30" car. Radley declares himself an enthusiastic motorist. He has several cars of foreign make in his English garage. In this country, however, he has decided, after a thorough investigation, to use a Chalmers.

Among the exhibits which are attracting wide attention at the New York Madison Square Automobile Show are the cups won by the Lozier over the Fairmont and Elgin courses this year. The Fairmont cup, which went to the Lozier because of its winning the 600 cubic inch class, is in the form of a silver urn, the cover being surmounted by a keystone, emblematical of the Keystone State of Pellsylvania.

The aviation meet, according to E. P. Brinegar, president of the Pioneer Automobile Company, gave a decided stimulus to the automobile trade. "It is a fact," said Brinegar in this connection, "that people interested in aeroplanes are usually also lovers of motor cars. There is a well defined sympathy between these two types of motor driven vehicles. Both represent speed and both serve to remove the old limitations by which the human physique was bound. Both likewise open up limitless new possibilities to man. The present meet has brought a large number of people interested in motor affairs to town, and these people are taking advantage of the opportunity thus presented them for investigation of the local automobile market. During the last week our salesroom has been unusually crowded with out of town prospects. The interest shown by these people is one of the best indications that has so far come to my notice of the big trade that we can expect this season throughout California."

The Rambler's New Salesroom

The opening of a retail salesroom in the heart of the shopping district of San Francisco is an innovation which has created quite a stir among the automobile dealers. L. H. Bill, manager of the Thomas B. Jeffery Company, says: "The success of an undertaking of this kind by an ordinary agent would undoubtedly be very questionable, but for the Thomas B. Jeffery Company, manufacturers of Rambler automobiles, success of the undertaking is an absolute certainty. Very few people who buy an automobile, and even those who sell them, are aware of the fact that the Thomas B. Jeffffery Company is today by far the wealthiest institution in the United State building automobiles. Only those who have visited Kenosha, Wisconsin, fifty-two miles out of Chicago, realize and appreciate the fact that the Rambler factory is today one of the giant manufacturing plants of the world, and so far as the automobile industry in the United States is concerned, that it is by far the largest. In the early years of the automobile industry of this country this company confined itself to the building of small cars of low horsepower, but with the development of the trade and the consequent demand for large, roomy touring cars, the Thomas B. Jeffery Company has kept in touch with the pulse of the demand of the public, and for the last four seasons has devoted all the facilities of this enormous factory organization toward producing the very best and most up-to-date four-cylinder cars on the market." A visit to the Rambler retail salesroom at 285 Geary street will be found both pleasant and instructive.

Worms No Bar to His Thirst

Harry Lauder revels in a Scotch story he picked up about a temperance lecturer who used for illustration a glass of water, a glass of whisky, and a box of live worms. He would drop a worm into the water and show how it wriggled. Then, dropping it into the whisky, he would exclaim:

"There! One convulsive shudder and it is all over."

"Haud on, there, maister. Are ye sure 'tis the liquor that killed the puir worm?" a voice in the audience asked.

"Quite sure, my friend," replied the lecturer. "No doubt whatever."

"Aweel, then, just pass over the whusky; I'm bothered wi' worms."

Cannibal—How did our chief get that attack of hay fever?

'Nother Cannibal—He ate a grass widow.

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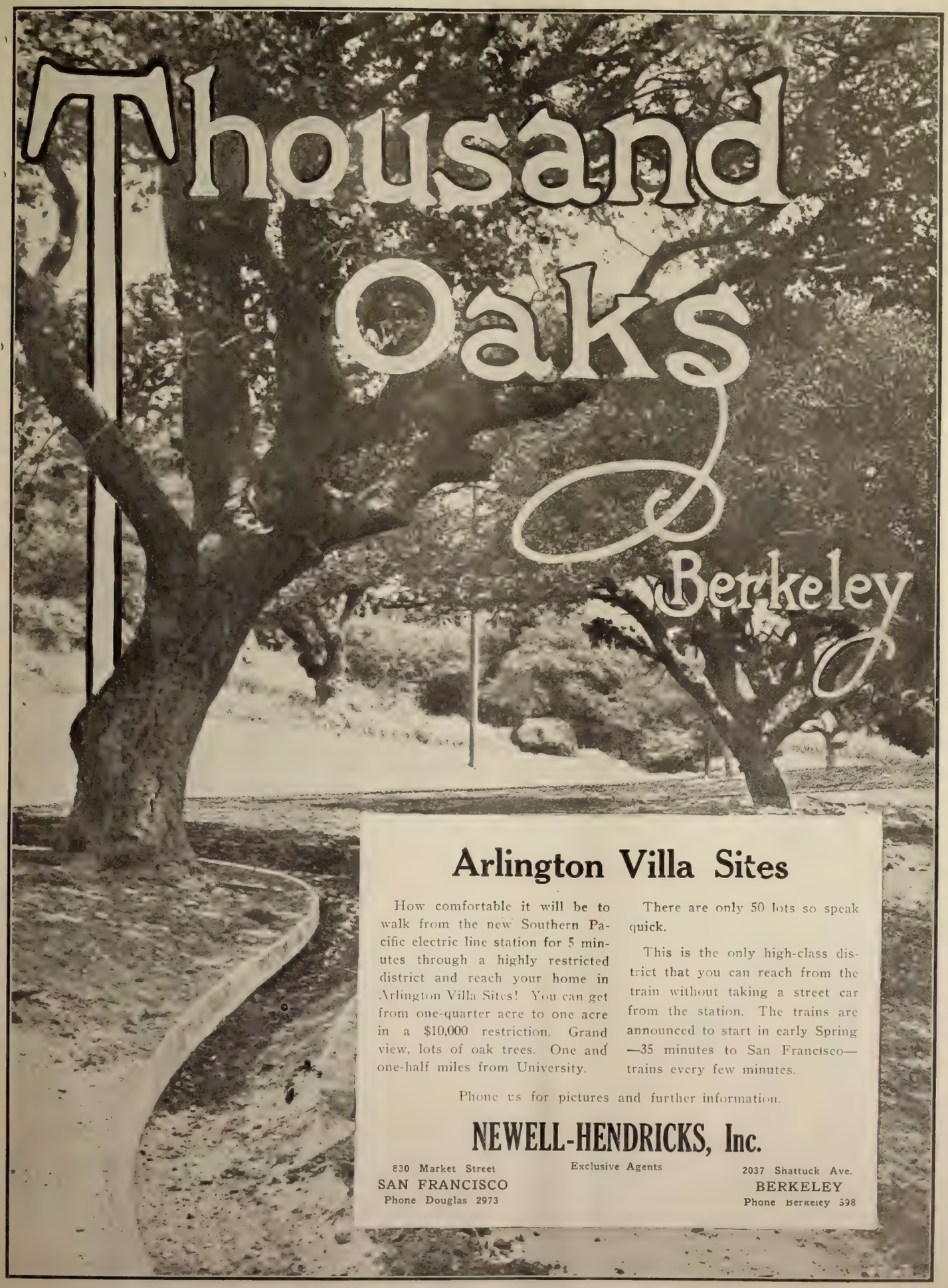

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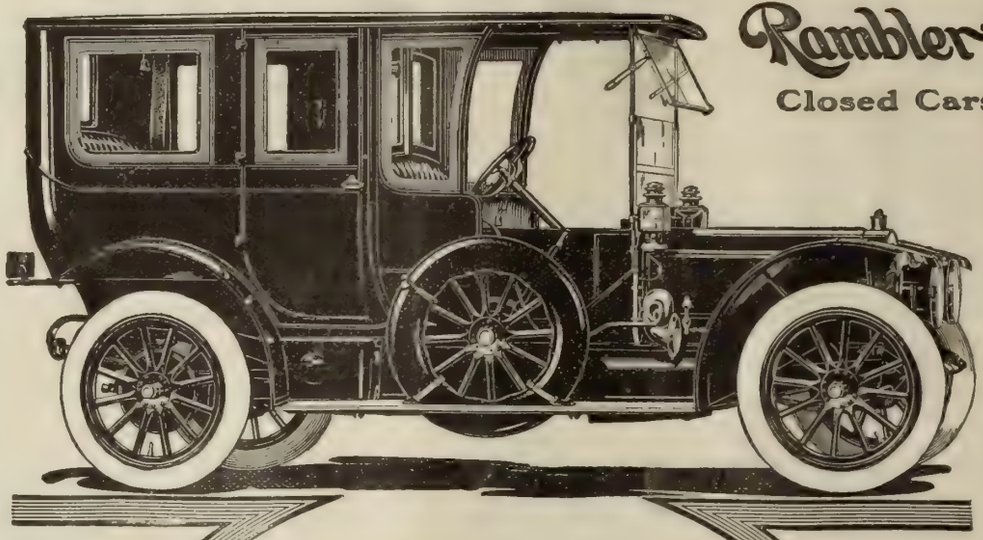

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Vol. XIX. No. 964 SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 18, 1911 PRICE, 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, February 18, 1911 | No. 964

ROSALIE CEBALLOS

The Spanish dancer with "The Midnight Sons," Lew Fields' spectacular production, coming to the Savoy Theater.

TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
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Debauched Electorates

The news from Danville like the news from the Ohio village where votes were bought by wholesale in the last political campaign is food for the fattening of reflection. Are these widely separated communities exceptional in character? Or are they typical? It is popularly supposed that most of the rottenness in American politics is concentrated in the large cities, but here we have specific instances of widespread corruption in rural districts; among farmers and clergymen, among hewers of wood and drawers of water who know nothing of the temptations that beset the city dweller; representatives of that great agricultural class with whom love of country is believed to be an absorbing principle, a consuming passion. How many more communities in this land of the free and home of the brave were similarly debauched at the last election? Is it unreasonable to surmise that there were others? Perhaps a general investigation in every State might prove exceedingly profitable now that patriotism is becoming the last refuge of Progressive politicians who are sophistically confounding the right of the people with their power and would have us believe that public opinion everywhere is not only enlightened but honest. We are not sure that it is beyond the power of a grand jury to put a blot on California as well as on Illinois and Ohio. We of California elected a Progressive patriot to Congress from the Second District, and it is said that the pactolian stream which flowed during the campaign from the capital at Sacramento to the forest depths of Redwood Canyon was the broadest and deepest that has gladdened the eyes of man in this State since the golden days of Senator Stanford. It is believed that the money spent in the last campaign to elect one man to the House of Representatives from California exceeded the cost of all our Senatorial elections for twenty years. And yet there are many intelligent citizens who fancy that the Senate is to be purified by amending the Constitution that the dear honest people may have full swing. The more we see of the dear people in action the greater becomes our admiration for those wise old Founders who did their damnedest to prevent the people from performing the inevitable operation on their own throats.

Lodge, the Standpatter

For his faith in the Constitution of his country Senator Lodge of Massachusetts has been derided, ridiculed and reprobated by the Boughten Bulletin. Nobody familiar with the congenital bias of the editor of that journal need have been told that he regarded Senator Lodge with disfavor. Senator Lodge represents the very highest type of statesman, the type to which the tribute of hostility has been paid in every age of the world's history by intriguers and demagogues. He belongs to the school that gave us Bancroft and Everett and Webster, the school that supplies the profession of politics with gentlemen and scholars. Everybody that has followed the career of Senator Lodge knows that he is a man of dignity and self-respect, disposed to recognize the rights of others and the duties he owes to society in all his relations, incapable of degrading himself by intrigues or poisoning legislation to push personal or party interests. It is human nature for men who despair of rising in distinction by their virtues to be envious of such a man as Lodge. As Abraham's riches were the Philistines' envy, and Jacob's blessings had Esau's hatred so the excellence of Senator Lodge excites the rancor of the Boughten Bulletin's editor. Senator Lodge is scoffed at because he is a "standpatter." As though that were something to be ashamed of! To what strange perversions are the ideas and ideals of some men susceptible! To be a "standpatter" a man must stick to principle and be true to himself; he must have a cultivated conscience and be sensitive to its promptings; he must be brave enough to defy majorities; he must be as unafraid of ballots as the heroic soldier is of bullets. The other kind of politician is the meticulous unscrupulous trimmer, alert for the breezes of popular favor, a sordid cowardly wretch who stultifies himself for votes and would sell his soul for a job. The antithesis of the Lodge type of statesman, the politician without principle who thinks chiefly of the next election is a man after the Bulletin editor's own heart.

The Sophistries of Our Agitators

The gentlemen who are advocating the application of the recall to the judiciary have some curious conceptions of the character of the government under which they are living. Basing their argument on the assumption that this is a popular government they tell us that the will of the people should govern at all times. In other words they would have us believe that the sovereignty of the people means the absolute power of the majority. It is hard to believe that these gentlemen are sincere. It is hard to believe that they are as ignorant as from their words they seem to be, or that they are unconscious of the mischievousness of their propaganda. While affecting to be versed in the science of government and in the principles of their own government, they utter views and coin maxims the direct opposite of which are matters of universal acceptance. There are some things that are obvious and that are not to be argued about. The purpose of argument is to discover the truth, and manifestly when the truth is clear and perceptible to everybody it is absurd to make it the subject of argument. Nobody would think of arguing the question whether a nose is one of the features of a normal, finished face. Likewise nobody ought to suppose that there is any necessity of arguing the question whether we are living under what is known as institutional self-government. It is plain to everybody that we have a well-grounded and ramified system of institutions checking and modifying one another, with a power limited by the very principle of self-government in each, yet all united and working toward a common end. Now this being institutional self-government it is of course the very negation of absolutism, whereas the principle of Democratic Might which is as vicious as the principle of Divine Right is nothing but absolutism. Let it not be supposed that we are arguing this matter. We are merely setting forth plain, unvarnished facts of which all educated men, and many that are but half-educated, are cognizable. And so we say it is hard to believe that the U'Rens, the Heneys, the Olders, the Johnsons and all the other purveyors of political piffle are really sincere. We cannot attribute all their views to sublimated ignorance. They may be ignorant of the principles of government, but when, for example, they tell us that the public servant must always obey the public will and never employ his own judgment we know they are not saying what they believe to be true. How is the public servant to be informed as to the public will? Where is the public will on all questions registered? Who has it in his keeping? These are questions that would naturally occur to almost any animal that doesn't express his emotions with his ears. Is it possible that they have never occurred to the gentlemen who are advocating the recall? Finally, we would ask, is it possible that they have any faith in their own arguments; in such an argument, for example as that if the people have sufficient wisdom to select judges it must follow that they have sufficient wisdom to apply the recall? Of course nothing of the kind follows. A man may vote with wisdom for the election of a judge and he may vote with nothing but passion for his recall. A man votes for the election of a judge on impersonal considerations—to have justice administered in all cases; he votes for the recall of a judge for distinctly personal reasons—because the decision in some particular case in which he had either a personal interest, or an interest as one of a class, was not to his liking. In other words the recall requires not the employment of wisdom but the indulgence of resentment.

"Reform Run Mad"

When Senator John D. Works characterized the proposal to apply the recall to the judiciary as "reform run mad" he phrased the psychology of the matter better than he knew. As if to vindicate the verity of the Senator's conception the proponents of the patent political nostrum lately imported from Arizona began to froth copiously at

the mouth. The editor of the Boughten Bulletin was transported with canicular rage on the instant that the Works letter was made public, and rabies immediately broke out in the Legislature where a statesman more acutely afflicted than his associates started a movement to have the recall applied to the man whom but a few weeks ago they had elected to the United States Senate. If this isn't reform run mad then we must conclude that the ebullition of frenzy is a manifestation of the normal feelings and mental processes of the gentlemen now devoting themselves to the rescue of the pillars of government. To say that a man has become mad is to imply that he has lost his reason, but loss of reason is not to be argued from oddities and singularities of behaviour. These may be properly attributed to inherent lack of reason. In other words, as Locke explains, there's a vast difference between a fool and a mad man. Our legislators may be merely fools. But whatever they are we are indebted to Senator Works for having contributed to the gaiety of nations by inducing the diverting spectacle made by the legislators when they read his letter. We are also indebted to him for having evoked a telling illustration of the monstrous absurdity of the principle of the recall. What the eccentric advocates of that contrivance think of it; what they conceive to be the purposes to which it may be applied we have learned on the authority of themselves. They tell us in so many words that it may be made to serve not only to remedy what may be thought to be abuses but also to promote universal pusillanimity, to make cowards of us all. Were it in the power of some of them they would recall Senator Works and consign him to eternal perdition—and for what? Is it because he seduced them into evil ways at the outset of their political career? No, they have not been seized with remorse or overcome with shame or imbued with repentance. They would punish Senator Works for daring to express his opinion on a public question. That is the height of his offending. He broke no party pledge, violated no covenant, forswore no policy. At the time he uttered himself the Legislature had not committed itself to the recall, and therefore it cannot even be said of him that he insulted or even criticised the statesmen who had done him a great favor at the sacrifice of their own self-respect. What he did, then, was merely to exercise what is still regarded in some quarters as the inalienable right of free speech, and for his having done so some of the legislators would presume to recall him, presume to recall the man whom they elected, according to their own representations, at what they believed to be the request of the dear people. What an amiable band of bigots are now attempting to reform our government! How long would it take them to rekindle the fires of Smithfield if they had full swing?

His Master Stroke

"The greatest achievement of the present Legislature, and, indeed, of any Legislature of the State of California in the past few decades," says Governor Johnson in a burst of ecstasy, "was witnessed when the Eshelman railroad bill was finally passed by the Senate." And what, pray, is the Eshelman railroad bill? Governor Johnson explains: It is "an act designed to afford relief to a long-suffering commonwealth from the exactions, discriminations and extortions of transportation companies." In a word this is the bill that crushes the Octopus. And yet the monster gave up the ghost without an audible groan. Indeed notwithstanding its tragic fate the incorrigible S. P. is to spend $75,000,000 to double-track its road into California. It doesn't appear to be conscious of the terrible thing that has been done to it. Its passivity almost causes us to suspect the Railroad Commission. For it appears that the great achievement is yet to be rounded out by that distinguished body of public servants. Governor Johnson, it is reassuring to note, expresses confidence in them; knows they will do their duty and all that sort of thing, but remarks nevertheless "It is with the people now to see that their other servants keep their faith." So as a matter of fact there is something still to be done, something that gives us pause, something the thought of which may restrain some of us from felicitating ourselves after the manner of the exuberant Governor as he points with pride to "the wondrous things that have happened," to "the redemption of the State" and "the dawn of a new era." Something akin to these sentiments we have heard somewhere before; have heard them so often, in fact, that they have ceased to enthuse or transport. But Governor Johnson will be reasonable, we hope, and not expect too much of us now that we are looking forward to an achievement that is likely to dim the lustre of all the great achievements which he is incubating. The World's Fair will hold us for awhile.

Hiram on the Job

Under the guise of reform all things are possible, nothing is unjustifiable. Therefore more power to the Administration at Sacramento, and let him be anathema who dares protest against anything that is to be done for the advancement of the greater good! The dawn of a new era has suffused this prosperous State with a roseate glow that charms the eye and refreshes the heart. A wise French socialist remarked more than a century ago that there was nothing so undemocratic as the people. He had in mind of course how speedily the people of France after seizing power made history repeat itself by bestowing that power on a dictator. And now we see history repeating itself once more. Hiram is king at Sacramento and all the people are rejoicing. How speedily was this lawyer but lately come from the heavy atmosphere of the criminal courts, transfigured and raised above himself with the aid of the direct primary,—not by the power of principle but by the potency of his phylacteries which he fashioned between two days and plastered all over his monumental person. Now does Hiram loom large among his insect detractors. The State has confidence in Hiram. It loves to see him dictate the business of legislation and peg away at reforms and cast his penetrating and luminous mind into the midst and marrow of every problem, which, to see is but to solve. The solution invariably is by commission, by the enlargement of the pie-wagon. And all the while the business of government is being centralized in the hands of Hiram, whose frown like Caliph Omar's walking stick may well strike terror to the stoutest heart. Hiram may now repeat the words of another king—"I am the State"—and nobody can say him nay. Consider the tremendous power that this idol of the masses has taken and is taking. Every department of government is to be under his control. He is even to rule the judiciary, for he is to have the appointment of a new court higher for some purposes than the highest tribunal elected by the people, and there is to be no recall for the judges. They are to serve at Hiram's pleasure. Bills have been passed by virtue of which we are to have revised the whole of our social structure and clear ourselves of every usage which has not the sanction of that Peerless Panjandarum who but the other day was defending Chinese murderers and hiring himself out to a Dr. Burke, and who today is the boon companion of a Fremont Older. How beautiful is the confidence which the people have in human nature! The people are not at all alarmed at what is taking place in Sacramento. They are with Hiram heart and soul. For Hiram has said that he is a reformer and the people believe him, and the more power he takes the more they applaud. It has been said that power will intoxicate the best hearts as wine the strongest heads, and that no man is wise enough to be trusted with unlimited power, but Hiram is the exception that proves the rule. And the people know it, and therefore they fear not that he will fail to stand the test to which he has subjected himself. Nothing savoring of misgiving rises in the public breast, not even when Hiram prepares to handle the $18,000,000 to be spent for the purchase of rights of way and quarries under the act creating a State Highway Commission. Nothing that Hiram can do as a propagator of patronage or by way of arrogating to himself more power can taint his circumambience with the breath of suspicion. And meanwhile nobody is asking what may ensue from all these reforms in the event of a man less virtuous than Hiram becoming Governor of this complaisant State. Of course it is quite possible that the experience of San Francisco may become the experience of the whole State. It will be remembered that once upon a time the people of this city gave Mr. James D. Phelan unlimited power, enabling him to build up a wonderful machine, and that shortly after Eugene Schmitz came to the front and availed himself greedily of all the precedents that were established for the benefit of an incorruptible reformer. Is Governor Johnson at all concerned about the future, or is he blissfully humming that delightful refrain "After me the Deluge?"

Perspective Impressions

Why not administer some of that anti-fever serum to the legislature?

At any rate Dorothy Arnold is a welcome relief from Katharine Elkins.

Mrs. Richard Le Gallienne went in "quest of the golden girl" and found that she was a chorus lady.

If a soprano is willing to pay $100,000 for a baritone, how much would a contralto pay for a tenor?

Vivian Gould, aged 18, who married Lord Decies, aged 44, is an accomplished as well as a precocious plutocrat. She smokes cigarettes.

By adopting the recall for judges we shall not be in a class by ourselves. We shall be in the same class with Arizona which has yet to be admitted to Statehood.

While the Legislature is in session let us console ourselves with the reflection that "he that will keep a monkey should pay for the glasses he breaks."

What Senator Works describes as "reform run mad" is described in the Cincinnati paper owned by President Taft's brother as "an attempt to incorporate lynch law in the Constitution of an American State." President Taft's brother as well as the President himself is a reactionary who hasn't sufficient imagination to appreciate the esthetics of lynch law.

Now that women are prohibited from working more than eight hours every mother ought to be required to send her brood to an orphan asylum.

Senator Shanahan having discovered that Charles S. Wheeler owns a great deal of land on the McCloud River concludes that that is the reason why he is against the recall. Unconscious self-revelation in the Halls of State is one of the compensations we have for filling them with shanahans.

On Friday of last week the Examiner raved all over the front page about the police scandal On the thirteenth page were printed the winning numbers of the "Original Nacionel Lottery Company." Who was it advised that the first stone should be cast by the person without sin?

Remembrance

Deep in some ancient forest fragrant with primeval dew
Two stately forest trees with intermingling boughs we grew,
When I went fierce in gold and black, by cave and rock and pool
And wooded way, you went beside me lithe and beautiful.
When challenging the light exultant through the air I sped
You flew beside me; all the heaven was our bridal bed.
And when beneath the soundless deep of watery ways I went
For you I fought the hosts of ocean, proud and jubilant.
Ah, gladly would I go again upon a way that brings
Me here, to read again the tale of all my wanderings
In your dark eyes that for a moment look with love grown bold,
And droop 'neath gentle lids, half conscious of the things they hold.

—Seumas O'Sullivan.

Correspondence

Morse Stephens and Zoeth Eldredge

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: It was with no little interest that I read in the Examiner a few days ago an article headed, "Stephens Puts New Light Upon Portola. Historian, in European Research, Finds Real Motive of Journey." Permit me to quote the two opening paragraphs of the article:

"The famous voyage of discovery made by Don Gaspar de Portola was incited by fear of the activities of Russia in Alta California. This is the historical revelation made last night by Professor Henry Morse Stephens of the University of California, at a University of California Club banquet, where he was the guest of honor.

"It was during a recent visit to Spain, in search of manuscripts bearing upon the early history of California, that Professor Stephens discovered documents proving beyond a doubt that Russian aggressions on the California coast prompted the sending out of the Portola expedition. This was only one of several parties that promptly took all claim of California from Russia and made it a territory of Spain."

Mr. Editor, when I read of this "historical revelation" I was a good deal surprised. I do not pretend to know much about the early history of our glorious State, but in common (I imagine) with a great many other patriotic San Franciscans I absorbed quite a little knowledge on the subject at the time of the Portola celebration of fragrant memory. At that time I also acquired a copy of the little book entitled "The March of Portola" by my esteemed friend and townsman Zoeth S. Eldredge. And by reading that book I was made acquainted with the so-called "historical revelation" which Professor Henry Morse Stephens has just sprung upon the public. Why the deuce should Professor Stephens make the long journey to Spain to discover something which he might have learned by consulting Mr. Eldredge's book? I might just as sensibly make a journey to Malta to discover that King George V never contracted a morganatic marriage. Is it possible that the professor never read Mr. Eldredge's book? If so, permit me to refer him to pages 23 and 24 where he will find the following: "At last the Spanish king began to realize that if he would retain his possessions in America, some action was necessary for their protection. Spanish sovereignty in the Pacific was threatened. The Russians had crossed Bering Sea, had established themselves on the coast of Alaska, and their hunters were extending their pursuit of the sea otter into more southern waters. . . . . The king having been warned of the advance of the Russians upon the northern coasts of California, ordered the viceroy of New Spain to take effective measures to guard that part of his dominions from danger of invasion and insult." In the name of "historical revelations" where does the "new light" come in? Will you use your good offices to get the professor to explain himself?

Very sincerely yours,

—A Friend of Zoeth S. Eldredge.

February 11.

Flipping the Taximeter

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I have just returned from a lengthy stay in New York where I acquired the insidious taxicab habit. I don't know which is more expensive—the taxicab habit or the slot machine habit. In San Francisco, of course, the taxicab habit is worse because there are no slot machines and there are every day, apparently, more and more taxicabs. But even a bad habit may be kept well in hand. Having given up all hope of breaking myself of the taxicab habit I have devoted some time to studying taxicabs and the result is that while I use them more frequently all the time they do not get as much of my money as they used to. The taximeter is the key to the taxicab. (If you're not careful it will prove the key to your safe deposit box and your bank account.) I have investigated the taximeter and I have discovered that it can be flipped. What does that mean? Simply that the flag over the meter can be given a dexterous little shake which will double your fee, even if the taxicab is standing still. I have also discovered that the chauffeurs of taxicabs are intensely human young men who operate on the principle that used to be the slogan of our railways—the principle of charging all the traffic will bear. In other words I have discovered that the chauffeurs are not adverse to flipping the taximeters. In New York a great many others beside myself have discovered this interesting and expensive fact. The consequence is that official action has been taken which has put a stop to the gentle art of flipping. We travel, not alone for ourselves but for our friends; and I would be an unworthy San Franciscan if I did not hasten to warn my friends here of the flipping trick by which so many extra dollars may be taken from their pockets. As one who has learned by experience I say, Keep your eye on the chauffeur and if he flips the flag, don't let him get away with it!

Cordially,

February 12. —A Traveler.

Private Wire—New York, Chicago. Western Union Code

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Varied Types

IX—GUY BARHAM

By Edward F. O'Day

When you inspect the personal presentment of Guy Brinton Barham of Los Angeles, San Francisco and Bohemia, you wonder why he doesn't look like a preacher. You feel that he ought to look like a preacher, but you realize that somehow or other he manages to escape the resemblance. He is clerically tall, clerically thin and clerically clean cut. His smoothshaven countenance is the abiding place of multitudinous little wrinkles that crease and deepen and expand when he smiles (which is most of the time), giving him that air of bland and kindly religious tolerance we associate with a clergyman who has been mellowed by time and an indisposition to dwell exclusively on sin, hellfire and damnation. The illusion seems to be carried out by his twinkling brown eyes, by his dark hair which is carefully smoothed down to the temples where it is beginning to get gray, by his firm mouth, the mouth of a good talker and by his soft caressing voice. Taking him all in all you almost—but not quite—expect Guy Barham to be a venerable sort of man. But if you happen to know him you realize bromidically that appearances can be very, very deceitful.

For the only gospel which Guy Barham preaches is the gospel of good cheer, the gospel which knows no heresy but melancholy and gloom, the gospel which declares that it is always fair weather when good fellows get together and that God is not consorious when his creatures take their fling. He is the apostle of camaraderie, is Guy Barham and he has been spreading the faith up and down California for a good many years. When paragraphers write of him—and he has been the theme of a thousand paragraphs—they refer to him as "wit," "bon vivant," "Bohemian." And they are not far wrong. An innate modesty impels Barham to repudiate the allegation of wittiness. He denies that he is witty himself but is willing to admit that he is the cause why wit is in other men. There was that witticism which grew out of his marriage to Miss Marie Baby of Detroit: "I always knew Guy would capture more than any other man in the matrimonial market—he gets a bride and a baby at the same time." Undoubtedly Barham has inspired wit, but it is his modesty which emphasizes the point; and modesty is such a rare gift, particularly in men who have lived a long time in Los Angeles, that it would be ungracious to dispute him. Yet we must insist that Barham is witty himself. He was the author of that never-to-be forgotten proposal to irrigate San Pedro Harbor, an imperishable witticism which Los Angeles will never forgive. Bon vivant he has always been and always will be. His dinners are faultless, his taste in wines exquisite. So thought the Pittsburg millionaire whom he dined at the California Club in Los Angeles and who insisted on reciprocating the following evening. "Mr. Barham," said the Pittsburg millionaire, fingering the wine list, "what was that wine we had last night?" "Three-sixty-five," answered Guy. The Pittsburg millionaire nailed him with a withering look. "Damn the price," he answered, "let's have a bottle of it." There can be no argument about Barham's Bohemianism. He is staider now but there used to be a time when he lived beneath the stars and slept beneath the sun. He was the boon companion of newspapermen and a patron of the drama, which means that he loved to dine actors and wine actresses. His friends still laugh about the time Jesse Bartlett Davis invited Barham and another congenial spirit to her apartments in a Los Angeles hotel. The management protested that the two men had violated a house rule and told them to leave at once. They did and Jesse Bartlett Davis was so incensed at the imputation that she left too, registering at another hotel at one in the morning. The story was wired to a San Francisco paper on which Barham had at least a dozen close friends. To devil him they wired their correspondent to get his version. Barham was sleeping the sleep of the just when the reporter arrived at his home, but he hustled into his clothes and kept the wires busy all through the wee sma' hours trying to kill a story which nobody intended to publish. You see, not all patrons of the drama love the spotlight.

But Barham has not devoted himself exclusively to the career of a wit, bon vivant and Bohemian. He has not fared altogether on cakes and ale. It was quite a busy life which began in The Dalles in 1864. He came of a southern family which crossed the plains in '49 and which has been largely identified with California and Oregon affairs ever since. At the age of two his father moved to Watsonville where Guy Brinton—the Brinton is a tribute to "Little Mac"—went to the village school. When he was nine years old the family moved again, setting up its household gods in Los Angeles and that has been Barham's home ever since. When he finished high school he went into the internal revenue service. After he had been a deputy collector for some time he quit and set up on his own account as a customs broker and has stayed with the business ever since.

Quite early in life he got into politics. "A fellow must have some excuse for going into politics," he explains, "and mine is prenatal influence. I was born with the bug in my system. My uncle, Judge Barham of Santa Rosa, served three terms in Congress and my father was always dabbling." The excuse is not a bad excuse, as excuses go; but Barham has very little to excuse, for he never ran for any office. He was appointed a police commissioner in Los Angeles in 1893. "I was roasted, tarred and almost feathered," he says, "but my motives were not impugned." Then his friend Gage got into the gubernatorial fight and Barham went in with him heart and soul. When Gage was elected he appointed Barham Bank Commissioner. "I accepted at a sacrifice," says Barham; "the only aphorism I have ever gleaned from my knowledge of the game is that no honest man can make money out of politics." He was president of the Bank Commission when the Pardee fight came along. That was a hot fight and there are some who think that the whiskered man would never have been elected if Barham hadn't induced his friend Gage to declare for him on the eve of the election. Perhaps Pardee thought so too, for after he had abolished the Bank Commission, in the approved reform fashion which has been followed by our present governor, in order to get hold of the patronage for himself, he reappointed Barham who served in all three years. "Since then I have never held a political office and by the grace of God I never will," is Barham's devout comment.

Barham waxed prosperous in business and extended his energies to many enterprises. The family acres were turned into town lots at the time of the boom in Los Angeles; the old home became a valuable business property in the heart of the city. And then Barham became a newspaper proprietor. Nine years ago Harriman discovered that the Pacific Improvement Company, a Southern Pacific corporation, owned the San Francisco Post. He ordered it sold, and it went for a song to a syndicate of Southern California capitalists who were projecting a big electric railway from Los Angeles to San Francisco and thought that they needed an organ in this city. Barham was interested in the project and was the ostensible buyer of the Post. He came to San Francisco to find a newspaperman who would keep the Post on a paying basis and he selected Tom Garrett, giving him forty-five per cent of the stock in the paper. The electric railway project fell through shortly before the fire and the Post was sold at a good figure. Barham says that no money was lost on this flier in journalism, but he doesn't think much of his newspaper career.

But just the same Barham has the "nose for news." He knows a good story when he sees it and has given his newspaper friends many a scoop. When the Los Angeles editors want to know who's who in a hurry they ring up Barham and he usually supplies the information. For he can call nearly all the prominent men of California by their first names. He has a genius for making acquaintances and he is ever at the beck and call of committees of entertainment and all that sort of thing. Really, not to know Barham argues oneself unknown.

At the present time he is engaged in preaching his favorite gospel of good cheer more vigorously than ever. He never misses a chance to improve the relations between San Francisco and Los Angeles which, as you know, are very frequently strained. He admits that down in the south they have a way of saying unkind things about the Paris of America, but he excuses them. "It's their ignorance," he explains; "they haven't been here very long and they don't understand the California traditions. Besides they have an awful lot of real estate to sell." The apolgy is accepted, but Los Angeles is warned not to do it again. And Barham says she won't. He says that she is emerging from the chrysalis of sectionalism or words to that effect, and that she is going to put her shoulder to the wheel and help make our fair the biggest success in history. That's the right kind of talk and it has a ring of sincerity when it comes from Guy Brinton Barham, whose slogan is "Hands across the Tehachapi!"

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Pastor Expects to be Reincarnated

The Reverend R. J. Campbell, the sensational preacher of the City Temple in London, has added another tenet to his queer "new theology." Speaking before the Theosophical Society he declared his belief that he had lived before as "an individual entity." He also said that it was not at all improbable that Christ would come again. "I rather agree," he said, "with those who think that His work next time will be to lay the foundations of a world-religion—the synthesis of all religions that is certain to follow upon the establishment of the world-civilization that is now approaching." The Reverend Campbell is not over modest, for he declared that if Christ came again, he would himself be reincarnated. The inference is that the Messiah would need the assistance of the City Temple preacher. There have been great examples of effrontery in the world's history, but this is the first time a preacher ever claimed that the Savior would need his help in re-redeeming the world.

Caught the "Guv" in Flagrante Delicto

Eugene N. Foss, Governor of Massachusetts, and incidentally vice-president of the Anti-Cigarette League, has been caught smoking cigarettes by Mrs. Elizabeth White, secretary of the league. Mrs. White visited the State House in order to get the Governor to join in a protest against boys riding in the smoking cars of elevated trains. In the outer office she met the secretary to the Governor. He was placidly puffing a cigarette, which, on recognizing his visitor, he nearly swallowed. Mrs. White passed him with a withering look and sailed into the Governor's office. The most prominent thing on the Governor's desk at that time chanced to be a box of the Governor's favorite brand of what the league's circulars refer to as "coffin nails." At the opening of the door the Governor had hastily removed his own cigarette from his mouth and concealed it on an ash tray. But Mrs. White's eyes were glued to the big box. "I'm glad to see you are investigating these terrible things yourself," she said. "I have come to get you as our vice-president, to help put down the evil." 'U-u-m, yes," said the Governor, anxiously eyeing a wreath of smoke curling up from the far side of the concealed ash tray. "Why, will you believe it," continued the secretary of the Anti-Cigarette League, "some men of prominence have actually declined to help me—even said they smoked the filthy things themselves. Can you believe it?" The Governor drew a long breath. "Madam, I can," he finally declared explosively. "In fact, I smoke them myself, and that's my favorite brand you've got your hand on." The Governor said afterward that he had no recollection of ever becoming a vice-president of the Anti-Cigarette League. Anyhow, it looks as if he would lose the job.

Stage Thunder of the "Times"

After the London "Times" had made a great todo over its alleged discovery that an American newspaper woman named Harriet had been bribing maids, butlers and footmen to furnish her with British society scandal for American newspapers, it was demonstrated quite fully that Harriet was an Englishwoman and that she was selling her scandal to English papers. Investigation proved that Harriet lived in Birmingham, a place which no American correspondent in England would think of selecting, and that after fifteen years of journalistic scandal-mongering for the home papers she made an unsuccessful attempt to establish American connections. The "Times" has not given much space to the latest developments in this case, not caring to eat the humble pie prepared for it by the American correspondents in London who considered that the "Times" story reflected on all of them and went to the trouble of investigating it. Nearly all the other London papers have treated the matter in any but a serious vein.

If you desire California's choicest wines, ask your grocer or wine dealer for those produced by the Italian-Swiss Colony

They Are Crying "Hock" Along the Rhine

The wine shortage in France is approximately 560,000,000 gallons. The figure is arrived at by comparing the present supply with the actual supply at this time last year. Practically all the vineyardists in France are suffering severe loss through this year's disaster. The region most heavily stricken is Champagne, where the yield of 1910, as compared with that of 1909, diminished 96 per cent. But in the great Burgundy region the loss of 80 per cent is much more serious because of the immensely larger importance of the normal production. In the principal Bordeaux region the loss is 64 per cent, while in Touraine it is 51 per cent, and in the far South, 30 per cent. Algeria is already sending in heavy supplies at prices unheard of before. Other wines afford a good, sound base for blending with vintages which in themselves are rather offensive to the French palate. The wine crop in Algeria itself, however, is also short. The present is undoubtedly an excellent opportunity for the exportation of American wines to France. Germany's winemen are already availing themselves of the business opportunity.

Juvenile Courts for France

The example of America in the establishment of special courts for juvenile offenders against the law has made a profound impression in France. Conclusive evidence of this fact has been given recently in the consideration of a project to establish a similar system throughout the republic. The Minister of Justice, who is the sponsor of the proposed law, justified it from the tribune of the Chamber by dwelling upon the remarkable growth of juvenile criminality in recent years. In the debate the nefarious influence upon the young mind of the excessive publicity given to sensational crimes was especially emphasized. The age of responsibility for minors in the proposed law is thirteen years; under that age children will not be subject to repressive punishment, but to reformatory treatment only. There is a question also of placing in the hands of family councils the determination of the moral responsibility of offenders between the ages of 13 and 16.

Think George V Blundered

The Mylius case has not enhanced the popularity of King George V with his thinking subjects. The trial is looked upon as having been unnecessary. The latent prejudice of the British against the public airing of domestic affairs has found a good deal of expression in this connection. The proceedure, too, is criticized for its arbitrary nature. There are many who say that Mylius was condemned before the trial began. The Weekly Nation considers that it would have been better to have had the interesting constitutional point as to an English King's power to appear in the witness box treated of more fully than merely by way of dicta by law officers and the Lord Chief Justice, and adds: "But if it were necessary to challenge such a libel as that of Mylius, it would have been wise to avoid the appearance of harsh or arbitrary proceedings. The prisoner was dealt with on a 'criminal information,' which requires no affidavits and enables the prisoner to be apprehended practically on the presentation of a piece of blue paper by the Attorney General. Is not this an almost obsolete method, with something of the taint of the star chamber about it? And why was the prisoner called on to furnish bail to the extent of $100,000? What chance of liberty before his trial did this afford him? This is to fail in fairness in a case in which fairness was most desirable."

Chiropodists Needed, Not Nurses

The Stockton Mail refuses to take the fighting at Juarez seriously. It publishes a despatch received over its "fleeced wireless system, the durndest in the world" which indicates that chiropodists are needed at the front instead of Red Cross nurses, because the opposing armies are getting bunions instead of wounds. Says the Mail: "Toward noon a puff of smoke was seen on the hills where the insurrectos (sounds like a brand of cigars) are camped. The Mexican regulars at once began retreating. The Mexican regulars have all the soldiers of every nation on earth chained to a stake when it comes to putting on the reverse gear. At that they haven't got it on the cigar-brand soldiers such an awful lot. As soon as the rebels saw the regulars retreating they went 'em one better, retreating twice, whereupon the captain of the regulars insisted that it was his treat, and so he retreated some more. War may be what Sherman said it was, but it isn't nearly so hard on the feet as retreating. It has just transpired that the puff of smoke seen on the hills was the smoke of an Owl cigar. The excitement has greatly abated, but four of the Red Cross nurses turned in their badges and quit. A war correspondent watching the troops through a pair of opera glasses saw three men fall. He is of the opinion that they got a whiff of the smoke. The hero of the day is an Associated Press representative. He found a bullet, and is having it mounted in gold as a souvenir of the rebellion. Already he has refused 200 pesos for it, as it is believed to be the only one in the country."

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

The Lost Penny

In little Daisy's dimpled hand
Two bright, new pennies shone;
One was for Rob (at school just then),
The other Daisy's own.
While waiting Rob's return she rolled
Both treasures round the floor.

When suddenly they disappeared,
And one was seen no more.
"Poor Daisy Is your penny lost?"
Was asked in accents kind.
"Why, no, mine's here!" she quickly said;
"It's Rob's I cannot find."

—Caroline Evans.

Regine

Marcel Prevost (From the French)

We were discussing, a number of friends together, that question so often agitated by moralists: "Has a father or a husband the right to influence, by will or last request, the destiny of his children or his wife?" All agreed conclusively that the disposal of a heart by will is one of the most imprudent bequests that a human being can make, however pure and generous his motives may be. A certain M. Descombes, a notary in the suburbs of Paris, said:

"I have known, in the course of my career, several examples of such imprudence and I always dissuade from it those of my clients who are inclined to listen to me. People departing this life often cause a great deal of trouble. The saddest case with which I was ever connected was as follows:

"From the time I was first a lawyer's clerk I was received rather cordially in the society of our little town, which, although quite near to Paris, was very provincial. I was very fond of dancing and could play a quadrille or waltz fairly well on the piano of the justice of the peace or the civil engineer. I had the good spirits of a youth of twenty-four. In short, with the two hundred francs allowance from home, my monotonous occupation, my simple-minded friends and the modest ambition of succeeding to M. Gobin in his judicial chair, I was perfectly happy.

"A young clerk without fortune is interested in marriageable young girls and they were numerous in the society of this little town. Some were rich. Some were amiable. Some were even pretty. I did not need to dance many cotillions to discover that a just fate rarely united all three of these attributes in the same person, blonde or brunette. I had a good deal of common sense, so, while polite to all, I avoided a too close scrutiny of the very beautiful eyes. I selected a little person over whom there was no rivalry, for she was timid and without beauty. When I married her, five years later, she brought me as dowry M. Gobin's judicial chair, and I was perfectly happy with her for seventeen years—too short a time."

M. Descombes fittingly gave a moment of meditation to the memory he had evoked. Then he resumed his story:

"My special friend, Huvelin, chief clerk of the direct tax office, was less wise than I. Poor himself, he fell in love with the poorest among our partners in the waltz, a young lady named Regine de Pilliere, daughter of a captain of infantry, retired since the war. Captain Pilliere was a widower. His daughter, having at her disposal the modest income her father enjoyed as a retired captain and chevalier of the Legion of Honor, kept house with admirable economy. Add to this the fact that Regine, a charming brunette, had found the good-looking Huvelin sufficiently attractive to refuse on his account a very good offer—the young Coubert, son of a well-known manufacturer of the neighborhood. As you may imagine, this greatly annoyed M. de Pilliere. You begin to see the point in this little provincial drama, do you not? At sixty-five M. de Pilliere had a first attack of apoplexy, which left him paralyzed in the right arm although still in complete possession of his mental faculties. Regine nursed him with passionate devotion, but seven months later a second attack carried him off.

"He left his daughter penniless. A will found in his desk expressed the anxiety which his daughter's future caused him. He recommended her to the care of one of his friends, a military man of high position, closing with these words: 'If my dear daughter, Regine, wishes me to rest quietly in my grave, I beg her to reconsider her first decision and marry M. Francois Coubert, who loves her sincerely.'

"Regine behaved heroically. She assured Huvelin that he need no longer hope, and married Francois Coubert. It was I who drew up the contract. I had at that time such a tender heart that I let a tear fall in the very middle of the page—which drew down on me a severe reprimand from M. Gobin.

"Regine became Mme. Coubert. She was rich. She had children. Coubert was at heart a good fellow and treated her well. Nevertheless Regine was not happy. I knew, because, as Huvelin had left the country, she transferred to me a little of the affection which she cherished for the absent one. During the twenty years of my acquaintance with Mme. Coubert I learned to recognize this strange truth—that a thoroughly good woman may be faithful in two contradictory directions. Regine was absolutely faithful to her husband, but she never withdrew from Huvelin the affection she had given him years before. Coubert, who knew it, scarcely troubled himself about it. He was an easy-going, cheerful fellow, who did not waste time in considering abstract sentimental possibilities. So long as his wife was attractive, a good housekeeper and faithful to him, he was satisfied. But Regine never recovered entirely. The wound her young heart had received never closed and I believe, for my part, that this wound was the remote cause of the nervous malady to which she succumbed prematurely in middle life.

"The story I am telling you is that of many women and I could relate to you ten others, very similar, the facts of which I witnessed, or which were confided to me. But this one had a sequel which was truly touching. When the poor woman had at last gone to her long rest, I helped her husband arrange her private papers. Happily we found no written trace of the mental suffering she had endured. The secret remained between her and me. We observed with emotion that she had reverently preserved all the trifling objects which had belonged to her father, including his notebooks on lectures at the school of Saint-Cyr, which M. de Pilliere had liked to look over during the last months of his illness. On opening mechanically one of these books I found in it a sheet of paper, yellow with age, on which were scrawled these words in a trembling, awkward hand:

"'With the dread of death hanging over me, I do not feel that I have the right to dispose of the heart of my child. I now cancel the last clause of my will of the eighteenth of January Regine shall marry as she thinks fit.'

"The writing, as I said, was that of a child just learning—just the writing of the captain when, in the interval between his two attacks, he used to practice writing with his left hand. Had Regine known this too late? She had never spoken of it, and I am inclined to believe that she really remained ignorant of it. Probably the paper had remained in the book on which it had been written and its existence had never been suspected. Regine had kept faithfully all the mementos of her father; but there was no appearance of her ever having turned over the leaves of this notebook on descriptive geometry.

"Thus the life of this charming woman had been ruined by the scrupulous observance of a last wish—what am I saying?—of a false semblance of a last wish!

"Regine had dedicated her life to the veneration of an error!

"I confess I was crushed by my discovery. M. Coubert noticed my emotion and it was impossible to prevent him from reading the paper.

"It took him some time to grasp the meaning of it. And, when he did understand it, do you know what he said to me?—this husband, weeping though he was, for his sorrow was sincere:

"'How fortunate, my dear friend, how fortunate, that Regine did not find this paper before the day of our marriage!'"

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The Spectator

Who is Harley P. Wilson?

The litigation in the Palmer Oil Company between Frank L. Brown of the World's Fair committee and Harley P. Wilson has filled a number of people with curiosity as to the personality and antecedents of Wilson. This curiosity is particularly strong among the unfortunate depositors of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, for Wilson is the man who came to this city from New York under the chaperonage of Walter J. Bartnett to engineer the rehabilitation of the bank. He has been here a long time now and the rehabilitation of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company seems still to be the remotest of possibilities. Meanwhile he has engaged in other enterprises, among them Palmer Oil and in that company his proceedings have been so distasteful to some of his associates that they are trying most vigorously to oust him. Might it not be well for the depositors of the defunct bank to find some means of satisfying their not unreasonable curiosity about Harley P. Wilson? There are several men who ought to be in a position to explain, mayhap to justify him. Leaving Walter J. Bartnett, W. C. Peyton and Colonel Henry I. Kowalsky out of the reckoning—for they seem to deserve the honor of discovering him—it is possible that Hawley, the railroad financier, Ray of the American Tobacco Company, Earl of the Nepocene Mine in Canada and Wehrhane, the private banker of Nassau street, might contribute to a fund of information that would be valuable to the inquirers.

Who Are His Backers?

During the time that Wilson has been in our midst the men whom I have named have been rather vaguely referred to as his backers, but only one of them, Wehrhane the banker, has been known to take any direct interest in the affairs of the broken bank. He, I believe, examined some of its assets and offered the cheerless opinion that they had depreciated in value. Before he came here from New York Wilson was supposed to be worth between $250,000 and $500,000, but he was not rated by the commercial agencies, it being understood that he did not seek credit and was not engaged in any particular line of business. Still he maintained an office in Broad street as well as a secretary, so it is to be presumed that he transacted some sort of business. Was he the confidential agent of one or more of the financiers who are supposed to have recommended him? There seems to be no answer to the question. Perhaps a wire to one of them might elicit the information.

A Glittering Program

Wilson came to San Francisco with a great flourish of trumpets. It was announced that the depositors were to be paid one hundred cents on the dollar and that the bank was to be reopened and made the western connection of some big financial institution in New York which would be delighted at the opportunity to start business with 12,500 names on its books, that being the number of depositors in the California Safe Deposit and Trust. It was arranged that some New York syndicate was to put up a million dollars, that the depositors and stockholders were to put up another million, making a paid-up capital stock of two millions and that Wilson was to have an option on the remaining three millions of stock, the bank being capitalized at five millions. Wilson arrived here in state and announced that he was "ready to perform." The bank was to be opened by Portola Day. The requisite ninety per cent of the stockholders agreed to the project, but the project did not go through. There were all sorts of delays and excuses for delay. The assets had depreciated, such and such a financier who was counted on had died, Wilson had to go to Europe, etc. When he was pressed to show results Wilson submitted a less roseate proposition. He would pay, not one hundred per cent but sixty-five—forty per cent in cash and twenty-five per cent in stock of the bank's industrial assets. The depositors were angry but seventy-five per cent of them finally agreed to the new proposition. But there were more delays. There was the trouble with the Walker estate and so on. Meanwhile Walter J. Bartnett has been slowly but surely disentangling himself from the meshes of the criminal law, the stockholders' liability is expiring and the depositors have yet to glimpse the prospect of an adjustment. It is no wonder they want to know a few things, among them being whether Bartnett holds a big block of Western Pacific stock.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Fishhook, sir," she said.
"And where may that be, my pretty maid?"
"At the end of the line, you jay!" she said.

An Irish Row

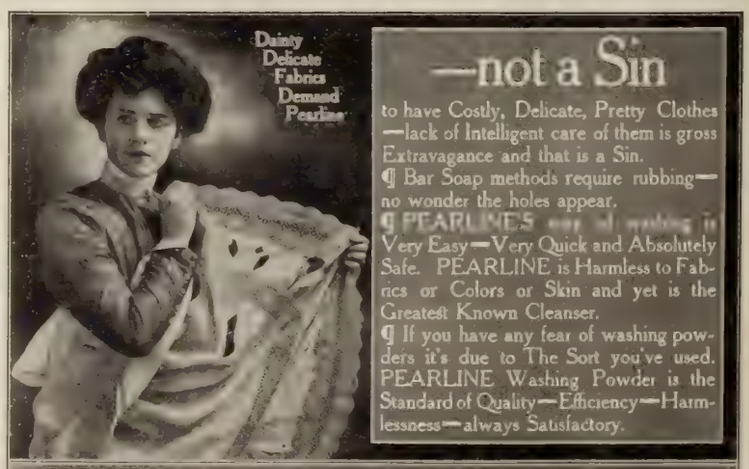
St. Patrick's Day is to be more abundantly celebrated this year than heretofore. Instead of one celebration there will be two—one under the auspices of the A. O. H. and the other under the auspices of all the other local Irish societies, a score in number. It is not because the Irish have become more sentimental than usual that they have decided on holding two celebrations. It is because they have had the most natural thing in the world—an Irish row. In former years all the Irish societies joined hands in the celebration of the birthday of Ireland's patron saint, and the A. O. H. dominated the celebration, but this year the Hibernians decided to flock by themselves. This they did, I am told, because the leaders of the organization felt that they would not be able to control the Convention of Irish Societies. So the Irish societies which greatly outnumber the Hibernians in membership organized for a separate celebration and selected Father Yorke for orator of the day. Then Father Crowley of the Mission Promotion Association, who is chaplain of the Hibernians and the inspiration of many of their activities, started out on a still hunt for an orator, resolved to discover one with drawing power equal to Father Yorke's. And he discovered Father McQuaide, the popular priest who won so much glory in Washington during the fight for the Fair. Father McQuaide was asked to orate for the Hibernians, but, so the story goes, he wasn't informed about the Irish row. He agreed to become the orator of the day. But a little later he heard of the split, and, according to report, he grew warm under his Roman collar and sent word to the Hibernians that they'd have to find another orator. Meanwhile it is interesting to follow the Leader, to which, it is popularly supposed, Father Yorke is a contributor. The Leader tells us that certain men have conspired to disunite the Irish for sinister purposes, and urges the Hibernians to remember "that memorable October night in Metropolitan Temple when you saw their snares and delivered your souls alive." That was the night, I believe, when Father Crowley tried to make James D. Phelan an emergency chairman and got Jimmy roundly hissed for his pains.

Tears in the Probation Home

A queer fish indeed is Willard P. Hatch, recently divorced from his job of chief probation officer. Perhaps he may serve as an illustration and point the moral of a necessary reform. The men who most frequently engage in the various sorts of work for the uplift of boys and girls are too often the sort of men whom one instinctively dislikes. They seem to lack the manly qualities; they arouse in the most distinterested minds suspicions as to their sincerity. Perhaps it is largely due to the cant they talk. Perhaps their positions render a holier-than-thou attitude almost inevitable. I am not speaking, mark you, of the men who do this sort of work from religious or philanthropic motives, but of the men

CANDY QUALITY

The women are the final judges of candy excellence. Geo. Haas & Sons have four large stores in San Francisco. WHY?



who engage in it for a salary. They appear to dupe themselves very often and those with whom they come in contact still more frequently. This is not surprising. The amateurs of settlement work are generally simple souls, unversed in the world's wickedness, prone to accept people at their own valuation and committed to a scheme of morals which divides the world broadly into the good and the bad. It is not a very healthy atmosphere. Hatch charged it with a feeble electricity when he compiled a pamphlet on the social evil, using the frank language one is accustomed to in health bulletins and medical reviews. He shocked the probation workers. There was more or less todo in consequence and quite incidentally Hatch's past was uncovered. It seems that there were several smudgy spots in Hatch's past and he tried to blot them out with tears. We are told that he wept for forty-five minutes. If that is true he probably shed more tears than a normal man sheds in a lifetime. And then he talked about "the Light." He has seen "the Light" since he last smudged his soul; he has been "converted." He would have been more convincing if he had hidden his "Light" under a bushel.

A Bad Liver and a Light

I can't deny my life has been erratic;
I've done a lot of things that weren't right;
I used to cuss to make my talk emphatic—
But that took place before I saw the Light.
I must admit I did a lot of boozing;
I couldn't count the times that I've been tight;
And though my conduct I am not excusing—
It all took place before I saw the Light.
There is no doubt that I was quite flirtatious;
I had a new date almost every night;
I knew some peaches too, but then, good gracious
That happened long before I saw the Light.
I hope you do not doubt my great sincerity;
I really am repentant, honor bright;
But flesh is weak and virtue such a rarity
That sometimes I forget I saw the Light!

Judge Lindsey Recommended Him

Judge Lindsey of the probation court of Denver plays an important part in this mean affair. From the newspaper report it seems that Hatch was involved in a "nasty scandal" while a probation deputy in Judge Lindsey's court. Yet we learn that the little judge was among Hatch's warmest supporters when the latter applied for the probation job here, and that it was mainly on Lindsey's recommendation that he was given the place. Why did Judge Lindsey recommend a man who had been involved in a "nasty scandal"? Did Hatch tell the judge that he had seen "the Light"? and did the judge take him at his word? Or was Judge Lindsey so busy smoking the Beast out of the Jungle at so much per smoke that he failed to give the matter the consideration it deserved? It would be interesting to get the judge's explanation of this mystery. If I thought he'd explain I'd hazard the cost of a night letter to Denver.

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English Justice

The attention of the learned gentlemen of the Commonwealth Club and of the half-baked lawyers of the Bar Association is respectfully called to the decision of the highest court of England in the case of King vs. Fisher which is to be found in the Law Reports of the King's Bench Division for 1910. I am eager for them to read this decision because of the many new principles of justice which they have invented in the hope of having justice administered in this country along the same lines upon which it is administered in England. One of their pet notions is that in England when by the evidence the guilt of a man is clearly established all technicalities are ignored on appeal. In the opinion of the commonwealthers technicalities are nothing but devices by which confusion worse confounded is facilitated for the benefit of lawyers. So they are in favor of permitting the State to reinforce legitimate evidence with illegitimate and of making our courts progressive by going back to the methods by which the Calas tragedy of the eighteenth century was made memorable. But they will see from the decision of the court presided over by Lord Chief Justices Alverstone, Coleridge and Channell that in England where the prosecution has not even the aid of professional jurors, demagogic judges and yellow newspapers, the rules of law for the protection of men accused of crime are not so loose as those which our Legislature has been persuaded to enact.

Guilty But—

In the case of King against Fisher the defendant was convicted of obtaining goods by false pretenses. The judge before whom the case was tried was of temperament somewhat similar to that of our own darlings—Lawlor and Dunne. In addition to the evidence given in support of the indictment he permitted the introduction of other evidence tending to show that the defendant was an habitual swindler who had long followed a systematic course of fraudulent conduct in obtaining goods. Because he did this; because he did what Lawlor and Dunne did in the graft cases, the verdict was set aside by the highest court in the land—and there has been no talk of a recall. "We are of the opinion," said the learned justices, "that the evidence as to the other cases was inadmissible in this case, because it was not relevant to prove that he had committed the particular fraud for which he was being charged, in that it amounted only to a suggestion that he was of a generally fraudulent disposition." And this is not all that the learned justices said. They went further and enunciated in plain English a principle wholly at variance with the principle of some of our hysterical publicists respecting the Ruef case. By these publicists it is argued that as we know that Ruef confessed to his guilt in the French restaurant cases therefore we know that he is guilty of the crime of which he stands convicted; also that as the evidence rightly admitted seems conclusive he should not be given either a new trial or even a rehearing. This is the language of the English justices: "Therefore, although there was sufficient evidence to convict the prisoner without the evidence as to the other cases, in accordance with the rule laid down in this court, the conviction cannot stand." It is precisely because this rule is followed by our courts that the gentlemen of the Commonwealth Club have been contributing to the clamor that has so well served the purpose of the agitators who are demanding the application of the recall to the judiciary.

How Cooney Lost

The Commonwealth Club's conception of what constitutes a legal technicality reminds me of a story that Judge Hunt used to tell years ago about Michael Cooney, an attorney who was regarded as singular in his day because in his day the bar of California abounded in intelligence and ability. If Cooney were practicing law today he would rank as one of the leading members of the Bar Association. One day, so the story goes, "Judge" Cooney appeared before Judge Hunt as attorney for the plaintiff in a damage suit. He demanded for his client $50,000. He put in his evidence, and utterly failed to show that the defendant caused the injuries complained of. Then he arose with the air of solemnity which he always wore and bestowing a look of mingled triumph and defiance on the attorney for the defendant announced that he had closed his case. Thereupon the attorney for the defendant who could hardly suppress a smile softly moved for a non-suit. "Motion granted," said Judge Hunt without a moment of hesitation. "Judge" Cooney was so accustomed to the knock-out punch that it never feazed him. Calmly, with great dignity and countenance inscrutable he gathered up his law books and strode out of the court-room. His client, a little Irishman, was at his heels in a state of feverish anxiety. Hardly had they made their exit when the client, plucking his lawyer by the sleeve, asked, "Do we get all, jidge?" Cooney paused, looked gravely at his client and said, "No; by reason iv a teckneckallity in th' law we don't get a damn'd cint."

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The Director-Generalship

Presently some great minds will get together and select a director-general for the World's Fair. Meanwhile there is some wire-pulling for the job and considerable curiosity as to the probable winner. The question as to the man upon whom the choice of the great minds will fall is second in importance to the question of the site that will be selected for the Fair. As to the man best fitted for the job that is a question upon which there appears to be hardly any difference of opinion. Ask almost any man you meet, and he will tell you that he can think of nobody better equipped for the director-generalship than M. H. De Young. Everybody remembers that Mr. De Young made a success of the Midwinter Fair; that he not only conceived the idea of that Fair but realized it against the overwhelming opposition of pessimistic croakers and pulled it through with a balance on the right side of the ledger which enabled him to give us the nucleus of the Park Museum. It is felt that with Mr. De Young as Director-General there will be no cliques in the management, no special interests to favor, nothing but zeal for the success of the Fair and the independence of spirit essential to the carrying out of the determination to make the Fair exactly what it is intended to be—a great public enterprise. I am told that Mr. De Young is not a candidate for the position, but that doesn't mean that he wouldn't accept it if it were offered to him. I am also told it is proposed to offer the position to Theodore Roosevelt, but I doubt that anybody believes that the Colonel will accept.

Brown in Boston

The Rev. C. R. Brown, late of the First Congregational Church, Oakland, is still at liberty, a sort of free lance of the pulpit. From Boston recently came the news that he had declined the presidency of the Boston University, but his most intimate acquaintances regard this report as somewhat inaccurate. They know that it was the ambition of his life to become the president of that university, and it is hard for them to believe that he had the job within his grasp and flung it away. They are rather inclined to the opinion that if he was offered the long-sought honor there was a string tied to it. They surmise that perhaps he was told that as a condition precedent certain stains must be removed from his reputation. Shortly after Dr. Brown's arrival in Boston an organ of the Congregational Church gave him a clean bill of health. It was explained that the scandal in which he was involved in California was contrived by his enemies to punish him for espousing the cause of the graft prosecution. Dear old graft prosecution! Everything that happens hereabouts for the next fifty years will be traced back either to the graft prosecution or the earthquake. Dr. Brown's apologist says that the night on which the reverend one yielded his pulpit to certain civic patriots somebody whispered in his ear that revenge would be wreaked upon him. Some three years later the blow was struck. Now let us hear from the other clergymen who took a much more active part than Brown in that great civic contest. Did a mysterious voice whisper the direful threat to them also? If so they'd better mind their p's and q's. My advice to them is to write no letters which the world cannot understand; to cultivate no platonic friendship of the kind to which a clergyman's wife might object; to do nothing, in short, which might prompt them to deceive the trustees of their church and lead those gentlemen to chagrin and mortification.

Newspapermen as Tax-eaters

There are more newspapermen occupying State offices now than at any time within the memory of the most inveterate veteran reporter. A. B. Nye, the Oakland editor, is Controller and gets the biggest salary of the lot. General Forbes, the Adjutant General, is a newspaper publisher. Tom Eby, an old newspaperman, is secretary of the State Board of Equalization. Secretary of State Frank Jordan has four ex-journalists on his staff. Joe Mansfield who used to be city editor of the Call is head of the Auto Vehicle Department; Al Healy, formerly of the Chronicle, is Mansfield's assistant; J. M. Cremin, statistician and Frank Barnes, registrar, were Sacramento Union men. Leonard Compton of the State Forester's office, was a Scripps-McRae man. A. L. Seavey, secretary of the State Board of Examiners, Jacob Alexander of the Adjutant General's office, and J. W. Jeffrey, State Horticulturist, were all knights of the pad and pencil.

"My name," said the great tragedian, "has adorned many billboards." "And mine," said the comedian, "has adorned many board bills."

He is Off to Juarez

Jack Follansbee is on his way to Juarez. The sentence reminds one of Kipling's, "Jack Barrett went to Quetta," but there is no further resemblance in the two incidents. Jack Follansbee is on his way to Juarez because he has racing interests there. Rude persons may here ejaculate, "Who in h—— is Jack Follansbee?" That is just the point. For the question has been asked before. About a year ago, it will be remembered, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum was entertained at a banquet at the Palace. One of the newspapermen who described the affair began his article with this amazing statement: "He looks like Jack Follansbee." It is said that when Kitchener glanced through the papers next morning and saw that sentence he asked: "Who in h—— is Jack Follansbee?" A whole lot of people less distinguished than the man who made the Mahdi bite the dust ventured the same interrogation. And then it "transpired," as the newspapers are so fond of saying, that Jack Follansbee was a cousin of William Randolph Hearst. Jack Follansbee immediately assumed importance in the popular imagination as being the man whom Kitchener had the remarkably good fortune to resemble. It must have been gratifying to Kitchener. It was undoubtedly a pretty compliment to Jack Follansbee and to his cousin William Randolph Hearst. I am glad that I have the opportunity of recalling Jack Follansbee to the thoughtless public by chronicling his journey to Juarez. He goes there because he is a steward of the Juarez Jockey Club and war's grim-visaged front which has been making faces at Juarez cannot keep him away; a circumstance that seems to prove that he has the courage as well as the features of Kitchener.

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"War" and the Thoroughbreds

When Jack Follansbee gets to Juarez he will find the "war" raging fiercely. From reports which I have read it is difficult to determine just why the "war" is raging. Some insist that it is a contest for emancipation from the yoke of Diaz; others are just as positive that the armies are contending for a chance to get a bet down on the thoroughbreds at Juarez. The situation, I am told, is really desperate; it is actually impossible to borrow money from an insurrecto to bet on the races. He wants to place it all himself. I hear too that the successful jockeys are now called "generalissimos" and the horses "chargers." The greatest sufferers from the "war" are the American cavalrymen at El Paso who are experiencing great difficulty in getting the entries. But on the other side of the river it is part of the military code for a general who gets a "good thing" to pass it along to his fellow commanders. From a veracious correspondent I receive this incident of the "war": A deserter from the insurrectos was brought into the Mexican camp tonight and was taken at once to the headquarters of the Federal commander. When searched a curious steel implement was found in his possession. It was shaped like the letter "S."

"What's this? What are you doing with this?" demanded the great Mexican General. The prisoner at first refused to answer.

When told that he would be shot at sunrise if he did not instantly divulge the design and uses of this curious implement of warfare, he replied: "Si, senor, it is a footpick."

"Curses upon your lying heart!" exclaimed the great general. "Worst of all the Spanish curses; may the wind blow upon the back of your neck! I know what this "S" stands for. It means Salali to win the fifth race at Juarez tomorrow afternoon." "Si, senor." "Take him away," roared the grandiose Mexican commander. "We shall see if this fellow has a chance to attend the races tomorrow. But we shall be there in full force."

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Wreathing Our Heroes

My esthetic sense disapproves the recurring spectacle which is offered as our conquering heroes return from the theater of war to tell us how the glorious victory over New Orleans was won. I refer to the spectacle of these same glorious heroes entering the city disguised in flowers. I am not chary of gratitude for the work they did in Washington, but I would fain see the general appreciation expressed in some less poetical form. It was all right for the judges of the old Olympian games to brow-bind the victorious athletes with leafy crowns, but we are too far away from Arcadia nowadays and these floral tributes look ridiculous. The only occasion when a man may suitably receive flowers is at his own funeral and thanks be! our exposition champions are still very much alive. To behold them posing for their pictures in wreathed smiles and wreathed scapulas is provocative of laughter. Do not our heroes feel a bit sheepish about it? Did Father McQuaide and Mayor McCarthy and Leon Sloss and Thornwell Mullally feel perfectly at ease when they were smothered in violets signifying modesty and ferns signifying fascination and jonquils signifying doubt in love? Or had they a sort of beef-steak-smothered-in-onions sensation? Without any personal disrespect for the gentlemen themselves the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock regarded their decorations with a derisive eye. He confided to me that they looked like prize bulls at a fair.

Wife—Aren't you ashamed to come home in this condition?

Husband—Yesh, my dear—I can—hic—see so many of you I feel like a b—bigamish!

William Edward Dargie

The people of Oakland suffered a considerable loss when death put an end to the activities of William E. Dargie, proprietor of the Tribune. Dargie was in all senses of the term a public spirited citizen, and he contributed more than any other individual to the advancement and development of the community across the bay. Let not this assertion be taken as a generous contribution to perfunctory eulogy of the dead. Of the truth of it substantial testimony is afforded by monumental witnesses. At this moment there is in course of construction in Oakland a mammoth steel structure which, when completed, will be one of the finest hotels on the Pacific Coast. This enterprise would have been abandoned by the bankers who projected it had it not been for the incessant hammering of William E. Dargie. With characteristic energy and persistency, week in and week out, he pegged away at the rich men who had grown fearful of risking their money in an enterprise that had been conceived in a moment of civic enthusiasm, and they finally yielded to his persuasions. It was Dargie who started the agitation for the boulevard around Lake Merritt, and who conceived and consummated many of the public improvements of which the people of Oakland are now proud. His influence in public matters was of course due to the power of his newspaper, the Tribune. He became the owner of that journal when he was only twenty-two years of age and when Oakland was but a small village. Under his management the Tribune was a paper of rapid growth. Dargie was not satisfied with a village paper. He was an ambitious journalist, and he gave the people a paper that was always just a little ahead of the community from which it derived its support. There is nothing more truly metropolitan in Oakland today than the Tribune. It has no peer among the evening papers hereabouts. As the proprietor of the Tribune Dargie waged incessant war against the silurians and the politicians with a superfetation of righteousness, the consequence being that he made many enemies to whom he was as

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In these races the three cars ran 2596 miles, at an average speed of 65.32 miles per hour. The greatest record for endurance ever made by any car in the world's history of automobile racing.

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placable as he was generous to his friends. What faults he had his enemies told him, what virtues he had his friends knew, and by them now that he is gone he is deeply, sincerely lamented.

San Francisco and the Alaska Trade

I was talking the other day to a man of many big enterprises who has heavy interests in Alaska and he asked me why the San Francisco merchants did not take concerted action to obtain some of the valuable Alaska trade. Not knowing I had to parry by asking a question in turn and I elicited some very interesting information. I learned, for instance, that the imports of Alaska for the past year totalled $57,000,000 which is more than the combined imports of all the insular possessions of the United States with Cuba and Porto Rico thrown in. I found out that Alaska deals almost exclusively with Seattle which is waxing fat on the Alaska trade, but that Alaskans have any but kindly feelings for the merchants of Seattle on account of the way they have been gouged by them, and that they would welcome any effort of San Francisco to take the business away from the more northern city. At present, I believe, San Francisco gets so small a part of the Alaska business that it is really negligible. Isn't it up to somebody to talk right out in meeting on this important subject?

The Comstock Boom

There has been quite a boom on the stock exchange recently, the Comstock list which has been quiescent for a long time manifesting surprising signs of vitality. Some of the brokers attribute the advance to the latest discovery of ore in the Mexican Mine in connection with which an interesting incident is narrated. Young Frank Symmes, the son of the receiver of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, was sent to Nevada by the Sturgis interests of Scranton, Pennsylvania, who control the Mexican, to do what he could for the rehabilitation of the property. Symmes is an engineer who has had some experience building bridges in the Philippines, but the people who have been paying dividends on Mexican stock for more years than they care to count, were not optimistic about his appointment. Shortly after Symmes took hold a valuable body of ore was discovered and the young engineer wired a big buying order to New York and when the boom came he cleaned up a very pretty sum. The street is very envious about his coup.

Englebright is "Peeved"

Those who have the time to bother about such small matters in Washington are laughing at the way Congressman Englebright has been trying to snub Judge Raker of Modoc who will succeed him in the next session of Congress. Englebright never dreamed that a Democrat would beat him for re-election and he hasn't gotten over the terrible shock yet. Some people say he never will. Raker and his wife are in Washington, the judge being enthusiastic about his new job and eager to see the wheels go round. But Englebright cannot be polite to his successor. He gets the creeps whenever Raker looms on the horizon. This is the way he let out his bile a few days ago for the benefit of a newspaperman: "Raker has no standing here except as a private citizen, and won't have till after March 4. I've gotten the only remaining big thing there was to get for the first district and there won't be much for him to do. We don't speak as we pass; and we are living in the same hotel too. He didn't come to call on me when he arrived in Washington and of course I'm not going to call on him. We met at the California luncheon some time ago and were seated at the same table. I tried to be pleasant to him there, but since then I do not see him when he walks my way." Of course Raker may have rubbed Englebright the wrong way, for Raker hasn't a superfluity of tact, but if the beaten congressman possessed a sense of humor he would not take the world into his confidence. A lame duck squawking about the inevitable!

The Rage for Californiana

Ever since the fire collectors have been eagerly gathering together books connected with the early history of the State and city. In the old days there were a few notable collections of Californiana, but most of them were destroyed. Nowadays there are many collectors, so many that it is only in out of the way places that one can now pick up anything of value without paying what seems an exorbitant price. The extent to which the fad—if it may be styled a fad—has been carried was indicated last week by some of the prices paid for Californiana at the auction of a collection made by Charles Remington, a local newspaper man. A set of the Overland Monthly from July, 1868, to December, 1907, brought $90. Ned McGowan's Narrative, a presentation copy from the author, brought $30.50. Alexander Forbes' History of Upper and Lower California, a London publication, was sold for $18. The first edition of Bret Harte's first book, "Outcroppings," was knocked down for $5.50. Bayard Taylor's "Eldorado" fetched $6. Joseph A. Stuart's "My Roving Life" brought $5.60. Grey's "Pioneer Times in California" brought $6. Single copies of early California newspapers, some with nothing to make them interesting except their age, brought as much as a dollar apiece. A photograph of the hanging of Casey and Cora, said to be the only one in existence, went for $7. A map of the first railroad survey made in California brought $9. A tinted lithograph of the water front of San Francisco in 1857 brought $37. These prices indicate the interest which collectors are taking in our earlier days. Some day a patriotic Californian will buy up a lot of small collections about San Francisco and present them to one of the libraries.

As to That Gerrymander

"What is all this excitement about depriving San Francisco of some of her senators and assemblymen?" asked the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock as he was quitting work the other day. "The whole thing is a joke," he went on without waiting for a reply. "What does it matter whether San Francisco is represented by eighteen assemblymen or eleven, by nine senators or five? What has the number got to do with it? In San Francisco we go in for quality in our statesmen, not quantity. Our senators and assemblymen have always been men of class. We have always been careful to send to Sacramento lawmakers with lots of experience, men who have made a life study of public affairs, men of the highest integrity. The standard has been so high that even if the number were reduced our representatives would still strike a better average than the lawmakers from other parts of the State. Yes, sir, it is quality that counts, not quantity; and we are strong on quality and always have been. Why, our legislators are of such fine character that even if they should be gerrymandered out of their jobs they would not feel hurt about it. They are doing San Francisco a favor by representing us." And the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock winked at me, very much to my surprise, for I thought he meant it all.

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Rooms for Ladies Lunches a la Carte
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He: Do you know anything about the great Italian poet, Dante?
She: No, but I do know something about the great Italian dinners they serve at the Dante Restaurant.
He: Where is the Dante Restaurant?
She: At 536 Broadway.
He: Well, we'll go there this evening and try one.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Jennie Crocker as a Hiker

It will be remembered that on the historic occasion when "Tommy" Sears tried to walk from Burlingame to Del Monte, Templeton Crocker made part of the journey with her on foot while his sister Jennie went along in a motor car. Any imputations which may have been cast at that time on Miss Crocker's hiking ability have since been removed. It has been demonstrated that as a hiker Miss Crocker is really in the same class as her athletic chum from the Back Bay. Think of a young woman proposing to walk from El Portal to Merced, a distance of eighty-five miles, and actually footing a great part of that distance! Miss Crocker is the young woman in question and her feat was shared by Mrs.

MRS. M. A. TOBIN

One of the patronesses of the vaudeville which will be given at the Central Theater on the evening of February 21 and the afternoon of February 22 for the benefit of the Catholic Settlement and Humane Society.

George McNear and Mrs. Will Taylor. The party went to Yosemite Valley in the private car "Miskawaka," but when they decided to return they found that traffic over the railroad was impossible owing to landslides. The Mesdames McNear and Taylor may have been dismayed but not so Miss Crocker. The married ladies may have argued that it would be just as well to wait in the pleasant seclusion of the hotel at El Portal until the tracks were cleared, but if they did their arguments were swept aside by Miss Crocker. "Let's walk to Merced," she cried and walk it was. For five hours the pedestrians counted ties along the Merced river, occasionally availing themselves of the services of a handcar. From El Portal they walked to Bagby, from Bagby to Pleasant Valley and they had left Pleasant Valley a good ways behind when a motor car met them and relieved them of the necessity of further hiking. A gallant railway manager had heard of their plight and hastened to their assistance. They had covered more than half the distance when they were rescued. Which, I submit, was quite a pedestrian feat.

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Copied the Gould Wedding Gowns

Would you like to see the gowns worn by Miss Vivien Gould and her six bridesmaids at the recent ceremony in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York? Well, you will have an opportunity to see some of them, not exactly in replica but in very close copies. It has been confided to me, as a great secret of course, that a well known New York modiste was present at the wedding and made careful notes of the gowns worn by the bride and her bridesmaids for the benefit of several of our well known young society girls. The modiste is now having the gowns copied and those who are curious about such matters may look for them at one of the important weddings in the near future. I might tell you the names of the girls but that is a part of the secret which I shall keep in petto.

A Social Housecleaning

Are we to have a social housecleaning? Are the undesirables to be dismissed from the ranks of exclusiveness? I have heard rumors which lead me to believe as much. It is being whispered that some of the dowagers whose word is law are up in arms at the character of some of the men who are welcomed to the smart assemblies and have declared their intention of purging their lists until they contain the names of those men only who are gentlemen in something more than the lax meaning of the term. There have been one or two most unfortunate incidents in society lately which have opened the eyes of the dowagers. They are shocked and they are indignant. They have been asking why this, that and the other man were ever tolerated and they have not received satisfactory replies. They declare, so I am told, that there is altogether too much drinking, too much joy-riding, too much slumming and too many unchaperoned parties among the younger folks. They are determined to put a stop to all this. And as the first step they are going to close their doors to the men who have been the worst offenders. Some of these men they describe as "wolves in sheep's clothing"; they say that they go about seeking whom they may devour. Really, it looks as though we are to have something of a social revolution. Of course it will take place quietly and without scandal. Trust our experienced dowagers for that. Personally I think that this threatened revolution is long overdue.

A Hint for Our Society Men

When the Honorable Seton Robert Beresford arrived in New York to assist at the marriage of his brother, Lord Decies, to Miss Vivian Gould, he met Anthony J. Drexel Jr. and Philip Mills; whereupon the conversation turned on boxing. That was the most natural thing in the world. "Bobbie" Beresford, if we may speak of him familiarly, used to be amateur heavyweight champion of Great Britain; "Tony" Drexel is very handy with the gloves himself; and Philip Mills, while his chief claim to athletic distinction was won as a football player at Harvard, likes a little bout once in a while. So it was speedily arranged that the Britisher should measure his science against the two Americans. The boxing matches, I think, have not yet taken place. But that is neither here nor there. Whether they ever take place is really quite immaterial. The point of the story is in the application of it. And why should we not apply it to local society men? Why should there not be boxers in society as well as dancers, skaters, walkers, riders, golfers, tennis players, poloists and tea-drinkers? The great Queensbury science has been neglected by all our society boys except Walter Hobart and Norbert Shorb. This is a pity. I hope at some

MRS. A. H. LOUGHBOROUGH

Another well known woman who is active in the preparations for the Catholic Settlement and Humane Society vaudeville.

not too far distant date to read that "Tempy" Crocker, the Hillsboro Spider, has been matched for a ten round go with "Pete" Martin, the Broadway Slugger; that Kid Grant is to try conclusions with Spike Tobin; and that Clare Payne, the Biffing Bantam, is training for a contest with Johnnie Gallois, the Hope of the White Race. Hoi aristoi and hoi polloi would jostle madly for seats if these bouts were put on publicly. The proceeds might be devoted to a school for teaching society boys good manners. Will Walter Hobart please emerge from his bungalowed seclusion and promote this enterprise?

The Spreckels' at Cannes

When last I heard of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels they had reached Cannes in their leisurely tour of the world in their new steam yacht and were entering whole-heartedly into the gayeties of that great resort. Of all the Riviera resorts Cannes seems to be particularly favored

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this season. Among those who were there while the Spreckels' lingered were the Countess Lazzlo Szechenyi (nee Vanderbilt), Lord and Lady Maidstone and the latter's father, Anthony Drexel, the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Robert Goelet. Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels gave a smart dinner party soon after their arrival and some of these distinguished people were their guests.

Birdseye View of MAMMOTH HOTEL GREEN, Pasadena

May Take Some Girls Abroad

I hear that Mrs. Wakefield Baker is thinking of going abroad as chaperon to a small party of young society girls. The mothers of some of the debutantes are thinking the matter over and have not yet given their consent to the project. The girls who have been asked are naturally very enthusiastic and some of them are already dipping into the Baedekers in the family libraries. Mrs Baker started on a cruise of the world with Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, but before the yachting trip was very far advanced she tired of it and returned home.

An Interesting Wedding

A wedding which should engage the interest of many people in San Francisco and Oakland was that which united Mrs. Arnold Marcus of New York to Lieutenant-Colonel S. Popham Young of the British Army. Mrs. Marcus was formerly Lillian Becket of Oakland. Her husband who was a wealthy banker of the eastern metropolis died some time ago. She has been accustomed to spend a great deal of her time abroad and occasionally one heard rumors that she was going to marry this or that titled foreigner. Lieutenant-Colonel Young has seen service in India and received a C. I. E. from Queen Victoria. The marriage took place in Annapolis where the bride has a son in the Naval Academy. Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Young will go to India in leisurely fashion by way of San Francisco, China and Japan, so Lillian Becket's old friends may look forward to the opportunity of entertaining her at an early date.

Mrs. J. B. Coryell entertained at tea in the Palace court on Thursday, her guests numbering eighteen.

Cook
FINE MILLINERY 1803 FILLMORE ST. AT SUTTER

A Curious Claim

I have heard it said several times that the Becket family to which Mrs. Popham-Young belongs, claims descent from St. Thomas a Becket, the great Archbishop of Canterbury who was murdered in his cathedral at the behest of King Henry II. I do not imagine that the Becket family makes this claim seriously, for Thomas a Becket was a churchman and a celebate. Mrs. Popham-Young, by the way, makes a notable figure in any assemblage, being six feet tall and possessing a wealth of wonderful Titian hair. Before the death of her first husband she went on the stage, appearing in "The Climbers" with Amelia Bingham under the pseudonym of Miss Goldfinch. In the summer of 1909 the rumors which connected her name with a possible international marriage culminated in the announcement of her engagement to the Earl of Clancarty whose first wife was Belle Bilton. The news caused quite a sensation on both sides of the Atlantic. After some time the match was declared off by the earl and the friends of the lady felt that the reason for this was the lack of a sufficient dower.

Salt Lake Needs a Greenway

Society in Salt Lake has been having a great deal of trouble. During the last season a series of assemblies was given and the management was confronted with so many difficulties not usually found in the rarefied atmosphere of exclusiveness that it is doubtful whether anyone will have the patience and courage to resume the direction next season. From Goodwin's Weekly I extract this account of what happened: "Those who do not know with what these people have had to contend may be surprised to learn how small a large number of so-called society people can be. Ten dollars was the subscription price for four dances, two dollars and a half a dance, and from the very first there were those who criticised the management, found fault with the music, protested because the supper was not a course dinner, and in a hundred other ways made themselves obnoxious. When it was rumored after the second assembly that there would be no more, there was a run on the management equaling in its panicky features a run on a bank, and there were any number who wanted to know what had become of the immense sum of money and demanded their money back in the event that there would be no more dances. Other have gone so far as to ask how much money was made on each dance, and if there was to be a rebate of the undivided profits." The writer suggests that the subscription price be raised next season in order to shut out all the undesirables "who want a premium with each ticket and a house and lot for the main prize." That is a good suggestion, but it does not go to the root of the matter. What Salt Lake wants is a Ned Greenway to rule society with the "mailed fist of the dictator concealed in the velvet glove of the social diplomat."

A New Dance from America

Pavlowa, we have been told, took the "turkey trot" with her from our ocean beach to St. Petersburg with the intention of introducing it into polite society. Now it appears that Paris has acquired an American dance, this time, however, from the southern half of the hemisphere. The latest Paris ballroom novelty is a dance called the "Argentine Tango," which is expected to create a furore and to become extremely popular all over Europe. The new dance originated in the Argentine and Brazilian public dancing halls and then became fashionable. Its rhythm is quite original and may best be described as a cake-walk played adagio, the combination of syncopated time with a slow languorour air being particularly fascinating. The dance is made up of seven figures, the partners taking up their positions as for the Boston. After a few mazurka steps forward the cavalier reclines backwards while the lady bows. The dancers then take several paces sideways in opposite directions, without, however, unclasping hands, accompanied with movements of the arms in cadence with the music. This is followed by a two-step figure, and a repetition of the first figure. The dance is said to be extremely graceful and pretty.

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$100.00 in gold for the name adopted. $25.00 in Gold for the next best name. Five $5.00 Gold pieces as consolation prices, one to be given to each of the five persons submitting the next best names.

This remedy is a pleasant antiseptic that is most efficient in preventing and warding off infection from dangerous diseases. It is a splendid gargle for the throat and almost infallible remedy for catarrh; a tooth and mouth wash that destroys all dangerous germ life. It will remove many eruptions and facial blemishes. It will remove offensive perspiration odors. It will relieve chilblains and harden tender feet. It is a remedy that has a thousand uses in every household.

A large 8 ounce bottle at your druggist only 50c. If he cannot supply you, I will send you two bottles by prepaid express on receipt of one dollar and I will also send you free my 64-page book "Aids to Beauty." Write me for full particulars.

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In the Social Spotlight

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included: Mr. and Mrs. E. J. de Sabla Jr., Miss de Sabla, Miss L. de Sabla, Mrs. E. P. Tobin, Miss Peakes, Miss F. Samter, Miss Florence Samter, Miss Emily Ellis, John E. Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alber, L. D. Waddell, A. Bentley, H. Malloch, J. M. Young, Mrs. C. C. Clay, Miss M. R. Clay, Jay W. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Butler and R. H. Butler.

Col. and Mrs. E. F. Ladd were dinner hosts on Tuesday to eight guests who shared their hospitality at the Hotel Victoria, where the Ladds are staying for the winter.

Recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Angelus Hotel, Los Angeles, include: Arthur C. Gilbert, W. H. Hovey, J. K. Tennant and wife, Leon Hornsberger, B. P. Searight, Arthur Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. J. Phillips, A. M. Beebe, Geo. Gallick, L. Blot and wife, C. J. Siegfried, Miss N. P. Cadman and Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Tooker.

E. C. Chamberlain is a recent arrival at the Hotel Victoria from Chicago.

Miss Alma Thoue entertained a luncheon party during the week at the Hotel Victoria. Her friends were included in the group on Saturday afternoon.

Col. D. S. Dorn, the well known lawyer and hotel man, attended the opening ceremonies this week of the new Arlington Hotel in Santa Barbara.

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EVERYTHING in Jewelry and Silverware

Mrs. George W. Kelham received in her apartments at the Palace the first of the week in honor of Mrs. George Kelham Sr. of Boston. Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and Miss Augusta Foute presided at the tea tables. Among those who called were Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Mrs. Louis Parrot, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Mrs. Douglas Fry, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Nat Messer, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Robert C. Foute, Mrs. Richard Bain, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Daniel B. Coleman, Mrs. Samuel McGruder, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. James A. Folger, Mrs. James E. Trucker, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Fredericka Otis, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Marguerite Postlewaite, Miss Fannie Friedlander and Miss May Friedlander.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck presided at a dinner party Friday evening at the Fairmont, the guests being the members of Mrs. Buck's family who have assembled in California for the marriage of her niece, Miss Elizabeth Stitt and Chester Ristenpart. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Heilbron, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Davis, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Stitt and Mrs. Samuel Terrill.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Miss Hopkins and Miss Eloesser were at Del Monte for the dog-show and Mrs. Hopkins entered some of her blue-blooded canines. Miss Lola Davis and Miss Wilkins who were down for the golf tourney also entered a fine bunch of dogs.

Mrs. Charles Pierce had ten friends as her guests at luncheon at the Hotel Victoria on Thursday afternoon.

The event of next week will be the dinner dance Mrs. Will Tevis will give in honor of Miss Helene Irwin, the beautiful fiancee of Templeton Crocker. As the American Beauty dance given by Mrs. Tevis early in the season for Miss Ysobel Chase was one of the most beautiful affairs of many seasons, society is greatly interested in the coming event.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Richardson and Miss Richardson of Vancouver are stopping at the Hotel Victoria during a stay of several weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. G. E. Smith and Mrs. Smith of Portland are guests at the Hotel Victoria for a few weeks.

Louis Titus and his bride who was Miss Rooney have returned from a honeymoon trip spent abroad and are residing at the Palace for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Smith of Idaho are guests who are registered at the Hotel Victoria for several weeks' stay.

James Porteous, an attorney of Fresno, is a recent arrival at the Hotel Victoria.

Are You Going to Europe?

A well known and highly recommended courier-attendant experienced with invalids, will be shortly disengaged. Desires to "pilot" a gentleman or family over Europe or world. All the principal cities and places of interest in Europe are known to advertiser; also parts of Asia, Egypt, Africa, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, etc. He is well known to the managers of all the principal European hotels and other countries and therefor every attention and comfort is assured. He speaks several languages and knowing the customs and ways of the different countries the trouble and worry of traveling is reduced to "nil." He has been around the world twice—twelve years' traveling experience. He belongs to a well known English family, college education, young, smart, willing disposition, nonsmoker and abstainer and knows his business thoroughly. Has first class ticket to London. Address P. O. Box 269, San Francisco.

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In Arcady and Elsewhere

By Edward F. O'Day

One act only of Arcady is meted out to us by the clever people who composed "The Arcadians." And that's a pity. Arcady, like Heaven, lies about us in our infancy; but gradually it grows indistinct until "the Man perceives it die away and fade into the light of common day." That is just what happens in the "fantastic musical play" at the Columbia. For one act we are beguiled of our civilized predilections. We dwell with the piping shepherds and the dancing shepherdesses. We know naught of money or of buying or selling. We can tell only the truth. We quaff spring water and eat no flesh. We have no marrying or giving in marriage. The faraway modern world is a horrid land of mythical monsters. It looses its feverish grip on our imagination. For the nonce we are free. We live in Arcady where "every shepherd tells his tale under the hawthorne in the dale" and where hunger is amply satisfied with the "herbs and other country messes, which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses." We wear a goatskin and flourish a crook and "sport with Amaryllis in the shade or with the tangles of Neaera's hair." It is all so entrancing, so Dresdeny Chinese! We begin to feel as though we were painted on vases. You see, the reality cannot endure. We are too sophisticated. We grow self-conscious. And so, although at the conclusion of the first act we resign Arcady and all its simplicities with a sincere sigh, we know perfectly well that the return to a disingenuous world is inevitable. Even the authors of "fantastic musical plays" do not dare to keep us in a state of nature for more than one act. They realize too well that we would yawn at the trees and the mossy banks if we were kept too long in Arcady. And so the audience perceives Arcady die away and fade into the light of common "Askwood Race Track, near London." "Towered cities please us then, and the busy hum of men." We are on terra firma once more. The goatskin is abashed before broadcloth, the crook becomes a walking stick and the tangles of Neaera's hair have been metamorphosed to most marvelous puffs. We are comfortable in known surroundings, but a little regretful. In Arcady the nymphs sang their sweetly simple songs to pleasant measures not difficult for the

HELENA FREDERICK

Who will appear in "The Tales of Hoffman" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

voice; but here at Askwood Race Track there is a deal of pretentious vocalism displayed by wonderfully gowned chorus ladies. The Arcadian maids tripped the light fantastic toe in charming rhythms that out-Allaned Maud. Now we have hobbled beauties cavorting in a sort of glorified sack race. It is a most admirable contrast and carries a satire on the ugliness of our age for which I thank the authors. They do not say to us, "Look here upon this picture and on this," but one may read that injunction into the scheme of their entertainment to the enhancement of one's pleasure. Prisoners that we are to our time and town, we may yet acknowledge that God made Arcady and man made Askwood Race Track. It was a happy thought to place the divine and the human handiwork in juxtaposition. "The Arcadians" is full of happy thoughts interpreted by happy music and by many seemingly happy players. Johnny Osborne is happiest when he forgets to horse-play and Gilbert Childs is happiest when he is most miserable. The hilarity of utter wretchedness, the convulsing mirth of deepest dejection was never better rendered than by Gilbert Childs. He wrings laughter from abject despair and conjures a smile from the empty pocket of gloom. He dissects sorrow and finds it full of joy. Three times three cheers for Gilbert Childs and may he never cheer up! Ruth Thorp is an Arcadian while Alice Russon is an Irish girl. The distinction is negligible. Resorting to an Irish bull for a means of expressing it, we might say that there are no Arcadians and that every Irish girl is an Arcadian at heart. It may or may not be significant in this connection that Arcadian Ruth Thorp wears a costume of corseted constriction while Irish Alice Russon achieves a wonderful freedom of limb, even in her hobble gown, a freedom that is as careless and as fascinating as the freedom an Irishman talks when his landlord is an absentee. The Irish girl really brings us closer to nature. And she sings better, probably because she doesn't try to sing as well. There is an Arcady in her smile, about the only Arcady we poor moderns are permitted to know, except that offered by the first acts of "fantastic musical plays."

Gossip of the Theatre

Pinero's Latest Comedy

Who kissed Josepha? Why, Mr. Panmure, the grotesquely idiotic, ugly, and almost doddering husband of the saintly Mrs. Panmure, who founded the Order of Pure Souls. Josepha, you must know, was little Myrtle Panmure's governess, and little more than a child herself, but the one bright and joyous thing in the melancholy Panmure household. Josepha, so rudely kissed, nearly threw the plates at old Panmure, who was in an agony of remorse immediately after his offence and in a terrible fright lest it should come around to the ears of Mrs. Panmure. But Josepha was too fond of Mrs. Panmure for that. So when, from the girl's evident distress and after some sharp questioning from the ladies of the family, it was elicited from Josepha that she had been violently kissed by some man in the house, she stubbornly refused to say which man. All she could be got to admit was that the man was not Mr. Panmure. Now there were four men in the house, not counting Mr. Panmure—Reginald Stulkeley, M. P. and tariff reformer (great on "cocoa"), Talbot Woodhouse, his private secretary, Mr. Hebblethwaite, an old muff, and Mr. Loring, a young ass. Which of these four was the guilty man? Mrs. Panmure said that the duty of discovering the culprit naturally fell to Mr. Panmure—and so behold the real criminal forced to play the part of judge in a case which he was longing all the time to remove from the cause-list! The jealous doubts of every woman in the house (save Mrs. Panmure) are aroused; the men look at one another askance; the whole place, usually so peaceful and even pious, has become in a trice a kind of Inferno. The scene now shifts to the library, where Mr. Stulkeley, M. P., is dictating his next speech (principally on cocoa) to his private secretary. Little Josepha bursts in on the pair, and entreats one or other of them to assume the guilt for the kiss; for she is weary of being badgered with questions and is afraid that she will be forced to confess the truth. Neither man can rise at first to this height, but the little witch so plays upon their sympathies that it is clear one or other is sure sooner or later to give in. Then follows a droll moment wherein Panmure plays Grand Inquisitor over the two men—who happen to be perfectly aware of his guilt. And then the whole household troops in, and there is a scene of wild confusion, jealousy, recrimination—until at the very height of the storm a small voice is heard—the voice of Mr. Talbot Woodhouse confessing that he was the guilty man. Then, amid the hubbub aroused by this confession, the gong for prayers! They all do their best to smooth their ruffled plumage and troop solemnly out, to the strains of the organ—Mr. Woodhouse decorated by Mrs. Panmure herself, in token of forgiveness, with the Order of Pure Souls. In the final act Stulkeley and Woodhouse are rivals for Josepha's hand, and draw lots as to which shall have the first chance of proposing to her. One of them, Woodhouse, gets his hand stuck in the jar from which the lots are to be drawn. Then, while the other is proposing, Woodhouse peeps through the keyhole and Josepha prods him in the eye with a feather. Then all the Panmure people troop in, to say that the real culprit in this matter of the kiss has confessed (after being found out by the under-footman); and this time you have Mr. Panmure decorated with the Order of Pure Souls—the Third Class of the Order (in copper). Ultimately Josepha marries Stulkeley.

A Memory of Adelaide Neilson

Henry Miller, "reminiscing" about the great actresses with whom he has been associated professionally, places Adelaide Neilson at the head of the list. He says she was "unquestionably the last of the great actresses," which is hardly an intelligible statement. But he tells two in-

teresting stories of her. "I can remember as well as if it were yesterday," says Miller, "the first time I saw the great actress. She appeared as Viola in 'Twelfth Night,' and I was assigned to the role of the sea captain. I watched her closely as she made her first entrance in the second scene of the first act. Her opening line was 'What country, friends, is this?' To which I replied: 'This is Illyria, lady.' Neilson paused for a long moment and gazed about her with eyes that rapidly filled. As she spoke the next line, 'And what should I do in Illyria?' the tears rolled down her cheeks. Of course, tears are not an unusual manifestation on the stage, but I was struck by the fact that she could feel the character from the very moment she stepped forth from the wings." Then he tells this: "When I joined Neilson's company I was quite inexperienced, and made many blunders in my work. The great actress frequently teased me about my mistakes. One night I was standing in the wings chatting with her. The conversation drifted to acting. 'Which of my roles do you like the best?' she asked me. I replied that it would be almost impossible to select just one role. 'Well, in which do you like me the least?' she persisted. After a short pause I answered, 'Juliet.' It was her most famous interpretation, the one on which her great fame was first established, and Neilson gave me a startled glance. 'Why Juliet?' she asked in a curiously altered voice. 'Because,' I stammered, 'you never seem altogether natural in that role.' Neilson was quiet for a moment, and then, 'You are right,' she said, 'perfectly right. Juliet is the one role for which I was laboriously drilled. The others I worked out myself.'"

Selli Simonson is Here

A familiar figure leads the orchestra at the Columbia this week. The wielder of the baton over the musicians who discourse the sweet music written by Lionel Monckton and Howard Talbot for "The Arcadians" is none other than Selli Simonson. Simonson is a Bohemian of the Bohemians and all the good fellows in New York know and like him. He was here not so very long ago and had an unpleasant experience. When the Princess began giving musical shows with Cecilia Rhoda and Zoe Barnett in the principal roles, the management brought Selli Simonson out from New York to direct the orchestra. It happened that a certain local conductor was anxious to sway the baton at the Princess and very much chagrined was he at the appearance of Simonson on the scene. The local conductor is something of a power in the musicians' union, so he took his plaint to headquarters and Simonson was fined one hundred dollars for daring to enter the local field without first obtaining a dispensation from their high mightinesses, the officers of the union. He expressed his opinion of the local conductor in phrases not loud but deep.

Arthur Foote is Coming

Our music lovers will be interested to hear that Arthur Foote, since the death of McDowell the dean of American composers, is going to forsake the classic quietude of Boston and pay a visit to this city in June. He will deliver a number of lectures at the summer school of the University of California and will also be present in the city during July for the Music Teachers' convention. Foote is the author of many fine sonatas, concertos and songs. His Irish folk lore song, "I'm Wearing Awa'" is one of his best known compositions.

THE NAME ON THE BOX

The name "Haas" upon a box of candy is a guarantee that the sweets within are the supreme expression of the candy-maker's art. Geo. Haas & Sons' four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

"The Midnight Sons" at the Savoy

"The Midnight Sons," superlatively described as the biggest scenic production with the biggest company that has ever been sent on tour, will be the attraction at the Savoy for two weeks, beginning Sunday evening. Lew Fields is the producer. It ran for nearly a year in New York. The cast will be headed by George W. Monroe, the big hit in the original presentation. The company numbers over a hundred people and in addition over two hundred and fifty extra people are employed in the big scenes. An extra matinee will be given on Washington's birthday.

"Madame Sherry" Coming

The second and last week of "The Arcadians" at the Columbia will commence Sunday night. "Madame Sherry," the musical comedy which has

JOSEF HOFMANN
Piano Virtuoso

scored so great a success in the East and which is already known here through some of its beautiful songs, will be the next attraction, commencing Monday, February 27. In the cast will be Oscar Figman, Dorothy Morton, Lottie Kendall and other well known people.

The Josef Hofmann Concerts

Josef Hofmann, the famous Russian pianist, will give his first concert at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon, presenting a program of exceptional interest. The only evening concert will be given at Christian Science Hall next Thursday night when the offering will consist of masterpieces by Schumann, including the ever welcome "Carnevale," Chopin and Liszt. The farewell program is being specially prepared and will be given at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, February 26.

"The Battle" at the Alcazar

"The Battle," adapted by Cleveland Moffett from his novel similarly named, will be the Alcazar's offering next week, with Bertram Lytell in the role created by Wilton Lackaye. By the eastern critics "The Battle" has been pronounced a great play. There are four acts and the transformation from tenement squalor to millionaire comfort is cleverly conveyed. All the Alcazar favorites are in the cast.

Bonci, King of Bel-Canto

Alessandro Bonci, the leading lyric tenor at the Metropolitan for the past two seasons, will give two concerts in this city, the dates being Sunday afternoons, March 5 and 12, at the Columbia under the direction of Will. L. Greenbaum. For many years this artist has been a student of song literature and at his concerts we shall hear gems by all the great song writers, as well as operatic selections. Mail orders may be sent to Will. L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co's. Bonci will appear in Oakland at Ye Liverty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, March 10.

Tabloid Opera at the Orpheum

A condensed version of "The Tales of Hoffman" in which Miss Helena Frederick will star is a most important number on next week's Orpheum bill. The adaptation contains the most attractive musical numbers of the opera linked together by dialogue. Miss Frederick is said to be a brilliant soprano. "Just Landed" is an Irish musical skit which introduces the comic opera artists, Walter Lawrence and Lillian Fitzgerald. Welch, Mealy and Montrose will present a farcical skit called "Play Ball." Boudini Brothers are "The Wizards of the Accordion." Next week will be the last of Mingonette Kokin, Redford and Winchester and Galetti's Simian Circus. It will also conclude the engagement of Miss Fannie Ward in her comedy "An Unlucky Star."

Ye Liberty Offers "Quincy Adams Sawyer"

Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, has a novelty in store for its patrons next week in "Quincy Adams Sawyer," the play made from the well-known novel of that title. It has been a successful attraction on the road for many years, being a most entertaining picture of rural life. After one week of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" with a special holiday matinee on Wednesday, the Bishop Players will present "The Right of Way" for the first time in stock.

A member of the faculty of a new England university tells of a freshman, who was asked by one of the professors whether he had proved a certain proposition in Euclid.

"Well, sir," responded the freshman, "'proved' is a strong word. But I will say that I have rendered it highly probable.

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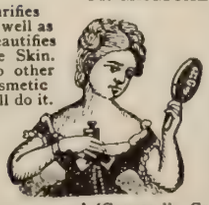

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market in the recent week has been one of marking-time tendency with profit taking in spots by those who bought at lower prices some time ago. There has been nothing illogical in the halt in the upward trend which has anticipated for the moment the betterment in most lines of industry. It would seem unwise not to prevent speculation, temporarily at least, in view of the many important market events that are pending. An extra session of Congress as a result of the non-passing of the Canadian reciprocity bill would be a severe blow at Wall Street and as for other important features that would affect securities momentarily, there is the Harriman merger decision which will be down any day now. Hence the spirit of conservatism among the leading bankers seems opportune. Decisions in the railway rate cases may be looked for this month and the best opinion among the railway men is that fair increases will be given the eastern roads and that a readjustment will occur west of the Mississippi that will give justice to the shipper and the railroad alike. We look for a continuance of stability in Wall Street values with possible moderate setbacks.

Wheat—Reciprocity talk was the chief item of interest in the wheat market the past week and as a result of the President's firm stand sentiment became decidedly bearish and the market suffered a sharp decline, with only a slight rally from the low point. The northwestern markets led in the decline and a good deal of the selling came from there, as reciprocity would mean more to the northwestern markets than to any others. Nearly all the wheat grown in Canada is of the spring wheat variety and would be taken by the big milling concerns at Minneapolis. Notwithstanding the small receipts the past week, stocks of wheat continue to pile up and at Kansas City over five million bushels are in storage with only a limited demand. Consumers are buying from hand to mouth and mills are running on short time. Drought talk in the extreme southwest has been somewhat relieved but a good soaking rain would be of great benefit just now, as the new wheat is just beginning to show itself in some localities. Foreign news has also been against the price. Continued large shipments from Russia, India, Australia and Argentine forced the English market down and it does not look as if there is much chance of any export sales from this country, our market at present being 6 cents out of line from a shipping basis. Liquidation has been on a large scale the past week and it is only reasonable to expect a good rally from present prices due to an oversold condition, but the tendency of the market seems downward and until something in the way of a crop scare developes prices will undoubtedly go very much lower.

Corn—The corn market has ranged lower despite the wet weather over the corn belt with its prospect of delaying marketings by producers. The weakness in wheat and the lack of material demand for cash corn were also important factors. There is some talk in Chicago of large export sales of corn but they cannot be verified. Most of the Chicago exporters and shippers say that their bids are a half cent below cost. There does not seem to be very much in the market either way and a dull scalping market will probably be in order until something develops that will take the market out of its rut.

Cotton—The continuance of heavy receipts and private reports of beneficial rains in sections of north, central and west Texas have kept the trade in a very bearish mood the past week and as a result prices have been on the down grade with prospects of going lower still next week The weakness in the English markets was also an added bear factor, prices declining steadily with reports of a poor demand from spinners and talk of further curtailment due to the poor trade with China. It is said that the plague in China continues to spread, that 200,000 people have already perished from it and that millions more are threatened with starvation. The continued decline in bar silver to 23 11-16d. in London would seem to confirm the deplorable state of health and general conditions in China due to the plague, floods and famine. Prospects for good trade with the far east do not look promising in the circumstances. Manchester quotes cloth buyers holding off and cotton yarns are said to be easier. Spot cotton in the south has held up remarkably well considering the drop in futures but there was a show of weakness at the close of the week. Exporters are said to be out of the market at present and with so much curtailment going on in this country, the demand is large enough to take care of the movement The much talked of let-up in receipts failed to materialize and receipts are still running ahead of last year which would indicate a much larger crop than was estimated by the Government. It looks like a lower cotton market to us and we favor sales on any slight advance brought about by short covering.

"Do you see that fellow over there yelling 'Kill the umpire!' 'Cut his heart out!' and 'The bloody robber!'?"

"Of course, I see him and hear him, too."

"Well, he's one of the worst henpecked men in town. He comes out here every afternoon to let off steam."

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"The dog," said the scientific gentleman, "sometimes steers himself with his tail."

"Uses it to guide his wandering bark, does he?" asked the irresponsible humorist.

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Why Tolstoi Left Home

Countess Sofia Andreevna Tolstoi has communicated to the Novoe Vremya the copy of a letter written by her late husband thirteen years ago and marked: "Unless I leave directions to the contrary, this letter is to be handed to S. A. after my death." It effectually disposes of all speculation as to the motives of Tolstoi's flight from Yasnaya Poliana. The letter is as follows:

Dear Sonia—Long have I been tormented by the discord between my life and my beliefs. To compel you all to change your life, the habits to which I myself had accustomed you, I could not; and to leave you ere this I also could not, believing that I would deprive the children while they were little of that small influence which I could have over them, and would grieve you; on the other hand, to continue to live as I have lived these sixteen years struggling and irritating you or falling myself under those influences and temptations to which I had become accustomed and by which I am surrounded I also cannot, and I have now decided to do what I have long wished to do: go away, because, first, for me, in my advancing years, this life becomes more and more burdensome and I long more and more for solitude; and, secondly, because the children have grown up, my influence is not needed, and you all have livelier interests which will render my absence little noticeable.

The chief thing is that just as the Hindus nearing sixty retire into the woods, and as old religious men seek to devote their last years to God and not to jokes, puns, gossip, or tennis, so for me, entering my seventieth year, the all soul-absorbing desire is for tranquility, for solitude, and, if not for entire harmony, at least not for crying discord between my life and my beliefs and conscience.

If I did this openly there would be entreaties, pleadings, criticism, quarrels, and I might weaken perhaps and not fulfil my decision—yet it must be fulfilled. And so, pray forgive me if my act causes you pain, and, above all, in your soul, Sonia, leave me free to go and do not repine or condemn me.

That I should have gone away from you does not mean that I am displeased with you. I know that you could not—literally could not—and cannot see and feel as I do, and therefore could not and cannot change your life and sacrifice yourself for something which you do not recognize. And therefore I do not blame you, but on the contrary recall with love and gratitude the long thirty-five years of our life, especially the first half of this period, when you, with the maternal devotion of your nature, so firmly and energetically bore that which you considered to be your duty. You have given me and the world what you could give. You have given great motherly love and devotion, and you cannot but be prized for that. But, during the last period of our life—the last fifteen years—we have drifted asunder. I cannot think that I am to blame, because I know that I have changed, not for myself nor for other people's sake, but because I could not otherwise. Neither can I blame you that you did not follow me, but thank and lovingly remember and shall continue to remember you for what you gave me.

Good-bye, dear Sonia,

June 8-21, 1897. Your loving Leo Tolstoi.

A DAINTY TOILET ARTICLE

Every lady who desires to keep up her attractive appearance, while at the Theatre, attending Receptions, when shopping, while traveling and on all occasions should carry in her purse a booklet of **Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves.** This is a dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves which are easily removed and applied to the skin. It is invaluable when the face becomes moist and flushed and is far superior to a powder puff as it does not spill and soil the clothes.

It removes dirt, soot and grease from the face, imparting a cool delicate bloom to the complexion. Sent anywhere on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or coin. F. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones St., New York.

The Penny in Trade Circles

"Got any pennies?" inquired a sad-eyed man of philosophic bent, addressing the paying teller of one of San Francisco's leading banking establishments.

"Pennies!" exclaimed the paying teller, "this is not the cold, calculative East; this is the warm-hearted, generous West. Pennies! You will find pennies, and plenty of them perhaps, after you fly over the Sierras, cross the Rockies and swim the Missouri, but not till then. We have yet to learn, and yet to practice in our commercial life on the coast, the subtle process of splitting hairs."

"That is perhaps true up to the present. But you know they are talking of reducing freight rates."

"Yes; I know they are talking about tons and carload rates and ton-miles, but that is the same old magnifying glass used by the office hunter and profit hunter to deceive the consumer. You may cut your car load rate or ton rate in two and the consumer will derive no benefit. What is it that the consumer buys by the car load or ton? Is it sugar, flour, butter, fruit, groceries, eggs, clothing, shoes?"

"No," said the sad-eyed man reflectively, "that is where I thought the penny would come in. I know that the dealers will profit by cuts in carload and less-than-carload rates, but I have thought that maybe the consumer might get some of it, too."

"How? The San Francisco consumer, we will say, buys a dozen of eggs. The rate on eggs from Petaluma is about one-tenth of one cent a dozen. How will a cut in rates help him. The freight charge on a suit of clothes from the Atlantic seaboard to San Francisco is about 19 cents, on a hat one and one-half cents, on an overcoat 15 cents and on a pair of shoes about 5½ cents. If these rates were cut in two, how much do you suppose would be left for the consumer after the various jobbers, commission brokers and dealers got theirs. The trouble with you, my friend, is that, like many others, you do not look into these things from the proper angle. Viewing from the dealer's standpoint in tons and carloads is one thing; viewing it from that of the consumer in pounds and single articles is quite another. It does not necessarily follow—indeed it is seldom true—that rate reductions that are beneficial to the dealer are also beneficial to the consumer. The consumer's welfare is always present and uppermost in the reasons put forth for reducing rates, but it is also always absent and lost sight of when it comes to dividing the benefits. I'll admit, my friend, if any part of the benefit from rate reductions was to go to the consumer, the demand for pennies would be active, for his share would rarely get above that denomination, but the consumer is merely a shield or curtain behind which designing minds hide themselves while plotting against the object of attack. The real motive behind this attack on rates is not to benefit the consumer. The consumer's welfare is a myth."

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS

FURNISHING GOODS, NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS, LACES

Northeast corner **BUSH AND SANSOME STS.**

SAN FRANCISCO

THE WAY OUT of a SOCIAL DILEMMA

GETTING a fourth hand for "bridge" is only one of a thousand social uses of the Telephone, and Telephone Service promotes sociability and good fellowship because it brings neighbors closer together. Your friends all live within talking distance.

It is the same with your out-of-town friends---the universal service of the Bell System makes them your neighbors, too. Your voice can reach all by means of the Bell Long Distance Service.

The

Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co.

Every Bell Telephone is the Centre of the System

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9,903, Department No. 10. Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PETER JAMES DONAHUE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made and filed herein on the 15th day of December, 1910, in the matter of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, Deceased, the undersigned, William P. Burke as administrator of the estate of said Deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, in Gold Coin of the United States, on or after Wednesday, the 8th day of March, 1911, and subject to confirmation by said Court, an undivided one-half interest, together with all the right, title and interest that the estate of said Deceased has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of Peter James Donahue, Deceased, at the time of his death, of, in and to all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the point formed by the intersection of the Northeasterly line of Spear Street and the Southeasterly line of Mission Street, running thence Southeasterly and along the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and eighty-three (183) feet and four (4) inches, thence at a right angle Northeasterly and parallel with the said Southeasterly line of Mission Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Northeasterly and parallel with the said Southeasterly line of Mission Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches, thence at a right angle Northwesterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said line of Mission Street; and thence at a right angle Southwesterly and along the said Southeasterly line of Mission Street one hundred and eighty-three (183) feet and four (4) inches to the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara Block numbered 321.

Commencing at a point on the Northwesterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon ninety-one (91) feet and eight (8) inches Northeasterly from the point of intersection of the Northeasterly line of Spear Street with the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence Northeasterly and along the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches, thence at a right angle Northwesterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southwesterly and parallel with the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches, and thence at a right angle Southeasterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara Block numbered 321.

Ten (10) per cent of the bid payable at the time of sale and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court; deed and abstract at the expense of purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State, county and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature that are now or may hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers or bids must be in writing and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said administrator, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to the said administrator personally, or may be filed in the office of the clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of this sale. WILLIAM P. BURKE,

Administrator of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 15th, 1911.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Attorney for Administrator of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, Deceased, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California. 2-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY C. FLITTNER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Chas. J. P. Hoehn, Administrator of the estate of Mary C. Flittner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of D. B. Richards, No. 965 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary C. Flittner, deceased.

CHAS. J. P. HOEHN,

Administrator of the Estate of Mary C. Flittner, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 15, 1911.

D. B. RICHARDS, Atty. for Administrator, No. 965 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. 2-18-5

The Editor Regrets

"When I was city editor of the Virginia City Enterprise," remarked Mark Twain at a dinner in New York, "a fine turkey was one day left at the office. Turkeys were rare in that high altitude, and we all hankered after this bird. The proprietor, though, claimed it for his own. He took it home and had it cooked for dinner. The next day, as he was expatiating on the turkey's richness and tenderness, a letter was handed to him. He opened it and read:

"'Mr. Editor:

"'Sir—Yesterday I sent you a turkey which has been the cause of much dispute among us. To settle a bet, will you kindly ask your agricultural editor to state in tomorrow's issue what it died of.'"

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,623, Department No. 10.

MAUD GRANGER, Plaintiff, vs. ALFRED GRANGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Alfred Granger, defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. A. DORN, Atty. for Plaintiff, 812 Phelan Building, San Francisco. 1-28-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADAM WAGNER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Adam Wagner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, Room 802 in the Balboa Building, southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Adam Wagner, deceased. ADAM WAGNER,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Adam Wagner, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 18, 1911.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Atty. for Executor, 802 Balboa Bldg., Market and Second Sts., S. F. 2-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET NOONAN, sometimes known as MARGARET KEOGH, Deceased—No. 11,139, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Margaret Noonan, sometimes known as Margaret Keogh, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, Southwest corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Margaret Noonan, sometimes known as Margaret Keogh, deceased.

THOMAS KEOGH,

Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Noonan, sometimes known as Margaret Keogh, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 18, 1911.

J. J. LERMEN, Atty. for Administrator, Rooms 504-506 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 2-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Dept. No. 10, Probate. No. 29,[illegible]

In the matter of the Estate of JULIUS FRIEDMAN, Deceased.

Edward R. Lande and I. M. Friedberg, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Julius Friedman, deceased, having presented to the Court, and filed herein, their duly verified petition praying for an Order of Sale of Real Property belonging to the estate of said decedent, hereinafter described, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of said estate, and those interested therein, that said real property, the sale of which is asked for in said petition, should be sold, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered by the Court that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, Department No. 10, Probate, at the Courtroom of said Department, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, on Wednesday, the 22d day of March, 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to show cause why an Order should not be granted to said Executors for the sale of all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situated lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street with the Northeasterly line of Beale Street; running thence Northeasterly and along said line of Harrison Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly thirty (30) feet to said line of Beale Street, and thence at right angles Northwesterly and along said last mentioned line eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement, being a portion of 100 Vara Block No. 333, together with the improvements thereon.

Further ordered that a copy of this Order be published once a week for four successive weeks before the time appointed for said hearing, in "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Done in Open Court this 15th day of February, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 15, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDMUND TAUSZKY, Atty. for I. M. Friedberg, Executor.
MARSHALL B. WOODWORTH, Atty. for Edward R. Lande, Executor. 2-18-5

"So the angels have brought your mamma a new baby from heaven?" "Yessum, mamma's got a new baby. But I don't fink it came f'm Heaven. She gets all her fings f'm Paris."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PIETRO VALLERGA, also known as and called PETER VALLERGA and PEDRO VALLEROGA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Pietro Vallerga, also known as and called Peter Vallerga and Pedro Valleroga, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Messrs. Fitzpatrick & Greeley, 423-425 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Pietro Vallerga, also known as and called Peter Vallerga and Pedro Valleroga, deceased.

GIACOMO VALLERGA,

Administrator of the Estate of Pietro Vallerga, also known as and called Peter Vallerga and Pedro Valleroga, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, Attys. for Administrator, 423-425 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for The City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 10.

In the matter of the Application of GEORGE OTTEN, for Change of Name. No. 33,835.

George Otten having this day filed his application and petition in the above entitled Court for change of his name to George Smith:

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before the above entitled Court, Department 10 thereof, at the Courtroom of said department, located in what is known as the Grant Building, situated on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Friday, March 3, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause, if any they have, why such application and petition for change of name should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed in said City and County of San Francisco, which said publication is hereby adjudged to be sufficient notice of the hearing of said application and petition.

Dated: this 3d day of February, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

BRENNAN & LANE, Attys. for Petitioner, Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CLARA J. BIGELOW, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Clara J. Bigelow, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Nowlin & Fassett, Foxcroft Building, No. 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Clara J. Bigelow, deceased. FREDERIC H. FASSETT,

Executor of the Estate of Clara J. Bigelow, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 28, 1911.

NOWLIN & FASSETT, Attys. for Executor, Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 1-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BETSY LIPPITT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Betsy Lippitt, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of A. L. Weil, Room 362 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Betsy Lippitt, deceased.

PHILIP LIPPITT,

Administrator of the Estate of Betsy Lippitt, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

A. L. WEIL, Atty. for Administrator, Room 362 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTE SCHLENKER, also known as AUGUSTE B. SCHLENKER, also known as B. SCHLENKER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Hugo Altmayer, Executor of the estate of Auguste Schlenker, also known as Auguste B. Schlenker, and also known as B. Schlenker, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorneys, Rothchild, Golden & Rothchild, No. 1081 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Schlenker, also known as Auguste B. Schlenker, and also known as B. Schlenker, deceased.

(Signed) HUGO ALTMAYER,

Executor of the Estate of Auguste Schlenker, also known as Auguste B. Schlenker, also known as B. Schlenker, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 18, 1911.

[illegible] GOLDEN & ROTHCHILD, Attorneys for Executor, No. 1081 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES A. FISHER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles A. Fisher, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Bishop Hoefler, Cook & Harwood, Room 363 Russ Building, Northwest corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charles A. Fisher, deceased.

JESSE A. ANDREWS,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles A. Fisher, Deceased.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD, Attorneys for Executor, Room 363 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,018, Department No. 4.

MARY I. GREELY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mary I. Greely, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet North of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number 201.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society,	San Francisco, California.
R. McColgan and Ryland C. Goodspeed, as Trustees for Mariam L. Goodspeed,	Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, California.
R. McColgan and Daniel A. McColgan, as Trustees for C. H. Williams,	Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8131, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of THERESA J. O'CONNOR, Deceased.

Annie L. Jones, the Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Theresa J. O'Connor, deceased, having filed herein her duly verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing her to borrow the sum of Six Hundred Dollars ($600.00) or such lesser sum as the Court may deem necessary wherewith to pay the debts of said estate, and to make the necessary improvements thereon, as set forth in said petition on file herein, and for the purpose of securing the re-payment of such loan to mortgage to the lender of such money certain real property of said estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Church Street, distant two hundred and twenty-seven feet northerly from the northerly line of 24th Street; thence northerly along said line of Church Street thirty-three (33) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles southerly thirty-three (33) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 64.

It is therefore ordered, that all persons interested in said estate appear at this Court in Courtroom of Department No. 10 of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the Grant Building, Seventh and Market Streets, on the 27th day of February, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause why said prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property within described mortgaged to secure a loan to said estate for Six Hundred Dollars ($600.00), or such lesser amount as the Court shall deem meet, and

It is ordered that notice of the time appointed for hearing said petition, and the Order to Show Cause, be published for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

For further particulars in said petition you are hereby referred to said Petition now on file herein, which said petition is made a part hereto.

Dated, this 19th day of January, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

GEO. M. THOMAS, Atty. for Administratrix,
722 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALEXANDER LIPPMAN, Deceased—No. 11,097, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Alexander Lippman, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Attorney at Law, 616-617 Metropolis Building, Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Alexander Lippman, deceased.

HYMAN LIPPMAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Alexander Lippman, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Atty. for Administrator,
616-617 Metropolis Building,
Market and New Montgomery Sts., San Francisco. 2-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25,085, Dept. No. 10.

GIOVANNI CASELLI, JUSTINE CASELLI, his wife, and EMILY MONCHAUT, also known as Emily Merchant, also known as Emily Monchant, also know as Emily Monchont, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the said plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Piece No. 1—Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Mason Street, distant thereon seventy-seven (77) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of Broadway Street; running thence northerly and along said easterly line of Mason Street sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle easterly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle southerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle westerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Lot, Number Three Hundred and Thirty-two (No. 332).

Piece No. 2—Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon Thirty-seven (37) feet and six (6) inches easterly from the easterly line of Spruce Street; running thence easterly and along said southerly line of Sacramento Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and seven (107) feet and seven and one-eighth (7 1-8) inches; thence at a right angle westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and seven (107) feet and seven and one-eighth (7 1-8) inches to the said southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition, Block Number Eight Hundred and Thirty-two (No. 832).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that plaintiffs' title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages, or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 13th day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 24th day of December, 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiffs: Name, Laura M. Dill; Address, San Francisco, California.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 12-24-10

ORDER OF PUBLICATION TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF GUARDIAN FOR ORDER TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 11,018, Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY L. MacDONALD, an Incompetent Person.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition this day filed and presented by Peter MacDonald, the guardian of the person and estate of Mary L. MacDonald, an incompetent person, praying for an order to mortgage certain real estate belonging to the said ward; that it appearing to the Court that such real estate should be mortgaged.

It is hereby ordered, that the next of kin of the said ward, and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Thursday, the 23rd day of February, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be made for mortgaging the said real estate.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before said day of hearing, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, January 24, 1911.

(Seal) THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed Jan. 24, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By ...., Deputy Clerk.

GEORGE F. OWENS, Atty. for Guardian,
515-16 Shreve Bldg., Post St. and Grant Ave.
San Francisco, Cal. 1-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. TAYLOR, also known as JOHN JAMES TAYLOR, also known as J. J. TAYLOR, Deceased—No. 11,091 (N. S.), Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix respectively of the estate of the above named John J. Taylor, alias, etc., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of W. A. S. Nicholson and D. I. Mahoney, Attorneys for said Executor and Executrix, at Number 1112 Market Street, Rooms 106, 107 and 108, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said John J. Taylor, alias, etc., deceased.

WILLIAM A. TAYLOR,
DAISY V. ROBERTS,
Executor and Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of John J. Taylor, also known as John James Taylor, also known as J. J. Taylor, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., February 11, 1911.

W. A. S. NICHOLSON and D. I. MAHONEY,
Attorneys for Executor and Executrix,
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,712, Dept. No. ——.

LOUISA ZAMBELLI, SILVIO HECTOR ZAMBELLI, WALTER ZAMBELLI, IRENE ZAMBELLI, and RITA ZAMBELLI, also known as Marguerite Zambelli, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County within three months after first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Market Street, distant thereon forty-nine (49) feet and one (1) inch northeasterly from the easterly line of Sanchez Street; running thence southerly and parallel with Sanchez Street sixty-eight (68) feet and six and three-eighths (6⅜) inches; thence at a right angle easterly thirty-three (33) feet and five and three-eighths (5⅜) inches; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly eight and three-fourths (8¾) inches; thence southwesterly and along the said southeasterly line of Market Street forty-eight (48) feet and seven and one-half (7½) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a part of Mission Block Number 96.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that plaintiffs' title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and the whole thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages, or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of January, 1911.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiffs: None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-7-10

NOTICE OF APPLICATION BY FOLSOM CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, A CORPORATION, FOR DECREE ADJUDGING ITS VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,806, Department 7.

In the Matter of the Application of the FOLSOM CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, a corporation, for Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the Folsom Consolidated Company, a corporation duly organized under the laws of the State of California, and having its office and principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid, filed in the above entitled Court on the 25th day of January, 1911, an application for a decree adjudging its voluntary dissolution under the provisions of the following sections of the Code of Civil Procedure of California, to-wit, from and including section 1227 to and including section 1233; that the above entitled Court has ordered that notice of the filing of said application be given by the Clerk of said Court by publishing this notice in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County of San Francisco, for the period of thirty (30) days; that at any time before the expiration of the time of publication, to-wit, thirty (30) days from and after the first publication of this notice, any person may file in said Court his objections to the said application; that if no objection is filed before the expiration of said time of publication said Court will proceed to hear and determine said application on Tuesday, the 14th day of March, 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in the Courtroom of Department No. 7 of said Court in the Grant Building, situate on the southeasterly corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the said City and County of San Francisco, and if the statements contained in said application are legally sufficient and are shown to be true, will thereupon make its judgment and decree declaring said corporation dissolved; but if any objection to said application shall be filed, the hearing of said application will be continued by the Court until five (5) days' notice of the hearing of such application shall have been given to all persons who shall have filed any objection to said application.

Dated, San Francisco, California, this 25th day of January, 1911.

(Seal of Superior Court). H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Date of first publication February 4, 1911.

LEO H. SUSMAN, Atty. for Applicant,
445 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-28-6

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PETER SMITH, Deceased—No. 10,954, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Edwin S. Tucker and Joseph Emanuel Reilly, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Peter Smith, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Madison & Burke, real estate and insurance brokers, No. 30 Montgomery Street, between Post and Sutter Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Peter Smith, deceased.

EDWIN S. TUCKER,
JOSEPH EMANUEL REILLY,
Executors of the Estate of Peter Smith, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 28, 1911.

CHARLES A. SHURTLEFF, Atty. for Executors.
800-806 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, California. 1-28-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,011. Department No. 4.

KATE E. HENESEY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Kate E. Henesey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of California Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches westerly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of California Street with the westerly line of Octavia Street; running thence westerly and along said southerly line of California Street thirty-four (34) feet nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly thirty-four (34) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 197.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises; and that the easement and right of said property to the party wall on the boundary between said property and the real property of M. Sheftel Co., a corporation, immediately abutting upon the rear of said property, be established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
M. Sheftel,	2083 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
City and County of San Francisco,	San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,681, Dept. No. 10.

PLINY E. RITNER, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE I. RITNER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Grace I. Ritner, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, A. D. 1911. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

AUSTIN LEWIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
504 to 508 Schmidt Bldg., 12 Geary St., S. F. 2-4-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9379, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JAMES BARRETT, Deceased.

Timothy J. Barrett, Executor of the Last Will of James Barrett, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition praying for an order of sale of the whole of the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, reference to which said petition on file herein is hereby made for further particulars than those appearing in this order, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary and would be beneficial to sell the whole of said real estate for the causes and reasons therein set forth and good cause appearing therefor;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Monday, the 27th day of February, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom thereof, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said Executor for the sale of said real estate, and that a copy of this order be published for four (4) successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: January 16, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

W. W. SANDERSON, Atty, for Executor,
548 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-21-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,021, Department No. 4.

WILLIAM A. KAAS and DELIA KAAS (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William A. Kaas and Delia Kaas, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Utah Street, distant thereon one hundred and eighty-seven (187) feet and six (6) inches southerly from the southerly line of Mariposa Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Utah Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Utah Street and the point of commencement; being a part of Potrero Block number seventy-four (74).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,015, Department No. 4.

ANNIE C. WIEGNER, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Annie C. Wiegner, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), distant thereon eighty (80) feet Easterly from the intersection of the Southerly line of Geary Street with the Easterly line of Eight Avenue, running thence Easterly along the said Southerly line of Geary Street twenty-six (26) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Eighth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-six (26) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street and point of beginning; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 277.

2nd. Commencing at a point on the Western line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twent-five (125) feet Northerly from the Northern line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Western line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in the fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
Title Insurance and Guaranty Company,	250 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL LEWIS RUMSEY, Deceased—No. 10,800, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Emma Forsythe Rumsey, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Samuel Lewis Rumsey, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Emma Forsythe Rumsey, at the office of James C. Sims, Rooms 612-614 Claus Spreckels Building, corner of Market and Third Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Samuel Lewis Rumsey, deceased. EMMA FORSYTHE RUMSEY,
Executrix of the Estate of Samuel Lewis Rumsey, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 21, 1911.

JAMES C. SIMS, Atty. for Executrix,
612-614 Claus Spreckels, Bldg., San Francisco. 1-21-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,014, Department No. 4.

SARA M. DALY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Hereinafter Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem to establish and quiet Plaintiff's title to real property and to determine all adverse claims thereto.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Sara M. Daly, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court, and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Randolph Street, distant twenty-five (25) feet easterly from the east line of Ramsell Street and running thence east twenty-five (25) feet; thence north one hundred (100) feet; thence west twenty-five (25) feet; thence south one hundred (100) feet to to the point of commencement; and being Lot 7 of Block 37 of the City Land Association as shown on a map of the same recorded on August 24, 1870, in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, and being also the same premises heretofore conveyed to Annie A. Daly (widow) by Anne McCormac by deed recorded August 2, 1897, in Volume 1748 of Deeds, Old Series, Records of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That this Court by its final judgment and decree, may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and may adjudge said plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands, and may establish and quiet its title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief in the premises as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Dated this 14th day of December, 1910.

GEO. K. FORD, Atty. for Plaintiff.
617 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No, 30,020, Department No. 4.

VIRGINIA CASSIDY WILBUR, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

First—Commencing at the northwest corner of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue) and Twentieth Avenue; thence northerly along the west line of Twentieth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly and parallel with Twentieth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle easterly and along the north line of Geary Street fifty (50) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 201.

Second—Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue); running thence northerly along said westerly line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the said westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, and the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 201.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of this Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property, and every part thereof; and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof; and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CAROLINE SHARP, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Caroline Sharp, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of J. F. Riley, Attorney for said Administrator with the Will annexed, 715-717 Pacific Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Caroline Sharp, deceased.

ARTHUR M. SHARP,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Caroline Sharp, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

J. F. RILEY, 715-717 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.,
Atty. for Administrator with the Will Annexed. 2-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,012, Department No. 4.

ELIZABETH ANN GUNN, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Elizabeth Ann Gunn, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Thirty-third Avenue, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet southerly from the southerly line of Ulloa Street (formerly "U" Street); running thence southerly along said westerly line of Thirty-third Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles northerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 1206.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiff to said real property and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims of every kind and nature whatsoever in and to said real property and every part thereof, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple of each and every, all and singular, of said real property, free and clear from any and all liens and encumbrances whatsoever.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,254.

J. W. SCHOUTEN AND COMPANY, a corporation, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE LETTERELL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: George Letterell, defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 21st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. W. HENDERSON, Atty. for Plaintiff,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 1-28-4

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25,793 Department No. 2.

SEBASTIANO CICERONE, also known as A. Sebastiano Cicerone, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Sebastiano Cicerone, also known as A. Sebastiano Cicerone, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Lafayette Place, distant thereon ninety-seven (97) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of Green Street; running thence northerly along said line of Lafayette Place fifty-nine (59) feet; thence at right angles easterly fifty-seven (57) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly fifty-nine (59) feet; and thence at right angles westerly fifty-seven (57) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot Number Three Hundred and Seventy-six (No. 376).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 21st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 31st day of December, 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 12-31-16

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 30,017, Department No. 4.

HARRY E. CASSIDY and MARY J. MERRILL, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Harry E. Cassidy and Mary J. Merrill, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), distant Eighty (80) feet Easterly from the Southeast corner of Geary Street and Twenty-second Avenue; thence at right angles with Geary Street Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the West line of Twenty-first Avenue; thence at right angles Northerly along the line of Twenty-first Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-six (26) feet Eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Twenty-first Avenue One Hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street; thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Geary Street One Hundred and Thirty-three (133) feet, Four (4) inches to the point of commencement; being lots numbers Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight and Ten in Block No. 263 of Outside Lands.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owners of an undivided one-half interest, each, in tenancy in common and in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D., 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,019, Department No. 4.

KATHERINE J. CASSIDY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Katherine J. Cassidy, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet North of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being in Block No. 201 of Outside Lands.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1910.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names:

Names	Addresses
Bank of Italy,	Montgomery and Clay Streets, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM R. CHRISTY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of William R. Christy, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Neal Power, 544 to 546 Mills Building, Northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William R. Christy, deceased. MARTHA E. CHRISTY,
Administratrix of the Estate of William R. Christy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 4, 1911.

NEAL POWER, Atty. for Administratrix,
544 to 546 Mills Bldg., San Francisco. 2-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,016 Department No. 4.

JOHN J. CASSIDY, ANNIE CECILIA WIEGNER, MARY I. GREELY and VIRGINIA CASSIDY WILBUR, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John J. Cassidy, Annie Cecilia Wiegner, Mary I. Greely and Virginia Cassidy Wilbur, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. Commencing on the Northerly line of Pine Street at a point distant one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Pine Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-seven (27) feet and six inches; and thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with said line of Broderick Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot Number Two (2), in Block No. 540 as designated upon a certain map entitled "Hoadley's Extension of the Western Addition," which said map was recorded May 10, 1862, in the office of the Recorder of said City and County.

2nd. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue) with the Easterly line of Second Avenue; thence Southerly along said line of Second Avenue one Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street; thence at right angles Westerly along said line of Geary Street thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being part of Outside Lands Block No. 283.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Courts for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owners in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff, Mary I. Greely:

Names	Addresses
R. McColgan and Daniel A. McColgan, as Trustees for C. H. Williams, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.	

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,385.

ADELE NOVARESE, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH ROBERT NOVARESE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to Joseph Robert Novarese, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed herein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of October, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 12-31-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLOTTE E. BEADLE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte E. Beadle, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor, at its office, at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charlotte E. Beadle, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte E. Beadle, Deceased.
By H. Van Luven, Secretary.

Dated, San Francisco, January 28, 1911.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for said Executor,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 1-28-5

Letters

"A Winter Queen"

"Marie Hay" is a name which has appeared before on a title page. It will be remembered as the pen name of the author of "A German Pompadour," a volume which went into a second edition not very long ago. "Marie Hay" is really the Baroness Herbert von Hindenburg and she is very well known in the diplomatic circles of The Hague where she resides. Though the author has called "A Winter Queen" a romance, it probably contains as much fact, and it is certainly more convincingly presented, than nine-tenths of the so-called biographies of royal personages. "The Winter Queen" was that daughter of James I of England, Elizabeth Stuart, who in 1613 became the wife of Frederich, Prince Palatine, with his capital at Heidelburg. The recital opens with a description of the preparations for the reception of the English princess, the pomp and ceremony, the decorations, the stately procession and the feasting and dancing. Frederich was a courtly cavalier and very much in love with his beautiful wife, the "Pearl of England," and Elizabeth seems to have possessed a full share of that charm of the ill-fated Stuart race which made loyal friends and partisans and kept them despite misfortune and ill-requite. The few years spent at Heidelburg passed quietly enough despite the trivial disputes over precedence, for James I insisted that his daughter should claim the first place on all occasions, deeming that her rank as Princess Royal of Great Britain had not been reduced by the fact of her marriage with a mere Elector Palatine. Even a casual acquaintance with the Stuart character would prove how little likely she was to forego any of her royal prerogatives. Indeed this second Elizabeth appears to have had a full share of her great namesake's imperiousness, though happily none of her temper. Frederich was ambitious. He would have liked full well to sit on a royal throne, but still better, to see his beloved wife enthroned The political situation of Europe was like a seething pot, and when the throne of Bohemia was offered to him he eagerly accepted it, despite the wise advice of his mother who cautioned him to be content with the fair land of his inheritance and the loyal regard of his subjects. Nor was he altogether to blame, for at first he had the assurance of the support of the Protestant princes and it was not unreasonable in him to expect the assistance of his royal father-in-law, James I of England. The flattering assurances which hailed Frederich and Elizabeth as the hope of the Protestant cause, the leaders in that combined front to be presented to the Holy Roman Empire in the person of the Emperor Fedinand of Austria, was soon withdrawn, for, in an age when successful treachery was almost a military virtue, and the victors spared neither age nor sex, persons nor property, it was a desperate undertaking to invite the wrath of the strong. Elizabeth Stuart craved the excitement of change and perhaps it was only natural that she should long to be crowned queen. The ill-fated journey was undertaken, though neither of the royal pair had a word of the Czech language, not even the few complimentary phrases that might have been parroted for the formal occasions. There was no official Bohemian advisor in their train and they knew absolutely nothing of the customs or apparently even the history of their new subjects, so that the symbolic observances, the traditional rites which should have impressed them as solemn functions were taken to be jests and the ill timed merriment of king and court, the half understood humors of the queen, struck a discordant note in the beginning. The pompous arrogance with which Frederich repelled the kindly hints and advice of those of the Bohemian nobles who tried to correct his errors only added to the difficulty. Though Frederich was tendered the crown of Bohemia with the understanding that he would espouse the cause of all his Protestant subjects it soon became evident that he was under the influence of the narrowest of advisors and that the mild Lutherans were to be as much anathema as the hated Catholics. The Thirty Years' War was, in fact, a three-sided contest in which Calvinist and Lutheran were as much opposed to each other as either was to their avowed enemy, but the iconoclasm of Frederich's German court followers alienated even the Protestants who were averse to seeing works of art dear to them through the association of centuries, wantonly destroyed. In less than a year's time from the date when they set out so joyously from Heidelberg, the court of Bohemia was in flight from its capital. The army which figured so largely on paper, starving, naked and untrained, had nearly melted away. Famine and disease had claimed a share; the generals, drawing pay per capita from the treasury, had omitted mention of desertions and deaths and the soldiers had mutinied or resolved themselves into bands of desperadoes, preying upon the country to support life. Virtually there was no army but such as it was, each regiment had its own commander who refused to recognize any other as his superior. Frederich was unable to cope with the situation. "The grey mare was the better horse." The retreat from Prague was a flight in which the queen's pet monkey found place in the royal coach. The queen's baby was dropped by its careless nurse and almost forgotten. Elsewhere we may read of the march of armies, of Wallenstein and Tilley and the catalogue of encounters, the alliances formed and dissolved, the new interests which protracted the struggle and the final end of it all, but here we are concerned only with the royal household, driven from one home but cut off by intervening armies from reaching the other; denied hospitality and shelter even in the direst need and seeing those who befriended them despite the proscription stripped of honors and lands and driven forth themselves, a pitiful band. They had neither present means of support nor definite expectations for the future and when at last they found refuge at The Hague, it was for Elizabeth the beginning of an exile of more than thirty years. At first it was expected that the fortunes of war would change and the Bohemian kingdom be rewon; later it was hoped that soon they would "go home" to the Palatinate, but finally Frederich died, as much in despair as of disease. All the gay young courtiers who had worn Elizabeth's colors and all the staid or fiery advisors vanished, victims of battle, pestilence or inhumanity. After long years of poverty sustained on a scanty income voted by the Staats-General or wrung from the English treasury, Elizabeth Stuart lived to see the royal family of Great Britain exiled and to extend such hospitality as she could command to her nephew who afterward ruled as Charles II. Her own large family was small comfort to her for the sons condemned, by their pretentions to a life of idleness, became for the most part turbulent roysterers and there was little sympathy between her and her daughters. After the Restoration an old woman nearing the scriptural limit of age, Elizabeth Stuart, once the beloved Princess Royal, turned her eyes toward her early home, but Nephew Charles, forgetting the ceremony and hospitality with which he was received during his own exile, despatched a messenger all the way to Delfthaven to bear a message telling her not to make the journey and when, disregarding the injunction, she took ship, he allowed her to land without a greeting and waited two days before he condescended to call upon her. Though old, friendless and penniless, it was still within her power to awaken romantic attachment and though it was only for the sake of the lawful protection and assistance it provided, this woman, born a princess royal and at one time a crowned queen, was married at last to a youth no older than some of her own children, the son of a London merchant, though he had won by his deeds of gallantry a title of his own. Though Elizabeth Stuart and Frederich, Prince Palatine, were pitifully young, according to our modern standards, judging them by their own generation they cannot be said to have been handicapped by lack of years. The task that Frederich essayed was too great for his capacity; and lack of means with which to maintain a family, much less an army, in those times when whole commands could be bought off to serve the cause with the longest purse, seems to have militated against him as seriously as lack of the magnetism which makes and holds a following for even a forlorn hope. It is a grievous commentary on all his pretentions that there is not even a tradition to point to the place of his burial. Elizabeth Stuart was a courageous woman gifted with a sense of humor which, if sometimes ill-timed, yet helped her to tide over many a situation fraught with tragedy, but when one reads of the anxieties, the poverty, the importunities for means with which to sustain existence—plain beggary, however disguised—and most of all, that numerous and unsatisfactory procession of children, one is prone to ask, Who would be a queen? and whether it would have required a little more or a little less courage to have abandoned the unsatisfactory role. It will detract nothing from the interest in "A Winter Queen"—whose court vanished before the army of the empire like snow before the spring sun—to recall that there is still a small band of romantic "Legitimists" who hold that whatsoever there is to the "divine right" in royalty is still vested in her descendants who should have been preferred to William and Mary after the Revolution of 1688. The map which forms the "end pieces" is a great assistance to the reader. Illustrations, of which there are five, are reproductions of the royal pair by different artists. Marie Hay has given us an uncommonly interesting relation, whether it be romance or history or both. From Houghton, Miffilin & Co.

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Auto Notes

Among the local motorists who have recently taken deliverey of 1911 Pope-Hartford cars are Rolla V. Watt, manager of the Royal and Queen Insurance Companies, and Mr. Sinsheimer, president of Sinsheimer & Co., wholesale dealers in grains and beans. Mr. Watt took a foredoor pony tonneau and Mr. Sinsheimer a foredoor five-passenger touring car. The Consolidated Motor Car Company also reports that a Pope-Hartford has just been shipped to Sacramento and two to Visalia.

The Cartercar Auto Co. reports the delivery of four passenger Cartercars to Chas. Missen of Livermore and E. H. Gerber of San Francisco.

The past two years, according to Mr. Sanford of Sydney, New South Wales, have seen a decided growth of demand in Australia for American made machines. Mr. Sanford closed with the Chalmers Motor Company a few months ago for the Chalmers agency in his corner of the world.

According to advices received by the Pioneer Automobile Company, the Lozier Co. of New York tendered the third annual dinner to their dealers on the Saturday evening marking the closing of the Madison Square Garden Show. Over forty Lozier dealers coming from all parts of the country attended the festivities.

William K. Vanderbilt Jr. probably heard more about the Hudson "33" during the auto show at Madison Square Garden than any other person who visited the exhibit. The noted sportsman and railway magnate always visited the show in company with William E. Hoyt, chief engineer of the New York Central's legal department. Mr. Hoyt is a great admirer of the Howard L. Coffin designing skill and purchased a Hudson "33" a few days before the show.

"Careful driving," says C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of the Diamond Rubber Company, "means a big saving always in tire expense. Remember among other things to turn the corners slowly. So many people seem to think the moment they get a car it is their solemn duty to see how fast they can go and how much the car will stand on every occasion. High speed is most disastrous on tires. That is so plain it needs no explanation. Then worst of all is the turning of corners rapidly when the very laws of nature throw the entire weight of the car at accumulated momentum to the outside and pull sidewise on the walls of the tires. No wonder such drivers have tire trouble. You might just as well put the tread of your tires against an emery wheel as to turn corners at a high rate of speed."

The Motor Sales Company of California has just received a supply of 1911 Inter-State catalogues. These catalogues are handsomely illustrated and finished throughout in most elegant manner. The specifications of the entire 1911 line, including the five passenger torpedo, the interchangeable coupe and roadster and the seven passenger 50 horsepower touring car, are given.

The Haynes Auto Sales Company has just unloaded another shipment of 5 passenger foredoor touring cars. Reported sales of this model would indicate that the car is among the most popular of the 1911 types to appear on the local market.

Among the aviators who used Monogram Oil during the meet at Selfridge Field was Hubert Latham whose flights in his Antoinette Monoplane were the features of the early days of the meet.

"In September, 1908, we put a Diamond casing on a "30" five passenger car which we use in the rent service," says Mr. A. W. Marksheffel of the Colorado Automobile and Supply Co. of Colodaro Springs. "This tire was on the right front wheel and gave 23,000 miles' service."

To such a fine point has the design of the Stevens-Duryea been carried, that the experimental development staff of the Chicopee Falls works has searched for improvements during the whole year, and has only produced two or three features to which the public eye can be directed and which will be readily recognized as distinct advances.

Rambler Builds Fire Truck

Fire department chiefs, public service officials and the most experienced employes of municipalities in the country will find a receptive market for the knowledge they have gained in years of fire fighting and other duties with the rapid development of the service motor car as a money saving aid to cities.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company, makers of Rambler Service Cars, have been the first to command the experience of the most efficient fire fighters in the country in the production of a combination chemical and hose truck, exhibited for the first time this year at the Chicago commercial vehicle show.

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TOWN TALK

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Degenerate Uncle Sam

The flapdoodle press is taking seriously the jocular observation of the Hon. "Champ" Clark that the annexation of Canada may take place in the not distant future. This is the consummation of which the Fourth of July orator had instinctive prescience in the days long agone when all good citizens fondly believed that the eyes of the world were upon them and felt that it was their duty as a people to teach mankind the way of republican righteousness by the beneficent influence of example. Those were the days when we pointed with pride to our free institutions and gloried in the success that vindicated the truth and efficiency of the democratic theory of government. Those were the days when we all believed that Gladstone paid no more than a simple and honest tribute to the genius of the Founders when he said, "The American Constitution is, so far as I can see, the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." But those days of national self-complacency and pride are gone. And with them are gone the prospect of the shelter of the stars and stripes being sought by the people of Canada. By reciprocity we may establish closer trade relations with our neighbors of the north, but if there is to be any merging of the two peoples under one form of government that form will not be the one under which we are living. Why the very suggestion of their being made American citizens fills the people of Canada with rage and horror. And is it not easy to appreciate their state of mind with reference to republican institutions which, from the beginning of the world have but served to prove the futility of the principle in which they are grounded? Why should the people of Canada, enjoying as they are the blessings of individual liberty and the protection of institutions that are safe from the depredations of the mob, desire to shake off their allegiance to England? They have no complaint to make against the mother country, and certainly there is nothing to fascinate or allure in the workings of our government. On the contrary when they ponder the phenomena of American politics, the abuses that have arisen, the wild and destructive theories of government that are growing in popularity, the tyranny of a vulgar and besotted press, the unscruposity and ignorance of the idols of the masses, they ought to felicitate themselves on having so close at hand a horrible example of misgovernment to warn them against the folly of indulging the mischievous spirit of discontent.

The Press and Its Puppets

That this is rapidly becoming a government by the press is apparent to every man who pays the slightest attention to the psychology of political events. Our public servants with few exceptions are the puppets of the press. Eager for the popularity which the press guarantees and fearful of the hostility that is fatal to political ambition they are responsive to every suggestion made by the tyrants of the tripod. The real bosses in every State and in every city are newspaper editors, and their puppets in office are ever ready to gratify their desire whether it be communicated publicly through editorial columns or privately in editorial sanctum; whether it be for the support of some new-fangled theory of government or for the advancement of a corrupt journal's private interests. How subservient to the autocratic press of this State are the representatives of the people is shown by the smothering at Sacramento of the bill providing for the reduction of the exorbitant rates charged for the publishing of delinquent tax notices. That bill was smothered at the behest of the grafters of the rural press, nine-tenths of whom are conducting "reform" journals and molding public opinion against the courts and in favor of increasing the powers of the mob. It was smothered by a "reform" Legislature, the members of which are clamoring for a better quality of justice in California. Cant and hypocrisy are surely having their inning in this State.

Our Subsidized Magazines

President Taft is now having a tussle with the magazine section of the press. The magazine editors are in a terrible rage because the President has deemed it wise in the interest of economy to raise the postal rates on second-class mail. The magazine business has been revolutionized in this country in the last ten years. Formerly it was considered to be the chief function of the magazines to edify and instruct. Now it is their chief function to promote publicity for the big mail-order houses of the East. The magazines now serve the purpose of keeping those houses in touch with their customers, and they have greatly reduced the output of catalogues which were formerly the means by which mail-order houses stimulated business. The consequence is that the magazines contain an enormous amount of advertising matter, the transportation of which costs the people many millions of dollars annually. Now these magazines are violating the spirit of the postal laws. It is distinctly a violation of those laws to send through the mails at the second-class rate a magazine for which no charge is made. Free magazines have been forbidden the press privilege ever since a certain shrewd business man made a great success of one by distributing it broadcast and thus commanding an enormous advertising patronage with the assistance of the post-office and at the expense of the people. He was put out of business by a rule excluding from the privilege of the second-class rate magazines that have not bona fide subscribers. But the publishers evade the spirit of this rule by giving away premiums to subscribers and agents. Theirs is a new system of rebating. The cost of selling some of the magazines is greater than the revenue derived from sales. And in some instances the rebating is managed by a system of book-selling. So the truth is that few of the magazines have a legitimate circulation; that is, a circulation due to intrinsic merit. The publishers are conducting a gigantic advertising enterprise with the aid of the government which subsidizes them by transporting their magazines at a rate far below the actual cost. President Taft has called a halt, but it remains to be seen whether he will be able to compel the publishers to take their hands out of the national treasury; whether a courageous Administration is able to cope with the power of the press.

When Doctors Disagree

Common sense, it has been said, is of all kinds the most uncommon. To be sure it is nothing more than the knack of seeing things as they are and doing things as they ought to be done, but this is a rare gift not to be acquired in school or college. How often do we meet men with learning who have not the common sense to apply it! We meet them in the professions practicing sciences and we say to ourselves, How true that a little learning is a dangerous thing! For there can be no complete apprehension of the principles of any science where there is lack of common sense. And it is certainly a perilous thing to vest with authority men who can never have more than a little learning; perilous to the State to make lawyers of nincompoops; perilous to society to give a medical diploma to every Sangrado who has memorized a few text-books. As to the perilousness of this last mentioned practice, how well was it illustrated at the meeting of the County Medical Society last week when Dr. Schafer's new "anti-fever serum" was the subject of discussion! How many of the men who participated in that discussion are qualified to prescribe for the sick; to decide whether a capital operation should or should not be performed? They were asked merely to investigate the serum by scientific methods, and they squabbled for an hour and failed to accomplish anything. Yet it appears that this serum is being administered indiscriminately. Some remarkable cures were reported and some quick deaths. Perhaps the deaths are to be accounted for on the hypothesis that the serum was administered in what are known as terminal cases. If so it was administered contrary to the instructions of Dr. Schafer, and if such be the case it is all the more reason why the medical profession should seek enlightenment. Yet the doctors of the County Medical Society who are supposed to be devoted to the interests of science and

eager for the ascertainment of truth adjourned without determining what should be done. If science, as some one has said, is nothing more than trained and organized common sense there appears to be a woful lack of it in the medical fraternity.

A Banker's Grave Offense

Mr. Frank B. Anderson, President of the Bank of California, lectured at the State University the other day on "Morals in Trade and Commerce," and we are told by the Boughten Bulletin, organ and pet journal of the devotees of mob rule, that he spoke in great contempt of "popular majorities, legislatures and everything popular" including "magazines and newspapers that are ruled by majorities." The whole account of the lecture was obviously designed to incite against Mr. Anderson the indignation of everybody who believes as the editor of the Boughten Bulletin pretends that he believes—that the masses are sacred and anything said in disparagement of them is blasphemy. The editor of the Boughten Bulletin is on one of his periodical jags. He has been filling his skin with the red inflammatory liquor which is distilled from the intoxicating weed of self-conceit that has its roots in political power. In his delirium he fancies that the time is ripe for another reign of terror similar to the one that was conducted by Detective Burns when the town was alive with gumshoe pimps and parasites. As though the halcyon day were already at hand he is running amuck, spurting venom at every object of his hatred, and rousing the populace by raging against individuals that dare voice opinions on public questions contrary to his own. It was this uproarious editor who demanded the recall of Senator Works for disapproving the proposal to subject the judiciary to mob rule, and it was in the same spirit that he characterized the appearance of Banker Anderson on the lecture platform at Berkeley as an invasion of the university by "Big Business." In the same spirit he appealed to popular passion by printing as a summary of the speech a barefaced distortion of the speaker's sentiments. Mr. Anderson, it is true, warned the students of the university against the whims of popular caprice, advised them not to regard public clamor as infallible, but he did not speak contemptuously of anybody or anything. But suppose he had done so; is it lese majesty to speak disrespectfully of the people in these days when one may speak as disrespectfully of a king as of the equator and with equal disregard of consequences? Here, of course, the people are the sovereign power, but are we to deify the multitude? Are they already so drunk with power that as in the days of Marius it means heads off for those who would censure them for their blind adoration of their blatant demagogues? "He spoke contemptuously of the people!" says Fremont Older, with hands upraised in holy horror. Well why not speak contemptuously of the people? If the Boughten Bulletin, edited by Fremont Older, is the mouthpiece of any great number of the people, surely that alone should be sufficient reason to speak contemptuously of them.

The Dear People

The people have been spoken of disrespectfully and contemptuously from time immemorial and by men greater than Mr. Anderson of the Bank of California, greater and more beloved even by the people today than any of our contemporary leaders of the people. They have been spoken of contemptuously for the reason that it is characteristic of them to tolerate as leaders men as devoid of intellectual honesty as, for example, the editor of the Boughten Bulletin. And as they will continue to be spoken of contemptuously it may be well at this time, coddled as they are by flatterers of the mountebank and whited sepulchre type to introduce them to the society of old friends that they may learn just what has been thought of the dear deluded people, of popularity and the priests of Demos:

Popular opinion is the greatest lie in the world.—Carlyle.

Seek not the favor of the multitude; it is seldom got by lawful means.—Kant.

The vulgar and common esteem is seldom happy in hitting right.—Montaigne.

The greatness of a popular character is less according to the ratio of his genius than the sympathy he shows with the prejudices and even the absurdities of his time.—Lamartine.

Put as little trust in the people as in princes.—Edmund Burke: Letter to John Bourke, July 11, 1777.

It is humiliating for us who form the mass of mankind that the people furnish the most detestable examples of wickedness and phrenzy in the tyrannic abuse of power.—Edmund Burke: Letter to Count d'Artois, Nov. 6, 1793.

The scum that rises upmost when the nation boils.—Dryden.

In every age the vilest specimens of human nature are to be found among demagogues.—Macaulay: History of England.

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men.
—Shakespeare.

There have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them, and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition, and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.—Shakespeare.

Our slippery people,
Whose love is never linked to the deserver
Till his deserts are past.
—Shakespeare.

The mutable, rank-scented many.
—Shakespeare.

The blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude.
—Shakespeare.

Your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase evil.
—Shakespeare.

A usurping populace is its own dupe, a mere underworker and a purchaser in trust for some single tyrant.—Swift.

The cities fell often under tyrannies which spring naturally out of popular government.—Swift.

All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will to be rightful, must be reasonable.—Thomas Jefferson: Inaugural address.

Lycurgus being asked why he, who in other respects appeared to be so zealous for the equal rights of men did not make his government democratic rather than oligarchic, replied, "Go you and try a democracy in your own house."—Plutarch.

If there were a people consisting of gods, they would be governed democratically; so perfect a government is not suitable to men.—Rousseau.

That is, in a great degree, true of all men, which was said of the Athenians, that they were like sheep, of which a flock is more easily driven than a single one.—Whately.

In every village then will arise some miscreant to establish the most grinding tyranny by calling himself the people.—Sir Robert Peel.

In a free and republican government you cannot restrain the voice of the multitude. Every man will speak as he thinks, or, more properly, without thinking, and consequently will judge of effects without attending to their causes.—George Washington.

The public wishes itself to be managed like a woman; one must say nothing to it except what it likes to hear—Goethe.

As inclination changes, thus ebbs and flows the unstable tide of public judgment.—Schiller.

Public sentiment ought to signify the common march of good men's thoughts, and should be but a road, marked plain that all may know the way to travel. But too often it is employed as a bribe to stop free-thinking, an intimidation to check free-acting, a bauble to lure approbation, or a threatened fool's-cap with which to terrify it.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The charge which may with justice be brought against the common people is, not that they are inconstant, but that they almost invariably choose their favorite so ill that their constancy is a vice and not a virtue.—Macaulay: History of England.

Those who have foregone that pleasing adviser, and given up their minds to the slavery of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity: I pity them still more if vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them that many who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day and received its execrations the next; and many who, by the fools of their own times, have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared on the historian's page, when truth triumphed over delusion, the assassins of liberty.—Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield.

From the foregoing excerpts it must be clear enough that Mr. Anderson of the Bank of California, if he has no superstitious reverence for the people, no disposition to regard them as infallible and no admiration for the press and demagogues that coddle and caress them, it can at least be said of him that he is in mighty good company.

The Monk

I go with silent feet and slow
As all my black-robed brothers go;
I dig a while and read and pray,
So portion out my pious day
Until the evening time, and then
Work at my book with cunning pen.

If she would turn to me a while,
If she would turn to me and smile,
My book would be no more to me
Than some forgotten phantasy,
And God no more unto my mind
Than a dead leaf upon the wind.

—Seumas O'Sullivan.

Perspective Impressions

A woman from Salem, Oregon, says Butte County is the garden of Eden. Fiat justitia, ruat Salem.

The bill limiting the hours of labor for women to eight hours will make home life possible only to the rich and greatly increase the business of hotels and boarding houses.

It is proposed that the price of the Congressional Record be reduced to one dollar a year. Thus the movement to popularize the classics goes steadily on.

We are indebted to "reform run mad" for a delightful spectacle: "Hire-Him" Johnson, Tom Finn, Dick Welch, Lee Gates, Signor Caminetti, Mahatma Sanford et al. similes sitting en banc on the Supreme Court.

The individual conscience having ceased to be effective the State conscience is to be substituted.

"Russia," we read, "sounds her war cry in note to China." What is the Chinese equivalent of "Banzai"?

A contemporary tells us that our Progressive patriots have embraced the cause of the people That's what Judas Iscariot did to our Lord.

A woman in a Sacramento hotel found a snake in her bed. It was looking for a legislator, but entered the wrong room.

Gifford Pinchot says he is against the proposal to make the magazines pay the freight. So is every magazine-made patriot in this blessed land.

By abolishing passes the Legislature has added about a million a year to the revenue of the railroads. No wonder the interests are not squealing.

Judge Wilbur of Los Angeles is for the recall. Doubtless because his ears are so long that he thinks he will never have any difficulty in keeping them close to the ground.

When Mr. Justice Shaw informed Attorney-General Webb the other day that his argument consisted mainly of "things that are not true and things that you don't believe to be true" the distinguished functionary who was making a noise like a Bulletin editorial apparently realized that he was in the presence of a mind reader. He neither denied the impeachment nor expressed curiosity as to what the things were that he didn't believe to be true.

Imaginary Eloquence

Being Excerpts from Some Notable Arguments Delivered in the Year of the World's Fair Before Courts Governed by the Salutary Recall in the Progressive Metropolis of the Golden West

(As Reported by Theodore Bonnet)

Your Honor has listened with wonderful patience to counsel for plaintiff who has quoted many authorities in support of his client's cause. He has expatiated at great length on the law and the evidence, but he has absolutely ignored the merits of the case. I will content myself with briefly stating the facts. The plaintiff is a man of property, but something of a recluse who, so far as I can learn, has but few friends in this city. He seeks to oust my client from possession of a house occupied by the defendant and his family for one year, during which period he has paid as many as three months' rent. Has he shown that the defendant was able to pay more? There is not one word of testimony on this point. Plaintiff has merely shown that the defendant is in default. Now the defendant, if your Honor please, is a poor mechanic and a good joiner. He is a prominent member of the Building Trades Council, and a most active member of several fraternal societies among them being the Philanthropic and Protective Order of Red Herrings, the Noble Knights of the Square Hole, the Ingenious Squires of the Double Cross, The Forest Rangers of the Universe and the Independent Order of Delphic Oracles. Obviously, your Honor, he is a man of some standing in this community, and it is not to be presumed of him that he doesn't pay his rent from evil motives. Nay your Honor, his friends whose name is legion have absolute confidence in him, and greatly would they distrust any one who would inflict injury upon him. Indeed they have authorized me to say that were he to lose this case an indignation meeting would be held and somebody would be hanged in effigy. So it must be clear to this court that the plaintiff has utterly failed to establish a cause of action. Indeed he has failed to show that he has any standing except in his own estimation. He is a man of wealth but with no social connections or any means of invoking the sovereignty of the people. I submit that there is a preponderance of circumstances in favor of my client, and I ask for judgment against the plaintiff for costs. I think he is lucky that I don't ask that he be committed to jail.—M. Ig—ius Su—an.

I move for a non-suit. It is apparent, if your Honor please, that the plaintiff has no cause of action. The defendant here, the most widely-read newspaper in the State of California, is being sued for $50,000 damages for having libeled the plaintiff. And what has he shown? He has offered in evidence the whole front page of the paper to show that by inadvertence he was represented to be a horse-thief and a murderer, the son of a bigamist, the father of a forger, the uncle of a pick-pocket and the brother of a swindler. But of course your Honor will take judicial cognizance of the fact that mistakes will occur in the best regulated newspaper offices And your Honor will take judicial cognizance of the fact that the Daily Howler is one of the most conservative and highly respected journals in this country. The esteem in which it is held was indicated at the last election when one of your confreres of the bench was recalled at the instigation of this defendant. That unfortunate man, it will be remembered, gave judgment against the Daily Howler in a suit for damages brought by an aged and decrepit widow who was represented as having poisoned her husband. As in this case the charge was made by inadvertence, but the lady was given a retraction of three lines, which, considering the value of space in the Daily Howler, was a most generous salve to her wounds. The Daily Howler is always just, as just as it is influential. It is a popular journal because it is devoted to the welfare of the people, and allowances ought to be made for the mistakes that occasionally creep into its columns. Indeed the people declared at the last recall election that allowances must be made, and the sentiment of the people I cite to your Honor in support of this motion.—Bar—ay H—ley

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Counsel for plaintiff has had a great deal to say about the law of the case. He has told us what the common law is, what the fundamental principles of the law are and what the courts of all the States have affirmed the law to be. All of which I submit is an insult to this court. The law of this case is whatsoever your Honor pronounces it. Counsel appears to be unaware of the fact that he is living in a Progressive commonwealth where the law of the State is the will of the people. Here in California has been realized the true conception of the sovereignty of the masses. With us law is nothing unless close behind it stands a warm living public opinion. Thank Heavens we have come to recognize the fact that the people's safety is the law of God. We care naught for the forms of law. They have always been the graves of buried liberties. Law grinds the poor and rich men make the law. The greatest of all injustice is that which forces the letter of the law against the equity of the case. There was a time when it was impossible for us even to commit murder without laws and maxims, but thank God that time is past. We now recognize that the universal and absolute law is that natural justice which cannot be written down but which appeals to the hearts of all warm-blooded men. The courts of this State are not governed by the common law, nor are they guided by the hair-splitting of the old fogies of the bench in New England and elsewhere. Their decisions reflect the advanced thought of the times. Their wisdom is vindicated by the approval of public sentiment. The thing for your Honor to know in this case is not what Chief Justice Thingumbob of Pennsylvania said fifty years ago, but what the average citizen of our most enlightened State is likely to say tomorrow. And for these reasons, your Honor, I will not bore you with citations from dry and heavy tomes. I will do nothing more than report to your Honor that last night I heard this case discussed in Eddie Graney's saloon and that there the consensus of opinion was that the defendant was a ten-to-one shot.—F—is J. H—ey

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Varied Types

X—WILLIS POLK

By Edward F. O'Day

Life has its compensations after all. It is not all a dusty highway with no roadhouse in sight. If you keep pushing on through the brambly brake you are sure to reach the grassy glade. After the very worst of roads your sixty-horse power car is apt to strike a stretch of macadam. The most irresponsible of borrowers sometimes pays you back. But hold—We are not here to listen to a sermon of apothegmatic bromides. Our business today is with Willis Polk, so let us not be betrayed by our penchant for moralizing into forgetfulness of our first proposition which may be restated thus: Willis Polk, if he chose, could pen a very interesting sequel to Emerson's justly celebrated essay on Compensations.

For on this current Saturday night Willis Polk will be wreathed with the jonquils of glory, as one of our reception committeemen might put it. He will be crowned, metaphorically of course, with the oak leaves that symbolize victory in one of the prettiest architectural Marathons ever run. After having been roasted to a turn year after year he will be toasted in vintage wines. After having been boiled in oil, again metaphorically, the hinges of his self-esteem will be lubricated with the salve of laudation. After having been knocked he will be slapped on the back; after having been consigned to the pit of Tophet he will be raised on the wings of oratory propelled by the breath of postprandial hot-air to the brilliant heights of Paradise where he may look down on the roof of his tallest skyscraper. Not to keep you guessing, Willis Polk is to be a guest of honor at the Pacific-Union Club banquet.

Just picture that pretty scene. Visualize Willis Polk, his starched bosom swelling with pride and undigested compliments, his eye flashing with exultation and champagne, rising to address the assemblage of gout, chalkstones, corpulence and filthy lucre known as the Pacific-Union Club. Before him and about him in that beautiful hall of paneled English walnut Dives is spooning up his bisque Tortoni and Midas is draining his Cordon Rouge. He sees here a malefactor of great wealth who used to call him a "bum architect;" he glimpses there, through the fragrant haze of fat regalias, a captain of industry who prophesied that he "couldn't come back." And as the applause that greeted his rising dies away he flourishes his serviette in a gesture of modest deprecation and launches into an exposition of how it all happened.

You will admit that it is not every architect who is commissioned to build a million-dollar club for effete and blase millionaires. You will concede that not every architect so commissioned would go to the trouble of knocking a couple of piffling hundred thousands off the original cost. And you will not gainsay the observation that when the architect who does this is one who never went to school, who first learned how to build and afterwards found out why it was done thus and not otherwise, who was stigmatized as a dreamer without practical ideas and an idealist without business sagacity—that such an architect, filling the foreground of such a picture as that which I have endeavored to sketch, has every right in the world to feel as though he has not lived in vain. And that just about represents the sentiment that is permeating Willis Polk at the present writing.

Architects are not unlike other professional men. Jealously is not absolutely unknown among them. For the man who rises from the ranks they are apt to entertain a less kindly feeling than for the man who is accredited from a college. They bow their heads reverently if you come from the Beaux Arts and wag them derisively if you come from the carpenter's bench. Academic training is their badge of caste and Willis Polk never had any academic training worth boasting about. Yet he sympathizes with the peculiar ply of his architectural brethren to the extent of admitting that five years of collegiate instruction would have saved him ten of mighty hard sledding.

Polk came into the world in strict accordance with specifications in Kentucky in 1865. About his only equipment for the subsequent struggle was a class A reinforced determination, first of all to help his family and in the second place,

WILLIS POLK

to make a name for himself. His father had been an architect but at the outbreak of the Rebellion he rolled up his blueprints, tossed them on the shelf and donned a gray uniform. He came out of the struggle with inflammatory rheumatism and an empty exchequer and when Willis was seven years old the family moved to St. Louis. To help support the family he sold newspapers, ran errands, was a cash boy, did anything in fact that would bring in a little money. He says he was a good newsboy and sold a hundred papers every Sunday morning. At the age of eleven his father went to Hot Springs for the alleviation of his rheumatism and took Willis along. There father and son collaborated on a building and as you stroll down Central Avenue in Hot Springs you may still see the "Iron Block," the first fruit of young Polk's architectural exertion. Two years later, at the mature age of thirteen, Willis saw an advertisement for bids for a new school house at Hope, Arkansas. He took a chance and got the contract. He not only drew the plans but also worked as a carpenter and stonemason in the erection of that modest temple of learning. From that time on he was a sure-enough "architect and builder" and did a good deal of work in Arkansas and Texas. In 1885 he went to Boston where he had the good fortune to meet Henry Van Brunt, one of the country's great architects, and in Van Brunt's office he began to learn something of the principles of architecture. Through Van Brunt he made the acquaintance of Professor William R. Ware who occupied the chair of architecture at Columbia. So he drifted to New York and cultivated Professor Ware, sitting with him night after night to absorb architectural lore and occasionally attending his lectures. He used to occupy a little hall bedroom on a Box and Cox arrangement. One day his fellow-lodger came into the room and insisted that he get up so that he, the fellow-lodger, might go to bed. That was his introduction to Oliver Herford, wit and writer, and their subsequent intimacy developed in Polk a facility for saying sharp truths that has helped to make him many enemies—and many friends Stanford White and Augustus St. Gaudens were not famous in those days and young Polk used to pal with them. To the end of their lives this intimate association continued. In 1889 he came to San Francisco, just about the time that Architecture struck the town. Previous to that the "architecture" of our buildings, barring a few homes on Nob Hill and Pacific Heights, was of the jigsaw variety. We built first and then ordered our "architecture" from a planing mill. Conditions were changing when Willis Polk arrived here, but the change did not do him a great deal of good. He had plenty of time to cultivate his artistic sense, but few opportunities to practice his profession; so he was broke most of the time. When he did get a job a lot of the other architects stood around and explained how little they thought of him. Their explanations did not worry Polk and he gave as good as he received. With artists of all sorts he was popular and in '93 he helped organize the famous "Roseleaves," a coterie of Bohemian clubmen which included Dan O'Connell, Denis O'Sullivan, Ned Townsend, Charles Rollo Peters, Pete Bigelow, Joe Redding and other choice spirits. There was lots of gray matter in that crowd but no money, a fact which was attested by the celebrated suit of Comomdore Harrison versus the Roseleaves for the rent of the yacht Frolic, a suit in which most of the millionaires in town were made co-defendants with the poverty-stricken Bohemians. About the same time Polk became something of a newspaperman, contributing to the Sunday and weekly papers and distinguishing himself, through the accident of being on the train, by scooping the state on the first hold-up of Evans and Sontag.

The year '97 was a particularly hard year for Polk and he spent most of it in seclusion from bill collectors drawing a plan for a wonderful peristyle and arch approach to the Ferry Building from Market street. Polk has that drawing yet. He says a great artist once declared that it was the biggest pen and ink drawing in the

(Continued on Page 19.)

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Where is California?

One of the Congressmen who spoke for New Orleans during the recent exposition contest was the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin of Alabama. Heflin must have known that the fight was lost, for he engaged in airy persiflage, as may be judged by reading this extract from the Congressional Record:

Mr. Speaker, it is still a mooted question as to where California is. John S. McGroarty, a Californian, writing in the Los Angeles Times, says: "The American continent is the back yard of California." Mr. Speaker, that is the limit. Mr. McGroarty quotes Colonel Roosevelt, who once said: "California is not in the West; it is west of the West." (Laughter.) And still the question is, Where is California? Mr. McGroarty quotes from another author concerning California, who says:

It lies not in the East or West,
But like a scroll unfurled,
It lies where God hath hung it,
Down the middle of the world.

(Applause and laughter.)

Now, who wants to take a chance, Mr. Speaker, at an exposition held on a thing hanging in the middle of the world? (Laughter.) But we are told that—

Oft the flowers of perfect bliss
Are plucked on danger's precipice.

(Applause and laughter.)

Mr. Speaker, who wants to go to the middle of the world to attend an exposition, and who is able to make the expensive trip? Or who has the time for such a long, long journey?

Another in this same paper tells us that California lies midway between the Orient and the Occident. Why, Mr. Speaker, it is as far as Red Egypt and lies somewhere twixt the eremite star of the Orient desert's lone dawn and the porch of the chambers of rest. (Applause and laughter.)

The Mormons Busy in Liverpool

Mormon missionaries have been busy again in England, and indignation is rising against the ravages that have been and are being made in the young womanhood of Liverpool. The protestors number among them leading citizens, social workers, clergy, and the bishop of Liverpool himself. They are up in arms at last, and they demand nothing short of legislation, and stringent legislation, to help them combat the insidious work which in the name of religion is being done in their midst. Sermons have been preached against Mormonism, pamphlets have been printed, but all to no effect. For Liverpool girls stll continue to find mysterious aid for passages to Utah. Some "mysterious friend" advances the money. Is this friend a Mormon agency? The Mormons repudiate the suggestion. "We have no hand in it," they say with heat. Yet the girls still continue to go, and Utah continues to receive them into its bosom.

The Compliments of the Editor

Up in the Sacramento Valley two editors have been indulging in the amenities of journalism. The dispute is of no consequence; it is the language of their disputation which commands attention. This is the way the editor of the Oroville Mercury writes about the editor of the Marysville Democrat:

After garbling the English language in his inimitable manner, the personal chaser for the Marysville Democrat endeavors to throw some mud and insinuations at a story published in the Mercury sometime ago relative to six inches of water being upon the tracks of the Southern Pacific between Honcut and Palermo. With his well known "nose for news" he declares that the story was exaggerated and that the road bed was merely "soft." The editor of the Mercury admits that he is a newcomer and that he is not acquainted with the surrounding country as well as he might be but if it takes him as long to get next to the conditions as it seems to have taken the editor of the Yuba county sheet, judging from the appearances of the paper, he is willing to take a back seat and stay there. This is a little farther than some people are willing to go. The story printed was given to the editor of the Mercury by a newspaperman who knows more about the country, including Marysville, than this scribe will ever get through his rather thick cranium if he hangs on to a pencil until he cashes in his checks.

Twenty-five Most Beautiful Words

Some organization in New York offered a prize for the twenty-five most beautiful words in the English language and a lawyer won it by submitting the following:

Melody, splendor, adoration, eloquence, virtue, innocence, modesty, faith, joy, honor, radiance, nobility, sympathy, heaven, love, divine, hope, harmony, happiness, purity and liberty.

This list is short four words, but what's the odds? There are enough here and to spare. They may not please all tastes, but they probably accomplish the purpose which the lawyer had in mind when he gathered them together. They prove that the lawyer has a Beautiful Soul.

The Hula as a Kirmess Dance

Down in Honolulu they are having a tempest in a teapot because it is proposed to give the hula as one of the dances in a Kirmess for the benefit of charity. Some of the preachers are up in arms. One of them says the word hula cannot be uttered in polite society and characterizes the dance as "the embodiment of the grossest and most bestial elements of the heathenism that once covered these beautiful islands," which is "going some." The Kirmess committee reply that even the waltz may be made lascivious and that the hula need be no more indecent than a two-step. Another apologist finds the hula woven of "threads of a thousand hues and of many fabrics, representing the imaginations of the poet, the speculations of the philosopher, the aspirations of many a thirsty soul." And so the controversy goes on. To an outsider it looks as though the hula is a dance where every little movement has a meaning all its own and that there is a marvelous diversity of opinion as to its interpretation.

One of the "Lost Dauphins"

It often seems to outsiders that the French treat serious matters lightly and light matters seriously, so few will be surprised to learn that the French Senate is to debate the claims of Naundorff to the throne. As there is no throne in France the debate can have no practical outcome, but that is no reason for not having the debate. A ponderous report has been made and will be very gravely considered. Naundorff claims to be descended directly from that Dauphin who is popularly believed to have died in the Temple while Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI were incarcerated there. He is not unique in his claim. There are seventeen other pretenders to the same distinction, but he is alone in securing the dubious official recognition implied in a senatorial debate. The best Naundorff can hope is that he will be allowed to use the name Bourbon. That will be something, for he will then be the center of a group of royalists who have as much hope of overturning the republic as the "legitimists" in England have of seating a Stuart on the throne of George V.

A Closed-Shop Coast

According to the Spectator of Portland Samuel Gompers is raising a $500,000 fund to be expended in bringing about the closed shop along the Pacific Coast "from San Diego to the British Columbia line." "None of us," says the Portland weekly, "will be allowed to see, taste, smell, touch, or hear unless the organs that perform these interesting and ofttimes useful functions are union-made, and bear the brand of Samuel Gompers." The "war for the re-enslavement of the manumitted wage-earner and wage-payer" is to begin in Los Angeles. The Spectator continues:

When Los Angeles has been thoroughly Gompersized, the process will be repeated here, for this is the first large open-shop town north of the Southern California metropolis. And what are we going to do about it? Permit ourselves to be unionized, Gompers-branded, and put in closed-shop cold-storage, where San Francisco is? In four years, the closed-shop policy, which Gompers has mapped out for us, has left San Francisco with 30 per cent of her manufactures. Do you business men of Portland desire to see this city suffer from the blight that has almost destroyed San Francisco? If you do, remain quiescent at the switch, while Gompers ropes, throws, and brands you, and turns your fair-house establishments into closed shops.

Sacramento's Growing Pains

Sacramento is growing so rapidly that it has growing pains. There is an actual lack of accommodations for the people who go to the capital. Josef Hofmann, the celebrated pianist, could not get a room in any of the hotels and had to put up at a private residence. Many of the members of the Western Fruit Jobbers' Association which held its convention in Sacramento recently experienced the same inconvenience. Although the city has built two big hotels within the past two years more are needed and there is talk of beginning work on a hostelry to contain five or six hundred rooms. Sacramento has reached a point where it is indifferent to the sitting of the Legislature. It regards "statesmen" with the same insouciance with which congressmen are treated in Washington. The city has struck its stride and is forging right ahead. Fortunes are being made in real estate.

The most popular native table wine in the United States is the Italian-Swiss Colony's TIPO (red or white). There is a reason—it is the best.

A Run of Luck

Amelia Rosselli (From the Italian)

Carlotta Moretti, having finished her gossip about things in general with her friend, Anna De Mari, arose, exclaiming: "It must be getting late." But the other forced her gently to reseat herself.

"Stay a little longer, do. Don't you see how it is raining? Unless you take a carriage you will be drenched, and that would be a pity; your dress is delicious."

A complacent smile played upon the lips of the visitor.

"It is true," she said, looking toward the window; "it is pouring."

The little drawing-room was pervaded with a vague gloom. In one corner the water for the tea bubbled softly. A gray mist veiled the window, impeding the view of the double row of trees which bordered the street, reaching up with their tallest branches nearly to the tops of the houses.

The two friends were silent, having nothing left to talk about.

Carlotta Moretti reached across indifferently to a little table loaded with knicknacks which stood near the sofa and touched a statuette of old ivory, a small Buddha, fat and grotesque, which she took up to examine more carefully.

"Beautiful!" she said finally, with the air of a connoisseur acquired by frequenting the numerous auction sales which are among the social attractions of winter Rome. "Beautiful! Who gave it to you?"

"My husband."

"I suppose so; he never misses a sale and he offers fabulous sums. The other day he bid a thousand lire for a Capodimonte which was hardly worth three hundred, but it was knocked down to Selmi at a thousand and thirty. They hate each other, Selmi and your husband. There must be some old story about a woman."

She put the statuette carefully down on the table; then continued with a light laugh:

"Oh, well! These auction sales lend themselves admirably to the betrayal of certain small secrets. It was for example at the famous San Giorgi sale last winter that I discovered the—er—more than friendship between Elena and Lieutenant Raimondi. Indeed, it sufficed that she should merely mention her desire to make an offer, for him to at once desist from bidding whenever by chance their hearts were set on the same object. And this year was I not the first to suspect the rupture? Elena was infatuated one day with a tiny Louis Quinze fan—oh, a perfect darling! As Raimondi suspected it, he amused himself by bidding it up for spite; in the end she had to cede it to him. That is a satisfaction one can gratify only when one has an unlimited bank account—like your husband for instance. Is it true what they say, that for sometime now he has been having a wonderful run of luck at cards?"

"I don't know," Anna replied abstractedly.

Her thought centered on the Capodimonte statuette of which Selmi had deprived her husband.

Carlotta continued: "If I were you, I should advise him to lose. Seriously, you know," she added with a singular expression.

To Anna these words came as if from a distance. Then she asked, her attention aroused:

"Whom would you advise to lose?"

"Your husband."

"Ah, and why?"

"Because in this world there are people both wicked and malicious. Does that surprise you?"

Whereupon, with a side glance toward the window, she stood up, adding:

"It is not raining now. I shall profit by the interval. Good-bye, Anna. Shall we meet this evening at the Mainos'?"

"I don't know. Perhaps."

"Give my regards to Carlo."

"Thanks."

After Carlotta Moretti's departure other callers dropped into Anna's little parlor and, while she smiled at all of them and entertained them courteously, she felt in her brain, like strokes of a hammer, the incessant repetition of the phrase: "I should advise him to lose, because there are in this world people both wicked and malicious."

Was it possible, could it be that anyone suspected Carlo, her Carlo, to be capable of—she did not dare to formulate the whole of the atrocious thought.

But when Colonel Ludovici entered, the only man among so many women, and inquired politely, "How is Carlo?" Anna blushed in spite of herself, and her voice trembled involuntarily in replying, "He will be here very soon."

The colonel, however, after a few minutes bowed and went away. One by one the ladies departed. Anna remained alone.

Now the room was almost dark. Only the flame in the fireplace acquired in the gathering dusk an intensity of color like a blood-stain.

Anna approached the window. It had stopped raining; the passers by were rare and proceeded by zigzagging along, jumping over one puddle after another. She sighed. What a weight oppressed her heart! She could not decide how to act when Carlo returned.

Should she say to him, "Your persistent luck at cards is causing comment; do try to lose," he would only laugh heartily and, kissing her, exclaim, "Let them talk; provided you continue to love me and give the lie to the proverb!" Then she also would laugh, and in their mutual mirth the weight would vanish from her heart.

She rang for the servant to light the lamps and draw the curtains; the room seemed suddenly to have become cold and damp. Shivering, she drew a chair close to the glowing fire, picked up a book and turned over a few leaves desultorily.

But soon she let it fall on her lap, struck with a new idea.

Suppose he did not smile. Suppose he wanted to know the name of the one who had suggested the base suspicion! "Tell me his name!" And she seemed to see Carlo pacing up and down the room demanding this name that he might revile it. "His name!"

"But—no one in particular—everyone," she imagined herself replying.

"Hah! Everyone is no one. One might as well look for a needle in a haystack! One would be obliged to fight the whole world!"

"To fight!"

It was as if a dagger transfixed her heart. She grew pale at the thought.

Of course he would want to confront the unknown accuser. He would be obliged to find him out. No man who respected himself would tolerate for a moment the shadow of such a suspicion. She herself would secretly despise him should he endure it ignominously. No, she must be silent at whatever price. She took up her book again and tried to read.

The door opened and Carlo came in.

"Brrrr-r! How cold it is outside!"

He looked around the room.

"Alone? Well, who would come in such weather!"

"Oh, yes, lots of people came." And Anna mentioned their names—except that of Carlotta.

"Ah, Ludovici also? I thought he was dead, it is so long since we have seen him."

She felt her throat contract with sudden pain.

"Where have you been?"

"At the club."

"Did you play?"

"Oh, only a little; I went there late."

"You—you lost?" she questioned half affirmatively, leaning toward him.

"No, I won. Five hundred francs."

She fell back in her chair as if he had struck her on the breast.

At that moment she felt an absolute repugnance for him. She would have liked to accuse him of obstinacy in winning—to show him that it was a want of tact; a sin against the world; against her; to convince him of the necessity of losing; of losing much; of losing everything.

But instead she said through clenched teeth:

"You always win. It seems impossible."

"It is my lucky moment. Yes."

Then the butler entered to announce dinner.

She could not eat a mouthful.

Soon, without intending, almost without realizing it, Anna began to observe her husband attentively. If he seemed to be less cheerful than usual, she was uncertain whether to sympathize with him or to rejoice in the hope that he had lost.

"What is the matter, Carlo?" she would ask.

"With me? Nothing."

"Really?"

"Really."

Did he not avoid looking at her when he replied?

One evening while they were still at dinner, a friend called to see him. Anna was describing to Carlo a piece of jewelry which she had seen in Caglo's window on the Corso, and her eyes sparkled with the light of desire almost like a reflection of that which flashed from the many facets of the precious stones.

The friend, turning to Carlo, remarked: "If you were a devoted husband, you would arrange to have that very ornament at your wife's place tomorrow morning at breakfast."

"Were I rich enough to permit myself that luxury I certainly should do so," Carlo replied lightly.

"One evening at the club and the jewel were easily bought!" exclaimed his friend laughingly.

"But he might lose," Anna observed.

"Lose? He? Never!"

There was a trace of irony in his manner of pronouncing the words, or at least it appeared so to Anna. She trembled slightly and glanced at Carlo, who was calmly peeling an orange. Anna felt like getting up and shaking him and crying out: "Don't you feel it, the insult? The cruel,

(Continued on Page 20.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Correspondence

Is the Octopus Dead?

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Have you read the railroad bill? If not, look it up, read, analyze and digest, and then tell us whether you think the Octopus is dead, or, on the contrary, very much alive and close to the powers that be. It seems to me that the Octopus ought to be grateful to this Administration, for if Jim Hill had any intention of coming into California he will probably change his mind when he learns of what has been done at Sacramento. No wonder the S. P. is about to double-track its system and extend its feeders. If "the interests" have Works who has Johnson?

—A Hobo.

San Francisco, February 20.

Too Many Holidays?

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I note that our Mayor has issued a proclamation asking the people of San Francisco to put on their holiday togs next Saturday and give themselves up to rejoicing on account of our victory in the exposition contest. I flatter myself that I am a loyal San Franciscan and that I appreciate the good work which has been done for us by the committee which went to Washington. But don't you think that we are doing just a little too much celebrating? Don't you think we are having too many holidays? It would be all right if all of us could participate in these holidays but we can't. Lincoln Day was a legal holiday but the store in which I am employed remained open all day and I did my "celebrating" behind the counter. There are a lot of overworked girls in our store, but a lot of these holidays mean absolutely nothing to them. They have to work while more fortunate men and women are "banishing dull care" in the cafes and other places. Even when they get a holiday they don't always enjoy it. I know dozens who were so tired that they spent Christmas and New Year's in bed. It strikes me that San Francisco is becoming an all-the-year-round carnival city. We never seem happy unless we are tooting horns and throwing confetti and eating and drinking too much in celebration of something or other. Isn't it time to call a halt? I admit that I am prejudiced. It makes me dissatisfied to see others making merry while I am making sales. I don't get any extra pay for working on holidays either. Don't you agree with me that it is time to call a halt on this incessant merrymaking? Do you think it's good for business?

Very sincerely yours,

February 20. —A Counter Jumper.

An Argument for the Recall

Editor of Town Talk: I have read with interest and some degree of understanding your editorials upon the proposed law to recall the judges. Your stand upon this question is to my mind indefensible. In theory there is some basis for your conclusions, in actual practice none.

Let us deal with the situation here in San Francisco. Your arguments would be conclusive if every judge here were a Seawell, a Graham or a Murasky, but how answer this brute question: What of the Dunnes and Lawlors?

Take the case of Lawlor. Do you remember the Buckley case? Union Labor has not forgotten it. William Buckley was convicted of the murder of George Rice, a non-union machinist. The case was tried before Lawlor. Lord Jeffreys at the Bloody Assizes was Lawlor's model in presiding at Buckley's trial. On the unsupported testimony of a little twelve-year-old school girl Buckley was condemned to the gallows. But you will say, Did not the jury convict? How foolish! Did not the juries of his infamous prototype Jeffreys convict? Just remember the Buckley jurors were Lawlor's professionals. Good men of whom it was said, they could not distinguished between a reasonable doubt and two dollars per day. "My blood-hounds," as Lawlor is said to have affectionately described them to a crony.

Buckley was convicted, Lawlor knew he was innocent, but despite that brought about his conviction, and oh the smug satisfaction with which he imposed sentence of death. It was many years ago but even now my blood chills as I call to mind that scene.

Tom Moran, a happy smiling innocent lad, was next led to the Lawlor Bloody Assizes. But even the "blood-hounds" could not muster hardihood to heed the master's voice. Life imprisonment was Moran's fate. He is in San Quentin to this day. He is innocent. Lawlor knew it. Tom Ryan, an honest policeman, who handled the case for the department will tell you so and prove it.

Recall the judges? Well rather! Union Labor can now speak to Lawlor in a language he will understand.

Respectfully,

—Charles W. Dawson,
A Union Machinist.

The Fair Site

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: How much of unselfishness there is among people generally when private interest seems not identical with the public interest is being illustrated by the votes for exposition sites which are rolling up in the columns of the Call. In this morning's paper Golden Gate Park has 4,165 votes; Bay View, 900; Harbor View, 679; Lake Merced, 387; Tanforan, 312; the Water Front, 273. Here we find that the great bulk of the voters are influenced by personal considerations. The Park receives the highest number of votes because it is a great center of population, of property that presumably will receive direct benefit. To owners of downtown property it doesn't make much difference where the Fair is held. But for the city as a whole there can be no question that the water front is pre-eminently the best site. Yet the water front has received but 273 votes. That site should be selected, of course, from which the largest and most lasting benefit may be derived, and that site indubitably is the water front. The Park is not a suitable site because almost all the money that would be spent for buildings in the Park would go to waste. The water front is the best site because nearly all the money that would be spent there would go into permanent improvements. Furthermore by spending the money on the water front what is now the ugliest section of the city would be transformed into the most beautiful. Both by reason of esthetic and utilitarian considerations the water front site should be selected, and the result would be that San Francisco would have a harbor unparalleled for beauty in all the world. We shall have great reason to lament the folly of the men who have the power of selecting a site if they prove indifferent to the potentialities of the water front. And I very much fear that they will yield to the persuasions of private interests.

—A Parkside Property Owner

San Francisco, February 20.

The Spectator

Our Tireless Patriots

In the opinion of the patriots who are now making fantastic history for us it is high time for the Supreme Court to be made subservient to the current dispensation. There are some stubborn men in that tribunal. They seem absolutely callous to the ordinary processes of intimidation. The Hon. Rudolph Spreckels, patriot paramount of the sanhedrin, now emulating the shrinking violet and deeply interested in a big will contest which the Supreme Court must decide, is not able to say at this time that the decision will be in his favor or what may happen to a writ of habeas corpus now pending. Fremont Older, character assassin for the cabal, knows that the majority of the court is not prepossessed in his favor. Nay, he is mindful of the fact that it was this court which but a few months ago ordered him back to Fresno to be tried for criminal libel on the accusation of Will Tevis, and ever since the court accorded justice to the man whom he had injured he has been raging like a catamount. Of course Governor Johnson, who was an attorney for Older in that criminal case, is in sympathy with his client, and besides it is perhaps but human nature that he should be eager to have the appointment of a few good dogs to the tribunal that serves as a barrier to his otherwise despotic power. How like the experience of France after the French Revolution is that which we are now having! For many years after the French Revolution nothing happened in France that was not a direct consequence of that extraordinary event. Friendships, hatreds, political combinations, social upheavals,—all derived their inspiration from that one capital fact which had thoroughly changed the whole condition of life and which the people expiated by protracted suffering. The people of this State are now expiating the excesses of the graft prosecution. All the feverish agitations by which we are being tormented, the reprisals of the ex-attorney for the vindictive cabal now in the gubernatorial chair, the besmirching of the Supreme Court and the campaign of slander against the judiciary by which public confidence in the administration of justice is being undermined, are fresh manifestations of the revengeful spirit that was thwarted in consequence of its own enormities when San Francisco was being purified by the Pharisees.

Their Masterly Project

The patriots would achieve a great triumph of strategy were they to succeed in railroading one or two members of the Supreme Court into private life and enable Hiram Johnson to fill the vacancies. When the scheme was broached last week it was not taken seriously, yet the plans

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for this masterly consummation were pretty well cut and dried. At first there was no widespread alarm in the legal profession, for it was not supposed that the patriots would have the nerve to handle the bench with as little compunction as they have shown in hogging the ordinary patronage of pot-house politics. Not many people are conscious of the desperate character of the lawless intriguers of the old graft cabal, who in the days when they were ruling the city with an iron hand perpetrated one enormity after another with such abandon that there seemed to be no limit to their boldness. Now that they are in the saddle again they are once more riding to a fall in the same reckless fashion with which they broke open private safes, tampered with juries and conspired to incite the mob to bloodshed. The terror with which they were filled when Biggy was swallowed up in the waters of the bay at a psychological moment has subsided, and with Hiram on the job and many of the legislators at his beck and call they have thrown off all restraint and are eager for new conquests. Realizing the impossibility of impeaching the Supreme Court without warrant they contemplated getting rid of one or two members by hocus-pocus; and to give plausibility to their enterprise Fremont Older has been prepared to open his floodgates and let loose a tide of slander that would fill the State with its mephitic odors. But when last heard from Older was complaining that some of the legislators were too timid for the job.

Why They Are Timid

The truth is of course that the legislators regard the frame-up as too flimsy and feel that their work if performed according to program would be a little too coarse. At first blush the pretext which Older contrived for them seemed to be sufficient to justify summary action, but it was soon learned that the distinguished journalist had only been diffusing malicious calumny with his usual effronterey. There was of course not an atom of truth in the story that suspicious irregularities attended the granting of a rehearing to Abe Ruef. The venerable Chief Justice had not been guilty of forgery, nor had he connived at anything that had the appearance of skulduggery. The petition for a rehearing was granted in the same way that similar petitions have been granted by the same court during a period of sixty years. Of the truth of this there is now no dispute. If for a time color was given to the preposterous yarn of the graft cabal's character assassin it was because that serviceable functionary Attorney-General Webb, who seems extremely responsive to Older's emotions, precipitously burrowed with his eager nose where his mentor, the illustrious muckraker, had been trying to evoke a smell. And in default of an odor Mr. Webb contented himself with a technicality. Spite of the current prejudice of reformers against technicalities Mr. Webb challenged the order granting the rehearing on the ground that the justices had not acted concurrently, which is something they have never done in similar matters. And so while there may really be something in this technicality the only question involved is not whether Ruef is really entitled to a rehearing, not whether a man who is still a citizen as well as a rogue has been vouchsafed the rights that he is guaranteed by the Constitution, but whether somebody's name was affixed to a paper within a given time. Which shows that a technicality is really not an abomination provided it may be employed against the other fellow. And so it appears there is really some excuse for the timidity of those gentlemen at Sacramento who have grown somewhat wise during the course of developments.

AN OLD PICTURE OF AMY CROCKER GOURAUD

Showing the heroine of three matrimonial ventures on her yacht "Ramona" with her daughter Gladys, now Mrs. Powers Gouraud. Harry Gillig who was then Amy Crocker's husband is seen in the background.

A Friend of the Administration

There is one thing to be said about the members of this reform Legislature and it is this,—that they are progressive beyond the provisions of the Constitution. If they are disposed to have the organic law amended it is only to give the people not themselves more power. Whatever power they wish they take. For illustration consider the matter of the contest over the seat occupied by Senator D. P. Regan of this city. The unseating of Regan is demanded on the ground that he has not resided a year in the district which he represents. The investigating committee has received evidence that such is the case. Under the Constitution there is nothing to be done but to seat Thomas M. Searey, who was Regan's opponent at the last election. But the Senators, I learn from the Call's correspondent, will not give Searey the seat occupied by Regan. Why not? Well for the very good reason, as the Call's correspondent gravely asserts, that Regan " is a friend of the Administration." What's the Constitution between friends!

Amy Crocker Gouraud and a Secretary

From New York comes word that Harold Sussman has quit his job. Who is Harold Sussman? He was "literary" secretary to Mrs. Amy Crocker Gouraud, but he has tired of the job. Henceforth Mrs. Gouraud must write her own stories or hire another "literary" secretary to aid with the sizzling and tabasco tales that appear over her signature. Mr. Sussman has purchased a railway ticket to Los Angeles and says he will betake himself to the land of the setting sun with such dispatch as he can accomplish. Broadway has regarded Mr. Sussman with deep interest ever since his literary partnership with Mrs. Amy Crocker-Ashe-Gillig-Gouraud was first announced shortly after her widowhood last year. Reports of a matrimonial engagement between the couple were afloat shortly after Mr. Sussman became a member of the Gouraud literary menage, but these were and still are denied by the writer. "Nothing so unjust to Mrs. Gouraud nor so absurd could possibly be believed," said Mr. Sussman. "Mrs. Gouraud was devoted to the memory of her late husband when I became associated with her literary affairs, and so far as I am aware is still unconsoled." On his word of honor as a perfectly good story writer, Mr. Sussman assures Broadway that so far from being Mrs. Gouraud's guest on his trip to France last year, he paid his own traveling expenses, and has the tickets to prove it. He furthermore declares the sincerest admiration for his former literary partner, but shudders at the memory of some of the persons who compose her "salon." Complete inability to accept certain of them as social equals is as definite a reason as Mr. Sussman gives for severing his position of collaborator with Mrs. Gouraud.

How Powers Got the Boat

Jimmy Powers, star of the "Havana" company, tarried so long at the St. Francis Hotel Saturday night that he was in danger of missing the boat which took him to the Oakland mole where his special for Portland was waiting. When Powers found out how late it was he voiced his fears and a newspaperman who heard him said, "Get De Palmer to take you to the ferry." De Palmer is one of the racing automobilists who is here for the Portola road races across the bay. When he heard of the comedian's predicament he led the way to his racing car which was standing in Powell street. The newspaperman went along and he says he didn't draw breath between the hotel and the ferry building which may be a trifle exaggerated. De Palmer's car, however, has a speed of ninety miles an hour and there is no doubt that it traveled rapidly. "It seemed to me that we were no sooner seated in the car than we stopped at the ferry," said the reporter. "Why we went so fast that the wind reached into the

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pocket of my overcoat and lifted out one of my gloves." Needless to say, Powers got the boat. But an editor who was hurrying to catch it was so impressed with the speed of the car that his nose for news told him something was wrong and he went to the telephone to notify the office that there was an automobile "story" at the foot of Market street. He missed his boat and the late watch phoned vainly for the "story."

Self-Revelation of Fanny Ward

Fanny Ward of the Orpheum Circuit talked from the dramatic page to the readers of the Chronicle last Sunday. Let us listen to her in snatches: "There were some interesting things about my country estate. It was a place of 3,000 acres called Chalfont St. Giles. . . . I have a town house in Barclay (meaning Berkeley) square too. I suppose you'd call that the Pacific avenue of London. Lord Roseberry and all the titles are located there. With one exception I am the only actress who ever lived there, and she's got a title now. . . . I've had everything that money could buy for a woman. . . . I don't want to appear like a snob, because I'm not. . . . . Everything is so handsome and so solid here—so new and fresh, especially one of your critics. . . . It's lucky for me that I didn't wear my sable coat. That was made for the Empress of Russia, and cost my husband $15,000. . . . I married for a good time, and lived to regret it. . . . Of course I was fond of my husband, but he said he would make me love him—and didn't. . . . I suppose if I'd been a failure in the theater I'd have gone back to the social game. . . . My motto is to have a good time, no matter what happens. . . . About the only thing I miss is going to Monte Carlo every season. . . . Joe was down there with a stack of money in front of him almost as high as his head. Well, I wonder if I hustled down there after him? He declared he was playing for a friend. 'Well,' I said, 'she's here! Come through! Divvy!' . . . My first hunt breakfast. That was a scream. I had eighteen servants down there. . . . That was my cue to enter society, mind you." And so on ad nauseam. What kind of "society," gentle reader? The only kind of "society" to which South African multi-millionaires like Joe Lewis (Fanny's deceased hubby) and Barny Barnato are ever admitted in London. The kind of "society" which jingles its guineas and flashes its diamonds in Park Lane.

Disconsolate Jimmy Britt

I have just received a private tip from dear ole Lunnon that Jimmy Britt, fawnciest of the fawncy, is wasting away with grief and may never be knocked out again. I am told that when Jimmy ventures abroad he leaves a trail of tears from Hyde Park Corner to Rotten Row and from Piccadilly to Oxford Circus. They say that his gusty sighs can be heard from the Marble Arch to Charing Cross and that the Beefeaters in the Tower can see his bosom heaving in faraway Green Park. Word comes that the Serpentine is swollen with his weeping and that Thames has turned salty from his lachrymal downpour. The Trocadero has no delights for him; nor Romano's nor Frasscatti's can tease his appetite with tempting viands. And well may Jimmy mourn, for Neva Aymar jilted him. She has jilted him for a bloomin' jockey at that! Last season Neva Aymar was the most popular American player in the London music halls. She was considered by the Johnnies the dearest dear of Joe Hart's "Rain Dears." Among those who courted her smile was the Hon. Lieutenant Norman Dunbarton, own son to an earl no less. But Jimmy Britt, plumber among prizefighters and prizefighter among plumbers, was the lad to win her heart. They became engaged and Jimmy's cup of happiness was pretty nearly full. But there came the traditional slip. Winnie O'Connor appeared on the scene and began winning races at Epsom Downs, races on which Neva Aymar won a pot of money. After Winnie had ridden home a long shot which he had induced Neva to back heavily, she admitted to Britt that her heart was wavering. Just about that time Jimmy signed to fight Johnny Summers, the English lightweight. That was a strategic blunder. The training took him away from Neva and gave Winnie O'Connor a clear field. When Jimmy won—for he did win—he went to Neva to be congratulated and learned that she was engaged to Winnie. She told him the marriage would take place as soon as Winnie could secure a divorce. Winnie secured the divorce and the marriage took place in a little town near Paris where Winnie was riding. And whenever Jimmy thinks of the perfidy of "the Rain Dear" he sobs beneath his breath, "It is not raining rain to me, it's raining orange blossoms," whereupon he weeps some more.

"Happy" Dougherty Gone

Many have missed the smiling face of "Happy" Dougherty from the state capitol during the past two weeks. "Happy," it will be recalled, was formerly king of the newsboys of this city but was raised to the dignity of a state office by Frank C. Jordan and made messenger to the Secretary of State. For a brief time he was one of the proudest of the patriots serving California in Sacramento but his career was cut short by a combination of unfortunate circumstances. In the first place "Happy" sauntered into the capitol one morning and found the Governor with a friend admiring the noble rotunda of the building. Whether he had one too many or one too few, he certainly lost all sense of the difference in rank between the Governor and himself. Stepping up quickly behind Johnson, he slapped that dignitary familiarly on the back with the greeting: "Well, Hi, what do you think of the old house this morning?" The Governor whirled upon him, but "Happy" was on his way with the morning mail sack toward the office of the Secretary of State. "Who is that vulgar person?" asked Johnson of the friend beside him. "Oh, that's one of Frank Jordan's deputies," was the reply, so a few minutes later knock No. 1 had been registered against "Happy." Jordan summoned him and gave him a lecture but a few days later "Happy," on his way to the capitol with the morning mail, dropped in at the bar of the Hotel Land. There he met some friends and a pleasant hour was passed. After several rounds of drinks, the party decided to move on to another bar. By this time the sack of mail had begun to bother "Happy," so he tossed it to the bartender at the Land. "Just stow that down behind the bar somewhere until I come for it," he said, and the bartender accommodated him. "Happy" and his friends moved blithely on. The work of the Secretary of State was held up. Jordan sent messengers scurrying all over the city but could not find his deputy. Early in the afternoon, however, the Hotel Land bartender was about to go off duty when he thought of the mail bag. Afraid to leave it in the saloon, he returned it to the postoffice where it lay for several hours until late in the afternoon the postmaster telephoned Jordan and asked him to send after it. When "Happy" put in an appearance at the capitol the next morning he was told that he had trans-

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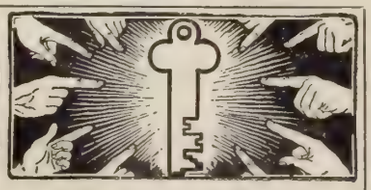

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gressed the rules of behavior too far and that he would have to leave the service of the state.

Jimmy on the Job

Though our incomparable and foremostest public spirited citizen, the Hon. J. Duval Phelan has not been peacocking it in the limelight of our village of late, let it not be supposed that he has abandoned the toilsome trade of pursuing the ignis fatuus of popularity; let no one fear that he has fallen among the husks or into the formless ruin of oblivion. Our young millionaire is still a wooer of fame and there is no likelihood of his renouncing the virtues that deserve it. For the present there is no Macedonian cry for Jimmy from these parts, his gifts are no longer in demand hereabouts, but he is not neglecting the public interests. His tongue is temporarily sheathed, but there is no rust on his pen. That instrument is giving utterance to his profoundest thoughts on a vital public question, and the output seeks not a market in vain despite the closed door in the home of his earliest triumphs. Jimmy has broken out in the Sacramento Bee with a signed essay, illustrated with the writer's frank, open and bewhiskered countenance. The article is entitled "Should not the Legislature Act on the Japanese Question." Like a voice from the grave—for all the world like Denis Kearny's—is the voice of Phelan, proclaiming the urgency of legislation to prevent the "Japanization of California." Jimmy is making a noise like an alarmist, like one who would persuade Andy Gallagher and his confreres that he loves the poor workingman with a consuming passion and regrets very much that he policed the trucks in the teamsters' strike.

The Phelan Ego

"With our eyes open shall we submit to it?" Jimmy demands; "or shall craven fear or mistaken diplomacy seal our lips—I was going to say until the enemy is at the gates. The enemy is now within our gates, and therefore we should be alert to exercise that vigilance which is the price of liberty and without which no republican form of government can long exist." The essay abounds in noble sentiments in the platitudinous strain of the foregoing, and at the same time it is distinctly Phelanesque, the ego bristling all over it. By way of introduction Jimmy relates that when he was in Washington two years ago the State Department called him into consultation on the Japanese question. "I told the President," says Jimmy: "I based this on the ground"; "I was able to quote," etc., etc. A great man is Jimmy, shamefully unappreciated by the purblind citizens of this incorrigible community. By the way weren't Eugene Schmitz and P. H. McCarthy also called into consultation by the State Department?

Charles Wheeler Protests

No member of the bar is making a more active campaign against the anarchic proposal to apply the recall to the judiciary than Charles S. Wheeler. This is not astonishing, but it is worthy of mention because of Mr. Wheeler's affiliations and recent past performances. It has seemed that owing to his affiliations Mr. Wheeler was induced to give countenance at times to men and movements against which trained and cultivated sensibility might have been expected to revolt, but now he looms up as a man of absolute independence of character, true to his better instincts and eager to defeat the revengeful designs of his implacable friends. Mr. Wheeler's protest against the recall will command the respectful attention of laymen who have sense enough to appreciate the fact that a lawyer of his distinction ought to be heeded when he gives advice with reference to our system of justice.

A Rash Promise

Great was the disappointment of about one hundred young lawyers at the vetoing of the bill that provided for an increase in the number of our judges of the Superior Court. Great also was the disappointment of Judge Lawlor who is to be a candidate for re-election this fall and who has come to realize since his experience of the campaign last year that his chances as an incumbent would be greatly improved were four new men to be entered in the race. It was largely in the interest of Judge Lawlor that the bill was passed in spite of the fact that we have all the judges we need. And in his interest the bill would have been signed by the Governor had it not been for the vigorous protests of organized labor which has reasons of its own for not wanting any more judges. We are told that the Governor made the matter the subject of thorough inquiry, but this as I can authoritatively inform my readers is all buncombe. A lawyer who has practiced at the local bar for years required no light on the subject. The fact is that Governor Johnson intended at first to sign the bill. He so informed Senator Burnett who introduced the bill and who made no secret of the Governor's promise which organized labor made it expedient to break. Organized labor is the one special interest to separate all special interests from the affairs of government.

The Cunning of the Serpent

At one of the fancy dress balls given to see the old year out, a lovely lady who had left a good deal to nature in her choice of a ducky little frock, caused a certain amount of conjecture.

"Now, I know what you are meant to be," said one of the boys, finally, after taking in the details through his glazed eye—"You're New Year's 'Eve'!"

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"The Lid On" at the Mardi Gras

Possibly you remember that the ladies who had charge of the Mardi Gras last year went to particular pains to announce that all sorts and conditions of men and women would be welcomed on payment of the entrance fee. Possibly you recall too that on that occasion monde and demimonde vied in the purchase of vintage wines for the good of charity which covers a multitude of sins. You may also be aware that some of our young society chaps—and some not so young—shocked their mothers, their sweethearts and their wives by mingling in the giddy dance as the partners of certain fair but frail ones who are never, never seen at assemblies, bridge parties, concerts or teas. Well, there was a great todo when sober Lenten reflection succeeded the hectic

Photo, H. Pierre Smith
MRS. FREDERICK V. SCOTT
The charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tirey L. Ford who has entertained extensively this winter.

thoughtlessness of Shrove Tuesday and the result of that year-old todo will be observed in the Mardi Gras this year. The good ladies who are patronizing the charitable masquerade this year —they include Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Norris Davis, Mrs. Will and Mrs. Gus Taylor, Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Worthington Ames and Mrs. Walter Martin—have decided that even charity is not sufficient excuse for letting down the bars to everybody. So the frail beauties who made last year's Mardi Gras piquant—to put it mildly—will be invited to stay away. The masque will be a perfectly respectable masque if the ladies have their way. Hilarity will mince its steps in a hobble gown. There will be no visions in tights as there were a year ago. Heavens, no! Joy will not be too unconfined. There will be less champagne, but more discretion. And when Ash Wednesday dawns there will be fewer explanations for the sportive men who were hard put to it last year to drape their exuberant familiarities in plausible excuses. Lent, you see, is to begin with as little sackcloth and ashes as possible.

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The Catholic Charity Affair

A great success indeed was the vaudeville of the Catholic Settlement and Humane Society. The Central accommodated a representative gathering of the faithful. They were all there, from old Tom Bergin to the most recent convert. Both factions in the current dispute as to the celebration of St. Patrick's Day made it a point of honor to be well represented, hostilities being suspended for the occasion. The clergy were out in force with Archbishop O'Connell the cynosure of all eyes. And everybody was in gala attire. Not since the Kirmess has the Central shone with such modish splendor. Charity became a cheerful duty in such pleasant surroundings. The patronesses in their boxes beamed complete satisfaction as they surveyed the throng and the throng was tickled to death with everything that happened on the stage. Good humor should always accompany one to a charity vaudeville, but in this instance it was not strained for there was a deal of excellence in the bill. There was only one disappointment—Mrs. Camille D'Arville Crellin was prevented by illness from singing. Otherwise the program was carried through without a hitch and at eleven everybody went downtown to supper in the best of spirits.

A Varied Program

Curiosity centered in the two numbers contributed by what I heard a chap near me describe as "our simon-pure society folk." He meant Mrs. Jack Spreckels' specialty with a double sextet and the tableau vivant arranged by Frank McComas. As usual Mrs. Spreckels made the most of her small voice and was voted a "perfect dear" in her wedding gown and veil. But slightly made-up she blushed prettily when her dancing elicited applause. Like the groom at a wedding the young men in the double sextet were overlooked; everybody being interested in the girls. And a very pretty picture they made. Little Flossie Cluff was promptly pronounced "cute" and there could be no doubt about her winsome charm. I heard an animated dispute as to who was the prettiest of these girls and Florence Braverman received a good many votes. But Edith Metcalfe, Frances Stewart, Lurline Matson and Margaret Doe all had their staunch supporters, not without reason for all are attractive youngsters. The young chaps who acted as partners to this half dozen girls were of assorted sizes and of dubious handsomeness. But nobody minded that. There were nine Grecian robed models in the tableau, "The Dreamers" and they dreamed with open eyes in semi-demi-darkness. When the light was turned on there was a lot of applause, for they were all undeniably handsome. Probably Anna Peters and Mrs. Frank Preston and Ethel Gregg attracted the most attention. The last is fast overtaking her elder sister Enid in beauty and vivacious expression. A wonderful pair are these Gregg girls. Two other numbers deserve special mention. Six tiny little ladies of the average age of seven, I should judge, charmed everybody with their dancing and were recalled several times. It was as dainty a number as could be imagined. Mrs. William J. Leet and Mr. Arthur Weiss gave a harp and 'cello duet and were vociferously encored. I must not forget to mention Dr. Frank Rudolph who was among the participants. In the past I have said several rude things about our village cutup Larry Harris. I hereby transfer half of them to Rudolph and nominate him for membership in the Family Club.

Who Broke the Spring Board?

The question of the moment in clubdom—and a most momentous question—is, Who broke the spring board in the Pompeiian natatorium of the Pacific-Union Club? Dire suspicions cloud the reputations of several of the club's weightiest members, but so far there has been no definite accusation. It may be that the culprit will un-

Photo, Francis Bruguiere
MRS. H. N. COOK
The mother of Mrs. Sterling Postley and of young Cook whose engagement to Miss Frances Stewart was recently broken off.

bosom himself of a confession and thus clear the atmosphere. Meanwhile the Sherlock Holmes' of the Pacific-Union are concentrating their analytical powers upon the problem and have discovered a promising clue. It has been ascertained by reference to the interesting volumes of the great engineer Trautwine that the spring board could easily withstand a weight of three hundred pounds. Ergo, say the amateur sleuths, it must have been broken under the weight of some member who tips the scales somewhere beyond three hundred. This deduction has caused a sensation in the club. It will be remembered

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that the great Tom Reed once declared that no gentleman weighed more than three hundred pounds. I believe President Taft has indorsed the dictum. Is it possible then that there are in the Pacific-Union Club certain persons of a ponderosity which precludes their being gentlemen? The importance of finding the man who smashed the spring board sinks to insignificance before this distressing aspect of the affair. It is being freely predicted that when the criminal is unearthed the severest punishment will be meted out to him. As the hunt is narrowing to the heaviest heavyweights in the club, there is little doubt that the punishment will soon be inflicted. The culprit will be compelled to bant.

The Orchid Lady

Mrs. Joseph Coryell, "the orchid lady," made famous by George Sterling through the medium of a poem that was published for the first time in Town Talk, has excited somebody's envy, as is evident from the fact that the correspondent of a New York society journal has been indulging the spirit of satire at her expense. After telling all about Mrs. Coryell's social progress from the time that she became a resident of Menlo and of her entrance to the holy of holies personally conducted by the Percy Moores and the McDonald Spencers, the correspondent says: "There is just one annoyance which Mrs. Coryell finds herself facing as a society woman—her affairs will get into the society columns of the dailies and weeklies. This exasperates her in the extreme for she is about the only person known to the society reporter who will not give her guest lists. And her threats to the maitres d'hotel of the Fairmont, Palace and St. Francis are truly terrifying when she admonishes them." If there is anybody whose social affairs when pulled off at one of the big hotels do not get into the society columns I'd like to know who the person is.

A Conflict in Dates?

Why Mrs. Tevis withdrew invitations to her dinner last week is an absorbing topic in society whose devotees are wont to waste a great deal of time and thought on very unimportant things. One hundred and fifty guests received invitations to meet Miss Irwin and Mr. Crocker and a few days later these were recalled, owing to a conflict of dates, some say, while others, eager to feed the appetite for gossip, declare deeper reasons are entailed. It is ever thus—our social somebodies will insist on delving beneath the surface of trivial happenings for purely imaginary sensations. A conflict of dates there may have been but it "is said" to have been planned by a San Mateo matron who declined to change her date announced after Mrs. Tevis had selected one. Mrs. Tevis told friends that she was called unexpectedly to Bakersfield for consultation with architects and builders over details of the new residence on the Bakersfield property. In proof of this, accompanied by her sons, she left for the south Tuesday for a short absence.

Miss Irwin's Wedding Presents

The wedding gifts showered on fortunate Miss Helene Irwin are without exception the richest collection ever bestowed on a San Francisco bride. Already a private detective has been added to the Irwin entourage to guard jewels and gold plate from possible burglars. The Crocker family connection includes the Whitelaw Reids, John Wards, Ogden Mills, Earl and Countess Grannard, the younger Phipps of Pittsburg and England (Mrs. Phipps was a Mills twin), the C. B. Alexanders of New York, and the California Crockers, all of them in the multi-millionaire class and all generous in their presents to Templeton Crocker's bride who expressed a preference for jewels. They include a pearl necklace of large stones with diamonds and rubies, the latter a favorite gem of Miss Irwin, set in brooches, chains, bracelets and rings. Jennie Crocker's gift was her share of "Uplands" where the young couple will live after a summer in Europe. The Reids are delighted with their young cousin's fiancee and have invited them to be their guests in London for the coronation.

A Reid Wedding Soon

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid who will attend the Irwin-Crocker wedding will leave California to be present at the marriage of their son, Ogden Mills Reid and Miss Helen Rogers which will take place at the home of the bride's parents in Wisconsin soon after Easter. Miss Rogers who is a graduate of Barnard College is a charming girl formerly the secretary of Mrs. Reid who has spoken affectionately of her to California friends. Young Reid and his bride will also go to London for the coronation on their honeymoon.

She Was Dickman's Wife

Mrs. Clarence Eddy who accompanied her husband to San Francisco was the first wife of J. Charles Dickman, the artist. They were divorced ten or twelve years ago but continued on amicable terms, Mrs. Dickman asserting that "Charley was all right as a friend though not a success as a husband." He has since married again however and the second venture has proved a matrimonial success. Mrs. Eddy who was married to the organist in New York was Grace Dohrman, niece of William Dohrman and the possessor of a rare contralto voice that has been heard on the concert stage.

The Future Mrs. Clay Greene

Mrs. Laura Robinson who will marry Clay Greene the play-wright in New York is described as a fascinating widow by those who have met her. She is prominent in the artistic set of New York and has a beautiful apartment in West 58th street where artists and literary people are wont to gather. There are two Misses Robinson of debutante age who will be their mother's attendants at the wedding, which owing to the comparatively recent death of Mrs. Green will be a quiet one. Clay Greene is a leading member of the Lambs Club who has been the shepherd of many of its gambols. He was the moving spirit in many Bohemian jinks years ago before New York claimed him as a resident.

Our Society Banters

The society ladies one and all are leading a most strenuous life these days. It is the fad to be sylph-like. Some few are subsisting on one frugal meal a day and are taking long walks. But rolling is the usual expedient of the figure-hunters and sometimes is carried to a most amusing extreme. One day last week a well known clubman returned home somewhat earlier than usual. What was his amazement as he opened the front door to see his dignified wife rolling from the front door to the end of the spacious hall, out of one room and into another. He was appalled and rushing up stairs called cautiously to his daughter, thinking that his wife had suddenly gone raving mad. However the daughter calmly explained that mother was simply reducing her extra avoirdupois. Those society women who find rolling too strenuous have taken to walking It is noticeable that very few of the younger members of society are seen on the street cars Miss Leslie Page, Miss Alexandra Hamilton and Mrs. James Jenkins formed an interesting trio the other day walking briskly out Sutter street with a long swinging gait which gave evidence of trained pedestrianism. I'm told that during Lent many walking parties will be given. What with fasting, walking and rolling, next season should exhibit marked changes in the appearance of many of our belles. The men too are trying to get rid of their too too solid flesh, and are getting down to regular exercise in grim earnest. I hear that several prominent men are adopting the feminine expedient of rolling, but they are very secretive about it, fearing to be found out. On the borders of society many too plump men and women reduce their flesh by climbing

It Cost Her Fifty Dollars

Whenever our ambitious society women hear a lion of the hour roaring in public they immediately cast around for some excuse to invite him to their homes as the piece de resistance for a tea or other function. Usually this proves a powerful drawing card but not infrequently it also proves an expensive mode of entertainment to the hostess. Apropos of this I have in mind an elocutionist who has recently been giving some dialect stories at the fashionable hotels to audiences of society's most prominent matrons Last week the wife of a wealthy man essayed to make this young woman the guest of honor at a tea. There were some fifty chosen ladies present. During the afternoon several of the guests who were gifted musically or otherwise contributed to the entertainment. Finally some of them approached the "guest of honor" and begged her for a recitation which was readily granted. The afternoon wore to a close and the guest of honor and the others took their departure after thanking the hospitable hostess for a most delightful afternoon. What was the surprise of the hostess the next day to receive a neatly penned note from the elocutionist, enclosing a bill for fifty dollars for her recitations the previous afternoon. She explained that she had been asked by a wealthy and prominent society lady to recite at her home during the week

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and that the engagement had been cancelled on account of her recitation at the tea. The society matron, it seems, did not care to have her as the novelty of her offering had been destroyed. The tea hostess will henceforward be chary about entertaining lions or lionesses.

The Vanderbilts and the Goulds

Seldom is the lid lifted from a juicy scandal in the American plutocracy without disclosing somewhere in the seething mass a Vanderbilt or a Gould. Which is probably the reason that both the Goulds and the Vanderbilts have lost their hold on the great railroad properties which they inherited from the founders of the family fortunes. How many of the millions accumulated by old Jay Gould and Commodore Vanderbilt have been thrown to the birds along the primrose path of dalliance! What vast sums have been spent by both families for the extrication of sons and daughters from unfortunate marital alliances and from the webs in which they have been caught in the riotous indulgence of their lusts! Within the last five years Anna Gould and two of her brothers have paid the price of their follies. The Vanderbilt family can be depended upon for a contribution to social scandal at least once a year. It was but a little over a year ago that Willie K. Jr. whose father's matrimonial experience was tragic, was about to lose his wife on account of his devotion to an actress, and now Alfred G. Vanderbilt is figuring in the scandal that grew out of the divorce of the beautiful Mrs. McKim who played a star part in Reno some months ago. Vanderbilt, it is said, was to have been sued for alienating the lady's affections, but the ex-hausband being a plutocrat and a man of sound business principles settled the little matter out of court. Mrs. McKim is now in all probability preparing for a second marriage and a social campaign in Newport.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Louis M. Barnard of this city will make her home at the Hotel Victoria for the winter.

Mrs. J. G. Tainier of Santa Cruz is a guest for a few days at the Victoria.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, California, for the week ending Saturday, February 17, 1911, include: Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Bode, Mrs. E. M. Graney, R. L. Gordon, J. H. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Brownson (San Mateo), Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Dimond, Charles E. Naylor, J. O. George, Miss Mamie Norton, Miss Margaret Boyle.

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Mrs. W. D. Keystone's tea party Friday in the palm court of the Palace was one of the charming affairs of the week. The guests included Mrs. Fred Stone, Mrs. Walter Greer, Mrs. Lathrop Ellingwood, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Freda Smith, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Johanna Volkmann, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, Miss Erna Hermann, Miss Rhoda Neibling, Miss Lutline Matson and Miss Anna Olney.

Mrs. Eugene Gallois was a dinner hostess Sunday evening, entertaining ten or more friends at the Fairmont.

A party consisting of Captain McFarland, Mrs. Lawrence S. Duryee, Master Schuyler Duryee, Mrs. W. C. Cox and Mr. David Myers from Everett, Wash., are guests at the Victoria. They are making a trip to Southern California by automobile. After a short rest spent in the enjoyments of San Francisco they will continue their journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre came up from their Menlo Park home and spent the week at the Fairmont.

Miss Erna Herrmann entertained at one of the pretty tea parties of Saturday in the palm court of the Palace, the affair being in honor of Miss Helen Bertheau.

Recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Angelus Hotel, Los Angeles, include: G. L. Blair, Miss M. G. McEntire, Miss I. E. Collins, Baron Long, James W. Moyles, G. Marshall Dill, Mrs. Goldman, Mrs. M. Angelo, General T. H. Bliss, T. Poilon, B. Windship, W. F. Marshall, R. C. Baker and wife, F. J. Wright, W. S. Stitt, John T. Moore, Jr., L. M. Kaiser and wife, A. E. Rennie, C. R. Reilly, A. W. Dimond and wife.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean gave a luncheon party Wednesday to seven friends at the Fairmont, the guests going later to the theater.

Colonel and Mrs. Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Fuller, Douglas Grant, Mr. C. Nulling, Mrs. John R. Clark and Frank King were among the members of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club who spent tournament week at Del Monte. The Presidio Golf Club was represented by C. A. Stewart, L. I. Cowgill, F. A. Wilkins and Mrs. A. M. Shields.

Dr. Harry Tevis whose return from Europe several weeks ago was followed by a hurried operation for appendicitis in a New York hospital, has arrived in San Francisco, and is established at the Palace. Dr. Tevis was welcomed by a number of friends, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon.

Mrs. Horace Guittard was the guest of Mrs. R. G. Hanford and her mother and sister, Mrs. Elienne Guittard and Miss Beatrice Guittard at Del Monte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Burns and their daughter Anita arrived last week for a visit at Del Monte. Miss Anita Burns won the Del Monte handicap for women last winter but did not enter the tournament this year.

Mrs. J. J. Crooks of San Rafael went down the last of the week to see the finish of the golfing tourney and with Mr. Crooks will remain at Del Monte for some weeks longer. They have with them Mr. Crooks' sister, Mrs. P. S. Fuller and her daughter, of Racine, Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murphy, Mrs. Eugene Murphy and Miss Gertrude Murphy arrived at Del Monte the last part of the week and took a prominent part in the festivities of the tournament and Kennel Club show. Judge Carroll Cook brought with him his two daughters Miss Elie and Miss Huston Cook, and their friend, Mrs. Cornelius F. Moses of Savannah. Mr. J. J. Crooks of San Rafael came down early for some practice work on the links, and Percy Selby, Miss Jane Selby, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Innes, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant, Miss E. M. Grant and Douglas Grant were also among the golfers.

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He: Do you know anything about the great Italian poet, Dante?
She: No, but I do know something about the great Italian dinners they serve at the Dante Restaurant.
He: Where is the Dante Restaurant?
She: At 536 Broadway.
He: Well, we'll go there this evening and try one.

Gossip of the Theatre

Hofmann at the Piano

Liszt, Rubinstein, Paderewski, d'Albert, de Pachmann and now Hofmann, the great, glorious modern geniuses of the piano! Sunday afternoon Josef Hofmann, the youngest, the latest of the heaven-born band held a large, reverential audience spellbound at the Columbia Theater. He played a group of Beethoven creations. As was to be expected from one who had sat at the feet of Rubinstein, perhaps the greatest interpreter of Beethoven, his playing was remarkable for depth of feeling and volume of tone. The closing number of the group was one of Rubinstein's favorite concert Beethoven numbers—the funeral march from "Ruins of Athens." Beginning with "the blaring splendor of a complete band it melted away in the distance in 'a sound so fine that nothing lived 'twixt it and silence.'" In the Chopin numbers he was equally happy, playing with fingers light as feathers yet strong as the mighty hills, now cheering the heart and making one long to sing, to dance, and again soothing the spirit into serenest calm. Then came a splendid series of modern Russian music played with marvelous execution and joyousness of spirit making one realize that the quiet, serious looking performer is but in the noon of glad life, and calling to mind

"In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings."

Josef Hofmann has not one spectacular mannerism, he employs no adventitious aid to popularity, but he does not fail to electrify his audience. He walks on modestly, and scarcely ever even glances at his listeners. But he plays and that is enough. We are a nation of pianists —so foreigners say. In other countries some of the children learn the violin, the cornet, the flute for a change, but here every member of the family has to have a try at the piano. Frequently the results are hair-raising but on the whole it perhaps explains why an American audience at the piano recital of a great artist is most intelligently appreciative. So many have studied that they know what to observe, what to appreciate. To any one who has devoted years and labor to the study of the piano, it is exasperating to hear others refer flippantly to "its limitations." Study long enough and devoutly enough and you will become conscious of its potentialities, of what may be born at the touch of a Hofmann's magic fingers. You will have the poet's vision and insight, the poet who sang:

The blue eggs in the robins' nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away.

—H. M. B.

"The Midnight Sons"

The name of the offering at the Savoy has a real devilish sound. It suggest gilded youths who make the night boisterous with their spending and retire to their couches when respectable merchants, insurance clerks and ribbon salesmen are hurrying to their daily toil. It conjures pictures of rakish but handsome young fellows with their silk hats tilted over one eye and the other eye winking at pretty chorus girls, spilling champagne and hundred dollar bills and engaging taxies without regard to expense. "The Midnight Sons," you feel, will show you "the real life" and put you on speaking terms with the sports of Broadway and Forty-second street, localities which you are supposed to know as well as Powell and Market. But "The Midnight Sons" is a good deal of a delusion and a snare. It is really a vaudeville show with the various stunts strung on a thin thread of negligible plot. It is a vehicle for the exploitation of the leg feminine. It is full of chorus girls and chorus boys. But the interest centers in the vaudeville stunts. There is a toe dancer of average ability and a young woman who does acrobatic dancing of a very praiseworthy sort. There is a monologist who dresses as a fat woman and gets his effects from the power of his lungs. There is also a thin woman who acts as the fat woman's foil and gets no effects at all. There is a woman who sings pretty well and a soubrette who satisfies the eye. There are men who try to sing and a youth who stutters. There is a theater set on the stage, a very

MLLE. EMILY PRAGER
Famous dancer with "The Midnight Sons."

ingenious contrivance, for when the real audience fails to applaud the mock audience may be depended on to applaud most lustily. Thus the illusion, if not the reality of enthusiasm is flung around the show and it goes off with a hip-hurrah. There is really nothing to complain of in "The Midnight Sons," nothing to invite the attacks of criticism. It is the sort of thing to please those who like this sort of thing—and all others need not apply.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Gus Thomas, Press Agent

"As a Man Thinks," Augustus Thomas' most recent play, has been placed in rehearsal in New York. The piece originally was entitled "The Jew," and is the "great play," with a refined, generous Jew as the central character, which Mr. Thomas predicted long ago would some time be written. At least, Mr. Thomas hopes this is the one. In conjunction with this play, by the way, mere onlookers and noncombatants are of the opinion that the same Augustus Thomas, by one brilliant stroke, established himself as the most finished press agent of the era. Mr. Thomas had in contemplation—and perhaps in the process of construction—a play based on the Jew, when he was called upon to address the graduating class of the Empire School of Acting. He chose for his topic the value of the Jew as dramatic material, and in his facile, convincing way declared that the real, big drama of our generation would deal with that subject. Every newspaper in New York printed reports of his speech, and writers on the drama all over the country commented upon it. When the theatrical producers had been impressed sufficiently and were yearning for such a play, Thomas sold one of them "The Jew."

Ethel Barrymore's New Stunt

In the presence of Charles Frohman, Charles Dillingham, William Harris and a number of other theatrical managers, Ethel Barrymore has just tried a novel experiment in the way of rehearsing plays. Miss Barrymore proceeded on the principle that a play, to be produced properly, should appeal equally to the eye and the ear, and after her novel attempt the managers who were watching declared that they would follow the new method hereafter. Miss Barrymore first rehearsed Barrie's one-act play, "The Twelve Pound Look." A thin, black curtain was lowered, behind which the players went through their parts, in order to determine if it was possible to force the dramatic movement of the piece over the footlights to the audience beyond. Next the curtain was raised, and the company acted their roles in pantomime. The same test was applied also to an act of "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." "I believe," said Miss Barrymore, after the rehearsal, "that it is impossible to get good results from a play unless it is made to appeal equally to the eye and ear. Hereafter in trying out plays I shall test them both ways. You've no notion, until you try it, what an infinite number of profitable suggestions one gets from the new method."

A Grandson of Samuel Lover

Victor Herbert, the composer whose latest work is the music of Joe Redding's "Natoma," is a grandson of Samuel Lover, the Irish novelist, poet and song writer. Speaking of his great relation Herbert recently said: "You know I lived with my grandfather when I was a boy, and a fine old man he was. It was then that I got my first love for music. My mother was an excellent musician, and best of all she loved the old Irish melodies. What melodies they are! I have nearly a thousand of them here in my drawer, each one more beautiful than the next. Only the other day John McCormack was up here, and sitting down at the piano began to sing some of them. I think he sang the whole afternoon. He might have sung the whole night, and no one would have been tired."

Squelching a Lothario

Madam Gadski's husband is Lieutenant Tauscher, who is the American agent of a celebrated foreign manufactory of fire-arms. That circumstance gave the diva a chance to reprimand a flirtatious Grand Duke, who pestered her with his very pressing attentions and intentions last summer at Salzburg. In desperation Madam Gadski presented Tauscher to His Highness. "Ah! your husband," remarked the Grand Duke, monocling the lieutenant; "what does he do?" "He shoots," came Madam Gadski's answer swiftly and meaningly. His Highness then faded away.

"Madame Sherry" at the Columbia

"Madame Sherry" comes to the Columbia on Monday night. Already the playhouse has been flooded with requests for reservations, so interest is evidently keen. In book and music, in cast, chorus, orchestra and stage production, "Madame Sherry" is said to be immense. In the company are such celebrities as Oscar Figman, Ann Tasker, Lottie Kendall and Cheridah Simpson. It is needless to remind readers that "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own," is one of the songs.

The Bonci Concerts

For the first time one of the world's greatest operatic tenors is to appear here in recital, not merely singing a few operatic numbers but interpreting a complete program of classic and modern songs. Alessandro Bonci will give his first concert Sunday afternoon, March 5, at the Columbia. The program will delight every music lover for it embraces many of the world's greatest "lieder" as well as operatic gems. The second and positively last concert will be given the Sunday following with another beautiful list of songs and arias. Harold Osoorn Smith, last here with David Bispham, will be the accompanist. The sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay & Co's Wednesday morning.

ELBERT HUBBARD

Fra Elbertus of the Philistine who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

"The Girl" at the Alcazar

Evelyn Vaughan and Bertram Lytell's engagement at the Alcazar will conclude next week with an elaborate production of "The Girl of the Golden West." It will be the third revival in Sutter street of Belasco's play of pioneer life in California. Miss Vaughan will again have the role of "The Girl." As the road agent who gets The Girl's first kiss and is reformed by it Bertram Lytell will be seen at his best. Will R. Walling will repeat his convincing impersonation of Jack Rance, the sheriff-gambler and Howard Hickman will again be effective as Sonora Slim. There are thirty-nine speaking parts in the cast, and the scenic equipment is great.

Hofmann's Farewell

Josef Hofmann, one of the most fascinating pianists of the present time, has been delighting large audiences during the past week. He will give his farewell concert this Sunday afternoon at the Columbia, presenting a program so attractive that it will be difficult for any real music lover to resist the temptation of hearing it. Among the offerings will be the rarely played "Fantasie" in C major (three movements) by Robert Schumann.

The Fra at the Orpheum

Elbert Hubbard, the sage of East Aurora, will be seen at the Orpheum next week. He will deliver a twenty minute "heart to heart talk" with "his flock" as he calls his audience. Bird Millman will appear with her wire artists. Miss Millman is styled "The Eva Tanguay of the Air." She is well known here. Back again come the Empire Comedy Four. Their act will consist of a miniature musical comedy entitled "What's the Answer?" Walter Graham will present a novelty called the "manikin music hall." Next week will be the last of Boudini Brothers, Welch, Mealy and Montrose, Lawrence and Fitzgerald and Helena Frederick and company in "The Tales of Hoffman."

Gertrude Elliott Coming

"The Midnight Sons" will begin its second and last week at the Savoy this Sunday evening, with the usual matinees on Thursday and Saturday. Gertrude Elliott in Frances Hodgson Burnett's play of cheerfulness, "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," will begin a week's engagement at the Savoy Sunday night, March 5.

Busoni the Pianist Coming

Ferrucio Busoni, the famous Italian pianist who created a furore in the East such as has not been known since the advent of Paderewski, has been secured for two concerts by Manager Greenbaum. He is not only a marvelous pianist but a great orchestral composer and his works are being played by the world's greatest symphony orchestras. Busoni will play here twice and there will be no concert in Oakland. The dates are March 19 and 21.

Ye Liberty to Give "The Right of Way"

The Bishop Players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will be the first stock company to present "The Right of Way," which will be their attraction next week. It is the dramatization by Eugene Presbrey of Sir Gilbert Parker's tale of the same title. In preparing it for stage use Presbrey has contrived a series of dramatic scenes that are full of color and human interest. Sydney Ayres will have the role of Charley Steele. Henry Shumer that of Joe Portugais and Muriel Hope is to be seen as Rosalie, while the thirty or more remaining characters will all be in capable hands. The company will next be seen in "When Knights Were Bold."

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OAKLAND. Direction H. W. Bishop.
Week of Monday, February 27, 1911, Every Evening
Matinees Saturday and Sunday.
The BISHOP PLAYERS
Offer the First Popular Price Presentation of
THE RIGHT OF WAY
Sir Gilbert Parker's Novel of the Canadian Frontier in Dramatic Form
Entire House: 25c and 50c—All Performances.
Next—"When Knights Were Bold."

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THE MIDNIGHT SONS
With George Monroe and the Largest Company Traveling
Night and Saturday Matinee Prices, $2.00 to 50c;
Special Matinee Thursday, $1.50 to 50c.
Sunday Night, March 5—One Week Only—Gertrude Elliott in "The Dawn of a To-morrow."

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Farewell Appearances of Evelyn Vaughan and Bertram Lytell
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THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST
David Belasco's Great Play of Life in California Fifty Years Ago
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.
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BIRD MILLMAN and her premiere Wire Artists; EMPIRE COMEDY FOUR; WALTER GRAHAM and HIS MANIKIN MUSIC HALL; BOUDINI BROTHERS; WELCH, MEALY and MONTROSE; LAWRENCE and FITZGERALD; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last Week HELENA FREDERICK and CO. in the condensed presentation of "THE TALES OF HOFFMAN."
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BONCI Friday Afternoon, March 10th, at 3:30 at Ye Liberty, Oakland

EXTRA. Coming March 19th and 21st
BUSONI
"The Pianist Marvellous"
after which
MISCHA ELMAN
The Poet of the Violin

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Sctoks—The market during the past week was subject to a sharp reactionary movement engineered by manipulative banking interests, undoubtedly for the purpose of clearing the speculative situation in Wall Street in preparation for the important Supreme Court decisions in which it is not an improbability that one of the large Trust cases may be heard from; also the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific merger suit and the railway rate decisions. Timid operators threw over their commitments early in the week on the decline and these stocks have apparently passed into strong hands. It can also be said that the buying in the closing days was of a character not to be ignored in considering the immediate future course of values. For the long pull in securities we feel optimistic.

Wheat—Normal crop conditions on the abnormally large seeded wheat acreage were restored by last week's continued and liberal rains in the southwest. The effectual breaking of the drought wiped out the last hope of speculators that wheat values could be maintained on a strictly domestic basis and that no export outlet was needed. Downward drifting values in the face of heavy covering by shorts showed that the hedged commercial supply had not yet found a firm resting place, although much of the weight of this load was transferred from the May to the new crop deliveries, chiefly July. Old crop supplies loomed large and burdensome and in view of the prospect of a bumper crop soon, will have to be taken care of. Fortunately foreign markets declined less rapidly than did the American and there was little progress toward an opening of the clogged export channels. Part of the firmness abroad was due to the severe weather in southern Europe which promised to delay shipments from Russia. Attempts to stir the trade with war and European plague scares had only a momentary effect. The absence of material demand from millers and the evidence that the latter were already overloaded with wheat or its product had their influence on the situation. Wealthy and successful speculators were putting out short lines of July last week, following the rain in the southwest.

Corn—Wet weather all over the greater part of the corn belt last week, with prospect of light arrivals at terminal markets this week, helped to sustain corn prices despite the slump in wheat. There was a fair volume of business done for export but the prices realized left a margin which was not tempting to most of the big interests here. Last week's receipts here were nearly four million bushels and were two and one-half millions bushels more than were shipped out.

Cotton—The trend of prices in the cotton market during the past week was downward from the start. Private wires reported general rains all over the State of Texas and there is now no further argument that can be advanced in support of the drouth territory in Texas or Oklahoma as this factor has been entirely eliminated for the present at least. There is now nothing to interfere with the pitching of a record acreage which we have every reason to expect. There is more money to be made by raising cotton at 14 cents per pound than by any other crop that can be produced in any part of the cotton belt. As for the old crop, the trade is beginning to realize that there is more than enough cotton to go round. The poor state of trade all over the world is forcing spinners and manufacturers to curtail to a greater extent than last year. Assuming that spinners' takings are as large during the next 23 weeks as for the same time last year we should start the next season with the largest visible supply in the history of cotton. With next crop options selling at a discount of 130 points purchases of May and July options at prevailing high levels are no investment, to say the least, and we therefore recommend a sale on all strong markets.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

world—a dubious sort of compliment when you come to think it over. However, that work got Polk interested in schemes for municipal adornment and when he went to Chicago in 1900 to join D. H. Burnham's architectural force, he carried a lot of ideas which found a sympathetic lodgment in Burnham's mind, for Burnham has always made a hobby of just that sort of thing. When Polk left San Francisco all the architects said he would never come back and when he came here with Burnham in 1906 they added that he couldn't come back. When Burnham made him the business manager of his local office, they chortled at the joke of the thing; when Burnham made him a partner, they simply held their sides; when Burnham turned over his local business to him, they began to sit up and take notice. In the past four years Polk has erected buildings of a total value of more than eight million dollars, so the architects are beginning to revise their early ideas about him. Of course not all the architects joined in the symphony of dispraise, so not all the architects find it necessary to recant. But when Polk sits at that banquet board in the club which he built, maybe there won't be a few of his fellow craftsmen who will squirm in their seats—if they are fortunate enough to attend—when the toastmaster, consulting his notes or his pencilled cuff, introduces "a man wha is fit to be compared with the great Vitruvius, a man who continues the glorious traditions of the brilliant school of Brunelleschi and Sansovino, a man whose name will go ringing down the ages with the names of Bramante and Vignola and Palladio, aye, with the immortal name of Michel-Angelo. Gentlemen, our architect, Willis Polk." Prolonged applause folowed by "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

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A Run of Luck

(Continued from Page 9.)

spiteful insinuation of your friend, perhaps your adversary last evening at the club, who hates you because you won from him a few hundred francs?"

In time, as Carlo's persistent good luck continued, the most innocent remarks seemed to Anna to be full of significance and injurious intent.

She suffered most when they were at social gatherings. Every time she was approached torture assailed her and she would ask herself: "Does he know what is being whispered about Carlo? It may be someone who was among the very first to hint and gossip about him! And what is he thinking about me? Have I awakened his pity, or his amusement? The latter, probably. People are so spiteful!"

If her husband stood for an instant alone in the crowded room, she wondered whether he were being avoided. Did he appear worried or uneasy, she thought perhaps he had overheard the whispered innuendoes which he pretended to ignore; but if he joined in the general merriment, she was overwhelmed with shame for herself and for him, who either knew nothing or did not wish to admit his knowledge.

Finally the pleasure she was wont to take in the flattering remarks about her pretty clothes became pain at the horrid idea: "Do they think that Carlo buys them for me with money won at cards?"

Once, unable to bear it any longer, she threw herself into his arms sobbing: "Don't play any more! Oh, promise me you won't play any more!"

"Even if I wanted to stop I couldn't now," he replied tranquilly.

"Why not?"

"Because it would not be fair to my friends who have lost. I'll quit, I promise you, when I begin to lose."

"But you will never lose, never!" Anna cried despairingly.

"Let us hope so," he said with a laugh. "The fever breaks us all in the end, you know. But you are my mascot."

She drew back from him violently, indignant at the idea that he probably boasted thus of her to others.

Perceiving her attitude, he asked: "Would you prefer that I should lose?"

"Should I prefer it!" she exclaimed.

"You are very foolish," he remarked, lighting a cigarette.

"But don't you understand that if you continue to win they will say—" she stopped short, avoiding the abyss.

"They will say?" he repeated, looking at her and becoming suddenly serious.

"Oh, nothing. I don't know. I just said it to say something," she murmured brokenly, closing her eyes to escape his.

"I advise you to think of what you are going to say another time before you speak," he said coldly.

"But I did not think anything, believe me," she faltered, bewildered.

"So much the better."

And he went out.

Anna remained standing in the middle of the room, paralyzed with fear.

How had she happened to think for a moment of revealing to him her secret? Had she not understood from the first that he would wish to trace the rumor to its source—to kill someone or to be killed?

Strange to say, the certainty of this intention, which for the first time she had just read in Carlo's eyes, frightened her and also filled her with a foolish discomfiting pride. Carlo had seemed to her so fine in that attitude; so dignified. With what expression he had repeated her words: "They will say!" Now, more than ever, must she be silent, lest she drive him with her own hand toward the irrevocable.

One day when they were out walking together they caught sight of an old friend of Carlo's. To Anna's surprise her husband looked in the opposite direction to avoid bowing to him.

"I have my reasons for cutting him," he replied to Anna's question, and he related to her how this Renato Salvestri had been for sometime attentive to a lady much older than himself and how somebody, to explain the strange anomaly, had gone about making base charges against him.

"Who?" asked Anna.

"Who? Tizio, Coia, Sempronio—everyone, in fact. However, he had the good fortune to find a friend, sincere and affectionate, who warned him——"

"Oh, you call him a friend?"

"Surely," exclaimed Carlo, pausing in his walk. "Should I not call a friend the man who said to me, 'Take care of yourself! There is someone lying in wait to hit you treacherously behind your back!' Well, Renato found him, this friend, but instead of doing what any gentleman would have done in his place, he paid no attention to him at all."

"But if he did not know the name of the person who started the slander, ought he, according to you, to have challenged all of them?" Anna's voice was weak with emotion.

"It was only necessary for him to pick a quarrel with one who would represent that world which shot the poisoned arrow of anonymous insult. Naturally, in such a case a man chooses as an adversary one who for some reason or other—who of us has not a secret enemy?—is glad enough to see the point of his sword. Thus two birds are killed with one stone."

He spoke clearly, dryly, as a man convinced of his facts.

Anna's tongue was tied by these words, for had he not found such a friend one day? Was it not surprising that as yet he had challenged no one in order to fulfil this duty, if duty it really were? And what reason could he have, unless——?

She shook with a sudden chill; a cloud obscured her mind. She had the sensation that her husband was living in a fearful moral solitude, and an immense pity for him, which until now she had never felt, overwhelmed her.

Very well, then! Now that everything else around him was silent she, she alone, would speak plainly.

But suppose Carlo had already turned a deaf ear, as had Renato Salvestri? No, that was impossible. What he would have done was clear. Now she herself felt the necessity that her husband should slap someone in the face in public. Her woman's fury aroused, she exulted strangely at the thought of this resounding challenge which would vindicate himself and her at the same time.

That same evening while she was waiting for Carlo to come home, more nervous than usual because she had made up her mind to speak, he burst into the room, pale, disordered. A horrible presentiment choked her.

"What has happened?" she asked running to him.

"Anna! Anna! If you but knew!"

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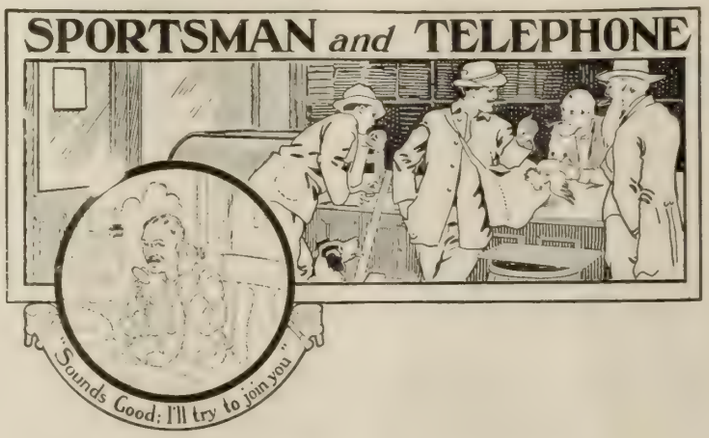

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"Speak, speak!"

She put her hands on his shoulders and drew him to her as if to comprehend more quickly his incoherent words. But he hesitated, slightly dazed.

"Speak!"

"Cursed luck! I have lost, Anna, lost a tremendous amount!"

"Oh, at last!" Anna burst forth, unable to contain herself.

His eyes hardened and, pointing his finger at her, he grumbled: "You, too, then, are pleased?"

"Who else?" she stammered, her face blanching.

"Everyone. I don't know. Everyone who reviled my luck. Oh, how right you were to say 'Do not play!' I ought to have stopped when I was winning and have enjoyed the money with you. Stupid, my scruples! Fool, fool, fool!" he cried, striking his head with his clenched hands. "But they, the dogs, they had no scruples with me! They have taken from me not only what I have won, but two hundred thousand francs more—half our fortune! Anna, Anna, do you understand? I have ruined you! I have ruined you!"

He fell on the divan, shaking with tearless sobs. Then, as he raised his eyes and saw Anna's radiant face, he bounded to his feet, beside himself with fury.

"And why are you glad?" he roared. "Why? Why?"

He seized her wrists with a grip of iron.

"I am not. I assure you that I am not!" she wailed.

"Yes, you are! For a long time I have not seen you look as you do now, when you should be weeping and upbraiding me. Why are you glad, Anna? Answer me! By God! You shall answer!"

All of a sudden there flashed into his mind the remembrance of that evening long ago when Anna had murmured her timid "They will say—" and he had interrupted her with contemptuous indifference.

Stooping over her he held her to him with all the strength of his arms, hissing between his teeth, while a terrible light gleamed in his eyes: "They said it, eh? **That's** what they said! Is it true? Is that it? And now you are glad because they cannot say it anymore—is that the reason? And you knew it and held your tongue! Instead of crying it out at me, of forcing me to hear—me who had every right to know, who ought not to have been left in ignorance—you kept silent! You, like all the rest! Because I was not worth telling, I suppose! I did not deserve to know! Oh, go away, you creature without love, without pride! You make me shudder!"

He pushed her away brutally and, covering his face with his hands, burst into bitter tears. Nothing was heard in the room but the sound of weeping and the crackling of the fire.

Suddenly he pulled himself together and wiped away the tears, pressing his fingers on his eyes. He took two or three turns up and down the rooms, then planted himself in front of Anna, demanding in a voice at which she trembled with terror and delight—the voice which she had dreamed of hearing before: "His name! Out with it!"

"I don't know! I don't know it," she stammered confused.

"Tell me his name, I say!"

"Carlotta Moretti, she was the first, but for our good——"

"Carlotta Moretti!" repeated Carlo shrilly, as if to recall her to her senses by the sound. "And what did she say?"

"Nothing, really! She only hinted at the gossip. But what it was exactly, she didn't explain—I didn't understand. It did not exist, probably, except in her brain, or in mine."

In fact, all the vague phrases which her imagination had elaborated, all the poison which she had absorbed so conscientiously and sorrowfully, appeared to her at this moment innocuous; she marveled that they should have been able to acquire so fatal a power over her.

Carlo laughed derisively.

"Carlotta Moretti! No, it was not she! She only repeated something others had said. Moreover, she meant no harm; she repeated it without thinking. Who can tell from whom she heard it—who knows where?"

And Anna, grasping at these two sentences as at an anchor of salvation, repeated:

"Yes, who can tell from whom? Who knows where? And in any case, even if anyone had heard, now they understand the infamy of it. It reflects on themselves. Anyway, I don't believe it. Besides, what does it matter? If one paid attention to all of the gossip, there would be plenty of duels! Yes, I tell you, one does not need to concern oneself with what the world may say when one's conscience is clear; one should rise above it."

She spoke hurriedly, eager to convince him.

She was surprised and encouraged that he did not interrupt her. Indeed, when she ceased speaking and raised her eyes to his she saw that he was smiling:

"You are right. If one were obliged to lend an ear to all the gossip in this world! You said it well. Let us not bother ourselves about it. I regret the two hundred thousand lire, but since you are pleased——" He laughed sarcastically and looked at his watch.

"By the way, I have an appointment. I'll be back in time for dinner. Don't forget you are going to the theater." And he left her.

"Coward!" she hissed through her teeth when she was alone. But at the same time she told herself that the life of her husband, whom she adored, was well worth two hundred thousand francs.

Two days later, in Carlotta Moretti's drawing-room, the only subject of conversation was the tragic duel between Selmi and De Mari, in which the latter had been killed.

For no apaprent reason he had provoked a quarrel with Selmi and insisted that his seconds should accept the most severe conditions.

It was a pity—such a good fellow—and that poor Anna, a widow at twenty-five.

Carlotta Moretti repeated for the one hundredth time, "By the way, I was there just two weeks ago on her Tuesday. Who would ever have thought of this then? I remember, it was raining and she, poor thing, begged me to remain until it cleared. I had foolishly dismissed my carriage and on that very day I was wearing for the first time a dress from Pantini's—six hundred francs! Her prices are getting more absurd every day!"

One of the ladies then said:

"Advise Anna to try La Bosis for her mourning. She has good taste and is not very expensive."

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NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9,903, Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PETER JAMES DONAHUE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made and filed herein on the [illegible] of Peter James Donahue, Deceased, the undersigned, William P. Burke as administrator of the estate of said Deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, in Gold Coin of the United States, on or after Wednesday, the 8th day of March, 1911, and subject to confirmation by said Court, an undivided one-half interest, together with all the right, title and interest that the estate of said Deceased has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of Peter James Donahue, Deceased, at the time of his death, of, in and to all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the point formed by the intersection of the Northeasterly line of Spear Street and the South[illegible] and along the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and eighty-three (183) feet and four (4) inches; thence at a right angle Northeasterly and parallel with the said Southeasterly line of Mission Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street forty-five (45) feet and ten [illegible] parallel with the said Southeasterly line of Mission Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said line of Mission Street; and thence at a right angle Southwesterly and along the said Southeasterly line of Mission Street one hundred and eighty-three (183) feet and four (4) inches to the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara [illegible]

Commencing at a point on the Northwesterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon ninety-one (91) feet and eight (8) inches Northeasterly from the point of intersection of the Northeasterly line of Spear Street with the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence Northeasterly and along the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southwesterly and parallel with the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches, and thence at a right angle Southeasterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion [illegible]

Ten (10) per cent of the bid payable at the time of sale and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court; deed and abstract at the expense of purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State, county and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature that are now or may hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers or bids must be in writing and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, at[illegible] San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to the said administrator personally, or may be filed in the office of the clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of this sale. WILLIAM P. BURKE,
Administrator of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 15th, 1911.
[illegible] W. McENERNEY, Attorney [illegible] of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, Deceased, Room [illegible] Flood Building, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET NOONAN, sometimes known as MARGARET KEOGH, Deceased—No. 11,139, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Margaret Noonan, sometimes known as Margaret Keogh, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, Southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Margaret Noonan, sometimes known as Margaret Keogh, deceased.
THOMAS KEOGH,
Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Noonan, sometimes known as Margaret Keogh, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 18, 1911.
J. J. LERMEN, Atty. for Administrator,
Rooms 504-506 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 2-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Dept. No. 10, Probate, No. 29, N. S.

In the matter of the Estate of JULIUS FRIEDMAN, Deceased.

Edward R. Lande and I. M. Friedberg, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Julius Friedman, deceased, having presented to the Court, and filed herein, their duly verified petition praying for an Order of Sale of Real Property belonging to the estate of said decedent, hereinafter described, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of said estate, and those interested therein, that said real property, the sale of which is asked for in said petition, should be sold, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered by the Court that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, Department No. 10, Probate, at the Courtroom of said Department, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, on Wednesday, the 22d day of March, 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to show cause why an Order should not be granted to said Executors for the sale of all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street with the Northeasterly line of Beale Street; running thence Northeasterly and along said line of Harrison Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly thirty (30) feet to said line of Beale Street, and thence at right angles Northwesterly and along said last mentioned line eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement, being a portion of 100 Vara Block No. 333, together with the improvements thereon.

Further ordered that a copy of this Order be published once a week for four successive weeks before the time appointed for said hearing, in "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Done in Open Court this 15th day of February, 1911.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
Endorsed: Filed Feb. 15, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
EDMUND TAUSZKY, Atty. for J. M. Friedberg, Executor.
MARSHALL B. WOODWORTH, Atty. for Edward R. Lande, Executor. 2-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CLARA J. BIGELOW, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Clara J. Bigelow, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Nowlin & Fassett, Foxcroft Building, No. 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Clara J. Bigelow, deceased. FREDERIC H. FASSETT,
Executor of the Estate of Clara J. Bigelow, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 28, 1911.
NOWLIN & FASSETT, Attys. for Executor,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 1-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADAM WAGNER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Adam Wagner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, Room 802 in the Balboa Building, southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Adam Wagner, deceased. ADAM WAGNER,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Adam Wagner, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 18, 1911.
S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Atty. for Executor,
802 Balboa Bldg., Market and Second Sts., S. F. 2-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY C. FLITTNER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Chas. J. P. Hoehn, Administrator of the estate of Mary C. Flittner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of D. B. Richards, No. 965 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary C. Flittner, deceased.
CHAS. J. P. HOEHN,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary C. Flittner, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 15, 1911.
D. B. RICHARDS, Atty. for Administrator,
No. 965 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. 2-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for The City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 10.

In the matter of the Application of GEORGE OTTEN, for Change of Name. No. 33,835.

George Otten having this day filed his application and petition in the above entitled Court for change of his name to George Smith:

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before the above entitled Court, Department 10 thereof, at the Courtroom of said department, located in what is known as the Grant Building, situated on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Friday, March 3, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause, if any they have, why such application and petition for change of name should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed in said City and County of San Francisco, which said publication is hereby adjudged to be sufficient notice of the hearing of said application and petition.

Dated: this 3d day of February, 1911.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
BRENNAN & LANE, Attys. for Petitioner,
Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-4

An Interesting Antique

"Fine old inn, sir," commented the host. "Everything in this house has its story."

"I don't doubt it," remarked the grouchy tourist "And is there any legend connected with this old piece of cheese?"

"I'm so sorry about it, but my husband actually hates music."

"How strange!"

"Isn't it. His prejudice is so strong that he has to jump up and leave the theatre whenever [illegible] orchestra is playing an entr'acte."

Service Increased

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TWO TRAINS

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San Francisco,

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Ticket Offices:

Flood Building,

Palace Hotel,

Market Street Ferry Depot,

Third & Townsend Sts. Depot

Broadway & 13th St., Oakland

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,018, Department No. 4.

MARY I. GREELY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mary I. Greely, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet North of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number 201.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society,	San Francisco, California.
R. McColgan and Ryland C. Goodspeed, as Trustees for Mariam L. Goodspeed,	Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, California.
R. McColgan and Daniel A. McColgan, as Trustees for C. H. Williams,	Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8131, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of THERESA J. O'CONNOR, Deceased.

Annie L. Jones, the Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Theresa J. O'Connor, deceased, having filed herein her duly verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing her to borrow the sum of Six Hundred Dollars ($600.00) or such lesser sum as the Court may deem necessary wherewith to pay the debts of said estate, and to make the necessary improvements thereon, as set forth in said petition on file herein, and for the purpose of securing the re-payment of such loan to mortgage to the lender of such money certain real property of said estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Church Street, distant two hundred and twenty-seven feet northerly from the northerly line of 24th Street; thence northerly along said line of Church Street thirty-three (33) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles southerly thirty-three (33) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 64.

It is therefore ordered, that all persons interested in said estate appear at this Court in Courtroom of Department No. 10 of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the Grant Building, Seventh and Market Streets, on the 27th day of February, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause why said prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property within described mortgaged to secure a loan to said estate for Six Hundred Dollars ($600.00), or such lesser amount as the Court shall deem meet, and

It is ordered that notice of the time appointed for hearing said petition, and the Order to Show Cause, be published for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

For further particulars in said petition you are hereby referred to said Petition now on file herein, which said petition is made a part hereto.

Dated, this 19th day of January, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

GEO. M. THOMAS, Atty. for Administratrix,
722 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALEXANDER LIPPMAN, Deceased—No. 11,097, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Alexander Lippman, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Attorney at Law, 616-617 Metropolis Building, Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Alexander Lippman, deceased.

HYMAN LIPPMAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Alexander Lippman, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Atty. for Administrator,
616-617 Metropolis Building,
Market and New Montgomery Sts., San Francisco. 2-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25,085, Dept. No. 10.

GIOVANNI CASELLI, JUSTINE CASELLI, his wife, and EMILY MONCHAUT, also known as Emily Merchant, also known as Emily Monchant, also know as Emily Monchont, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the said plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Piece No. 1—Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Mason Street, distant thereon seventy-seven (77) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of Broadway Street; running thence northerly and along said easterly line of Mason Street sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle easterly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle southerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle westerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Lot, Number Three Hundred and Thirty-two (No. 332).

Piece No. 2—Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon Thirty-seven (37) feet and six (6) inches easterly from the easterly line of Spruce Street; running thence easterly and along said southerly line of Sacramento Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and seven (107) feet and seven and one-eighth (7 1-8) inches; thence at a right angle westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and seven (107) feet and seven and one-eighth (7 1-8) inches to the said southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition, Block Number Eight Hundred and Thirty-two (No. 832).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that plaintiffs' title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages, or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 13th day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 24th day of December, 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiffs: Name, Laura M. Dill; Address, San Francisco, California.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 12-24-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,681, Dept. No. 10.

PLINY E. RITNER, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE I. RITNER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Grace I. Ritner, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, A. D. 1911. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

AUSTIN LEWIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
504 to 508 Schmidt Bldg., 12 Geary St., S. F. 2-4-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PIETRO VALLERGA, also known as and called PETER VALLERGA and PEDRO VALLEROGA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Pietro Vallerga, also known as and called Peter Vallerga and Pedro Valleroga, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Messrs. Fitzpatrick & Greeley, 423-425 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Pietro Vallerga, also known as and called Peter Vallerga and Pedro Valleroga, deceased.

GIACOMO VALLERGA,
Administrator of the Estate of Pietro Vallerga, also known as and called Peter Vallerga and Pedro Valleroga, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, Attys. for Administrator,
423-425 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,712, Dept. No. ——.

LOUISA ZAMBELLI, SILVIO HECTOR ZAMBELLI, WALTER ZAMBELLI, IRENE ZAMBELLI, and RITA ZAMBELLI, also known as Marguerite Zambelli, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County within three months after first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Market Street, distant thereon forty-nine (49) feet and one (1) inch northeasterly from the easterly line of Sanchez Street; running thence southerly and parallel with Sanchez Street sixty-eight (68) feet and six and three-eighths (6⅜) inches; thence at a right angle easterly thirty-three (33) feet and five and three-eighths (5⅜) inches; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly eight and three-fourths (8¾) inches; thence southwesterly and along the said southeasterly line of Market Street forty-eight (48) feet and seven and one-half (7½) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a part of Mission Block Number 96.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that plaintiffs' title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and the whole thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages, or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of January, 1911.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiffs: None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-7-10

NOTICE OF APPLICATION BY FOLSOM CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, A CORPORATION, FOR DECREE ADJUDGING ITS VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,806, Department 7.

In the Matter of the Application of the FOLSOM CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, a corporation, for Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the Folsom Consolidated Company, a corporation duly organized under the laws of the State of California, and having its office and principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid, filed in the above entitled Court on the 25th day of January, 1911, an application for a decree adjudging its voluntary dissolution under the provisions of the following sections of the Code of Civil Procedure of California, to-wit, from and including section 1227 to and including section 1233; that the above entitled Court has ordered that notice of the filing of said application be given by the Clerk of said Court by publishing this notice in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County of San Francisco, for the period of thirty (30) days; that at any time before the expiration of the time of publication, to-wit, thirty (30) days from and after the first publication of this notice, any person may file in said Court his objections to the said application; that if no objection is filed before the expiration of said time of publication said Court will proceed to hear and determine said application on Tuesday, the 14th day of March, 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in the Courtroom of Department No. 7 of said Court in the Grant Building, situate on the southeasterly corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the said City and County of San Francisco, and if the statements contained in said application are legally sufficient and are shown to be true, will thereupon make its judgment and decree declaring said corporation dissolved; but if any objection to said application shall be filed, the hearing of said application will be continued by the Court until five (5) days' notice of the hearing of such application shall have been given to all persons who shall have filed any objection to said application.

Dated, San Francisco, California, this 25th day of January, 1911.

(Seal of Superior Court). H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WEICH, Deputy Clerk.

Date of first publication February 4, 1911.

LEO H. SUSMAN, Atty. for Applicant,
445 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-28-6

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PETER SMITH, Deceased—No. 10,954, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Edwin S. Tucker and Joseph Emanuel Reilly, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Peter Smith, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Madison & Burke, real estate and insurance brokers, No. 30 Montgomery Street, between Post and Sutter Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Peter Smith, deceased.

EDWIN S. TUCKER,
JOSEPH EMANUEL REILLY,
Executors of the Estate of Peter Smith, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 28, 1911.

CHARLES A. SHURTLEFF, Atty. for Executors.
800-806 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, California. 1-28-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,014, Department No. 4.

SARA M. DALY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Hereinafter Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem to establish and quiet Plaintiff's title to real property and to determine all adverse claims thereto.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Sara M. Daly, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court, and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Randolph Street, distant twenty-five (25) feet easterly from the east line of Ramsell Street and running thence east twenty-five (25) feet; thence north one hundred (100) feet; thence west twenty-five (25) feet; thence south one hundred (100) feet to to the point of commencement; and being Lot 7 of Block 37 of the City Land Association as shown on a map of the same recorded on August 24, 1870, in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, and being also the same premises heretofore conveyed to Annie A. Daly (widow) by Anne McCormac by deed recorded August 2, 1897, in Volume 1748 of Deeds, Old Series, Records of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That this Court by its final judgment and decree, may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and may adjudge said plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands, and may establish and quiet its title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief in the premises as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Dated this 14th day of December, 1910.

GEO. K. FORD, Atty. for Plaintiff.
617 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,020, Department No. 4.

VIRGINIA CASSIDY WILBUR, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

First—Commencing at the northwest corner of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue) and Twentieth Avenue; thence northerly along the west line of Twentieth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly and parallel with Twentieth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle easterly and along the north line of Geary Street fifty (50) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 201.

Second—Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue); running thence northerly along said westerly line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the said westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, and the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 201.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of this Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property, and every part thereof; and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof; and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CAROLINE SHARP, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Caroline Sharp, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of J. F. Riley, Attorney for said Administrator with the Will annexed, 715-717 Pacific Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Caroline Sharp, deceased.

ARTHUR M. SHARP,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Caroline Sharp, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

J. F. RILEY, 715-717 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., Atty. for Administrator with the Will Annexed. 2-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,021, Department No. 4.

WILLIAM A. KAAS and DELIA KAAS (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William A. Kaas and Delia Kaas, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Utah Street, distant thereon one hundred and eighty-seven (187) feet and six (6) inches southerly from the southerly line of Mariposa Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Utah Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Utah Street and the point of commencement; being a part of Potrero Block number seventy-four (74).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,015, Department No. 4.

ANNIE C. WIEGNER, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Annie C. Wiegner, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), distant thereon eighty (80) feet Easterly from the intersection of the Southerly line of Geary Street with the Easterly line of Eight Avenue, running thence Easterly along the said Southerly line of Geary Street twenty-six (26) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Eighth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-six (26) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street and point of beginning; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 277.

2nd. Commencing at a point on the Western line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Northerly from the Northern line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Western line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in the fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
Title Insurance and Guaranty Company,	250 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES A. FISHER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles A. Fisher, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Bishop, Hoefler, Cook & Harwood, Room 363 Russ Building, Northwest corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charles A. Fisher, deceased.

JESSE A. ANDREWS,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles A. Fisher, Deceased..

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Executor,
Room 363 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,011, Department No. 4.

KATE E. HENESEY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Kate E. Henesey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of California Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches westerly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of California Street with the westerly line of Octavia Street; running thence westerly and along said southerly line of California Street thirty-four (34) feet nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly thirty-four (34) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 197.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises; and that the easement and right of said property to the party wall on the boundary between said property and the real property of M. Sheftel Co., a corporation, immediately abutting upon the rear of said property, be established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
M. Sheftel,	2083 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

City and County of San Francisco, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. TAYLOR, also known as JOHN JAMES TAYLOR, also known as J. J. TAYLOR, Deceased—No. 11,091 (N. S.), Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix respectively of the estate of the above named John J. Taylor, alias, etc., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of W. A. S. Nicholson and D. I. Mahoney, Attorneys for said Executor and Executrix, at Number 1112 Market Street, Rooms 106, 107 and 108, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said John J. Taylor, alias, etc., deceased.

WILLIAM A. TAYLOR,
DAISY V. ROBERTS,
Executor and Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of John J. Taylor, also known as John James Taylor, also known as J. J. Taylor, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., February 11, 1911.

W. A. S. NICHOLSON and D. I. MAHONEY,
Attorneys for Executor and Executrix,
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BETSY LIPPITT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Betsy Lippitt, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of A. L. Weil, Room 362 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Betsy Lippitt, deceased.

PHILIP LIPPITT,
Administrator of the Estate of Betsy Lippitt, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

A. L. WEIL, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 362 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTE SCHLENKER, also known as AUGUSTE B. SCHLENKER, also known as B. SCHLENKER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Hugo Altmayer, Executor of the estate of Auguste Schlenker, also known as Auguste B. Schlenker, and also known as B. Schlenker, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorneys, Rothchild, Golden & Rothchild, No. 1051 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Schlenker, also known as Auguste B. Schlenker, and also known as B. Schlenker, deceased.

(Signed) HUGO ALTMAYER,
Executor of the Estate of Auguste Schlenker, also known as Auguste B. Schlenker, also known as B. Schlenker, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 18, 1911.

ROTHCHILD, GOLDEN & ROTHCHILD,
Attorneys for Executor,
No 1051 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,012, Department No. 4.

ELIZABETH ANN GUNN, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Elizabeth Ann Gunn, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Thirty-third Avenue, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet southerly from the southerly line of Ulloa Street (formerly "U" Street); running thence southerly along said westerly line of Thirty-third Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles northerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 1206.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiff to said real property and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims of every kind and nature whatsoever in and to said real property and every part thereof, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple of each and every, all and singular, of said real property, free and clear from any and all liens and encumbrances whatsoever.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25,793 Department No. 2.

SEBASTIANO CICERONE, also known as A. Sebastiano Cicerone, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Sebastiano Cicerone, also known as A. Sebastiano Cicerone, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Lafayette Place, distant thereon ninety-seven (97) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of Green Street; running thence northerly along said line of Lafayette Place fifty-nine (59) feet; thence at right angles easterly fifty-seven (57) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly fifty-nine (59) feet; and thence at right angles westerly fifty-seven (57) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot Number Three Hundred and Seventy-six (No. 376).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 21st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 31st day of December, 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 12-31-16

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,623, Department No. 10.

MAUD GRANGER, Plaintiff, vs. ALFRED GRANGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Alfred Granger, defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. A. DORN, Atty. for Plaintiff,
812 Phelan Building, San Francisco. 1-28-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 30,017, Department No. 4.

HARRY E. CASSIDY and MARY J. MERRILL, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Harry E. Cassidy and Mary J. Merrill, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), distant Eighty (80) feet Easterly from the Southeast corner of Geary Street and Twenty-second Avenue; thence at right angles with Geary Street Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the West line of Twenty-first Avenue; thence at right angles Northerly along the line of Twenty-first Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-six (26) feet Eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Twenty-first Avenue One Hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street; thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Geary Street One Hundred and Thirty-three (133) feet, Four (4) inches to the point of commencement; being lots numbers Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight and Ten in Block No. 263 of Outside Lands.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owners of an undivided one-half interest, each, in tenancy in common and in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D., 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,019, Department No. 4.

KATHERINE J. CASSIDY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Katherine J. Cassidy, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet North of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being in Block No. 201 of Outside Lands.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1910.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names:

Names	Addresses
Bank of Italy,	Montgomery and Clay Streets, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM R. CHRISTY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of William R. Christy, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Neal Power, 544 to 546 Mills Building, Northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William R. Christy, deceased. MARTHA E. CHRISTY,
Administratrix of the Estate of William R. Christy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 4, 1911.

NEAL POWER, Atty. for Administratrix,
544 to 546 Mills Bldg., San Francisco. 2-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,016, Department No. 4.

JOHN J. CASSIDY, ANNIE CECILIA WIEGNER, MARY I. GREELY and VIRGINIA CASSIDY WILBUR, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John J. Cassidy, Annie Cecilia Wiegner, Mary I. Greely and Virginia Cassidy Wilbur, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. Commencing on the Northerly line of Pine Street at a point distant one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Pine Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-seven (27) feet and six inches; and thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with said line of Broderick Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot Number Two (2), in Block No. 540 as designated upon a certain map entitled "Hoadley's Extension of the Western Addition," which said map was recorded May 10, 1862, in the office of the Recorder of said City and County.

2nd. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue) with the Easterly line of Second Avenue; thence Southerly along said line of Second Avenue one Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street; thence at right angles Westerly along said line of Geary Street thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being part of Outside Lands Block No. 283.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Courts for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owners in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff, Mary I. Greely:

Names	Addresses
R. McColgan and Daniel A. McColgan, as Trustees for C. H. Williams,	Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,385.

ADELE NOVARESE, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH ROBERT NOVARESE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to Joseph Robert Novarese, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed herein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of October, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 12-31-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLOTTE E. BEADLE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte E. Beadle, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor, at its office, at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charlotte E. Beadle, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte E. Beadle, Deceased.
By H. Van Luven, Secretary.

Dated, San Francisco, January 28, 1911.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for said Executor,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 1-28-5

Auto Notes

Charles Feltman of Brooklyn, who bought the first Lozier car ever sold, has just placed his order with the factory for a 1911 Lozier limousine, while his brother Alfred who bought the second Lozier sold has ordered another of the 1911 make.

One of the neatest compliments ever paid an automobile was expressed by C. H. Smith of Madison, Fla., in a telegram to the Hudson Motor Car Company of Detroit. Mr. Smith wired to tell of a 328-mile run he had just made from Atlanta to Madison over good, bad and indifferent roads of hills and sand. "The engine kept cool all the way," he said, "and ran so quiet, I could have slipped upon a covey of birds with it."

Eastern reports state that Cyrus Cobb has won the Chalmers car offered by Hugh Chalmers for the highest baseball batting average. Cobb, previous to winning the Chalmers, had had automobile experience, having been an ardent motorist for some years.

According to advices forwarded to the Pioneer Automobile Company from John L. Poole who is looking after the Lozier interests in Buenos Ayres, a decided demand has developed in that territory for American made machines. During previous years French cars have held a notable lead over other makes in South America but at present the autos built in this country, and especially those of the highest grade, are coming to the fore and already have achieved a position of preference.

The Haynes Auto Sales Company reports the sale of a 1911 Haynes car to Dr. George Lee Eaton who is president of the Board of Health. The Doctor's garage already houses a Haynes of 1910 model and the satisfactory service received from the car determined him in placing his order for this season's model of the same make.

An unique ambulance is the motor ambulance presented to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals by Mrs. Russell Sage. This ambulance which is operated in New York City has in the last three years carried 326,000 dogs and cats to shelter. During that time its only tire equipment has been Diamond.

That Mrs. Leslie Carter's ambition to own the most distinctive, beautiful and costliest creation of the automobile and carriage builder's craft has at last been realized, was very apparent when her mammoth limousine was driven into place at the E. R. Thomas Motor Company's exhibit at the Buffalo Show. The interior decorations are the most expensive and gorgeous obtainable. Over $500 worth of gold lace from the original design made for the Sultan of Turkey is used. The permission to use this design was obtained by Mrs. Carter personally from the Sultan and it has been made only for these two notables. The Sultan's coat-of-arms is woven in the design every three inches. Concealed cabinets are built in each side of the car and open when a hidden spring is touched. A gold speedometer and clock are among the many lavish interior fittings and in fact all of the inside work is in gold, including manicure and toilet cases and a rare French mirror. Turkish rugs cover the floor and the car is heated electrically.

British motor car manufacturers are conceded by many to have made greater progress toward the solution of the all-important tire problem than has yet been attained by American makers. The latest tendency abroad is away from the demountable rim, an appliance used over there for a long time and a general inclination toward the detachable wheel, an improvement very similar to its American counterpart, the Rambler Spare Wheel. The Spare Wheel was introduced in America three years ago by the Rambler people and many points of vantage over the detachable rim are claimed for it. The change can usually be made more quickly with less dirt, because the attachment is made at the hub where the parts are less likely to stick than at the rim. One Spare Wheel with tire is available for any wheel whether or not tire sizes are alike. A reserve wheel is available for emergency use, and a single extra wheel adds less weight than a full equipment of demountable rims.

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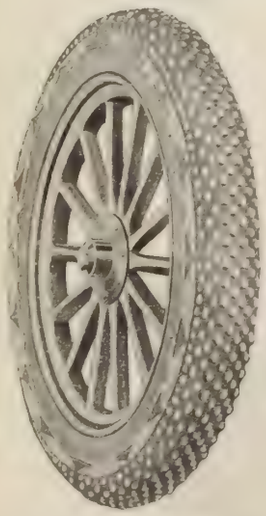

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It seems to be unusually fitting to have a fine new Chalmers car---beautiful in its grace of of line, smooth paint and polished glass and brass---pull up in front of your door some bright spring day, to be yours, to have and to drive. Somehow or other this seems right in keeping with the season---sort of new Easter outfit, so to speak.

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Letters

"A Phantom of the Opera"

Those whose mental appetites crave what Thomas Hardy would call "a nice, ghastly, hair-on-end story" should feast full on Gaston Leroux' latest romance, "A Phantom of the Opera." Though it falls readily under the general classification of mystery stories, beyond that it is difficult to define, for though there are all the elements of a detective story, there is no detective, and though crimes and baffling occurences which should engage the attention of the police are the threads of its warp and woof, the police are barely mentioned throughout the whole narrative. Nearly every incident of any importance takes place under the roof of the opera house, and we climb to giddy heights above its dome and penetrate to the depths of its cellars, more than five stories under-ground. Though we are taken behind the scenes and introduced to the privacy of the managerial offices and assist at more than one performance; though the woman about whom the threads are entangled, and whose mysterious disappearance forms the climax of the plot is a prima donna, for all that, "A Phantom of the Opera" bears no resemblance to the usual stage story. It is French from beginning to end, and yet there is not a single episode of the type designated as Frenchy. The action moves rapidly and the reader is kept in breathless expectation of some new development every time he turns a page, which, indeed, is the condition in which managers, artists, employees and patrons find themselves during the time when the phantom seemed to hold them all in the hollow of his hand. The new managers, who took over the enterprise at the beginning of the story were hard-headed men of business, and of course nothing had been said to them about incomprehensible happenings in the building. In a general way they had heard of and laughed about the "ghost," but they were not long left in doubt about the reality of the existence of some person or power beyond their capacity to fathom, for when they attempted to ignore or refuse demands made upon them and accompanied by threats the threats were invariably fulfilled. The "ghost" demanded the exclusive use of a box which he designated; it levied a tribute of twenty thousand francs per month on the receipts of the opera, and it dictated the performance and the prima donna. One can scarcely designate any of the characters as hero or heroine, but as far as it is possible, Christine Daae, one of the prima donnas, plays the role of heroine. She is a Swedish girl of a singularly innocent and confiding nature who, after the death of her father and teacher, is left in the care of a countrywoman of her own, scarcely less sophisticated than the girl herself, whose imagination has been fed on fairy tales and folk lore until she does not realize the dividing line between fact and fiction. Her dying father had made some half-understood promise of a "Spirit of Music," and when, in the quiet of her dressing room at the opera house, a disembodied voice speaks to her and offers her instruction, having given evidence of ability and understanding, Christine accepts the manifestation as that of some supernatural visitant coming in response to her father's promise. The Unseen makes love to the girl and manifests a very human jealousy of the young Viscount de Chagny, who finally convinces her of the humanity of her mysterious dictator. The Opera of "Faust" is almost one of the "characters," for it is during the successive performances of this work that so many of the appalling incidents take place. The Unseen, naturally interested in the advancement of his pupil, first secures the absence of the prima donna who has that role, and Christine Daae, who has been singing Siebel, is given her opportunity to electrify the audience. On another occasion, desiring to have her again put forward, for of course Carlotta, as much surprised as all the rest, does not leave a second opening, the Phantom manages to leave a note, apparently delivered by magic, in which he demands that Carlotta shall find herself ill and Christine be cast for the part or else something will happen. The dictatorial demand is ignored. At the height of her triumph poor Carlotta simply croaked like a bullfrog. Again it is at a performance of Faust that the final climax is reached. The Unseen, who has ways of knowing pretty nearly everything that happens, so that there is small wonder he is half-believed to be disembodied, has exacted a promise from Christine that she will go away with him. She has promised to disappear, but with the Viscount de Chagny, immediately after the performance. His traveling carriage awaits them before the opera house, but at the very point of the performance where Carlotta's voice failed her, the invocation of the angels, the stage suddenly becomes dark. In a moment it was relighted but Marguerite had disappeared, where? how? whither? No one knew and no investigation ever revealed. M. Leroux has cleared up all the essential mysteries but unlike most of these tales of terror, the reader is left in a state of satisfaction with himself and his own perspicacity. He is not annoyed by the consciousness of obvious clues overlooked and identities almost wilfully ignored. M. Leroux has not drawn on his imagination for a setting for his weird romance, the scenes of which are laid in the Paris Grand Opera House, about thirty years ago. The immense structure, a small city in itself, was begun during the heydey of the Empire, but work was suspended while the war with Prussia was carried on. During the siege of Paris the unfinished building was used as a military storehouse and in the days of the Commune a part of it was used as a prison while a balloon station was established on the roof. It was twelve years in building, being completed with some modifications from the original plans, during the Republic. M. Leroux has made use of these interruptions and vicissitudes in adding strength to the plausibility of his plot. The cellars, which are more than fifty feet deep are built above a subterranean lake or river and there are now also three metropolitan railway tunnels one above another under the building. Fourteen furnaces warm the structure, and the gas pipes measure nine miles in length. There are more than twenty-five hundred doors and five hundred and thirty-eighth dressing rooms. A small army of employees is needed apart from those connected with the performances as characters, and given the inclination, such a character as stalks unseen through the pages of "A Phantom of the Opera" might very well terrify the simple workmen were he as gifted and unscrupulous as this Ghost. Illustrations, by Andre Castaigne, are in keeping with the text. They are in color, double page, and really illustrations, not merely pictures bound in with the print. Mechanically, this is one of the finest productions yet turned out by that excellent firm, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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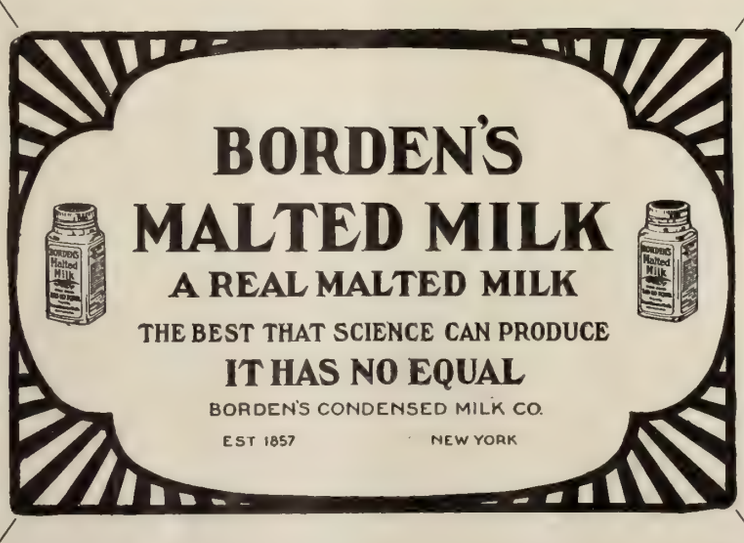
Vol. XIX. No. 966 SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 4, 1911 PRICE, 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Borden's Malted Milk

Borden's Malted Milk



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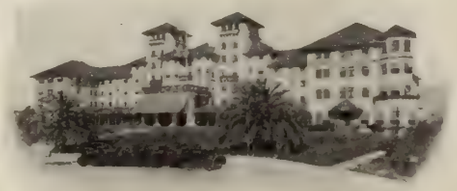

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX San Francisco, March 4, 1911 No. 966

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT (Mrs. Forbes-Robertson)

Who plays the part of "Glad" in Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's play of cheerfulness "The Dawn of a To-Morrow" at the Savoy Theatre for a single week.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Phone, Douglas 2612

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Railroad Regulation

Once more has a providential government extended its glad and gracious hand for the protection of that much abused and oppressed individual the ultimate consumer. Through the medium of that omnipotent body, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads, perennial object of the politician's contumely, have been restrained from increasing the burdens of the man that eats his bread in the sweat of his face. It will be hard for him to appreciate the kindness of his protectors, for he will never know how heavy his burdens might have been, but he will have the satisfaction of knowing that the politicians are on the job and sensitive to all that concerns his welfare. He has received proof that the railroads are being regulated. They are being regulated in a way that will eventually, if not immediately, retard development, as of course capital is not so crazy as to trust itself forever to the mercy of jobchasers who sit up aloft in Washington looking for opportunities to beguile majorities. President Ripley of the Santa Fe is of the opinion that in the course of time the Government will own the railroads. This opinion seems to be well founded. From regulation to ownership is but a short step, and the drift toward socialism goes steadily on. After we have regulated the railroad magnates out of business we shall probably look to the landlord and restrain universal greed by single tax, which is the only legitimate means of putting us all on the same footing.

Diaz and His American Friends

Gradually the truth is coming out about conditions in Mexico. For a long time American newspapers and magazines, the journals, curiously enough, that muckrake the politics of this country and excite discontent and clamor for reform, have been chanting the praises of President Diaz and telling us that he is the most benevolent of rulers, the wisest of administrators. They have insisted that there was no revolution in Mexico, nothing more than sporadic acts of lawlessness inspired by small bands of tatterdemalions which would soon be broken up. For a time the end was in sight every week. And for a time the Diaz press bureau in this country was under forced draught grinding out eulogies of the benevolent despot, fascinating American readers with stories of the wonderful things that he had done for his country and explaining how grateful the people were for his many triumphs of statesmanship. Meantime the acts of lawlessnes became more frequent, the tatterdemalions increased in number and the zone of trouble grew wider and wider. Presently war correspondents were sent to the front, and American troops to the border, giving something of verisimilitude to the reports that a real revolution was raging in our adjacent Republic. Then came a press despatch from Paris embodying an interview with one Jose Lamantour telling us that in his opinion unless negotiations for peace were entered into there would be "a long wasting struggle," for "the Federal troops are no match for the cowbody insurgents"; also, that the Government must agree to grant certain reforms, among them being the abolition of the feudal system." Who is Jose Limantour? an insurgent? or cowboy? No, Jose Limantour is a representative of the Government; he is the Minister of Finance in the Diaz Cabinet. So evidently the armed protest against the benevolent despot amounts to something; evidently, too, benevolent despotism is not without its evils; there is really room for reform under the benign government of Porfirio Diaz. And there is also some food for thought in the foregoing recapitulation of current history, for thought touching the motives and mainsprings of American journalism. The leading defender of President Diaz is William R. Hearst, one of the great landlords of Mexico, the most powerful of all our molders of public opinion, a gentleman who is really a despot (and hardly a benevolent one) in his own country, and whose powers we are multiplying in proportion as we decrease the powers of those institutions that protect the mob from the poisoners of the public mind. This is the same Mr. Hearst who once pointed with pride to the fact that he precipitated this country into war with Spain, and that war it will be remembered was brought on as a result of our terrible indignation at the wrong suffered by the natives of Cuba. Mr. Hearst owned no property in Cuba and Spain had not the foresight to subsidize the American press.

Our Dictatorial Laborcrats

As was to be expected organized labor having settled nearly all important industrial questions is now bent upon improving the quality of teaching in our State university to the end that the graduates of that institution may become intellectually biased in favor of the unions in all matters affecting their welfare. After a cursory investigation of the course of study in the law school the Labor Council adopted resolutions of protest against familiarizing aspirants to the bar with the English common law, the objection being that the common law "protects property to the subordination of human rights and interests" and "has placed the interests of corporate organizations above the interests of the individual, and by the abuse of the injunction has betrayed the State and its people in the service and interest of corrupt wealth." This indictment of the common law is both serious and startling. It was probably drawn by the Hon. Andy Gallagher, a profound philosopher and a scholar of bewildering attainments. What the friends of the common law may be able to say in its defense we are hardly able to conjecture. It has been supposed that to the common law we are indebted for most of the civil guarantees which are favorable to a manly, individual, independent and ungrudged enjoyment of individual humanity, but from the Labor Council's indictment it must be inferred that the almost universal conception of the matter is inaccurate. It appears that the common law incites judges "to abuse of the injunction," which in itself is no trivial matter. The Labor Council abhors all "abuse of the injunction," and conceives that the injunction is abused every time union pickets are enjoined from smashing the head of an American wage-earner who doesn't contribute to the fat salaries of a leader of organized labor. The Labor Council is deeply concerned about the rights of the individual and sees no connection whatever between individual property and man's individuality, of which according to men once reputed to be wise, it is but the reflex in the material world around him. When the common law was in process of development it was assumed that man suffered in his individuality in the degree in which he was deprived of the possession, enjoyment, production and exchange of individual property which is coexistent with government; but the fallacy of this theory is well understood by the philosophers of the Labor Council. According to these philosophers the only man capable of suffering in his individuality is a working man, one that belongs to a union; and he actually does suffer in his individuality whenever he is restrained by injunction from beating the head off of somebody who is helping somebody else manage his property in the manner conducive to his own interest. So the common law which actually identifies property interest with individual interest must be banished from the university. Governor Johnson will please take notice and recruit the Board of Regents from the Labor Council.

Japan's Gift to San Francisco

However much we may dislike Japan we ought to be magnanimous enough to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to that country. For it is to Japan we are indebted for the World's Fair. A great deal has been said about how the fight for the Fair was won; how this shrewd citizen exercised his wonderful powers of strategy; how that Representative from Oklahoma was lured into line; how the Legislature of a certain State was stampeded for San Francisco; and how New Orleans was outmanoeuvred at the eleventh hour; but the simple, unadorned truth of the matter is that victory was achieved by reason of the support that was vouchsafed us by President Taft; and that support we should not have received had it not been deemed advisable to induce our acquiescence in the

new treaty with Japan. The whole story came out in some of the Eastern papers a month ago. For example it was told in the Boston Transcript of January 28 in these words: "It has developed that before going ahead with its negotiations for a new treaty with Japan from which would be omitted the provisions expressly reserving the right of the United States to restrict Japanese immigration the Administration had taken careful steps to placate public sentiment along the Pacific Coast should alarm be felt there that the signing of the new treaty would be the signal for the influx of Orientals. The Coast senators have been led to understand that what restrictions are now actually in force under the present treaty will be tacitly continued under the new treaty, so that the practical working will be the same, while Japan's pride will be saved the humiliation of any treaty declaration on the subject." Also: "The President last November, just before Congress met, invited Hiram Johnson, the governor-elect of California to the White House, and there laid bare to him the program with regard to the treaty. He impressed Governor Johnson with his view that the time had come to satisfy Japan that our feeling toward her was wholly friendly, and that we could play a magnanimous part in the controversy over immigration which was continually breeding rumors of war and drawing the minds of both peoples so habitually to the thought of war that sooner or later the talk of war would probably bring upon us the real thing. Mr. Taft put the Governor under a promise to go home and keep his State quiet until the treaty could be ratified. He said that if the newspapers and mass-meetings broke out against Japan in any way it would cause such opposition that San Francisco would never get the Exposition." Mayor McCarthy likewise played a conciliatory part and as a consequence Mr. Tveitmoe's belligerent Asiatic League subsided, the pathway of the Administration was smoothed and the treaty went through without a hitch, and with no more uproar than Signor Caminetti, the tribune of the pee-pul could emit from his titanic lungs. And now it is a question whether we ought to be better pleased with having got the Fair than with having enabled President Taft to make the treaty. For the ratification of that treaty was a matter of the most vital importance. Until the canal is built we shall not be well prepared for war with Japan, and the truth is not to be blinked that Japan would rather have war before than after the completion of the great waterway which will enable this country to assemble the vessels of the navy in Pacific waters on short notice. So it was very fortunate for us that a means was at hand to muzzle our noisy politicians. What a great uproar they would have made had there been no alternative to submit! Consider that Jimmy Phelan obtained a hearing in but one San Francisco paper and that one the Boughten Bulletin of which he has said: "It is cheaper to buy than to own!" What a noise Jimmy would have made had the newspapers deemed it to their interest to give space to the bloviators! The treaty, of course, gives absolute satisfaction, but what a flood of oratory would have deluged us nevertheless had not the Fair been at stake! The truth of the matter is—as has long been recognized—that Japan is as anxious to keep her laboring men at home as we are to exclude them from the United States. With this object in view Japan, several years ago, gladly fell in with our wishes in regard to a system of passports as the best check on Japanese immigration to this country. Nevertheless the Phelans and the Caminettis are bleeding inwardly at the direful prospect. They cannot sleep o' nights on account of their apprehension of the awful things that may befall our altars and our firesides.

Our Incompetent Leaders

To what extent the people of this country are qualified to govern themselves democratically along the lines laid down by the Progressive school of statesmanship one may learn from the contributions to the literature of political science which are emanating from professional writers, lawyers and statesmen, of whom it is to be presumed that they have received more education than the average citizen. If it is evident these men are unlearned in the science which they discuss, have never studied the history of government, have no accurate knowledge of its principles, or of the political experiments made in divers periods of the world's history, or of the why or wherefore of any of the institutions invented by statesmen for the government of mankind, then what shall we say of the people generally who have not had even the advantage of superior mental training? If the few who have been educated after a fashion are incompetent to practice a science then surely it is not to be supposed of the illiterate masses that they are versed in its mysteries? The principles of government no more than the principles of astronomy are to be apprehended instinctively. Let it not be supposed that our system of government was devised by minds whose judgments were formed during the debates in the Constitutional Convention. The Founders were men who had experience in framing the constitutions of the States, and who as John Adams tells us in his exhaustive work "The History of Republics" had familiarized themselves with most of the material which is therein presented. Franklin, Hamilton, Jay, Jefferson, Adams, Morris and the others were profound students of political science, they were the peers of the most brilliant statesmen of Europe at the close of the eighteenth century. And it is the work of these men, of these great intellects, of these illustrious patriots, that we are asked to undo. And by whom? By the agitators of today who convict themselves out of their own mouths of utter incompetency; by men who don't even know the nature of the government they are living under. Let us take for a fair specimen of the leaders of public thought who are now diffusing the Cimmerian darkness of their ignorance, Mr. James F. Farraher, a Yreka attorney by whom a contribution was made the other day to the Examiner's symposium on the recall. Mr. Farraher is in favor of the recall, and by way of introduction he thus enlightens us: "A fact seemingly overlooked in some of the arguments offered is that in the day of Marshall and Jefferson, Democracy was an untried experiment. A century test has now placed it beyond the experimental stage." This is an observation the purpose of which does not appear from anything that follows. It is but a casual observation. Strangely enough Mr. Farraher does not perceive that it points the moral "Let good enough alone." Having made the observation he proceeds to dissent from Judge Works who favors the recall. He employs no logic, but merely asserts that Judge Works distrusts the people and for that reason he would have us distrust Judge Works. He tells us that Judge Works' attitude is un-American, and for this reason would have us conclude that Judge Works' position is untenable and the recall the logical consummation of republican government. Now if there is anything to be argued from the proposition that the democracy which was an "untried experiment" in the day of Marshall and Jefferson has been placed beyond the experimental stage by a century test, it certainly is this,—that we should not abandon it for something new and untried. But the opposite is precisely what Mr. Farraher recommends. The democracy of the day of Marshall and Jefferson is that of our Federal government which does distrust the people so far as the department of justice is concerned, for it appoints judges to the bench for life and makes them independent of the people. It is a democracy that recognizes the universally accepted principle that Justice discards party, friendship and kindred; a democracy that understands that a people cannot be free until they are first prevented from being unjust; in short, a democracy that understands why Justice is symbolized as blind. This is something that Mr. Farraher, who is probably a great man in Yreka, mayhap a molder of public opinion there, does not understand. And it is one of many things. Mr. Farraher doesn't understand his own government. He thinks it is a pure democracy, and that democracy was an "untried experiment" a century ago. Were he to read Herodotus he would learn to his surprise that the nature, advantages and inconveniences of democracy were as well understood at the time of the neighing of Darius's horse as they are at this hour. Were he to pursue the study of the classics a little further he would learn that among the lost works of Tacitus was a book on the republics that existed before the time of that historian; and he would come to know something of a democracy that existed in Carthage for five hundred years, where the chief magistrates and the one legislative body, a Senate, were elected by the people, and where the referendum was in vogue centuries before Christ. Were he to come down through the ages and study the modern democracies that were studied by our Founders, the democracies of Italy, of Spain and of Switzerland, he would perceive why the initiative and the recall were far from

being blessings devoutly to be wished. By dint of hard study the motives that animated Hamilton and his confreres might gradually dawn on Mr. Farraher's perceptions, and some day he might apprehend the idea of a rational democracy the idea prevalent in the days of the Founders and still entertained by men who are really learned. This idea of democracy is not that the people themselves should govern but that they should have security for good government, and that to have this security they must retain the ultimate power in their own hands. That this is the idea which occupied the minds of the Founders we know on indisputable authority: first on the authority of our institutions of government which are manifestly checks on the sovereign power; secondly on the authority of the written words of such men as Hamilton, Adams and Jefferson which are still in print and easily accessible even to residents of Yreka. We recommend those written words to Mr. Farraher that he may read and digest and refrain hereafter from describing as un-American the attitude that bespeaks distrust of the people. We recommend them to all the Farrahers that have been contributing to the Examiner symposium and unconsciously acquainting us of the degeneracy of our bar and the crass ignorance of our publicists, who, while insisting that the masses are intelligent enough to govern, make it obvious that even the self-constituted leaders of the masses are themselves incompetent. What an amazing study has been afforded by this Examiner symposium! Men of high intellectual pretensions eager to parade their views have rushed into that symposium only to betray their ignorance. All the advocates of the recall, like the Yreka attorney, have prated about the principles of our democracy as though it were a maxim of our government that the people are qualified to exercise their judgment on all or any of the considerations that enter into political questions. And yet we have been living and prospering more than one hundred years under a system in the formation of which no maxim was more generally agreed upon than that popular government can be made stable only by the exercise of popular sovereignty through institutions that serve as a check on the passions of the masses.

Correspondence

The Washingtons

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I read in the despatches the other day that the Rev. Orville S. Reed is the nearest living blood relation of George Washington, and that he is a descendant of Jonathan Ball, a brother of Mary Ball Washington, the mother of George Washington. What's the matter with our John T. Washington who was private secretary to Mayor Bartlett and son of the Washington who was editor of the Examiner in the long ago? John T. Washington is a direct descendant of a brother of George Washington. John T. Washington is now superintendent of a mine near Virginia City.

Yours truly,

February 27, 1911. —Thomas K. Locke.

Definitions

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I have read your definition of "standpatter," and I fancy that your readers will appreciate these two definitions as recently given by the New York Sun:

"Standpatter, (n.): A politician who finds the Payne-Aldrich tariff good enough for him; an unrepentant, unregenerate high protectionist; in a derivative and rhetorical sense, an old hunker mortgaged to 'the interests' and deaf to the agonies of the consumer.

Insurgent, (n.): A politician who howls at the Payne-Aldrich tariff, bellows for revision of it and reduction of the cost of living, and votes against the reduction of the same; a standpatter on protection for his own State or district: a Republican tariff revisionist who insurges against reciprocity; rhetorically and derivatively a tool of the protected interests of his State or district, a flapdoodler, humbug."

It will be seen that the foregoing definition of "Insurgent" is broad enough to include the California variety.

—A Looker-on in San Francisco.

February 27.

A Fair Site Suggested

To the Owner, Editor and Staff of "Town Talk,"

Greetings: The undersigned, after a very careful analysis of the subject and a personal inspection of all possible sites for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition or World's Fair, does hereby, in behalf of the citizens and residents of the City and County of San Francisco, the State of California, and the visitors from all over the world, call attention to the Plateau in the northwest section of the city, which affords and commands one of the most magnificent and unobstructed views of natural beauty, north, south, east and west, possible for mortal eyes to behold, embracing, by special dispensation of a divine providence, the resurrection and uplifting from our ashes, the dawn of a new era, the glories of the morning rising, midday, zenith and gorgeous evening setting of the sun, the soul inspiring sight of the broad bosom of the mighty Pacific Ocean, the Farallone Islands, Point Reyes, Land's End, Mile and Diablo Cross Rocks, Baker's Beach, Fort Point, Lime Point, Point Bonita, the light houses, our beloved Golden Gate outlined with white waves, all vessels arriving and departing with their canvasses and smoke offset with the clouds beyond, naval reviews and displays, Mount Tamalpais, the bristling battlements, guns and grounds of Fortresses Miley, Barry, Baker and the Presidio, with their target practices by day and drills with powerful searchlights through the shades canopied with the moon and stars in the heavens above at night, the busy bay of San Francisco, the islands of Yerba Buena, Alcatraz and Angel, the villages and cities of Sausalito, Tiburon, Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda and Fruitvale, Mount Diablo, the Coast Range and Santa Cruz Mountains, Sutro Heights and baths, the Cliff House, Seal Rocks, Ocean Boulevard, Chateau and resorts, Mussel Rock, Golden Gate Park, Spreckels and the Chain of Lakes, Strawberry Hill, Lake Merced, Twin Peaks, Lone Mountain, Buena Vista Park, the Statue of Liberty, Sutro Forest, Parnassus, Ashbury, Clarendon, Bernal, Presidio and Pacific Heights, Rincon, Russian and Telegraph Hills, Harbor, Marine and Bay Views and all over what is destined by our united mental, physical and financial efforts and sacrifices to be the imperial city of, not only the Golden West, but, the whole earth, and, herewith suggests and submits the outline of plan that the United States Military Reservation, known as Fort Miley (for governmental, army and naval receptions and exhibition purposes) and Lincoln Park (for the administration and other principal and permanent buildings, etc.), be used as the nucleus therefor and the apex thereto, which with Sutro Heights and baths and all land west of Thirty-third avenue and north of Fulton street to the water's edge will furnish all needed space for the buildings, etc., and, in case of necessity allow the additional strip east t oTwentieth avenue, from B. to Fulton streets, or Baker's Beach to be included, and in conjunction therewith present and afford the Golden Gate Park as "our parlor" and play grounds and its use exclusively for sports and pleasures, the ocean Boulevard (broadened with a concrete wall from the Cliff House to the Chateau or the Point, with cement broadwalks, settees and adorned with statues, etc.), for promenades, the Ocean Beach for the children to "wade," "paddle," "puddle" and make "mud-pies," and with the bluffs to fish from, picnic, dream, "spoon," walk, ramble and drive upon and around, will give us the most practical, accessible, economical, ideal and best site upon which to erect the new monument in the record of time and blaze and blazon forth the new path for the generations to come hereafter, and, in that behalf, sincerely requests your personal inspection, good offices and assistance of self and friends in the "People's Big Fight" to have the same selected "for the site on the heights" and to make what will be noted as "The Greatest Fair in the History of the Whole World." Very truly yours,

—R. S. Ammen.

San Francisco, California, February 14, 1911.

Directions for Inspection of Site:

1st. Long Ramble—Take the Clement car on the Sutter street line to Thirty-third avenue and Clement street, then go up, through and over Lincoln Park and around Fort Miley, to Land's End or Sutro Heights, down by the Cliff House to Ocean Boulevard and return by Ellis and Ocean car line, or through the Golden Gate Park.

2nd. Short Ramble—Take the Clement car to Forty-third avenue and Geary street, go up north on Forty-third avenue to, through and over Fort Miley to Land's End and return by the Cliff car, or walk around to the Cliff House.

3rd. For a Fine Car Ride—Take the Cliff car on the Sutter street line to Sutro Heights and Cliff House, and return by the Clement car at Sutro Baths, or the Ellis and Ocean line from the Ocean Boulevard.

4th. For Horse and Automobile Ride—Go out through the Golden Gate Park, up the Ocean Boulevard, stop and rest at the Cliff House, then up Cliff avenue to Forty-third avenue to Fort Miley, thence back by way of Geary, Clement or through the Park.

Do not commit, bind or sign for any site previous to the personal inspection of "The Site on the Heights."

MELLO CREAM CHOCOLATES

Rich, chocolate coating. Very creamy centers. Delicate flavors. Elegantly packed in ½, 1 and 2 pound, Chocolate Colored Boxes. Prince 60 cents a pound. Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores.

Varied Types

XI—ELBERT HUBBARD

By Edward F. O'Day

A bowl of white hyacinths was placed on a table near the footlights and the Orpheum stage was set for the Fra. They are emblematic of modest loveliness, are white hyacinths and it was noticeable that the Fra wore one in the lapel of his long frock coat. Modest and lovely himself, it was very appropriate that he should be thus adorned in hyacinthine purity and as he minced from the wings and sidled to the spotlight the Philistines greeted him approvingly. He beamed like East Aurora and smiled a roycrofty smile of pure happiness. And shaking his flowing Dutch cut locks he told a story about an earl.

"And the earl said to me, 'Very droll, old chap, y'know, but wot's a 'obo?'"

Whereat the Philistines laughed a superior sort of laugh, as well they might, at the earl who dropped his aitches. The Fra laughed too, for he was pleased with the audience almost as much as with his hyacinthine self.

When he had finished his heart to heart talk with the Philistines I met him behind the scenes. He carried the bowl of hyacinths in one hand and a glass of water in the other—modest loveliness balanced by temperance—and we made a little journey to his dressing room.

"Once I wrote a book on hyacinths," he said dreamily as he opened the faucet over them, "and I carry these as a reminder of it."

His voice was soft, caressing; and he glowed benignantly, as one should who imparts great happiness. Unconsciously I subdued my rude utterance and glowed back at him. The hyacinths in their bath I regarded with a gaze that was almost reverential. Happy flowers of modest loveliness, to remind the Fra of his book.

The conversation took a pale hyacinthine hue.

"Perhaps I might say that I would rather lecture than appear in vaudeville. Lecturing is easier, but then, I do not seek easy things. None of us should seek the easy things."

Daintily the Fra plucked the hyacinth from the lapel of his frock, gratefully he inhaled its sweetness, gracefully he unfrocked himself.

"In lecturing the people come to see you. It is very pleasant. In vaudeville—Let us express it this way: On the lecture platform you say, 'Here I am;' in vaudeville the audience says, 'Here we are.' In vaudeville they are all from Joplin."

The Fra chuckled melodiously.

"They are all from Joplin. Does that get over?"

It does.

"They are all human beings out there."

The Fra glided out of his gaiters and waved one Congress prettily at an imaginary audience.

"They are very human. Ignorant average men, just like me. I am the average man."

The Fra paused, half way out of his waistcoat, radiated modest hyacinthine loveliness, and then flowed softly on:

"I am the average man focused, concentrated."

In his suspenders he made an inspiring spectacle, a superior being humbling himself to our average humanity and—who knows?—letting slip the secret of his success.

"As a boy I went from the farm to a country newspaper office. I was devil, writer, compositor. Yes, compositor. You know the old meaning of the word? I was a compositor in the old meaning of the word. A compositor, a composer. I stood at the case and composed, like Erasmus. Erasmus was the greatest compositor in the world."

He plucked the black Windsor from his neck and his beautiful thoughts dwelt upon Erasmus. The modest lovely comparison made him very happy and he redoubled his beams as he freed himself gently from collar and shirt.

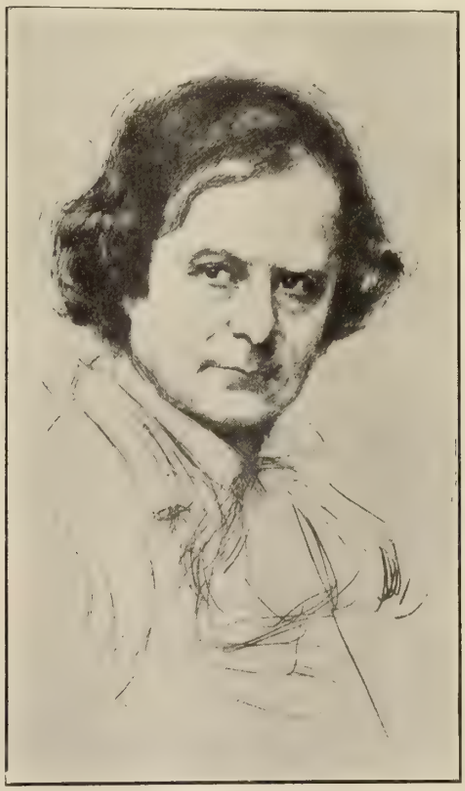
"I had no education, no school till I was thirty-six. Then I went to Harvard for two years. But I had ideas. I manufactured soap."

He beamed at the wash stand.

"I discovered a new process for manufacturing soap."

There was a scented lather in his tone as he pronounced that saponaceous word. He passel one hand rubbingly over the other.

"They paid me a hundred thousand dollars for that idea and they made millions out of my soap." There was no regret in his voice. He gave the



ELBERT HUBBARD

soap willingly, as he gives lectures and heart-to-heart talks and culture and having given it for a hundred thousand to the men who made millions out of it, he waved it away and sat down to pull off his trousers.

"I lost that hundred thousand dollars and started the Philistine without money. For the last ten years I have made fifty thousand dollars a year."

He spoke apologetically like one who deprecates such sordidly lucrative literature. I almost yielded to a feeling of sorrow for the unfortunate doomed to so much money, but his purring voice took on a more joyful intonation as he slid into another pair of trousers and continued:

"But I never have any money. I am always investing, broadening my scope. Do you know, I have put in the first application for space at your fair. I shall bring half of my shop here and teach bookmaking. For I am a teacher. I believe in the new education of head, hand and heart."

His benignant gaze held me to that aspirate alliteration. His raised hand seemed to call aitches from the air, aitches which an earl would drop.

"Head, hand and heart," he repeated. "There's a good line for you."

I accepted it gratefully and stored it away with the hyacinths.

"Every school," he rippled, "should be a factory and every factory a school. I study to combine economics with education. If you are a college man you will get the thought. Are you a college man?"

My collegiate experience seemed very mean in the presence of so great a thought, but I grappled it and looked the Fra boldly in the eye, pretending intelligence. He sighed soothingly, as who should say, 'Persevere and you will some day think such thoughts for your very self.' I drooped beneath the crushing sweetness of his condescension. I felt like a hyacinth minus the loveliness.

"Economics is a great thing," he confided as he buttoned his manly bosom into a dark brown shirt. "And advertising is a great thing. Advertisements, if well written, are literature and all literature is advertising."

There was a lull while I assimilated this truth and while the Fra selected another black Windsor tie. He beamed on the tie and on me. Positively his eyes are full of beams.

"I have been an ad writer," he confessed. "If we would sell our products we must advertise. I sell ideas—and other things. I am very jealous of ideas. I am always laying for them. I am an economist of ideas. I put salt on the tail of ideas."

It suggested a sweet picture—the Fra salting ideas, as one salts a hole in the ground or as another salts a mackerel. But it implied that his ideas were not fresh ideas.

"It is not originality that counts," he explained; "it's personality. Everything has been said. Only the form changes. Life is a kaleidoscope of endless combinations."

A note was brought to him and he paused to read it. Was it one of the flock communing with the shepherd? Some creature of modest loveliness begging for a hyacinthine lock? But my awed musing was interrupted. The Fra spake again:

"Life is a balance. We must play off one set of emotions against another. I strive to do so. I try to lead a happy, healthy, busy life. That is the great thing—to be busy. Is it not? For the rest, I am afraid of no man and I want no man to be afraid of me."

It was an inspiring moment. He looked very very gentle. Whatever fear I entertained of him was lulled to peaceful security. I had his word for it that he was not dangerous. He crowned his flowing locks with a broad-brimmed hat.

"I am going to meet Major Rowan," he explained. "Major Rowan carried the message to Garcia. We are to be photographed together. But first let me see if I have not something for you."

I was on tiptoe with expectation. A hyacinth mayhap? or a lock? or one of his Windsor ties?

He burrowed gracefully in his trunk, emerging with an East Aurora borealis of radiance and a copy of "The Fra." Then from a stack on his dressing table he dealt me an engraving of his very self. I was overpowered. "The Fra" from the Fra and with the Fra's picture. It was almost too much. Was I worthy of such a gift? It made me feel very sheepish, like one of the flock in fact, so I baa'd my thanks to the Shepherd and skipped the cote.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

He's Becoming Famous

Our sheriff-senator Tom Finn is receiving notice in faraway New York, which is more than can be said for most of the "statesmen" at Sacramento. This is the way the New York Times introduces Tom to the eager people of the eastern seaboard:

We suppose State Senator Finn of San Francisco has acquired some provincial popularity for introducing bills that aim not only at providing separate schools for children of Mongolian, Japanese, Hindu, and Chinese descent, but requiring that property-holding aliens shall dispose of their lands within five years or forfeit them to the State. Also, Mr. Finn would have in every district of California a pale, into which all "undesirables" shall be driven; his intent, especially, being to establish a pale for the Japanese of San Francisco. If the State of Calitornia were not part of the United States and protected by the Federal Government, we wonder how long State Senator Finn's popularity would last.

A Nonsense Rhyme

Mr. Sandys Mason is an Englishman who has the courage to tempt comparisons with Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear by writing nonsense verses. In England his lucubrations are highly regarded. As a specimen of what the British like in this line the following may be interesting:

A Miscellaneous Sonnet

Buns flirt not with the callow macaroon;
And crumpets inattentive to tea-bells
Are prudent with expansive caramels;
Stays that reveal a Diva in a swoon
Fit tight, not flappy; gees tho' sorely blown
Shy at the mildest freak in curricles,
And further than the flow'r the box-room smells.
In fact the system—not to be jejune—
Itself no system has, no density,
No underwoods where (ghastliest compound!
Sunbonnets urge the Pant to trot around
Ices or milk-rolls with clubs or chivalry.
Nathless, a man of strict sobriety
Could tie a shoe-lace in that Underground.

A Pessimistic Prophecy

The Boston Transcript, the most coldly intellectual of all the "high brow" newspapers of the East, has uttered a jeremiad concerning our great fair. Thus does the Transcript's editorial seer prophesy:

Unthinking San Franciscans, little reck ye what is coming on the wings of time! Vainglorious now over the winning of the great Canal Fair for 1915, ye dream of civic blossoming such as no American city has yet put forth. Think not to have the garden without the weeds. The weeds have not forgotten. They are coming. Already every faker and "streetman" in the country has put down, "San Francisco, 1915," in his dingy engagement book. Swindlers and confidence men are taking notice, and so, too, are those feminine sneak-thieves who find their golden opportunity when housewives are offering rooms to out-of-town guests. Already such are chuckling to think how much small property they can make off with while the mistress of the house is crying up her rooms. O ye San Franciscans, the cot-bed is coming! The rooming-sign is coming! Like an eruption upon the face of your streets shall break out the rash of cheap signs. Decent, respectable old family homes shall sport labels, "The Bridal," "Exposition View," "The Ballyhoo." The rooming-house solicitor is coming too. You shall not hear the sound of incoming trains for the noise of his insistent, never-ceasing clack. And there shall be feuds between housewives, the friends of a lifetime quarrelling over who shall snatch the most roomers. The souvenir is coming; and the stands of them that sell souvenirs shall invade your principal streets that they look unutterably cheap. And if your laws will not allow stands on the sidewalks, then breaches will be made in the walls of your business buildings and souvenir-stands let in. But the stands will come. And pink lemonade will be sold upon your boulevards and also peanuts-pop-corn-and-corn-fritters-a-meal-in-every-package-a-nickel-a-half-a-dime. And there shall be shows. Penny-vaudeville shall be choice compared to those shows—Paris by Gaslight, Dante's Inferno, Cripple Creek Gambling Den and things like that. These shall break out on your main thoroughfares and keep just out of reach of the police. And out near the exposition grounds all the unsavory shows which fail to get into the true and holy Midway, they shall camp round about the walls. And there shall be murders and riots among the dubious showfolk, and the odium thereof shall attach to the true and holy Midway within the walls. And there shall be quick-lunch kiosks and Bohemian beer gardens, and night lunch wagons prowling by day. And there shall be ten-cent soda and all prices according. And every man's maid-servant shall threaten to go away and get a job at the Fair. And there shall be exposition slang. And every true San Franciscan shall be bled for stock and gate tickets and second mortgage bonds and then more gate tickets and the deficit. And there will be guests. The son of your great-uncle's step-brother from Jamaica will come to visit you, and the grand-niece of your brother-in-law's most cordially detested aunt.

Why a Clergyman Gave Up

A minister near Stockton has given up the religious career in despair of ever finding in it the ordinary human comforts to which all men are considered entitled. In a letter published in the Stockton Mail he says that he does not receive enough compensation to enable him to support his family and he gives other reasons for his surrender, as follows:

Other things have contributed to my decision. In these years I have found not a few earnest, unselfish, consecrated Christians. I do not believe that I am specially morbid or unfair in my estimate. But through all these years a conviction has been growing within me that the average church member cares precious little about the kingdom of God and its advancement, or the welfare of his fellow men. He is a Christian in order that he may save his soul from Hell, and for no other reason. He does as little as he can, lives as indifferently as he dares. If he thought he could gain Heaven without even lifting his finger for others he would jump at the chance. Never have I known more than a small minority of any church which I have served to be really interested in and unselfishly devoted to God's work. I am tired; tired of being the only one in the church from whom real sacrifice is expected; tired of straining and tugging to get Christian people to live like Christians; tired of planning work for my people and then being compelled to do it myself or see it left undone; tired of dodging my creditors when I would not need to if I had what was due me; tired of the affrighted vision of penniless old age.

Is New York a Jay Town?

After all there seems to be proof that New York is a jay town—one of the most prominent jay towns on the map. A group of Canadian mine operators were arguing the question at a Sunday morning breakfast in the cafe of the Waldorf-Astoria. One of them was so impressed by the visual show of elegance in all the appointments of the place—the mahogany, the silverware, the polite service—that he could not believe the statement of his companions that New York is really and truly a jay town. "Here," said the leader of the affirmative vote, "take this bar of gold and try to pay our check with it. This slug of genuine metal is worth $1,900. Now just you offer it to the cashier in settlement of the bill and tell him he can keep the change." The check came to $14. The man who had the negative end of the debate accepted the commission as a test. He was a Westerner, honest-looking, simply dressed and of straight-forward manner. He approached the cashier with an offer to settle the check for this bar of gold, saying that he had no ready money. The cashier looked at the ore, which was so soft it could be dented by the simple test of throwing it in the cash register, handed it back to the mining man and declared it was not worth 15 cents. The hotel detective was called. The man from the West had resumed his place at the table and his friends were laughing at him. The hotel detective was shocked to hear that any one was trying to sell a gold brick in the Waldorf-Astoria. But when he hurried over to the table occupied by the mining operators he recognized them as frequent guests of the hotel, and realized the joke that had been played.

Our Art Acquisitions

Notwithstanding the best efforts of foreign governments American millionaires keep on buying the masterpieces of the old masters and transporting them across the Atlantic. The temptation of fabulous prices is too strong for the impecunious families of France, Italy, Spain and England to resist and the great pictures of Velasquez, Rembrandt, Murillo and others are passing one after another into American ownership. J. Pierpont Morgan who may or may not be a connoisseur but who certainly is an indefatigable buyer has just imported the great portrait of Philip IV by Velasquez. It is said that he paid $400,000 for it and the claim is being made that this is the record price for a painting. This however is an error. Mrs. Collis P. Huntington paid the same price for Velasquez' Duke of Olivares. So frequent are the reports of these great artistic purchases that even the London Times has taken alarm and is thundering about the raid on the European art galleries.

BONDS

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S. Q. P.

By Fritz Reutter (From the German)

About ten minutes before two o'clock the boys sauntered down the sleepy main street of the little town in the direction of the polytechnic school. There was only a year's difference in age; both wore caps and carried their school books. There the likeness between them ceased.

Hans was the younger and was in many ways, superior to the other. His figure was slenderer and more sinewy, but otherwise he was his friend's most humble and obedient servant.

Sanders, the elder of the two, carried in his school-bag a sort of juggler's device which not one of his schoolmates had ever been able to ferret out, also a lead-pencil box of seven different colors, and a piece of red chalk. He had read "Sherlock Holmes" many times from A to Z and had even seen it on the stage. In consequence he loved mysterious exploits and startling, explosive effects. He was always ready to perform inexplicable feats, because it gave him pleasure to hear other people say that they did not know how to explain the matter. He possessed the power of imagination, and imagination can make either a coward or a poet of a boy, a liar or a general.

Sanders knit his brow as they walked down the street. He was lost in deep thought.

Hans repeated the while over and over again the words which in the next quarter of an hour he must learn at all hazards: "Two triangles are similar, if two sides in one are proportional to two sides in the other and if the angles contained by these sides are equal."

He was just about to begin again when Sanders gave him a poke in the ribs and said with great earnestness:

"S. Q. P.!"

It was the stipulated signal full of awful significance. "S. Q. P." meant "Sauve qui qeut." As soon as he heard these words he must run as fast as his legs would carry him to the hollow oak that stood near the playground outside the city, without hesitation and without question, at any hour of the day from whatever place he might happen to be. Otherwise he was in danger of losing the friendship and guidance of Sanders and of never again being initiated into the many mysteries in which Sanders was enveloped.

Today, as always, Hans thrust to one side all further thought of geometry and afternoon school. The mystical call had sounded and he had but to obey. He started forth as quickly as he could run, and Sanders, who was somewhat fatter and clumsier, had great trouble in keeping up with him.

"Halt!" cried Sanders suddenly. Hans obediently stopped still. It never occurred to him that Sanders had perhaps called a halt because he was out of breath and could run no longer.

"In there!" commanded Sanders. "Lie down on your stomach and do not move."

The hiding-place happened to be behind the open door of a large coal-yard. Joy beamed from the eyes of the younger boy. The excitement pleased him. The question why he had not attended school that afternoon would probably arise later, but for the moment the thought was sufficient that every hour has its own calamity.

They remained hidden there for three full minutes without uttering a word. Suddenly Sanders sprang up. "Come!" said he. "The danger is no longer at hand. I had luck today to find this hiding-place at just the right moment."

"Why?" asked Hans.

"Someone was just coming down the street, whose path we do not dare to cross. But now all is well again. We have not been observed!" Hans was proud in the consciousness of not having been observed. The thrill of the adventure was beginning. He dared a second question, this time concerning the excuse they would have to invent to explain their absence from school.

"I cannot be worried with such things now," replied Sanders, contemptuously wrinkling his nose. "I did not give you the signal without the most urgent reason. We can go a little more slowly now, if you wish it. The land is safe for the present. Perhaps later we shall have to do some more running."

The playground seemed entirely forsaken and deserted. Only a few nursery-maids sat with their charges on a bench. The two adventurers stood still under a certain tree. They took off their school-bags. In obedience to the command of his friend, Hans climbed up the tree and hid them in its hollow trunk. Also, he obeyed the command to follow the example of his leader and to wear his cap turned inside out.

"What shall we do now?" asked Hans.

Sanders had merely followed an impulse of the moment when he had given the signal. He had not thought out any further plans. "Do you think," said he mysteriously, "that you could play detective for a while? Follow someone without being seen?"

Hans replied modestly that he would like to try.

"Very well," spoke Sanders. "Hide, then, in that bush over yonder. When you hear me whistle you will step forth and follow the person pointed out to you by me. I shall merely point with my finger, for such things must be done by means of signs and not through words. Afterwards you must come back here to report to me."

Hans obediently hid himself. Sanders looked up and down the street. He was looking for an interesting object for his detective. At last it appeared in the form of a pretty, graceful girl of about twenty. Sanders whistled shortly but loudly.

In the twinkling of an eye Hans had slipped out from the bush and was following the girl. His effort not to be discovered was so dramatic and so complicated that it attracted the attention of the nursery-maids in the vicinity. One of them thought he was a little bit crazy because he wore his cap turned inside out. Another thought he was playing wild Indian or negro. Fortunately Hans did not hear these humiliating criticisms. The younger girl passed the playground and walked on toward the town. Hans followed.

Sanders remained sitting at the foot of the hollow oak. He drew from his vest pocket the stump of a cigarette and lighted it. In the interest of public morality one of the nurses began to scold him, saying that so young a boy had no right to smoke. He told her to go to the devil and then ran, for fear she would tell on him. When he returned to his place at the foot of the oak he saw Hans also appearing in the distance. Hans was running and had something in his hand. His whole being breathed triumph and excitement.

"I have it!" said he, throwing himself down upon the grass by the side of his leader. "But how could you have known that she would let it fall?"

"What difference does that make to you?" replied Sanders bruskly. "Let me see the thing for a minute."

Without the slightest sign of surprise he took the pocketbook from his friend's hand. Evidently the fates felt graciously disposed toward him and he did not dare to let such a chance slip by. He counted the contents of the pocketbook —ninety-eight marks and twenty pfennig.

"That makes forty-nine marks and ten pfennig for each of us," said Hans, full of satisfaction.

This thought had also entered Sanders' head immediately, but, as leader, he was compelled to reject it as soon as he discovered it was not original with him.

"Do you think so?" he replied grimly. "Was it, indeed, you who knew that we would find something here this afternoon? Was it you who knew what we had to do to get the money?"

"I did not say that," returned Hans dejectedly. "Or course, you are the master here and you command in this game."

It annoyed Sanders to hear his pretty mystery called a game. Bruskly he demanded: "Tell me, rather, what further news you have discovered. Where does the girl live?"

"I don't know. As soon as she dropped the pocketbook I picked it up and ran. I thought that was what I ought to do."

"I meant what I said, and I told you to follow her. That is what you ought to have done. You have upset all of my plans. Do you see a policeman anywhere?"

Hans looked sharply in all directions. Then he threw himself full-length upon the ground and pressed his ear to the earth. Possibly an unnecessary proceeding and rather insulting to the tread of a policeman, but undoubtedly very Indian-like and Sherlock Holmesish. Hans declared that no enemy was in the neighborhood.

"So much the better for you," replied Sanders darkly. "If a policeman had caught you with this pocketbook, you would have got at least twenty-eight years in the penitentiary."

"Nonsense!" cried Hans. "Why? 'Stolen, stolen, give again; found, found, keep then'!"

"But when you yourself see the person lose his money? I believe the law in Germany is different. If you know who has lost it, you must give it back."

"Maybe so!" replied Hans almost dolefully. "Only I can't understand where you learn all these things."

"You have no time now to worry yourself about such trifles as that. There is but one thing for us to do, and we must lose no time in doing it. Have you a knife?"

"Yes," answered Hans, drawing it from his pocket.

"Don't take it out here. The sun shines on the steel and it shimmers in the far distance—and we do not know who may be upon our trail. Hide as quickly as you can in that bush over there. I shall follow."

Under the sure cover of the thick hazel-nut shrubbery Hans drew the knife a second time from his pocket. Sanders cut a piece of turf and, lifting it up, laid the pocketbook beneath. He then put the turf again in its place and strewed sand over it to conceal all traces of their work. Han's heart grew lighter; the affair was beginning to be interesting once more. Sanders consulted the compass on his watch-chain.

(Continued on Page 21.)

Private Wire—New York, Chicago. Western Union Code

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Perspective Impressions

The convict who returned to Sing Sing to serve out his sentence was laboring under no delusion. He knew he could "come back."

If faint praise is a token of damnation the next performance of Joe Redding's grand opera will be given in the lower regions.

The argument in favor of the election of United States Senators by direct vote may be expressed in these words: The people cannot be trusted to elect decent legislatures, but they can be trusted to elect men to the upper house of Congress.

The American navy costs almost as much as that of Great Britain which is almost three times as large. And the passion for government ownership grows apace.

John D. Rockefeller's pastor has received a "call" from San Francisco, but the salary gives him pause. He has some great messages to deliver, but the goods command a higher price in New York.

When a man's only salvation is a woman she is very likely to take the road to destruction if she essay the role of redeemer.

Chaplain Baker of the Assembly has been praying for deliverance from the evils of avarice, greed and luxury. Let him utter one little prayer for the deliverance of the Legislature from asininity and the whole State will say "Amen!"

Interstate Commerce Commissioner Franklin K. Lane gives two reasons for deciding that the railroads should not be permitted to raise their rates: First, they have been able to borrow money; second, they are not bankrupt. It is sometimes wise for a man to keep his reasons to himself.

The Spectator

Financiers at War

Of Mr. H. P. Wilson regarding whose antecedents I expressed some curiosity two weeks ago we are destined to learn much in the near future. Incidentally we shall learn something of Mr. Frank L. Brown, the financier, who has been cutting something of a swath in financial circles, and who, though comparatively a stranger in our midst, has played no inconspicuous part in the making of current history. Mr. Brown has the faculty of "getting in right" on short notice. Versed in the mysteries of finance, possessed of an instinct for the imponderabilities, as they are called, of big business, he came among us with ideas that seemed worthy of capitalization and he quickly formed some advantageous connections. Already he is one of our leading citizens. He was one of the most active members of that energetic body of men that took hold of the Fair project and carried it through, and last week in the parade he was doffing his hat to the groundlings all along the line of march as though he were the Caesar of the occasion just back from Gaul with the glory of the conquest shining in his amiable countenance. Unquestionably a man of parts is Mr. Brown. And now that I hear that Mr. H. P. Wilson has declared war to the knife against Mr. Brown I look for some sensational developments.

Earl's Eulogy of Wilson

Mr. Wilson is himself an expert financier, and from all accounts a fighter worthy of any man's steel. According to his friends he supplied the motive power for Brown when Brown was coming to the front with a rush. One of Wilson's most enthusiastic sponsors is Guy C. Earl. At a banquet given in this city a few weeks ago to the heads of the departments of the Great Western Power Company Mr. Earl contributed a glowing eulogy of Mr. Wilson. He pronounced Mr Wilson the creator of the Great Western Power Company. "He took hold of this project in its crude state in 1904," said Earl, "and if he had not been a man of great faith and vision he would have done as others had done, that is to say, he would have said the project was too large to be undertaken. But he took hold, mastered its details, and then began a campaign in Wall street for the financing of the proposition. In the midst of his labors the great disaster befell San Francisco, but undaunted by this and by other untoward events, he went steadily forward and succeeded in bringing ten million dollars of Eastern money to California with the promise of many times that amount in the future. Nor did his services cease when the project was financed. He has been its main engine power, the dynamo. Indeed he has been the water and the power house that have supplied most of the energy, and he is responsible more than any other man for the development of the company to the present hour. He is one of the few men living today that have seen the possibilities and meaning for the people, of California, that strip of land lying between a thousand miles of semi-desert and thousands of miles of ocean. He foresaw the great part this land is to take in the world's affairs. To his clear vision this State seems the nation's facade through which it looks out on the great arena of waters, and faces its duty for the ages." From all of which it appears that Mr. H. P. Wilson is a man of imagination, a genuine Captain of Industry with the courage of his convictions and the power to win the confidence of the empire builders of Wall street.

A Charge of Fraud

And this Mr. Wilson has draped his banners on the outward wall needing no spur to prick the sides of his intent. It's war to the knife and the knife to the hilt. In a complaint filed in the Superior Court by his attorneys, Cooper, Gray & Cooper and Samuel M. Shortridge, Wilson charges Frank L. Brown with having played him false, and I am told that he intends not only to make the defendant disgorge but also to repent. I am also told that on the trial of this suit the whole interesting story of the relations that have existed between Wilson and Brown will be told. It will be told not only by word of mouth but by many letters of a most intimate character and not altogether dealing with purely commercial matters. There will be some sidelights on domestic affairs thrown on for the purpose of showing that Brown was under a great load of gratitude to Wilson, that Wilson in the role of benefactor had saved him from financial ruin and business disrepute, and had been led to believe that the man whom he had befriended was so deeply grateful that he could be trusted in all things. The object of this suit is to recover certain money that was earned by the firm of Wilson & Brown out of which the plaintiff claims to have been defrauded by his partner. This firm was engaged in buying and selling stocks and bonds; and among other deals that they handled was one by which Wilson obtained a purchaser for all the stock of the Portland Consolidated Railways Company at $150 a share. Brown devoted himself to the business of buying the stock for the firm at the lowest possible price. Now the plaintiff relates that of the stock purchased by Brown were four hundred shares which he obtained from William H. Crocker at $80 a share and upon which he made a profit of $280,000 of which he rendered no accounting. This is a pretty serious charge to be made against a man of affairs. It's the charge which Wilson has made against Brown, and the investigation of it will occupy the attention of one of our courts.

Last Saturday's Celebration

It must be confessed that the celebration of the fair victory last Saturday was not a success. The masses were only partially enthused and the classes went through the motions of an ecstasy which they did not feel. It was a holiday of artificially stimuluated gaiety. Bombs boomed, sirens shrilled, flags blew in the breeze, red fire burned and the bands played, but the carnival spirit was aweary and could not stimulate itself to any very vigorous exhibitions of hilarity. The parade in the afternoon was voted a good parade by those who took the trouble to inspect it. The speeches in Union Square were dutifully heard and methodically applauded. In the evening King Carnival received but indifferent homage. There was the inevitable confetti, the customary serpentine, here and there the toot of a lonely horn. Positively it was a frosty festivity. Great preparations had been made by the Palace and St. Francis hotels and by the cafes, but they might have spared themselves a great deal

Your physician will tell you that a glass of Italian-Swiss Colony TIPO, Zinfandel or Burgundy at your meals will aid digestion.

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of trouble, for the crowds were by no means difficult to handle. Everybody kept his enthusiasm within bounds with seeming ease. The largest crowd gathered early in the evening at the Palace where the heroes of the congressional battle were on exhibition. The event of the exhibition was a hand-shaking function, the groundlings being permitted to pass in single file before the conquerors and clutch their palms for a brief instant. Judging from their looks the heroes enjoyed this ordeal more than the groundlings. Following that ceremony the mayor called for three cheers for San Francisco which were accordingly given. The city actually needed cheering for it was in a melancholy mood.

What Was the Reason?

The reason was not far to seek. The city has been surfeited with celebrations and longs for a spell of the simple life. The approach of Lenten calm never appealed to San Francisco more than it did this year. The hectic flush of carnival has been so much in our cheeks that we want repose. We have won a great victory and are mighty glad of it. But we don't see the necessity of everlastingly celebrating. Nobody needs to stimulate our enthusiasm; it is much more important to stimulate the enthusiasm of the rest of the world which must co-operate with us if our exposition is to be successful. Besides, all this celebrating is bad for business. The past month has not been a very good one for our merchants, big and little. It was a short month to begin with and it contained seven holidays—four Sundays, Lincoln Day, Washington's Birthday and Exposition Day. That left just twenty-one days for the transaction of business, three weeks out of a month. When the order went forth—it was practically an order—that all shops should close on Saturday from one to five in honor of the celebration, the merchants groaned but did not dare protest. Many of them depend on the Saturday afternoon trade to pull them through the week with a profit and here they were deprived of the opportunity to do four hours' business. Is it any wonder that their mirth was forced? that they went home and to bed instead of speeding the hours with hilarity? Pretty soon the fair directors will call for part of the money that was subscribed last year. They should give the retailers every opportunity to fatten their bank accounts, so that the subscriptions may be made good without delay. Don't think that I am scolding—I am only pointing out the uselessness of holding any more celebrations for some time to come.

Poet—It's three years now since I sent you my poems, and they aren't yet in print.

Editor—My dear sir, have patience. Homer waited three thousand years before his "Iliad" was printed.

The Last Chapter

Speaking of the decision by which Abe Ruef goes to his deserts Attorney-General Webb says, "I am very much gratified at the result, and I regard it as a distinct victory for justice"; also, "Justice has been delayed in this case, but justice will be done." If Attorney-General Webb believes what he says he is a very obtuse individual. But according to Justice Shaw of the Supreme Court Attorney-General Webb does not always believe what he says. Indeed we have it on the dictum of Justice Shaw, uttered in open court in the very teeth of Attorney-General Webb, that this distinguished functionary who is employed by the people to assist in the administration of justice, when striving to send a man to jail sometimes says what is not true and sometimes says what he does not believe. And this dictum Attorney-General Webb did not take the trouble to deny on the occasion on which it became a matter of public record. So it is quite possible that Attorney-General Webb's sentiment with regard to justice being done may not justly be ascribed to obtuseness. Of course justice has not been done in the Ruef case. A majority of the justices of the Supreme Court after reading Ruef's petition for a rehearing expressed the opinion that justice might be denied Ruef unless his petition were granted. To do him justice they agreed to grant his petition, and then, before their decision was recorded one of them left the State temporarily. Technically the decision was made the day it was recorded or else it was not made at all. Technically it could not have been made the day it was recorded because on that day, the day on which the statutory time for granting the rehearing expired, one of the men who concurred in the decision being out of the State could not participate in the decision. So while it has been found that Ruef was entitled to a rehearing, a rehearing he cannot have because the Attorney-General of the State took advantage of a technicality, the same kind of technicality precisely that a debtor takes advantage of when he pleads the Statute of Limitations. So the case stands thus: admittedly there is merit in Ruef's petition for a rehearing, but the rehearing he is denied not because of any technical omission or commission on his part but because of a technical irregularity on the part of the court. Suppose the shoe were on the other foot. Suppose the Court of Appeal had granted Ruef a new trial and the prosecution petitioned for a rehearing and the same thing happened as has happened. What then? Would Attorney-General Webb have said that justice was done by the vacating of the order by which the People were granted a rehearing? Or would he have shrieked for the recall? Well Ruef, as I have said, is going to his deserts. I am quite sure that he is going to his deserts, and I also am quite sure that all the crimes he committed constitute but a venial transgression when compared with those of the men who have prostituted justice to the end that he might be punished. I am also quite sure that as time runs on far greater infamy will attach to their memory than to the memory of the infamous Ruef.

He Is the Rebellious Wife

The female impersonator in literature is not a novelty, but it is always interesting to find him in our midst. Having just discovered him in Mr. John D. Barry, a gentleman who lucubrates diurnally on the editorial page of the Bulletin, I hasten to pay him my devoirs. Mr. Barry, I have reason to believe, is the author of "The Confession of a Rebellious Wife." This book was published anonymously, but a stylist like Mr. Barry cannot conceal his handiwork and the secret has leaked out. Not that "The Confession" is embalmed in the same style which Mr. Barry wreathes around his journalistic causeries. As the Rebellious Wife might say, Oh mercy, nothing of the sort! Mr. Barry has two styles, a masculine style and a feminine style. His masculine style, I may as well explain for the benefit of those who cannot differentiate, is lavished all over his contributions to the Bulletin; his feminine style is reserved for his appearance in the role of a literary female impersonator. So far as I know Mr. Barry has appeared only once in this role. If he repeats the performance and the secret comes to my ears I shall gladly inform my readers. The vagaries of litterateurs are my hobby and the epicene Mr. Barry is undoubtedly a litterateur. He acknowledges every day in his editorial coign the authorship of many books, none of which I have ever read or seen.

His Unappreciative Husband

"The Confession of a Rebellious Wife" is not, as some might infer, a chronicle of feminine lapses. Mr. Barry, in the character of the wife, is rebellious in a perfectly ladylike way. Not once does he, so to speak, slap the ten commandments on the wrist. He simply gives us the heart throbs of a woman with an unappreciative husband. Mr. Barry's heart seems to throb in perfect unison with the wife's. As Mr. Barry's narrative is given in the first person it actually seems that the wife's throbs are his very own. The sex illusion is so well sustained that one finds one-self speaking of Mr. Barry as the wife and of the unappreciative husband as Mr. Barry's husband. This is somewhat embarrassing as it carries the suggestion of Mr. Barry in the role of Tiresias or of that pretty son of Hermes and Aphrodite whom the nymph Salmacis loved with

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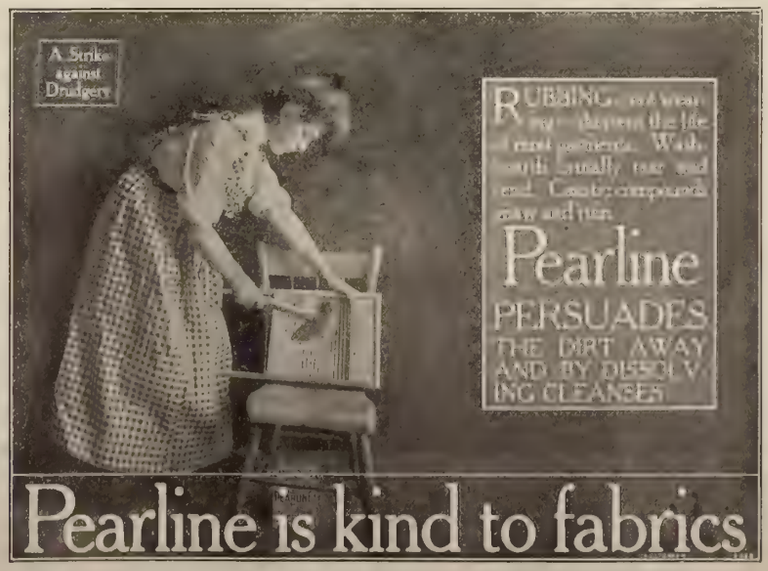

such startling results. Thus does Mr. Barry pay the penalty of his literary skill. At times George Eliot has been mistaken for a man; Mr. Barry is in danger of being thought a woman.

Mr. Barry on Love

Frank is the unappreciative husband of the rebellious wife. Mr. Barry tells us that at first Frank was an ideal lover. "He showed that he was determined to marry me. Then I grew frightened. For several weeks I did not know what to do. To a girl there is something terrible in the approach of love. It seems opposed to all the reserve bred into her from birth." It is good to learn this from one who knows the feminine mind as Mr. Barry seems to know it. He goes on to explain a curious situation. Frank, it seems, assumed an almost feminine role in the courtship. "He acted as if it were only right and natural that I should be the leader." That this seemed "natural" to the woman also Mr. Barry leads us to believe. "In the love of nearly every woman for a man there goes the feeling of indulgence and solicitude. . . . It has enabled many a weak man to win a strong woman." Then comes the marriage. "During our honeymoon, a time of bliss such as I had never imagined, we used to become at times dreadfully nervous in each others' presence. Often Frank would go away from me and let me recover myself." Frank becomes absorbed in business and the wife begins to grow dissatisfied. Being an ordinary sort of husband he takes his domestic bliss as a matter of course, while his wife broods about it and wonders if it will last. The inevitable happens. It doesn't last—for her. "Frank was ceasing to be dependent on me." That was a tragic discovery. "I actually envied women who were married to failures, to men who had to lean on them and be sustained by them." When a child was born Frank very naturally gave himself "airs." "He became a man in his own house," which threw his wife into "uncontrollable irritation." But she prides herself on her fidelity to Frank. "And yet I believe I could easily love another man. I could even love two men at the same time, one of them being Frank." But she says she is not wicked. "I am hedged about, protected. . . . No man from outside can even come near me." Oh virtuous wife!

His Horror of the Stork

Mr. Barry, in the character of the rebellious wife, is happy in the coming of one child, but wants no more, although Frank does. "It apparently never entered his mind that to me those children would mean paying a terrible price! . . . I refuse a second time to make such a sacrifice for the race. I made it once because I knew no better." Frank is no longer "in love" with her, although he still "loves" her, a pretty distinction. "Though romantic love may disappear from the hearts of men the sex attraction remains. But without tenderness the manifestation of this attraction becomes horrible to women, repulsive." This is one of "the horrors of modern marriage." "Men believe that it results from the squeamish nature of women and from the higher education." She thinks of divorce, but "divorce is no solution while men and conditions remain what they are." She centers her affections on her son, but she is greatly worried about him and his future. "There is the terrible problem of the outbreak of sex in a boy. How am I to deal with that?" Mr. Barry, it will be noted, is obsessed with this idea of sex; in the character of the wife he is morbid, shall I say abnormal? But finally the rebel thinks out a characteristic revenge for herself. Frank has been very successful in business, he has given her an envied position in the world. But he is no longer "in love" with her and that cannot be forgiven. She will retaliate on him through her son. She will train her boy to "take what I call a human attitude toward things and people." What does this mean? Simply that she will do "everything in my power to unfit him for business." Oh sweet rebellious wife! Oh happy husband! Oh poor son! Oh Barry! Which is as much as to say, Oh fudge!

A Notable Reconciliation

As well as its revenges the whirligig of Time brings in its reconciliations, as, for example, the reconciliation between Governor Hiram W. Johnson and Mr. Truxtun Beale. Once upon a time, not very long ago, Governor Johnson was attorney for the plaintiff in the case of Marriott vs. Beale. This was a suit for damages for personal injuries inflicted upon the plaintiff. A jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, and the defendant appealed the case and Hiram Johnson filed a brief in behalf of his client from the last page of which comes this excerpt:

"With indignation, horror, contempt and scorn we recall the facts of this assault; the striking with a revolver of an unarmed man in his home, after beguiling him with a lying, telephonic message; striking him, too, when his back was turned, laying open his head, almost blinding his eye, and breaking his hand; the flight in his own home to his own bed chamber; the frightened wife upon the stairway past whom a bully's bullets fly, and upon whom is scattered the blood of her wounded husband; her anguished cry, "shoot me" as her husband falls and crawls to their chamber; the loud reports of the forty-four caliber revolver; the flight to the bedroom, where the master of the house lies prone, helpless, bleeding, clubbed from behind and shot in the back as he had fled; the locking of the doors of their bedroom; the flight then of the assassins, so that one even left his hat—when we think of all this, and the shame and wrong of it, our only wonder is that the verdict was not many times larger. That verdict certainly is not unjust to the appellant. Morally it should be upheld; legally, affirmed."

The court read Hiram's brief and sustained the verdict. Now of course Hiram believed all that he said in his brief, and whatever may have been the opinion of the court regarding Hiram's description of the assault on his client it is certain that its opinion regarding the verdict was that it was just. But that Hiram no longer believes in his brief may be inferred from the circumstance that the other day he appointed Mr. Truxtun Beale a regent of the State University, an institution which, according to the Boughten Bulletin, was invaded the other day by "Big Business" incarnated in the person of President Anderson of the Bank of California.

"The Singing Vampire"

William Marion Reedy of the St. Louis Mirror opines that "there's something popping in Literaria." He suspects that some Sappho of the

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magazines has roused the spirit of revenge in George Sylvester Viereck, the young poet who edits the dramatic department of Current Literature. Viereck has written a poem, "The Singing Vampire," which none but a very young poet might be pardoned for writing and then not until in riper years he repented and like Swinburne made it clear that he was ashamed of the erotic effusions of his immature Muse. The first two stanzas of the poem but faintly indicate the character of the whole:

Thou art no goddess risen clean
From the infatuated brine;
Nay, rather an exotic queen,
A dark, low-templed Messaline,
Dumb till some human sacrifice
Besplit upon her monstrous shrine:
With tears and blood we paid the price
Of all those golden songs of thine.

Life of an hundred victims throbs
In thy enchantments fierce, uncouth,
And through thy rose-red passion sobs
The pallid wraith of ruined youth.
Within thy bosom's labyrinth
Has not the monster had his fill?
Why slay this stainless Hyacinth?
Are there not men to do thy will?

Editor Reedy tells us that Viereck himself is the "stainless Hyacinth," and asks, "Who is the 'low-templed Messaline' of 'the famished flanks?'" Perhaps like William Watson who did not hesitate to divulge the name of "the woman with the serpent's tongue," young Viereck will see no impropriety in whispering the name of "the singing vampire." Indeed the probability is that his friends easily recognized her when they read the poem. There are some fine gentlemen among the poets.

The Hatch Case

The case of Willard P. Hatch is of interest not on account of the strange vicissitudes of his purple career or the light that it reflects on the management of the juvenile court system but on account of the character and devotion of his sponsors and defenders. This ugly scandal of which Willard P. Hatch is the central figure affords an interesting study in psychology. Willard P. Hatch is a young man with a very much tainted past, with a fondness for lickerish themes and an intimate familiarity with the turgid trade of harlotry and life in the fens and sumps of society. Hardly a fit man, this, to have authority over wayward boys and girls. Yet he is a protege of Judge Ben. Lindsey, the vociferous reformer of Denver. But his doings in Denver were such that to display a becoming sense of communal dignity and of the proprieties Judge Lindsey was obliged to dismiss Hatch from the official position held by him in the Juvenile Court. Nevertheless he subsequently recommended the young man for a similar position in this city. Here he was vested with considerable authority which he exercised until he had the indiscretion to expose his mental bent in a book. The shock that he produced was followed by a scandal, and he resigned with many tears and with professions of repentance and the assurance that he had "seen the light" and reformed. Notwithstanding the dramatic pathos of the situation Hatch did not conquest the feelings of the authorities. The probability is that his resignation would have been promptly accepted had it not been for the mysterious influence behind him. Where the seat of this influence was located became known when Fremont Older showed his hand, Older the reformer who has himself seen the light a number of times, the red light, the blue light, the green light and the yellow light. With that same tenderness with which he once sought to rehabilitate Abe Ruef and to stir up public sympathy for the man who had accepted immunity, the perennially repentant Older appealed to the emotions of the Boughten Bulletin's readers in the interest of his young repentant and regenerate friend from Denver. And Hatch was in a fair way to be reinstated when the Call turned on a flood of light in which the darling of Cypria was exposed as a fit associate for his defender but not for children.

An All-Hearing Governor

A "statesman" of many years experience who was retired from public life by the returns of the last election came down from Sacramento the other day and declared that he could not call to mind a governor of California who had exercised such eternal vigilance over the members of the legislature as Governor Johnson. He says that even private conversations between legislators find their way to the governor's privy ear. And he gave an example. In his Lincoln Day speech the governor went out of his way to declare his approval of the bill then pending which provided for the recall of judges. Assemblyman Rosendale of Salinas heard the speech and afterwards criticized the governor's reference to the recall measure. He told one of his confreres that he considered it bad taste for the governor to inject politics into a speech on a patriotic occasion. A certain Oakland assemblyman overheard this criticism and forthwith reported it to the governor. The governor was wrathy. He summoned Rosendale and lectured him warmly for committing lese majeste. When Rosendale discovered who had carried tales to the executive office he warned his friends to be mum in the presence of the Oakland assemblyman and very mum they are when that individual is about. But the governor has other sources of information and they keep him continually supplied with the obiter dicta of the capitol.

"Tex" Rickard Off to Argentine

It will be a long time before we see "Tex" Rickard again. The smiling promoter of big fights who would have given San Francisco the Jeffries-Johnson battle if Governor Gillett had only allowed him, is seeking new fields for the investment of his surplus money and energy. He sailed recently from New York for the Argentine Republic with the intention of becoming a sheep and cattle raiser. Before leaving Rickard told the reporters that he was through with fight promoting. He feels the call of the wild; he seeks a new frontier. Down in the wonderful South American country he expects to forget all about the eccentricities of temperamental prizefighters. But if the fighting game revives, I hazard the guess that "Tex" will fling aside his shepherd's crook and take the first steamer for home. There is no antitoxin for the pugilistic bacillus.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Legs at the Mardi Gras

"Does charity cover a multitude of sins or does it uncover a multitude of shins?" mused one of the most active young men at the Mardi Gras. It was a pertinent query, for there is no gainsaying that a multitude of shins were uncovered Shrove Tuesday night. Our society women seem to be delighted when an opportunity offers to show their lower limbs. If it isn't a kirmess it's a society vaudeville and if it isn't a society vaudeville it's a mardi gras. The ladies who didn't show their legs at Pavilion Rink in the sacred cause of charity and the smiling cause of fun were negligible. They might have been counted very easily, if one cared to take that trouble. But most of those present didn't care. They were too busy studying the leg feminine

MISS MARY ALVERTA MORSE

Who has been entertaining Miss Ann Tasker, (formerly Miss Nana Swain of Oakland) of the "Madame Sherry" company. Miss Morse was formerly Miss Tasker's vocal instructor.

of society. And yet I would not call the costumes daring in the ordinary acceptation of the adjective. They were cut low and lifted high, but they did not make one gasp as well as gaze except in a few instances. But many of them were daring in another way, a way of which I cannot speak without embarrassment. I dislike to offend the tender susceptibilities of our sensitive society women, but I must say that a lot of them are very daring in showing what the vulgar would call "their underpinning." It takes courage to exhibit a limb when that limb is not a thing of beauty and a joy forever. There was a lot of that courage shown at the Mardi Gras. Why should women have their fancy dress costumes cut to the knee when their cheval glasses must tell them that their legs are not inspiring to look upon? It is one of the mysteries of San Francisco society.

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It was a Hobbled Affair

The Mardi Gras was a great success. Socially it was a greater success than the Mardi Gras of last year. More of our society people attended in masque, more stayed to the wee hour when "Home Sweet Home" was played. But in gayety, in piquancy, it was not the equal of the bal masque of a year ago. That element of our population which is temperamentally and professionally sportive was not encouraged to attend this year. Not needing a great deal of encouragement to go where there is fun to be had, it attended anyway, but in small numbers. And it was very discreet. Nearly everybody was very discreet. Discretion was rampant, so to speak, before supper. After everybody had been warmed with wine the fun went with a quickened pace, but never became uproarious. One or two too gay young men who showed symptoms of bursting the bonds were quietly yet firmly warned by members of the committee and quickly subsided. It was amusing to note their looks of abashment when the voice of authority whispered in their ears. As I foresaw, it was a hobbled affair One picked one's dancing steps, so to speak; also one picked one's partners. At least, nearly everybody did. There were a few conspicuous exceptions and the partners they picked for a whirl or so were so very fetching in costume and so very alluring in figure that we hadn't it in our hearts to blame them.

How We Do Love Dancing!

It is remarkable how little ennui there is in San Francisco society in connection with dancing. Our men and women seem never to get enough of it. Hour after hour matrons of many seasons, beaux of a thousand assemblies and belles of uncertain age footed it with unmistakable evidences of pleasure. Women like Mrs. Will and Mrs. Gus Taylor, Mrs. Fred McNear, Mrs. Walter and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Miss Alice Hager, Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. Laurance Scott and Mrs. Latham McMullin were rarely off the floor and frequently wore out two or three partners during a single dance which was less surprising than it may seem, for the dances were very long and the encores extremely generous. Most of these women stayed till the very end of the affair and not a few were genuinely disappointed when the orchestra gave the signal for the rush to the cloak rooms. The younger girls left earlier with their mammas and cast longing glances behind them as they reluctantly withdrew. Miss Johffe, the Cluffs, Miss Elyse Schultz and Miss Cecil Cowles were among the few who prevailed on their chaperons to let them stay. They were so popular that it would have been a shame to tear them away from their persistent partners.

The Prize Winners

Raphael Weill and Walter Martin seemed to be hard put to it to pick out the prizewinning costumes. The trouble was that there was not a great variety to select from. Few worked their imaginations overtime in preparing their masquerades. The women showed a partiality for Merry Widow costumes while the men confessed their laziness by contenting themselves largely with dominoes. The first prize was awarded to Mrs. Peter Martin. She appeared in Turkish costume, wearing an accordeon pleated yellow chiffon skirt, a broad gold embroidered girdle, a zouave jacket and white headdress and veil. It was an effective costume, but there were many who thought it was far from being the most effective. Mrs. Will Magee in a costume of shimmering gold was preferred by many. Mrs. Willard Drown took the second prize. She was a queen of the harem and was in gold from her head dress to her slippers. She was accompanied by Mrs. Laurence Fuller in silver. Courtenay Ford as one of the Three Musketeers, the others being Haig Patigian and Allan Dunn, took

Photo, Habenicht

MRS. NELSON BAKER LANSING

A bride of last week who was Miss Florence Blanche McLean. Her wedding took place last Thursday at St. Luke's.

the first prize for the men and John Lawson, a French Apache, took the second. Mrs. Peter Martin, by the way, did a perfectly proper sort of turkey trot and did it very gracefully.

The Three Anonymas

There were three young women present whose names for reasons known to the bavardes never get into the society columns, but who were the center of a great deal of masculine attention and feminine comment. One was a bathing girl in the scantiest pink silk bathing suit imaginable. She was a little thing whose form, the experts said, was perfect of its kind and her curly blond hair nestled on the white shirt front of a great

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many well known society men in the course of the evening. When she unmasked, which was at a late hour, she proved to be very pretty. Anonyma number two appeared as a baby doll and was also importuned for dances by some of our most discriminating men. The third inconnue was a pretty little brunette who came in a scanty black costume. It was surprising what a lot of prominent men seemed to be on cordial terms with these three charmers. Yet when their wives or their sisters asked their names, the replies were deliciously evasive. One chap told his sister that the bathing girl was a "stenographer in the office" and was laughed at for his feeble effort at prevarication.

Honi Soit

Two very beautiful and well known young girls were riding on an O'Farrell street car the other day and as the car turned a corner one of them lost her balance and fell. Several gallants rushed to her assistance, inquiring if she was hurt. But her only comment was: "My goodness! if I had known that I was going to take a tumble I would have put on my very best lingerie."

No Champagne for the Girls

I mentioned recently that there is to be a thorough housecleaning in society and that a lot of undesirable young men are to be excluded from the more exclusive homes. A step in the right direction was taken at the fancy dress party which Mr. Dalton Harrison gave at the Claremont Country Club in honor of the Misses Painter. Champagne was served for the chaperons only, the young girls having to content themselves with innocuous beverages. This is the entering wedge. There has been altogether too much drinking among the belles and every effort is to be made to stop it. No champagne for girls will be the rule next season at the important functions.

To Be a June Divorcee

It was not surprising to learn from the lips of Mrs. Edith Jewell Wilson that she will commence action for divorce in June. She has been living apart from her husband for some time. Nicholas F. Wilson being a well known oil man associated in business with "Fighting Bob" Evans and his wife having been prominent in the Greenway assemblies before her domestic troubles caused her to seek comparative seclusion, it was inevitable that the family dissension should become public property. It was inevitable too that all sorts of gossipy stories should get about. From Mrs. Wilson comes the statement that all of these stories are untrue. That being the case, it is to be hoped that they will be repeated no longer. Particularly obnoxious is the tale that Wilson had an affinity in the person of one of our pretty society girls.

St. Francis of Assisi

There is one woman's club in San Francisco—only one that I know of—where papers are read by women who have instinct and enthusiasm for the subjects which they discuss, and who are able therefore to stir and quicken one's ideas and give keen enjoyment to those who have a taste for genuine intellectual diversion. There are several clubs where culture is poured out in generous streams but only one that I happen to know of where you can be warmed by the expression of ideas and sentiments which you have not encountered somewhere before, which are not the commonplaces of literature, which give you the feminine viewpoint and make it your own. This is the Caedmon Club, where I heard Miss Agnes Tobin talk of Celtic poetry some weeks ago and where I heard Mrs. Garret McEnerney talk of St. Francis last week. Mrs. McEnerney's talk

Photo, Hartsook
MRS. LEON COGGIN
Another of last week's brides who was popular Miss Nona Webber.

was one of the most interesting and insinuatingly instructive that I ever heard. It was insinuating in its instructiveness because the manner and tone of the speaker were those of a person who had not the remotest thought of instructing anybody. She spoke with what Saint-Beuve calls "that negligence that constitutes the ease and charm of conversation." She pictured the sweetest of all Saints with clear and accurate touches, with vivacity, with charm, impressing her hearers with the sincerity of her appreciation of the most courteous of men, the most ardent of nature lovers, the most devout imitator of the simplicity and gentleness of Christ. The beautiful legends of St. Francis Mrs. McEnerney illustrated with nearly one hundred lantern slides showing her wonderful collection of photographs of works of the old masters, especially of Giotto to whom we are indebted more than to any other artist for paintings commemorative of incidents in the life of the holy man of Assisi.

Mrs. Pat and Mrs. Frank

I have just heard an interesting story about Mrs. Pat Campbell and an unnamed society woman who is evidently Mrs. Francis Carolan, as the point of the story will show. Mrs. Campbell is almost as noted for her sharp-pointed tongue as for her exotic histrionism. Her habit of saying unpleasant things has concentrated itself chiefly into the phrase "What a pity!" and Mrs. Pat uses it invariably whenever an opening occurs for her sarcastic shafts. For instance, Charles Lothian, the Frohman representative, was standing on an Oakland ferryboat with Mrs. Campbell and expatiating upon the beauties of our city as it came into view. "I was born there," ended Mr. Lothian proudly. "What a pity!" murmured Mrs. Pat, raising her eyebrows. But here is the story which interests me. It seems that the unnamed but well known society matron remarked to the actress: "I have been so anxious to meet you. Everyone says you look so much like me." "What a pity!" was the stenciled answer. As Mrs. Frank Carolan has always prided herself on her resemblance to Mrs. Campbell, takes pains to dress like Mrs. Campbell, follows closely the Campbell coiffures, always cultivates Mrs. Campbell's society and invariably appears at her openings here in the stage box in a close imitation of the actress's costume, I take it that the story is told of her.

Hit With a Golf Stick

What came near being a very serious accident occurred during the week at the Golf Club when Mrs. John D. Spreckels Jr. struck Mrs. Frank Preston a smart blow over the head with her golf stick. Mrs. Preston was stunned, but fortunately she recovered and the accidental rap has left no bad effect.

Our Superlative Women

The casual mention in one of the papers of Miss Muriel Steele, the beautiful sister of Mrs. Thomas H. Williams, immediately calls forth that old story to the effect that the late King Edward declared her the most beautiful American girl he had ever seen. I wonder if San Francisco is alone in the development of stories of this sort? Our Mrs. Sterling Postley, it will be remembered, is supposed to have been characterized by the Grand Duke Boris as the most beautiful American woman he had ever seen. Our Miss Anna Peters is said to have been declared by Charles Dana Gibson the perfect Gibson girl. Our Miss Rasmussen is supposed to have appealed to Harrison Fisher as the girl with the "slashing head" for whom he has quested far and wide. Far be it from me to question the authenticity of any of these stories. Perhaps all these statements were actually made. But just suppose they were untrue. What a lot of people would have the laugh on us!

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An Interesting Engagement

An engagement which will interest many people here was made known on Tuesday in St. Louis when Miss Marie Garneau of Washington Terrace, daughter of a well known capitalist of the Missouri metropolis, announced her engagement to Mr. Theodore P. Murphy, the son of the late Eugene Murphy, one of this city's best known business men. Simultaneously with the announcement by his affianced in St. Louis Mr. Murphy gathered a number of his friends together at a stag dinner at his home in Broadway and took them into his confidence. It was a complete surprise, the romance which began last summer when Miss Garneau visited California, having been carefully guarded from his most intimate friends. Mr. Frederick Murphy, the brother of the groom-to-be, married Miss Alyce Sullivan, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan.

Nana Returns as Ann

While the "Madame Sherry" company is in town there will be a good deal of entertaining on both sides of the bay in honor of that clever soprano, Ann Tasker, who was formerly Nana Swain of Oakland. More than one affair will be given by Miss Mary Alverta Morse by whom the young actress was instructed in the vocal art. She was Miss Morse's pupil in Oakland and also in New York.

The Harem Skirt

Will our gentlewomen wear the harem skirt? 'Tis a difficult question to answer. Time was, within memory of the young, when one might have vociferated an emphatic negative, but a change has come over the spirit of our women and one can never be sure what they will or will not do. Because a fashion is hideous or vulgar or indecent is no longer sufficient reason for declaring that it will die abornin'. Women have been making new rules of modesty for themselves in recent seasons and mere man may not hazard a guess as to how far they will carry their absurdities and audacities. To say that the harem skirt is hideous or vulgar or indecent proves nothing. Personally I think that a great many of the recent feminine modes have been both hideous and vulgar—I will not go as far as many do and say indecent too—but I am bound to admit that they have flourished like the bay tree on Lebanon in spite of my disapproval. Having seen the harem skirt I presume that I am at liberty to express an opinion. I don't like it a bit. The hobble was bad enough before some of the modistes modified it into a shape of more or less beauty, but the harem seems to lack a single redeeming feature. According to your personal viewpoint it is either funny or immodest; the wildest imagination would never regard it as pretty. But to the average woman that is immaterial. If women who are regarded as "smart dressers" decide upon wearing it, it will be generally worn. To the average woman beauty in dress is never dissociated from fashion. The average woman will throw up her hands in horror at a pretty frock which is cut on old-fashioned lines; she will burble with delight over a sartorial monstrosity that is "the mode."

It Is Being Reviled

From European capitals comes the news that the first appearance of the harem skirt has led to riots. In Paris, in Madrid and in Berlin the pioneers of the latest fashion have been pelted, insulted and chased off the streets. In London there has been a great outcry. The Countess of Warwick, considered one of the best dressed women in England, and the Marchioness of Tweeddale have denounced it. So has Lady Duff Gordon. But the grande couturiers insist that it is "the thing" and in the past their word has been law. They are not alarmed by the onslaughts that have been made on it. They can afford to laugh when women try to argue it down by declaring that it is an "atrocity which, with the suggestion of the harem, conveys eastern notions of womanhood that are far from pleasant." To a woman who wants to be in style that sort of talk is poppycock; she doesn't care the snap of her finger whether or not the harem skirt suggests the seraglio and the sultan's handkerchief. Women have persistently refused to associate moral ideas with their dress. Not even the thunderings of ecumenical councils have daunted them. The harem skirt conveys no moral or immoral idea; it simply symbolizes woman's twentieth century aspiration to wear the trousers of the household. But philosophers are reading more abstruse meanings into it. Its ugliness, they would have us believe, is premeditated, intended. A beautiful fashion, they aver, spreads so rapidly through all classes that it speedily loses its exclusiveness. Not so the ugly fashion, say the philosophers. But there are two objections to this pretty theory. In the first place, to the feminine mind there are no ugly fashions; in the second place, what man considers an ugly fashion spreads just as rapidly as a pretty one. If the harem skirt does not gain popularity we shall have the exception which proves the rule.

Mrs. Eddy Operated On

Mrs. Spencer Eddy who was formerly Miss Lurline Spreckels of this city recently underwent a successful operation for appendicitis at the hands of the celebrated woman's specialist of Berlin, Professor Bumm. The reports are that unless something unforeseen intervenes Mrs. Eddy will soon be up and about. Spencer Eddy is with his wife in the German capital. It will be remembered that he was appointed minister to Roumania two years ago, but soon afterwards resigned, in a huff, it is said, because he desired another post.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: Mrs. M. L. Sowle, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Breed, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Burgess, Berkeley; Mrs. William McGuire and child, Mrs. C. P. Figley, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Pattison, Albert Lindley, C. M. Tilden, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Voorhees, Mrs. Schrader, A. E. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Bode, Mrs. E. M. Graney.

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the talented Italian Artist, conductor of orchestra, ably assisted by gentlemen of genius, each a soloist.
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He: Do you know anything about the great Italian poet, Dante?
She: No, but I do know something about the great Italian dinners they serve at the Dante Restaurant.
He: Where is the Dante Restaurant?
She: At 536 Broadway.
He: Well, we'll go there this evening and try one.

In the Social Spotlight

Since the concert which Miss Flora Wilson gave in the Hotel St. Francis for the benefit of the Armitage Orphange, there have been many inquiries as to whether she would appear again. At the urgent request of her friends and admirers she has consented to give another concert here about March 20 in Scottish Rite Hall. Miss Wilson is the daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture and has been for several seasons one of the most popular belles in Washington society.

The A. Comte's Jr. entertained thirty of their friends at a card party at their beautiful Clay street home last Saturday night. It was a delightful affair, some beautiful prizes were given, and the supper that followed a short musical program was accompanied by a feast of reason and a flow of soul.

Mr. and Mrs. Othello Scribner entertained at an elaborately appointed dinner party at the Palace preceding the Greenway assembly at the Fairmont. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanslor, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Major and Mrs. Haldermand Young, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Jennie Blair, Captain Frank Wilcox, Mr. Frank Owen, and Mr. Phillip Paschel.

Mrs. Arthur Biddle and her daughter, Miss Edith Frances Biddle, spent several days at the Fairmont during the week and were entertained in an informal way.

Miss Fredda Smith gave a pretty tea party at the Palace Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Rhoda Neibling who will leave shortly for Europe to be absent a year. The guests included Miss Neibling, Miss Erna Herrman, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Gladys Poillon, Miss Bliss, Miss Duval, Miss Katherine Pennel, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Kathleen Farrell, Miss Antoinette Keystone, Miss Elizabeth Orrick, Miss Cleo Posey, and Miss Lela Kenny of Berkeley. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Walter Greer and Mrs. Chester Roadhouse.

Mrs. H. S. Kiersted is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney and Mrs. Beryl Graydon are again at the Fairmont. They expect to spend most of the time in town before leaving for their summer home in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Evans of Ross Valley who are spending the winter at the Fairmont, entertained at a large dinner party Thursday evening before the Greenway assembly.

Just a Corner of Beautiful Roof Garden, Hotel Green, Pasadena.

Mrs. W. W. Stilson of Los Angeles and Mrs. Maynard Thayer of Pasadena were guests during the past week at the Hotel Victoria. They came from the south to be present at the conference of the D. A. R.

Another group of D. A. R. visitors at the Victoria included Mrs. M. J. Monnette, Mrs. C. C. Cottle, and Miss C. D. Hull, all of Los Angeles.

G. B. McLeod, an Oregon business man, is registered at the Victoria during a stay in San Francisco.

The Beringer Musical Club announces its eighteenth recital to be given Tuesday evening, March 7, at Century Club Hall. The club will present an elaborate program consisting of masterpieces from the greatest composers. The participants of the program will be: Miss Frances Westington, Miss Sadie Bultmann, Miss Marie Sheehan, Miss Zdenka Buben, Miss Irene De Martini, Miss Stella Coughlin, Mrs. Lois Patterson Wessitsh, Messrs. Harry Bultmann, Melton Mowbray, Harry Samuels, and Prof. Joseph Beringer.

Knox Maddox motored down to Del Monte in his car for the week-end, taking with him W. B. Carson and Harry Simpkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ratcliff of England, Harry von Echermann of Stockholm; Maurice B. Blake of Ireland who with Tom Watson of Surrey, England, is making a pleasure trip around the world, Mr. and Mrs. Burnet D. Cohn of Australia and Miss Levy of London were among the globe-trotters registered at Del Monte last week.

Archdeacon John A. Emery has gone down to Del Monte for a short vacation and a much needed rest.

One of the many Del Monte motor parties of the week included Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Miss Virginia Newell Drown and the Reverend Edward Morgan who arrived at the hostelry on Tuesday, remaining several days and motoring up and down the Carmel Valley, out to the picturesque old Mission, up to Rancho del Monte and to the Lodge at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Charles Sutro went down from the city to Del Monte with Miss Condery, spending part of the week at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Mrs. E. M. Smith, Miss Louise and Master Russell Smith are among the latest arrivals at Del Monte from Portland. They have their big touring car with them and divide their time pretty evenly between motoring and golfing.

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GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.
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California's Most Popular Hotel
400 Rooms, 200 Baths; European Plan; $1.00 per Day and up. Dining Room Seating 500. Table d'hote or a la carte service as desired.
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SAN FRANCISCO

Gossip of the Theatre

"Madame Sherry"

Those who expected that they would find in "Madame Sherry" a comic opera to compare with "The Merry Widow" were naturally disappointed. "Madame Sherry" is not to be regarded as a pretentious piece. It hasn't the plot beauty of "The Merry Widow" and its music lacks originality. But there isn't the slightest indication that its authors intended to emulate the Marsovian opera. Their intention was merely to compose a tuneful entertainment and in this they certainly achieved great success. For "Madame Sherry" is delicious. From first to last the music titillates the ear voluptuously. The constantly recurring "Every Little Movement" theme brings a new pleasure at every repetition. Cafe orchestras cannot wither it or phonographs stale its power to please. It comes o'er the ear like the sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odor. The man to whom it is not beautiful is fit for treasons,

ALESSANDRO BONCI

The great lyric tenor who will appear at the Columbia Theater on Sunday afternoons, March 5-12.

stratagems and spoils. Because it is not as fine as the Merry Widow waltz is no reason why it should not excite our enthusiasm. Let us have it again and yet again! And let those beautiful girls in their "esthetic" draperies sway to its insinuating undulations! This is the sort of interpretative dancing which we can all appreciate and applaud. It ravishes the eye and bothers the brain with no deep-laid symbols. Nothing in "Madame Sherry" taxes the brain. You need only look, listen and enjoy. The stage pictures are charming, the costumes must win the approbation of the most exacting. And the cast is exceptional. Miss Ann Tasker comes back to us a good singer, a graceful dancer and an actress of bewitching ingenuousness. The ladies coo admiringly whenever she trips across the stage and the men affirm the judgment. Miss Cheridah Simpson, more cushiony and amplitudinous than of yore, is neverfailingly and infectiously happy. Miss Mary Quive has much of the charm of her dark-eyed dashing sister Grace Van Studdiford. Miss Lottie Kendal is a South American amoreuse of tabasco temperament and glowing allurement. Any of these women would distinguish an ordinary cast. Together they claim a place in one's theatrical memories. Among the men stands out Oscar Figman, a great character actor. He has a better role than he had in "The Merry Widow." One does not get enough of him. Max sat in the audience on Monday night and was very proud of his brother. The other men are very good too. There is not a jarring note in the entire performance. It is an entertainment worth going a long way to see. Having seen it once you want to see it again. To refrain from enjoying it would be a severe Lenten discipline. —Edward F. O'Day.

FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Green satin boxes filled with candies and appropriately decorated with Shamrocks or Harp of Erin. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

Gertrude Elliott at the Savoy

The last performances of "The Midnight Sons" will be given at the Savoy today and on Sunday night Gertrude Elliott will begin an engagement of one week in "The Dawn of a To-Morrow." Miss Elliott (Mrs. Forbes-Robertson) is virtually a newcomer to this city, though older theatergoers may remember her in "When We Were Twenty-One," with Nat Goodwin and her handsome sister, Maxine. She has since won an enviable position in England and her presentation of "The Dawn of a To-Morrow" was an event of the last London season. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is the author of the play. The entire cast is practically that which appeared with Miss Elliott in London. It includes Fuller Mellish, Scott Gatty, Sydney Booth, Angela Ogden and Julia Blanc. A special matinee will be given on Thursday.

The Bonci Concerts

Bonci, the great lyric tenor, will give his first concert at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon, offering a program of songs by German, French, Italian and American composers besides operatic arias. The following Sunday afternoon he will sing an entirely different program including, by special request, Dvorak's charming "Songs My Mother Taught Me," and Chadwick's "Nocturne." Bonci will furnish the fourth program of the St. Francis Musical Art Society's concert next Tuesday.

Max Figman at the Alcazar

Max Figman, than whom there is not a more talented or popular comedian on the American stage, will open a brief engagement at the Alcazar next Monday evening in "The Man on the Box," the play with which his fame is mostly identified. He will be supported by Lolita Robertson and the Alcazar players. In the title part Mr. Figman is inimitably amusing and Miss Robertson is equally effective as the girl he loves. All the established Alcazar favorites are in the cast, Viola Leach, Bessie Barriscale, Howard Hickman, Will R. Walling, and Burt Wesner. Elaborate and artistic staging is promised.

Busoni, Then Mischa Elman

Ferruccio Busoni, the famous Italian pianist, will give the first concert in the new Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, March 19. It is probable that an Oakland concert will also be arranged. Will Greenbaum also announces that Mischa Elman, the young Russian virtuoso of the violin, will give three concerts, the first being scheduled for Sunday, March 26.

What the Columbia Offers

"Madame Sherry" at the Columbia is said to be doing the biggest business in the history of the house. The reservations for the second week are unprecedented and from all appearances the musical comedy will make a new record for profitable runs. The next attraction at the Columbia will be Francis Wilson in his own comedy, "The Bachelor's Baby." Ruth St. Denis will make her first appearance here next month.

A Varied Bill at the Orpheum

For the second and last week of his engagement at the Orpheum Elbert Hubbard will deliver a new series of "Heart to Heart Talks." The Four Huntings, said to be the best singers and dancers in their line on the stage will present "The Fool

MOLLIE HUNTING

Who will appear in the merry tomfoolery "The Fool House" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

House." Mike Bernard, billed as "the champion ragtime player" and Willie Weston, a singer of character songs, will be in the bill. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry will give their comic skit, "At Hensfoot Corner." Harry Armstrong's latest one-act play "The Fire Commissioner" will receive its first presentation in this city. The daylight motion pictures will be continued. Next week will be the last of The Empire Comedy Four, Walter Graham and his manikin music hall and Bird Millman and her wire artists.

Fanciful Comedy at Ye Liberty

Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, has a splendid vehicle for next week in "When Knights Were Bold," the comedy in which Francis Wilson was

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HAHNEMANN PHARMACY, 336 Sutter Street

seen here last. It treats farcically the good old past in the light of twentieth century commonsense, and is one of the funniest things the stage has known for many years. George Friend, who will be missed from Ye Liberty stage after this month, will have Wilson's role and will be ably assisted by all the Oakland favorites. "Colorado," a play by Augustus Thomas new to the West, is announced to follow.

The Etiquette of Being Lynched

After the first performance of "The Girl of the Golden West" Caruso was praised by the critics for his success in acting and looking like a California "road agent," but exception was taken by some of the more captious to one detail—the abject fear he showed when he was about to be hanged. That was pronounced extremely un-Western. The real thing is amusingly illustrated in a book just published, "Life on the Pacific Coast," the author of which, former Congressman Samuel D. Woods of Stockton, tells of the execution of one of these Californian desperadoes. He was a horse thief, and when the spring was about to be touched which would land him in eternity, he shouted to the crowd: "Here we go, girls!" and that ended his career.

Belasco's Inspiration

David Belasco has been talking to the newspaper interviewer. David is always interesting when he talks, just as he is always interesting, if not convincing, when he writes. David says that "The Girl from the Golden West" is the best work he has done. He is very proud of the big scene in that play, the scene where the blood from a wounded man drips from a room above upon the table where his pursuers are playing poker. He says that many think this incident not only melodramatic but improbable. And he insists that it not only could, but did happen. He says that his father who was a California pioneer told him the incident. As a matter of fact, he says, his father was present when the incident occurred. This induces wonder. Is David Belasco's memory perfectly sound? Is he quite sure that his father told him about seeing that incident? Or did his father, some time or other, narrate it to little David as a thrilling scene from a great novel? If David Belasco cares to refresh his memory he will find the original of that "Girl from the Golden West" incident in a chapter entitled "The Rain of Blood" in a novel called "Monte Cristo." Most of us had shuddered with Caderousse when the hot blood dripped on his face long before "The Girl from the Golden West" was written. Thomas Hardy had even borrowed the idea for "Tess of the d'Urbevilles."

Isadora's Fads

Miss Isadora Duncan, says an Eastern paper, made a tremendous success of her latest appearance in Paris, notwithstanding a cruel article against her by the celebrated Adheaurne de Chevigne. She danced her way into the heart of an extremely rich Anglo-American, who is talking of divorce in order to court the bouncing Isadora. She hesitates. She is an apostle of free love, and does not wish to recognize matrimonial ties. The wife of the Anglo-American, meanwhile, has been compelled to leave her husband's Parisian home; and now she is forbidden by her "yet" lord and master to return to her English home, where Isadora is expected to come and reign. The world, which has heard of the former infatuation of the Anglo-American for one of the most beautiful peeresses of Great Britain, is rather inclined to side against the man. Perhaps it is on account of the grace and accomplishments of the legal wife, perhaps on account of the handsome Marchioness, who is abandoned now for a dancer. The romance has yet another interesting side. Isadora Duncan, who has lost much of her youth, beauty and good figure, is credited with taking up new fads: she is going to adopt a stray waif found by her in one of her trips to Egypt or somewhere in the East. Her other fad is too terrible even to mention: she is infatuated with Gabriele d'Annunzio after the mere reading of the novel, "Forse che si, forse—du no!" D'Annunzio will never be able to escape the fleet-footed Isadora!

Rose Stahl and a Shop Girl

When Rose Stahl was rehearsing Maggie Pepper, Charles Klein's new play in which she is starring, a shopping expedition of hers made her acquainted with a young lady in a large department store in New York. The willingness on the part of the shop girl to please Miss Stahl, created a friendship between them, so much so that when the actress had occasion to go to the store, she always singled out this young lady to wait on her. One day Miss Stahl went into the store and up to the department where her acquaintance was employed, and immediately noticed a reserve on the part of the shop girl, which was rather unusual. Her actions were so radically different, and her manner so distrait, that Miss Stahl asked her if she was feeling well. "Perfectly well, thank you," was the reply; "and, by the way, I heard yesterday that you were rehearsing in a new play in which you 'carry off' a shop girl. I just came to the conclusion that your apparent friendliness was merely to make use of me in playing your part, and I am not so crazy about the stage that I want to see myself portrayed. If you want to study types, it would please me very much if you would take somebody else." Nothing that Miss Stahl could say could convince the young lady that she was in error.

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In Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's Play of Cheerfulness

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Nights and Saturday Matinee, $2.00 to 50c; Special Matinee Thursday, $1.50 to 50c.

Starting Sunday Night, March 12th—"The Merry Widow."

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IN CONJUNCTION WITH A GREAT NEW SHOW

THE FOUR HUNTINGS in the merry tomfoolery "The Fool House"; MIKE BERNARD and WILLIE WESTON; MR. and MRS. JIMMIE BARRY in "At Hensfoot Corner"; THE FIRE COMMISSIONER"; EMPIRE COMEDY FOUR; WALTER GRAHAM and HIS MANIKIN MUSIC HALL; BIRD MILLMAN and her premiere wire artists; The Novelty of the Age, DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES, Secured Expressly for the Orpheum Circuit.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD

Francis Wilson's Farce-Comedy Success.

Next—"Colorado."

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This Sunday Afternoon, March 5th and Sunday Afternoon, March 12th

Seats, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 at Sherman Clay & Co's; Sunday at Theatre.

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Friday Afternoon, March 10th, at Ye Liberty

Seats Ready Monday.

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"The Pianist Marvellous"

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 19th

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 21st

Coming---MISCHA ELMAN

"The Poet of the Violin"

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Little explanation of the big break in stocks is necessary, in view of the expected rate increase by the Interstate Commerce Commission which was not realized by the decision handed down. There was genuine disappointment, from Wall Street to every business center in the country, and such was the feeling in speculative circles that the tendency was to sell long commitments at any price that they would bring. Hence the market was congested with selling orders and prices broke sharply. It seems entirely too early to discuss the effects of this rate situation and while the majority of the leading railway and banking interests are greatly disappointed in this matter there are those who take a passive view of the situation and feel actually bullish on the outlook. There was some good buying at the close of the week which gave the market a natural rally. We feel it time to be conservative, however, and await the important Supreme Court decisions pending.

Wheat—Further downward drifting of wheat prices was seen last week and with but four months of the present crop remaining the trade has come to see the situation more clearly. Many theories which clouded the view have been exploded by trade developments as time has passed. Supplies of wheat in Chicago, instead of melting away before the close of the Lake navigation last fall, as had been freely forecasted by some, bid fair to remain large when navigation opens in the spring and it is by no means sure that there will not be a large supply carried into the new crop in July. In fact all the large distributing houses here freely predict this. The last two weeks have seen actual though slight increases in receipts over shipments and very faint actual reductions, due to the milling inroads locally. Unfortunately the situation in Chicago is but typical of that prevailing at all other important centers of accumulation, and the demoralized condition of the flour trade indicates that the interior supplies are not vastly different from those at the big centers. In any event, there is little prospect that a period of even approximate scarcity can develop in the few months remaining of the present crop year. Similar conditions prevail all over Europe, both the importing and exporting countries having large supplies. Meanwhile the southern hemisphere has begun its shipments, thus far showing about the same total as a year ago. India will soon be in the list but the movement from all these countries will probably not be rushed, in view of the weakness shown in Europe.

Corn—Values declined last week but losses were slight as compared with the decline in wheat. One of the sustaining influences was the covering of a big line of shorts for a local speculator who was influenced by considerations other than trade. There was a light run of receipts due to the rough weather of the preceding week.

Cotton—Speculation in cotton during the week has been quiet at irregular prices with the final prices about the same as last Saturday. On Friday notices for 75,000 bales of March were issued and taken up, mostly by a prominent bull operator. Spot markets in the south have been quiet and more or less depressed. Cotton goods have not met with a satisfactory sale and prices both for cloths and yarns have shown more or less weakness. Curtailment for the week was heavy, amounting to 175,000 pieces in this country. The news from the south makes it clear that a very large acreage will be planted under the stimulus of present high prices. The sharp decline in the New York and London stock markets had some effect here and in Liverpool but good support was given the markets and further demoralization was averted. We look for a traders' market around this level for a time, followed by a substantial decline later if new crop prospects continue favorable.

A Sonnet to Heavenly Beauty

If this our little life is but a day.
In the Eternal,—if the years in vain
Toil after hours that never come again,—
If everything that hath been must decay,
Why dreamest thou of joys that pass away,
My soul, that my sad body doth restrain?
Why of the moment's pleasure art thou fain?
Nay, thou hast wings,—nay, seek another stay.

There is the joy whereto each soul aspires,
And there the rest that all the world desires.
And there is love, and peace, and gracious mirth;
And there in the most highest heavens shalt thou
Behold the Very Beauty, whereof now
Thou worshippest the shadow upon earth.

A Stubborn Opening

The head of the household was going through her husband's pockets the next morning.

"What kept you out so late last night?" she suddenly demanded.

"It was the opening of the campaign, my dear," the lesser half replied.

"Well, it didn't take three corkscrews to open it, did it?"

And she drew the offending articles from his side pocket and waved them before him.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTHONY DORRITY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Anthony Dorrity, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Cooper, Gray & Cooper, Room 439 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anthony Dorrity, deceased. W. J. PALETHORPE,
Administrator of the Estate of Anthony Dorrity, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

COOPER, GRAY & COOPER,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Room 439 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-4-5

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Capital Authorized $1,000,000.00
Capital Paid In..... 750,000.00
Reserve and Surplus..... 220,331.45
Total Resources 5,613,737.73

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Cash and Sight Exchange..... 12,523,591.86
Deposits 24,670,584.72

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Employees' Pension Fund..... .....$ 109,031.35
Deposits December 31, 1910.....$42,039,580.06
Total Assets $44,775,559.56

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He—I'm not. I am simply keeping up the usual amount

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S. Q. P.

(Continued from Page 9.)

"Why do you do that?" asked Hans curiously.

"North-northeast," said Sanders. "That's the direction. Now then, the distance. Count very carefully the number of steps from the hidden treasure to the hollow oak."

Hans conscientiously performed his task and returned with the information that he had counted thirty-seven steps and a little bit over. "We might say thirty-seven and a half."

"Very well," said Sanders. "Let us say thirty-seven and a half. South-southwest."

Hans was guilty of a critical observation: "A little while ago you said north-northeast."

"Of course I said that. It depends upon whether you are standing here by the bush or there by the hollow oak."

"Aha!" exclaimed Hans, not altogether convinced. "And what now?"

Sanders pondered for a moment. "You might go somewhere near the church. But don't walk through town. Take some of the roundabout ways outside of the city. If anyone tries to speak to you, S. Q. P. When you have once got to the church, wait for me. Perhaps I shall be there in a few moments, possibly it will be several hours. If I am not there toward evening you need not expect to see me anymore alive, and you may go home."

Hans had unbounded trust in his leader and he obeyed these commands without the slightest hesitation. Sanders remained alone in the hazel-nut bush. He did not yet know what he would do. He was considering the matter. But he did not have long to wait. The graceful, pretty looking girl appeared, slowly retracing her steps, her eyes rigidly fixed upon the ground. Sanders guessed immediately that she was looking for her pocketbook. He forsook his hiding-place and came up behind her.

Politely lifting his cap in the air he said, "Excuse me, are you looking for a pocketbook?"

"Yes," replied the girl, breathing a sigh of relief. "Have you, by any chance, found it?"

"No, I have not."

"But you have it?"

"No, but I might be able to find it."

"How? Why? What do you mean?"

"Perhaps you noticed as you crossed the playground that three men were following you?" asked Sanders. The girl looked at him full of amazement, and Sanders felt flattered.

"No," said she; "I noticed nothing. I don't believe I even looked behind me."

"Oh, yes!" replied Sanders with decision. "One of them—I think he must have been the leader of the gang—looked like a Spaniard." The astonishment which up to this time had been displayed upon the girl's face gave way to a droll curiosity. Sanders continued calmly: "In the same moment that you dropped your pocketbook this man rushed up toward it. A fierce battle ensued, for the question arose as to how the money should be divided. They could not come to an agreement and, having other plans on hand for the time being, they determined to bury the pocketbook and to divide the spoil later. In consequence of certain facts which have been made known to me, I observed these men very closely at the time. They went up to that hazel-nut bush over there and I do not doubt that they buried the money under it. We shall see at once."

"But you are the most extraordinary boy I have ever seen!" cried the girl. "Have you invented all that by yourself?"

"We shall see at once," replied Sanders with dignity. "If I have invented it, your pocketbook will not be there. But if we find it hidden under the hazel-nut bush, you will know that I speak the truth."

As they came near to the bush Sanders looked searchingly in every direction. Then, examining the ground, he asked suddenly:

"Do you see a place where the earth has been freshly dug up?"

"No, I really don't."

"That is because you are not accustomed to such work. Look at this line of dust—and at this one, too. They are much too straight to be there by chance. I should imagine that the ground has been removed here and that something lies concealed beneath it." He got down upon his hands and knees and found his prophecy to be absolutely correct. He opened the cut with his fingers, raised up the piece of turf, drew forth the pocketbook and handed it triumphantly to the girl.

"That is simply wonderful!" cried the girl enthusiastically. "I can't understand it. And the money is all there, every pfennig of it. Now that you have got back my pocketbook for me, I don't know how I shall thank you enough. Perhaps—" she hesitated, but a small boy certainly could not be offended—"perhaps, you will let me give you one of these gold-pieces? Will you accept it as a token of my graititude for your intelligence?"

"I thank you very much," replied Sanders, "but I never accept money for such things. I do it because it gives me pleasure."

"You are a dear boy," said the girl, "and the most remarkable fellow I ever saw. But one thing I hope you will let me do—I want to give you a kiss."

She immediately carried her design into execution. Sanders was by no means a youth who had been spoiled through much kissing, and this kiss became the great triumph of the day to him. He only regretted that his faithful comrade and vassal had not been witness to the deed. Besides all this the girl told him that she was Fraulein Meinhof, and that she would expect him to call on her some afternoon. She gave him her visiting card that he might not forget her address.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Nemo!" answered Sanders who had not read Jules Verne in vain.

"I shall tell my family all about Nemo," said the girl laughingly; "but you really must call on us sometime. And many thanks indeed. Goodbye, Nemo."

Sanders, also called Nemo, hastened toward the church. There he found the entire polytechnic school gathered; among them Hans, who was awaiting him.

"Listen," said he to Sanders, "we are in luck! The old man gave us a holiday this afternoon on account of the heat, so we sha'n't be punished after all. Did you know anything about it?"

Sanders shrugged his shoulders. "I could have found it out if it had been of any importance to me. But when I have this sort of work to do, I cannot be disturbed with other things. Now I have done what you ought to have done and did not do. I pursued that girl and tracked her down, and under certain conditions which I prescribed and she accepted, I gave the pocketbook back to her."

"How much did she give you?" asked Hans eagerly.

"I did not allow her to offer me anything. If you doubt my word—"

"Oh, I don't doubt it at all!" cried Hans.

"If you doubt my word," continued Sanders, "take this card and call on her in her home. Say it was Nemo who sent you, and ask whether the pocketbook has not been returned."

"I can't understand," said Hans, "where you find out all these things!"

"Certainly not, and you will never be able to understand," replied Sanders complacently.

"Is it all over now?"

"As far as you are concerned, it is all over. You may play now with the others, if you desire it. But on your way home don't forget our school-bags out there on the oak tree."

"Aren't you coming along?" asked Hans.

"Impossible!" declared Sanders. "Before the sun goes down I have another task to perform far more mysterious than the first; and this one I must perform alone."

And he went home and for half an hour practised conscientiously on his violin.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. LONG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Susan C. Tate, Administratrix of the estate of Mary E. Long, deceased, with the will annexed, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix of the estate of Mary E. Long, deceased, with the will annexed, at the law office of S. C. Wright, Room 1007 Tenth Floor, Mutual Bank Building, Market Street near Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary E. Long, deceased.

SUSAN C. TATE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Mary E. Long, Deceased, with the Will Annexed.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 4, 1911.
S. C. WRIGHT, Atty. for Administratrix,
1007 Tenth Floor, Mutual Bank Bldg.,
Market St. near Kearny St., San Francisco. 3-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,681, Dept. No. 10.

PLINY E. RITNER, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE I. RITNER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Grace I. Ritner, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, A. D. 1911. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
AUSTIN LEWIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
504 to 508 Schmidt Bldg., 12 Geary St., S. F. 2-4-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY C. FLITTNER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Chas. J. P. Hoehn, Administrator of the estate of Mary C. Flittner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of D. B. Richards, No. 965 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary C. Flittner, deceased.

CHAS. J. P. HOEHN,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary C. Flittner, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 15, 1911.
D. B. RICHARDS, Atty. for Administrator,
No. 965 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. 2-18-5

NOTICE OF SALE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department 10, Probate thereof, made on the 24th day of October, 1910, and filed with the Clerk of said Superior Court on the 3rd day of November, 1910, the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, on or after the 21st day of March, 1911, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, the undivided 721-1000 of the real property hereinafter described, together with all the right title and interest of said deceased, in and to said property, to-wit

That certain lot, piece or parcel of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Post Street, with the easterly line of Jones Street, running thence easterly and along said southerly line of Post Street seventy (70) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southerly sixty (60) feet to the northerly line of Cottage Place; thence at a right angle westerly and along said northerly line of Cottage Place seventy (70) feet and six (6) inches to the said easterly line of Jones Street; thence at a right angle northerly and along said easterly line of Jones Street sixty (60) feet to the said southerly line of Post Street and the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty Vara Block No. 223.

All offers to purchase the real property hereinafter described must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Mastick & Partridge, 706 Foxcroft Building, No. 68 Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Any person offering to purchase said property above described, whose bid shall be accepted by the undersigned, on notice of the acceptance of the offer and bid, shall and must deposit with the undersigned ten per cent of the purchase price and pay the balance on approval and confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court.

Dated, San Francisco, February 27, 1911.
CHAS. G. LAMAN
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte F. Clarke, Deceased.
Dated: Filed Feb. 28, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Executor,
No. 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-4-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADAM WAGNER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Adam Wagner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, Room 802 in the Balboa Building, southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Adam Wagner, deceased.

ADAM WAGNER,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Adam Wagner, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 18, 1911.
S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Atty. for Executor,
802 Balboa Bldg., Market and Second Sts., S. F. 2-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of REGINA JOHANNISSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of Regina Johannissen, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Regina Johannissen, deceased.

FANNIE PRATT,
Executrix of the Estate of Regina Johannissen, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.
J. J. LERMEN, Atty. for Executrix,
Room 504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA KENYON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ELLA KENYON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Wm. Hoff Cook, her attorney, at Room 1603 Chronicle Building, in San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ella Kenyon, deceased.

ADA HUDSON,
Administratrix of the Estate of Ella Kenyon, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.
WM. HOFF COOK, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 1603 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRIETTA GNECCO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Henrietta Gnecco, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, Esq., in the Schmiedell Building, No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

GIOVANNI GNECCO,
Administrator of the Estate of Henrietta Gnecco, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.
JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, ESQ., Atty. for Administrator,
Schmiedell Bldg., 604 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISAAC ELIASER, Deceased—No. 11,167, N. S., Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Maurice Eliaser, Ezra Eliaser and Union Trust Company of San Francisco, Executors of the last will and testament of Isaac Eliaser, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Union Trust Company of San Francisco, at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Isaac Eliaser, deceased.

MAURICE ELIASER,
EZRA ELIASER,
UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
By H. VAN LUVEN, Secretary.
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Isaac Eliaser, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.
HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attys. for Said Executors,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PIETRO VALLERGA, also known as and called PETER VALLERGA and PEDRO VALLEROGA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Pietro Vallerga, also known as and called Peter Vallerga and Pedro Valleroga, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Messrs. Fitzpatrick & Greeley, 423-425 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Pietro Vallerga, also known as and called Peter Vallerga and Pedro Valleroga, deceased.

GIACOMO VALLERGA,
Administrator of the Estate of Pietro Vallerga, also known as and called Peter Vallerga and Pedro Valleroga, Deceased.
Dated: San Francisco, February 11, 1911.
FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, Attys. for Administrator,
423-425 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-5

Chief—Tell me, sir, how you utterly failed to get a clew to this crime?

Detective—"Tain't my fault. The reporters are down on me and they won't tell me nothing.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,018, Department No. 4.

MARY I. GREELY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mary I. Greely, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet North of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number 201.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society,	San Francisco, California.
R. McColgan and Ryland C. Goodspeed, as Trustees for Mariam L. Goodspeed,	Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, California.
R. McColgan and Daniel A. McColgan, as Trustees for C. H. Williams,	Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9,903, Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PETER JAMES DONAHUE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made and filed herein on the 15th day of December, 1910, in the matter of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, Deceased, the undersigned, William P. Burke as administrator of the estate of said Deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, in Gold Coin of the United States, on or after Wednesday, the 8th day of March, 1911, and subject to confirmation by said Court, an undivided one-half interest, together with all the right, title and interest that the estate of said Deceased has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of Peter James Donahue, Deceased, at the time of his death, of, in and to all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the point formed by the intersection of the Northeasterly line of Spear Street and the Southeasterly line of Mission Street, running thence Southeasterly and along the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and eighty-three (183) feet and four (4) inches; thence at a right angle Northeasterly and parallel with the said Southeasterly line of Mission Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Northeasterly and parallel with the said Southeasterly line of Mission Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said line of Mission Street; and thence at a right angle Southwesterly and along the said Southeasterly line of Mission Street one hundred and eighty-three (183) feet and four (4) inches to the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara Block numbered 321.

Commencing at a point on the Northwesterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon ninety-one (91) feet and eight (8) inches Northeasterly from the point of intersection of the Northeasterly line of Spear Street with the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence Northeasterly and along the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southwesterly and parallel with the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches, and thence at a right angle Southeasterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara Block numbered 321.

Ten (10) per cent of the bid payable at the time of sale and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court; deed and abstract at the expense of purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State, county and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature that are now or may hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers or bids must be in writing and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said administrator, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to the said administrator personally, or may be filed in the office of the clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of this sale. WILLIAM P. BURKE,
Administrator of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 15th, 1911.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Attorney for Administrator of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, Deceased, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California. ???

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California Dept. No. 10, Probate, No. 29, N. S.

In the matter of the Estate of JULIUS FRIEDMAN, Deceased.

Edward R. Lande and I. M. Friedberg, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Julius Friedman, deceased, having presented to the Court, and filed herein, their duly verified petition praying for an Order of Sale of Real Property belonging to the estate of said decedent, hereinafter described, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of said estate, and those interested therein, that said real property, the sale of which is asked for in said petition, should be sold, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered by the Court that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, Department No. 10, Probate, at the Courtroom of said Department, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, on Wednesday, the 22d day of March, 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to show cause why an Order should not be granted to said Executors for the sale of all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street with the Northeasterly line of Beale Street; running thence Northeasterly and along said line of Harrison Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly thirty (30) feet to said line of Beale Street, and thence at right angles Northwesterly and along said last mentioned line eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement, being a portion of 100 Vara Block No. 333, together with the improvements thereon.

Further ordered that a copy of this Order be published once a week for four successive weeks before the time appointed for said hearing, in "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Done in Open Court this 15th day of February, 1911.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 15, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDMUND TAUSZKY, Atty. for J. M. Friedberg, Executor,
MARSHALL B. WOODWORTH, Atty. for Edward R. Lande, Executor. 2-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,365.

HATTIE ELIZA POND, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. POND, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: William H. Pond, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, and on the ground of defendant's habitual intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY H. DAVIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
495-497 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for The City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 10.

In the matter of the Application of GEORGE OTTEN, for Change of Name. No. 33,835.

George Otten having this day filed his application and petition in the above entitled Court for change of his name to George Smith:

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before the above entitled Court, Department 10 thereof, at the Courtroom of said department, located in what is known as the Grant Building, situated on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Friday, March 3, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause, if any they have, why such application and petition for change of name should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed in said City and County of San Francisco, which said publication is hereby adjudged to be sufficient notice of the hearing of said application and petition.

Dated: this 3d day of February, 1911.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

BRENNAN & LANE, Attys. for Petitioner,
Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-4

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,712, Dept. No. ——.

LOUISA ZAMBELLI, SILVIO HECTOR ZAMBELLI, WALTER ZAMBELLI, IRENE ZAMBELLI, and RITA ZAMBELLI, also known as Marguerite Zambelli, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County within three months after first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Market Street, distant thereon forty-nine (49) feet and one (1) inch northeasterly from the easterly line of Sanchez Street; running thence southerly and parallel with Sanchez Street sixty-eight (68) feet and six and three-eighths (6⅜) inches; thence at a right angle easterly thirty-three (33) feet and five and three-eighths (5⅜) inches; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly eight and three-fourths (8¾) inches; thence southwesterly and along the said southeasterly line of Market Street forty-eight (48) feet and seven and one-half (7½) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a part of Mission Block Number 96.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that plaintiffs' title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and the whole thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages, or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of January, 1911.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiffs: None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-7-10

NOTICE OF APPLICATION BY FOLSOM CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, A CORPORATION, FOR DECREE ADJUDGING ITS VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,806, Department 7.

In the Matter of the Application of the FOLSOM CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, a corporation, for Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the Folsom Consolidated Company, a corporation duly organized under the laws of the State of California, and having its office and principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid, filed in the above entitled Court on the 25th day of January, 1911, an application for a decree adjudging its voluntary dissolution under the provisions of the following sections of the Code of Civil Procedure of California, to-wit, from and including section 1227 to and including section 1233; that the above entitled Court has ordered that notice of the filing of said application be given by the Clerk of said Court by publishing this notice in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County of San Francisco, for the period of thirty (30) days; that at any time before the expiration of the time of publication, to-wit, thirty (30) days from and after the first publication of this notice, any person may file in said Court his objections to the said application; that if no objection is filed before the expiration of said time of publication said Court will proceed to hear and determine said application on Tuesday, the 14th day of March, 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in the Courtroom of Department No. 7 of said Court in the Grant Building, situate on the southeasterly corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the said City and County of San Francisco, and if the statements contained in said application are legally sufficient and are shown to be true, will thereupon make its judgment and decree declaring said corporation dissolved; but if any objection to said application shall be filed, the hearing of said application will be continued by the Court until five (5) days' notice of the hearing of such application shall have been given to all persons who shall have filed any objection to said application.

Dated, San Francisco, California, this 25th day of January, 1911.

(Seal of Superior Court). H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Date of first publication February 4, 1911.

LEO H. SUSMAN, Atty. for Applicant,
445 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-28-6

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET NOONAN, sometimes known as MARGARET KEOGH, Deceased—No. 11,139, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Margaret Noonan, sometimes known as Margaret Keogh, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, Southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Margaret Noonan, sometimes known as Margaret Keogh, deceased.

THOMAS KEOGH,
Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Noonan, sometimes known as Margaret Keogh, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 18, 1911.

J. J. LERMEN, Atty. for Administrator,
Rooms 504-506 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 2-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,014, Department No. 4.

SARA M. DALY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Hereinafter Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem to establish and quiet Plaintiff's title to real property and to determine all adverse claims thereto.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Sara M. Daly, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court, and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Randolph Street, distant twenty-five (25) feet easterly from the east line of Ramsell Street and running thence east twenty-five (25) feet; thence north one hundred (100) feet; thence west twenty-five (25) feet; thence south one hundred (100) feet to to the point of commencement; and being Lot 7 of Block 37 of the City Land Association as shown on a map of the same recorded on August 24, 1870, in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, and being also the same premises heretofore conveyed to Annie A. Daly (widow) by Anne McCormac by deed recorded August 2, 1897, in Volume 1748 of Deeds, Old Series, Records of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That this Court by its final judgment and decree, may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and may adjudge said plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands, and may establish and quiet its title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief in the premises as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Dated this 14th day of December, 1910.

GEO. K. FORD, Atty. for Plaintiff.
617 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No, 30,020, Department No. 4.

VIRGINIA CASSIDY WILBUR, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

First—Commencing at the northwest corner of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue) and Twentieth Avenue; thence northerly along the west line of Twentieth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly and parallel with Twentieth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle easterly and along the north line of Geary Street fifty (50) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 201.

Second—Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue); running thence northerly along said westerly line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the said westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, and the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 201.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of this Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property, and every part thereof; and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof; and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CAROLINE SHARP, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Caroline Sharp, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of J. F. Riley, Attorney for said Administrator with the Will annexed, 715-717 Pacific Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Caroline Sharp, deceased.

ARTHUR M. SHARP,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Caroline Sharp, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

J. F. RILEY, 715-717 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.,
Atty. for Administrator with the Will Annexed. 2-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,021, Department No. 4.

WILLIAM A. KAAS and DELIA KAAS (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William A. Kaas and Delia Kaas, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Utah Street, distant thereon one hundred and eighty-seven (187) feet and six (6) inches southerly from the southerly line of Mariposa Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Utah Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Utah Street and the point of commencement; being a part of Potrero Block number seventy-four (74).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,015, Department No. 4.

ANNIE C. WIEGNER, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Annie C. Wiegner, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), distant thereon eighty (80) feet Easterly from the intersection of the Southerly line of Geary Street with the Easterly line of Eight Avenue, running thence Easterly along the said Southerly line of Geary Street twenty-six (26) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Eighth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-six (26) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street and point of beginning; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 277.

2nd. Commencing at a point on the Western line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Northerly from the Northern line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Western line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in the fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
Title Insurance and Guaranty Company,	250 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES A. FISHER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles A. Fisher, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Bishop, Hoefler, Cook & Harwood, Room 363 Russ Building, Northwest corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charles A. Fisher, deceased.

JESSE A. ANDREWS,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles A. Fisher, Deceased..

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Executor,
Room 363 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,011, Department No. 4.

KATE E. HENESEY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Kate E. Henesey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of California Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches westerly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of California Street with the westerly line of Octavia Street; running thence westerly and along said southerly line of California Street thirty-four (34) feet nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly thirty-four (34) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 197.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises; and that the easement and right of said property to the party wall on the boundary between said property and the real property of M. Sheftel Co., a corporation, immediately abutting upon the rear of said property, be established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
M. Sheftel,	2083 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
City and County of San Francisco,	San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. TAYLOR, also known as JOHN JAMES TAYLOR, also known as J. J. TAYLOR, Deceased—No. 11,091 (N. S.), Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix respectively of the estate of the above named John J. Taylor, alias, etc., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of W. A. S. Nicholson and D. I. Mahoney, Attorneys for said Executor and Executrix, at Number 1112 Market Street, Rooms 106, 107 and 108, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said John J. Taylor, alias, etc., deceased.

WILLIAM A. TAYLOR,
DAISY V. ROBERTS,
Executor and Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of John J. Taylor, also known as John James Taylor, also known as J. J. Taylor, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., February 11, 1911.

W. A. S. NICHOLSON and D. I. MAHONEY,
Attorneys for Executor and Executrix,
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BETSY LIPPITT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Betsy Lippitt, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of A. L. Weil, Room 362 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Betsy Lippitt, deceased.

PHILIP LIPPITT,
Administrator of the Estate of Betsy Lippitt, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

A. L. WEIL, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 362 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTE SCHLENKER, also known as AUGUSTE B. SCHLENKER, also known as B. SCHLENKER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Hugo Altmayer, Executor of the estate of Auguste Schlenker, also known as Auguste B. Schlenker, and also known as B. Schlenker, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorneys, Rothchild, Golden & Rothchild, No. 1051 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Schlenker, also known as Auguste B. Schlenker, and also known as B. Schlenker, deceased.

(Signed) HUGO ALTMAYER,
Executor of the Estate of Auguste Schlenker, also known as Auguste B. Schlenker, also known as B. Schlenker, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 18, 1911.

ROTHCHILD, GOLDEN & ROTHCHILD,
Attorneys for Executor,
No. 1051 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,012, Department No. 4.

ELIZABETH ANN GUNN, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Elizabeth Ann Gunn, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Thirty-third Avenue, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet southerly from the southerly line of Ulloa Street (formerly "U" Street); running thence southerly along said westerly line of Thirty-third Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles northerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 1206.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiff to said real property and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims of every kind and nature whatsoever in and to said real property and every part thereof, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple of each and every, all and singular, of said real property, free and clear from any and all liens and encumbrances whatsoever.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25,793 Department No. 2.

SEBASTIANO CICERONE, also known as A. Sebastiano Cicerone, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Sebastiano Cicerone, also known as A. Sebastiano Cicerone, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Lafayette Place, distant thereon ninety-seven (97) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of Green Street; running thence northerly along said line of Lafayette Place fifty-nine (59) feet; thence at right angles easterly fifty-seven (57) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly fifty-nine (59) feet; and thence at right angles westerly fifty-seven (57) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot Number Three Hundred and Seventy-six (No. 376).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 21st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 31st day of December, 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 12-31-16

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,623, Department No. 10.

MAUD GRANGER, Plaintiff, vs. ALFRED GRANGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Alfred Granger, defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. A. DORN, Atty. for Plaintiff,
812 Phelan Building, San Francisco. 1-28-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 30,017, Department No. 4.

HARRY E. CASSIDY and MARY J. MERRILL, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Harry E. Cassidy and Mary J. Merrill, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), distant Eighty (80) feet Easterly from the Southeast corner of Geary Street and Twenty-second Avenue; thence at right angles with Geary Street Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the West line of Twenty-first Avenue; thence at right angles Northerly along the line of Twenty-first Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-six (26) feet Eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Twenty-first Avenue One Hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street; thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Geary Street One Hundred and Thirty-three (133) feet, Four (4) inches to the point of commencement; being lots numbers Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight and Ten in Block No. 263 of Outside Lands.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owners of an undivided one-half interest, each, in tenancy in common and in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D., 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,019, Department No. 4.

KATHERINE J. CASSIDY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Katherine J. Cassidy, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet North of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being in Block No. 201 of Outside Lands.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1910.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names:

Names	Addresses
Bank of Italy,	Montgomery and Clay Streets, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM R. CHRISTY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of William R. Christy, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Neal Power, 544 to 546 Mills Building, Northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William R. Christy, deceased. MARTHA E. CHRISTY,
Administratrix of the Estate of William R. Christy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 4, 1911.

NEAL POWER, Atty. for Administratrix,
544 to 546 Mills Bldg., San Francisco. 2-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,016, Department No. 4.

JOHN J. CASSIDY, ANNIE CECILIA WIEGNER, MARY I. GREELY and VIRGINIA CASSIDY WILBUR, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John J. Cassidy, Annie Cecilia Wiegner, Mary I. Greely and Virginia Cassidy Wilbur, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. Commencing on the Northerly line of Pine Street at a point distant one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Pine Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-seven (27) feet and six inches; and thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with said line of Broderick Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot Number Two (2), in Block No. 540 as designated upon a certain map entitled "Hoadley's Extension of the Western Addition," which said map was recorded May 10, 1862, in the office of the Recorder of said City and County.

2nd. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue) with the Easterly line of Second Avenue; thence Southerly along said line of Second Avenue one Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street; thence at right angles Westerly along said line of Geary Street thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being part of Outside Lands Block No. 283.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Courts for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owners in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff, Mary I. Greely:

Names	Addresses
R. McColgan and Daniel A. McColgan, as Trustees for C. H. Williams, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.	

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,385.

ADELE NOVARESE, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH ROBERT NOVARESE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to Joseph Robert Novarese, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed herein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of October, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 12-31-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALEXANDER LIPPMAN, Deceased—No. 11,097, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Alexander Lippman, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Attorney at Law, 616-617 Metropolis Building, Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Alexander Lippman, deceased.

HYMAN LIPPMAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Alexander Lippman, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Atty. for Administrator,
616-617 Metropolis Building,
Market and New Montgomery Sts., San Francisco. 2-11-5

Auto Notes

Interest in the San Francisco Automobile Show which is to be held for a week beginning next Saturday evening in the Pavilion Rink, is very general. The announcement has been made that the Fiat will be among the exhibitors. The Pacific Motor Car Company of Los Angeles, which has the agency for the Fiat for the Pacific Coast territory, reserved the space by wire. The Fiat is easily one of the most popular of foreign cars and has created wide interest because of its long line of racing victories in both this country and Europe. As with several other cars this will be the first time that the Fiat ever exhibited in a Pacific Coast show. Among the other makes which will be seen for the first time in an exhibit here are the S. G. V. and the Amplex.

A number of the exhibits for the show have just arrived or are en route and in close proximity to San Francisco. The Premiers are among the cars that have arrived and E. C. Collins reports that the new Cartercar fore door and truck models will be here. The Mathewson is to have a car for exhibition brought especially for the occasion from the Chicago show. A big yellow American car, easily one of the most handsome machines that ever came to San Francisco, has just arrived from Chicago. According to the Motor Sales Company of California the Inter-State exhibit will be almost a duplicate of their famous display at this year's Madison Square Gardens show in New York.

Glenn D. Edwards of Los Angeles is a Diamond tire advocate. Mr. Edwards owns a Pope Hartford car with which he has made 5000 miles with Diamond equipment on all four wheels. He has had only one puncture. He declares that he has required unusually hard service of the car.

One of the most important and significant changes that has occurred in the motor car industry during the past twelve months is the passing of the E. R. Thomas Motor Company of Buffalo, from the control of the Thomases into the hands of the well-known financial house of Eugene Meyer, Jr., & Co., of New York City. The Meyer interests have secured a small group of officials from the Packard Motor Car Company and have given them absolute control of the reorganization of the Thomas Company and its subsequent operation. This group has been carefully chosen with a view to placing a master at the head of each of the important departments of production, marketing and finance.

C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of the Diamond Rubber Company, is in Los Angeles on a short business trip. After a hurried study of the tire situation in the Southern California metropolis he will return to San Francisco.

Automobile and accessory manufacturers expect the market for cars and tires in the Philippine Islands and the far east to reach considerable proportions. Latest reports show 400 cars in the city of Manila alone. Automobiles are already numerous in the rubber-producing island of Ceylon, and the Federated Malay States and the East Indies. The automobile also has a good representation in India, China and Japan with the demand increasing every year. Within the last week a set of Diamond tires was shipped to the Hon. W. Cameron Forbes, Governor-General of the Philippine Islands. These will be used on his machine. News has just reached the Diamond Rubber Company that at a meeting of Chiefs of Departments in the City of Manila the purchasing agent was instructed to buy Diamond tires for all department automobiles.

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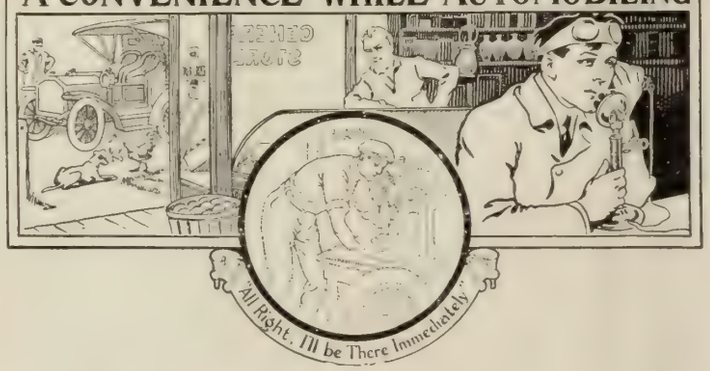

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Stones of Healing

Stones of healing, as they used to be called, may not have been quite such fakes as skeptical moderns think. Precious stones were prepared medicinally by: First, powdering, that is, by grinding; second, calcination, by fire or corrosion; third, purification; fourth, liquidation; fifth, distillation or volatilization, that is, dissolved in spirits of wine and distilled; sixth, sirupization, solution mixed with citron, barberries, sugar and water. Powder of emeralds, in doses of 30 to 40 grains, was considered an astringent. It stanched blood and strengthened the eyes. Powdered topaz and rosewater prevented bleeding and was good for digestion; it was sold by apothecaries as an antidote to madness, and when taken in time, cured asthma and induced sleep. Powder of rubies was usually taken in doses of 30 to 40 grains "to strengthen the vitals and restore lost strength!" and also prevented infection. Sapphires are highly electric; there was powder of sapphire and oil of sapphire. Powder of sapphire healed boils and sores, and was also good for the eyes. Pearls were given in consumption, cured quartan, ague, strengthened the nerves. Pearls were sometimes taken in doses of six grains in water, "or dissolved in vinegar, barberry juice or lemons." Poison was the terror of the Middle Ages. It is natural, therefore, to find many remedies among gems—the jacinth, the sapphire, the diamond, the cornelian, the ruby, the agate, the toadstone, the bezoar stone were all used as antidotes to poison. The Lee Penny was a famous stone of healing set in a coin brought back from the crusades by one of the Lockharts of Lee. In the reign of Charles I the laird of Lee lent the penny to the inhabitants of Newcastle, where the plague was raging, receiving as pledge $30,000.

Letters

Some More Jack London Tales

A new collection of a dozen of Jack London's short stories under the title "When God Laughs" has just been brought out by the Macmillan Company. They are all grim and ghastly enough, not designed for nervous women, timid children and dainty and delicate folks generally. Perhaps there are but few who can relish the whole volume at a sitting. The verselet on the subtitle page gives an index to the purport of the tales:

"As any one is
So is his God.
And thus is God
Oft strangely odd."

"An Apostate" takes up a phase of the child-labor question which is generally overlooked or ignored, that of the sacrifice made of the elder members of the brood in order that the younger ones may profit. They become little fathers and mothers at the age of four or five, are sent to work as soon as any one will pay them even a microscopic wage, and underfed, overworked they see "the children" indulged and kept at school often long after they have ceased to profit by it, in order that they may be fitted for genteel occupations which will enable them to look down on the ignorant elder brother or sister. Meanwhile they show neither gratitude nor appreciation, but take it all as a matter of course, while the parents shelter themselves behind the excuse that they are "doing the best they can." There is a rough sort of justice in "Just Meat," though it is anything but poetic, and a ghastly humor in the conversation of the two thieves with their half million of plunder, each of whom has secretly administered strychnine to the other in the hope of bearing off the loot alone, and while they await the action of the drug, fall into a discussion of death and the hereafter. "The Chicago" gives a glimpse into the Oriental philosophy which permits a Chinese laborer to pass unmoved through a trial and conviction for a crime which he did not commit, engaged in speculation as to the train of reasoning which would lead the Occidental mind into such manifest error, and it is not at all unlikely that it is a transcript from life, for the superior white man, dealing with other races, is not unapt to consider one victim as good or as bad as another for the sake of example. In every one of the twelve stories tragedy or the averting of it is the result of some trifling incident overlooked or unattained, some effort to circumvent or change fate. The thing that is designed or planned for is missed by a narrow margin. "The gods may not be kind but they are often merciful." The stakes are swept from the table and the game is abruptly ended, for better or for worse, whether it be by the chance word of a hospital doctor which gives a would-be suicide the hint which enables him to carry out his plan, or the lack of means which deprives the prize fighter of the bit of steak which would have given him the necessary ounce of strength to win his bout, or the upward glance which would have shown the shipwrecked crew of the Francis Spaight the needlessness of the murder of one of their number. The gods laugh with or at some one always. Always some plan is frustrated, oftentimes it seems in malicious sport. Those of us who are already enlisted amongst the admirers of Mr. London will be glad to add the volume to our shelves but it is hardly calculated to make new friends for him.

"The Diary of a Refugee"

The fault one is inclined to find with "The Diary of a Refugee" is that there is so little of it, even though it has been amplified in parts by the daughter of the keeper of the original records, the wife of a Louisiana planter. The narrative concerns the fortunes of the family only during the period between the capture of New Orleans and the close of the Civil War, which left them practically penniless, and as became a gentlewoman of her generation, the lady touches very lightly on political matters. They appear to have been fortunate, or forehanded enough to have kept themselves well supplied with coin, and so, in the worst of circumstances they were able to purchase suupplies if there was anything to be had, and after abandoning the plantation and consuming such provisions as they had taken with them, their main difficulty was to find anything in the way of food or clothing which could be bought for any sum, or any sort of shelter while making their way to Texas where so many of the Southerners hoped to re-establish themselves. The narrative abounds in interesting glimpses both of the home life on the plantation and the incidents of travel. The editor seems inadvertently to have omitted the family surname, but the gentleman whose fortunes concern us was a northern man who, naturally enough sympathized with the southern cause, and in the darkest days of the war his New York partner became panic stricken lest the property in that city should be confiscated so, without consultation or advice he sacrificed everything. This decided them that it would be wise to leave America for the time being and locate in Europe, where it would be possible to hold communion by letter with attorneys and agents, and there followed another journey, this time through Mexico to an obscure sea port and then to Havana, thence to Liverpool in a coasting steamer which proved to be unspeakably dirty, of doubtful sea worthiness, and was more than a month making the voyage. The diarist took a real interest in the welfare of the negroes both during the period of slavery and afterward. Indeed the Southern women usually did as a matter of course and a plain duty much the same work that is now exploited by philanthropists as a new discovery under the name of settlement work. She saw far enough ahead to appreciate some of the dangers and difficulties which have arisen through the wholesale emancipation of the slaves without preliminary training in responsible independence, their inability to understand the difference between liberty and license and that owners were emancipated just as much as the servants. The journal has been written without any show of heat or passion, calmly and with a coolness which is surprising when we consider the circumstances. It has been published in response to a request of a Southern Historical Society which has urged all those who have original documents to make them public, and it is the more valuable that it does not concern itself with battles and leaders but only with the domestic trials and tragedies. Moffatt, Yard & Co. are the publishers for Mrs. Frances Fearn.

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TOWN TALK
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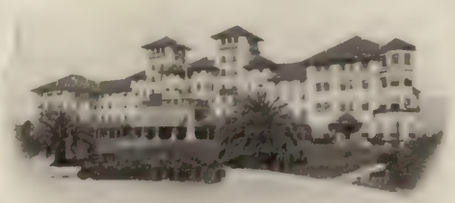

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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MABEL WILBER

Who will appear as "Sonia" in Henry W. Savage's production of "The Merry Widow" at the Savoy Theatre.

TOWN TALK

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Bourne and Lorimer

If Senator Jonathan Bourne of Oregon were a man with a sense of the proprieties even but faintly developed he would have refrained from participation in the discussion of the Lorimer case. There is some doubt as to whether Lorimer is entitled to a seat in the Senate. There is none as to whether Bourne should be excluded. Bourne is a product of the direct primary system. The principle of that system is that senators should be elected by the people and that the people should have every available means of judging the character of the men who appeal to their suffrage. Now it is notorious that Jonathan Bourne by the use of his wealth deprived the people of Oregon of the means of estimating either his worth or the worth of his opponents. The principal aid to enlightenment in a political contest is the press. Controversy by which truth is discovered is conducted chiefly by the press. When Jonathan Bourne was a candidate for the Senate there was very little controversy in the press, the reason being that most of the newspaper editors of Oregon were induced to sign one of two contracts or both. By the terms of one contract it was provided that Jonathan Bourne should be supported for the Senate. By the terms of the other it was provided that the name of no other candidate should be printed during the campaign. This system for the promotion and suppression of publicity cost Jonathan Bourne in the neighborhood of $80,000, and the money was well spent for the purposes of the Oregonian millionaire. He was elected to the Senate by the power of wealth, by the wholesale corruption of the Fourth Estate, the honesty of which under the direct primary system is quite as important to the people as the honesty of any of the departments of government. And this Jonathan Bourne who, before he broached his barrel, was hardly known outside of a fast coterie in Oregon is now one of the leading Progressives and reformers in Washington, and he not only voted but spoke against the admission of Senator Lorimer, who, in his private life at least, is a man of clean habits and with impulses that are much more likely to lead to uprightness in public life than those of the licentious Bourne.

Commissioner Lane

Fame is likened unto a river because it is narrowest at its source and broadest afar off. This we see exemplified in the case of Interstate Commerce Commissioner Franklin K. Lane, to whom those reckless gossips, the magazines, are now paying the tribute of their admiration. Here, where Franklin K. Lane is known intimately, his fame seems more like the echo of false merit than the perfume of great deeds; for his acquaintances, such is the perversity of man, are more likely to ponder the catalogue of his weaknesses and infirmities than to celebrate his virtues and attainments. And this disposition becomes more pronounced when one reads in the magazines the story of Mr. Lane's wonderful achievements as a civic patriot in San Francisco. According to the magazines Mr. Lane purged and temporarily purified this incorrigible city. In short Common Fame, that awful liar that sometimes tells the truth, is crediting Mr. Lane with achievements of which his San Francisco admirers never heard. Lane, it is true, is a civic patriot. He is such by instinct and profession. He apprenticed himself to politics as soon as he emerged from college, and from the start he was always for good government. There is no doubt of that. But as a matter of fact Mr. Lane never created a stir as a militant reformer. He was always content to glide into a job in the easiest way. As City Attorney he was as mild-mannered a reformer as ever glued his ear to the ground. He ran for Governor, was elected and counted out in the interest of the purest of his sex, the Hon. George C. Pardee. He ran for Mayor, and was badly beaten, and that was indeed a calamity for the city, but a boon for Mr. Lane. If he had been elected, President Roosevelt, perhaps, would never have had the opportunity to reward him for the many kind things that he had said during the gubernatorial campaign. For, be it known, Mr. Lane vindicated his foresight when, as a candidate of the Democratic Party, he boomed the Republican President from one end of the State to the other. Mr. Lane indeed is one of the most far-seeing of politicians. He is also a man of considerable ability, and as a lawyer he might have risen to a decent height in his profession if his taste had been for the law and he had applied to the study of it the same power of concentration that he applied to job-chasing. As we look back over Mr. Lane's career and reflect on the character of the politicians who at the present day are devoting themselves to the pee-pul's interests, we feel constrained to amend the estimate that we formed of the commissioner from California at a time when we found him as City Attorney practicing the wiles of the professional job-chaser. A thorough-paced politician is Mr. Lane, inclined to drift with, rather than to correct, public sentiment, but on the whole a man of integrity with a sense of decency and considerable self-respect. At heart a man vastly superior to most of the men with whom he is associated in public life.

Our Labor Tyrants

Several weeks ago it was reported in the daily papers that the Alaska Packers' Association was seriously thinking of removing its offices and shipping point from the port of San Francisco to San Diego. According to one paper the corporation was dissatisfied because of the inadequacy of harbor accommodations. According to another paper the corporation was merely trying to intimidate the harbor commissioners in the interest of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and against the Bates & Cheeseborough Company. All of which is about as near to the truth as our dailies ever get when the truth is likely to excite feeling against organized labor. When it became known that there was a prospect of our losing the business of a corporation which has an annual pay roll of $2,000,000 nearly all of which is paid in this city, the Merchants' Association appointed a committee to interview Henry F. Fortmann, the president of the company. To that commitee Mr. Fortmann made the following statement in writing:

The same thing that has driven away nearly all of the other industries is having its effect with the Alaska Packers' Association. The continually increasing demands and breaking of promises on the part of the labor interests, especially the fishermen of late, can have but one outcome. This company does not intend to reduce wages, but it cannot accede to unwarranted demands of its already well-paid employes for increased remuneration. The Association is fortunately in a position where it can move its base of operations without any loss or serious inconvenience, and in consequence is not compelled to go into a labor war for its existence. The government of San Francisco has always proven itself very weak during times of industrial strife and unable or unwilling to maintain order and give protection to life and property. During the recent teamsters' and stevedores' strike many of our men were severely beaten and one was killed; the murderers were never detected, although our company offered a large reward. Through the development of harbor facilities in other neighboring ports the Association is no longer compelled to trust its property or the life or health of its employes to the mercies of so-called "ill-advised sympathizers" as it is not a difficult matter at present to move to some place where proper protection and ample accommodations can be obtained. Neither the Alaska Packers' Association as a corporation, nor myself as an individual, are opposed to labor unions. I fully recognize their great economic value in the development of our country. But many of them, especially in San Francisco, not appreciating their responsibilities, are given to over-reaching themselves in an excess of authority and the making of exorbitant demands in addition to, as above stated, breaking of any and all promises as their whims direct them. A liberal and consistent management of the unions would be of lasting benefit to themselves and our industries.

Not a word of the foregoing was printed in any of those great dailies that guide the destinies of this metropolis and that boast of their devotion to the welfare of the city

and its people. This is one of many instances of the suppression of news by the agencies that are consecrated to its dissemination. Is it impossible for the interests that support the newspapers to realize the part that is played by a servile and traitorous press in stifling the industries of San Francisco?

The Breeders of Discontent

Mr. Frederick Beckholdt tells us in the columns of the Call that those picturesque propagandists of the gospel of discontent by whom Fresno was besieged are disciples of Emma Goldman, the "Priestess of Anarchy" as William Marion Reedy calls her. In a measure this is doubtless true. The gospel of discontent is the gospel of anarchy. But Emma Goldman is not the only preacher of this gospel. Hers is not a voice in the wilderness. Her preachings are far from peculiar. If to superficial observers they appear to be heterodox it is because Emma Goldman is the representative of a revolutionary propaganda whose principles are symbolized by a flag and embodied in certain maxims. In these maxims the ultimate purpose of the propaganda is clearly defined. They tell us that the object of anarchy is freedom—absolute freedom. They tell us that the social system under which we live enslaves the mind and body, that all government is violence, that conventions are despotic, that the rule of the majority is a tyranny; and they urge us to return to Nature and her veracities and integrities. All of this and a lot more logically akin to this, Emma Goldman, a very intelligent, apparently a very sincere visionary idealist, preaches with all the fervor of her soul, with all the eloquence of a consuming passion. And naturally she preaches the gospel of discontent; for if the masses are to remain content with their miserable lot then what hope is there for anarchy? But, as we have said, it is but in a measure true that the Industrial Workers of the World are disciples of Emma Goldman. Before becoming her disciples they were put in a receptive mood by a long course of instruction and suggestion in the incendiary school conducted by the editors of our sensational, mob-coddling press. The yellow journal of discontent prepared the disgruntled for enlistment beneath the red banner of anarchy. These nomadic fanatics of the I. W. W. now in a paroxysm of desperate protest against their lot, these heterogeneous souls struggling with inarticulate roar for some fantastic image of right, some alluring phantom of Utopian bliss, are converts to the mischievous propaganda of an unscrupulous press. Much more potent and insidious in its appeal to the spirit of discontent than Emma Goldman's is the appeal of the innumerable incendiaries of the tripod by whom class hatred is propagated, the unfortunate irritated, the lowly exasperated and all fed with the poison-fruits from the upas trees of journalism. Compare the faint soprano of frail Emma Goldman with the calliopean chorus of Mr. Hearst and all his lusty imitators, and then consider how absurd it is to attribute to the talented little Jewess the movement that betokens the effectiveness of persistent whinings against special privileges and the power of wealth. Who is it that has worked up impatience of our system of government to that pitch where conviction becomes a passion? Surely it is not Emma Goldman, the much-abused anarchist, who has been repeatedly thrown into jail and denied a hearing. Long before Emma Goldman toured this country the newspapers were printing violent daubs and grotesque caricatures that purported to be faithful pictures of the evils of the times. Long before Emma Goldman faced her first American audience the readers of American newspapers of general circulation were made impatient of the existing form of government. As though it were not enough to make them sensible of the dread power of the Plutocracy which bestrode the nation like a giant spectre of the Brocken, they were goaded to a frenzy even after that power was subdued and tamed by the means at hand under the time-honored institutions of government; and even now they are being urged to destroy those very institutions which enabled them to get relief. The progagation of distrust and discontent goes steadily on. What have we that is more conducive to the melancholy of one engaged in the struggle for existence than the typical American newspaper with its dolorous wailings against the usurpation of the people's rights and its hypocritical expressions of pity for the downtrodden masses? It really makes the air sultry with a feeling of oppression, and one may readily understand how the soul of the average reader in its recoil from the gloom and sorrow that darkens and sobs around it comes to fancy that it has fallen upon evil times and that there is much reason for hate and resentment.

Emma's Accomplice

It is one of the curious anomalies of our times that there should be so much prejudice as there appears to be against Emma Goldman and persons who are regarded as her disciples and so little against the newspapers. This anomaly is due of course to a misconception. The newspapers profess to be devoted to the public welfare, and they are believed, and they are supported by men who are luxuriously housed up, and who live sumptuously on the marrow of the earth, and who have nothing but scorn for such miserable fanatics as have infested the town of Fresno. Your prosperous merchant who advertises his wares in the incendiary press pities the poor wretch who is not satisfied with just enough to keep body and soul together and who protests frantically against the whole social system. His pity is not so much for the misery that the poor wretch endures as for his ignorance. Your prosperous merchant prides himself on his intelligence, and yet he is unconsciously contributing every day to the support of the propaganda which swells the ranks of the discontented. He is really a most irrational and obtuse person, is this prosperous merchant. He hates anarchists who are frank enough to make confession of their faith, and all the while he promotes the interests of the poisoners of public opinion who are sapping the foundations of the government which they profess to love. Indirectly your prosperous merchant is more responsible than Emma Goldman for the discontent that breeds anarchy. And if it be a crime to breed discontent your prosperous merchant is a far worse offender than the Priestess of Anarchy; for his motives are sordid, hers are disinterested; the merchant's only purpose is to sell his goods; Emma Goldman's purpose is to improve the condition of God's creatures. And while Emma Goldman may be a dangerous dreamer, your prosperous merchant is certainly a practical man. If Emma Goldman were publishing the Daily Anarchist and it had a circulation as large as one of the Hearst papers your prosperous merchant would contribute to the cause just as he contributes to the prosperity of the Examiner.

Hearst and Goldman

The difference between a Goldman and a Hearst is but a difference of routes to the same end—the undermining of government. But whereas Emma Goldman is an idealist who advocates the destruction of all government in the interest of the individual whose welfare she has at heart, William R. Hearst is a materialist who, affecting a love of the masses and seducing them by flattery urges them for his own aggrandizement to put themselves more completely under the sway of the press by destroying the institutions that were contrived for their protection. The philosophy of Hearst is the philosophy that led to the French Revolution when there was real oppression and injustice to provoke stern resentment. Surely the philosophy of Emma Goldman can lead to nothing worse. As a matter of fact the Goldman philosophy is the more humane of the two. For the Goldman philosophy is concerned for the freedom of the individual, for what all philosophers agree to be the best government, that which governs the least, that which most liberally lets its citizens alone. Long before Emma Goldman's time the question was seriously propounded, whether civilization is on the whole good or evil. Emma Goldman answers that the civilization which we know, which stands for human improvement in general, but which produces far more misery than savages know, is chiefly evil. She would therefore have everybody work out his own salvation and the devil take the hindmost. The only flaw in her philosophy is that it solves not the problem that it raises. The anarchist knows only that to improve on the present system in accordance with his views you must first destroy it, and there is much to be said in support of the proposition, especially from the standpoint of those who enjoy none of the benefits of civilization. Now let us consider the Hearst philosophy, the philosophy of absolute democracy. This means the liberty of being oppressed by our fellowmen. It means that all questions should be left to the collective folly of the nation. It means the sacrifice of some portion of individual will for a common purpose, and

that the common purpose shall be dictated by the multitude which must always have its judgment formed by a few favored ones having direct communication with the public ear. To what little extent we have gone in the practice of democracy we see that instead of guaranteeing our liberties it absorbs them, and Mr. Hearst would have us go a great deal further, and obviously the inevitable consequence of the course which he urges must be either anarchy or a swift, complete change of government. A democracy such as we appear to be drifting into is quite as impracticable at present as the individualistic state of civilization that Emma Goldman dreams of. The masses will be prepared for complete control of the government when they learn that the value of everything is not estimated in money and that co-operation in society to be successful must be precisely what it is on shipboard. In other words habits of discipline must be cultivated before there can be rational co-operation. And the masses will not submit to discipline while they are having fostered for them the fond delusion that all men are equal. Not to admit that by reason of our inherent inequality of strength and capacity whole classes of men must contribute to the glory and achievements of others is to ignore the obvious phenomena of human nature, the inscrutable ways of Providence; and if we thus ignore the obvious it is but to make confusion worse confounded the more we approximate a complete democracy. So the newspapers that are urging us on to a complete democracy are certainly striving quite as hard as Emma Goldman to disturb the social order. And manifestly they are much more deserving of reprobation than the Industrial Workers of the World who have real grievances to actuate them, and who, for giving utterance to those grievances, the very same that a free press incessantly expatiates upon, are thrown into jail by the servants of a democracy.

Perspective Impressions

Senator Bailey's resignation was at the end of a hawser.

The claptrappers of the Legislature have censured the Senate of the United States for its action in the Lorimer case. And most of them voted for Works for conscience sake—and Meyer Lissner.

The Assembly killed the bill prohibiting the publication in newspapers of the "before and after" pictures so dear to the hearts of quack medical advertisers. Was this done in the interest of art or in deference to the wishes of reform editors?

There is one thing to be said for the recall—it will enable the people to get a new governor.

The Congress that failed to enact the Ocean Mail Subsidy also failed to abolish the subsidy enjoyed by the yellow magazines. Both failures are masterpieces of Progressive statesmanship.

Bishop Hughes tells the Methodists of San Jose that men stay away from church because the ministers preach to the women. But don't a lot of the ministers preach to the yellow journals? The men can get salvation at the Monday breakfast table.

Some men confound the woman's suffrage propaganda with the W. C. T. U. and hence the cause has a considerable handicap to overcome.

Our wonderful Assembly has passed a bill making it a misdemeanor for a bank to be so undignified as to hold the stakes for a prize-fight. Oh for a bill making it a felony for a Legislature to commit the unpardonable sin of asininity.

Professor Charles Mills Gayley of Berkeley has taken occasion to dissent from George Bernard Shaw on the philosophy of morals. The probability is that when Shaw hears about it he will ask, Who in hell is Gayley?

Correspondence

The Bar Room Alms

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: A short time ago I wrote to warn your readers, out of an unhappy personal experience, about the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain of the taxicab chauffeur who makes life gay by flipping the taximeter. While in New York I made the acquaintance of another graft and as it is just possible that it flourishes here I pen these few words of warning. The warning is addressed to those men who use our saloons and it is simply this: Look out for the fraudulent alms-seeker. Men who frequent bar rooms are used to being interrupted in their potations and conversations by the rattle of the tambourine and the soft voice of the Salvation Army lassie and with most it has become a habit to yield the price of a cocktail to the cause of charity. And well they may, say I. But this is where the warning comes in. It has been discovered in New York that any number of women make their living by passing themselves off as members of the Salvation Army, the Volunteers of America or of Catholic sisterhoods. A lot of them have been warned and their graft exposed. How is one to know the false from the true alms-seeker? Very easily. Catholic sisters are never sent to saloons and all Salvation Army women and Volunteers of America are supposed to have cards. If in doubt ask for the card. This is not a big matter at first sight, but it has an important principle behind it. Charity should be kept clean. The man who discovers that he has been duped in the name of charity is apt to grow suspicious of all alms-seekers and repulse the good and the bad indiscriminately. It is therefore important that he should not be duped. And he is more apt to be duped in a bar room than anywhere else.

Very sincerely,

—A Returned Traveler.

That Fair Site

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Will you kindly allow me space to thank your correspondent, Mr. R. S. Ammen, for calling attention to Lincoln Park and vicinity as affording ideal requisites for our Fair site. Your correspondent's signature, alone, should be taken as the last word on the subject!

Some weeks ago I myself suggested this same site, in a letter to the daily papers, which however, did not appear until this morning's issue of the "Examiner." Unfortunately this site cannot look for help from any "boosting interests." It must stand or fall on its own merits alone. Will you not continue to help it along?

I would like to moot one other point for consideration in regard to the "Fair site": This site, it is true, must be within the bounds of the City and County of San Francisco, but, all the same, I think the fair grounds should, in common courtesy, be placed as conveniently as possible for Greater San Francisco. If Lake Merced site is selected it would mean a curtailment of "gate receipts," especially for night events, even from San Franciscans; and, for Greater San Franciscans to be present at night events, this site would, for the great majority, be absolutely prohibitive. On the other hand if we fix upon "Bay View" as the place, San Francisco, I think, would be too generous, for Oakland would get the lion's share of patronage. Her citizens and visitors would ply back and forth without so much as touching San Francisco, outside the fair grounds.

Looking to the greater benefit to the greatest number, common convenience and common fairness, I think the several suggested fair sites stand in order of merit as follows: The Ferry site, Lincoln Park, Harbor View, Lake Merced, Bay View, and last of all, as injurious to the interests of all San Franciscans as well as our visitors, comes Golden Gate Park.

—Albert E. Gray,

Late Curator "Memorial Museum" G. G. Park.

March 4, 1911.

Editor—Here, how's this? I told you to make a single-column cut of this society woman.

Staff Artist—Yes, sir, but she's got on a three-column hat.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Varied Types

XII—REVEREND JOSEPH McQUAIDE

By Edward F. O'Day

Having considered the matter carefully and conservatively, instituting conscientious comparisons and candidly conceding the dire consequences of getting in wrong with the rest of the clergy, I am willing to venture the assertion that Father Joe McQuaide is today the most popular priest in San Francisco. It did not need Father McQuaide's splendid services in Washington to make him popular with all who knew him, a multitudinous number; but the trip to Washington with the rest of the fair delegation, the acquaintances established and the friendships renewed in the course of that hot campaign and the cordial intercourse with the representatives of all factions, classes and ranks during the recent celebration of the victory have raised him to a pinnacle of popularity the like of which only one other San Francisco priest ever attained. This popularity is natural. For years Father McQuaide has been in our midst, performing his priestly offices and appearing in public on appropriate occasions. Year after year he has been widening his circle of friends and enlarging his influence for good. His service as a chaplain in the Philippines is known to everybody. But suddenly the spotlight is turned upon him. He goes to Washington, meets the president as an old pal and does as much as any other individual to give San Francisco the fair. It is the psychological moment; he is hoisted to the shoulders of good opinion and huzzaed enthusiastically by the general. Presto! he has become a popular idol.

It is a difficult role to fill. The man who tries to live up to the crowd's conception of his heroism is foredoomed to failure. But Father McQuaide, I am quite sure, will attempt nothing of the sort. It is rarely indeed that a smile is not playing on his serio-comic face and that a twinkle is not gleaming in his blue eyes. In the habitual drollery of his expression is the best evidence that he is not taking his honors too seriously, which is a very good reason for believing that his popularity is going to wear well.

When Father McQuaide was a young man people had a way of trying to shape his career for him. This fact is illuminating. When influential people bother their busy heads about a youngster's future they do so out of an abounding confidence in his ability. But Father McQuaide did not follow any of the paths marked out for him by others. He followed that mystical light which Catholic theology refers to reverently as a vocation for the priesthood. But the efforts of others to mold his fortunes make an interesting episode in his life story.

Father McQuaide was six months old when his parents decided to forsake Boston and make their home in San Francisco. That was forty-two years ago when people came to California by the Isthmus of Panama. The McQuaides crossed the isthmus in a coach and when, as a result of careless driving over a dangerous road, the coach lurched heavily, the future Father McQuaide was torn from his mother's arms and fell into a ditch. Everybody but his mother thought he was dead, but the maternal instinct was sure and the baby was finally revived. On account of this incident Father McQuaide feels that he has a more than ordinary interest in the Panama Canal.

Young McQuaide learned the three R's in the old Garfield Primary and then attended the famous old Washington Grammar where he got the only licking of his life from Joe O'Connor (whose whiskers, I believe, were as luxuriant then as they are now) and where he played marbles and mumblety-peg with Dr. Rethers, W. H. Metson, Tom Boyle, Judge Dunne and Eugene Schmitz. When his father died and his mother needed his assistance, he felt like a man of mature years and weighty responsibilities. He left school and obtained a position in the Franco-American Bank. There he met two men who tried to influence his career. George C. Perkins was the president of that bank and A. Comte Jr. was the manager. Although solvent it went out of business, through no fault in the financial methods of young McQuaide, and Comte was eager to take the boy into his law office. But McQuaide thought it over, decided that he didn't want to be a lawyer, and went to Sacred Heart College. At this time he was carrying a newspaper route for the Bulletin and by his bright manner and habitual good humor attracted the attention of George Barnes, one

FATHER JOSEPH McQUAIDE

of the great newspapermen of the day. Barnes decided that he would make a newspaperman of Joe and got him a place on the joint staff of the Call and Bulletin, at that time under the Fitch and Pickering regime. Father McQuaide says that the proudest day of his young life was when he saw his first newspaper story in type. But despite Barnes' efforts Father McQuaide did not stay with the newspaper game. Having graduated from Sacred Heart he went to St. Ignatius for a year and then took his bachelor and master degrees at Santa Clara. His inclination toward the priesthood was developed by the Jersuit training, so he went to St. Mary's, Baltimore, and after four years of theology was ordained by Cardinal Gibbons.

When he returned to this diocese in 1892 the archbishop sent him to San Rafael with the prison at San Quentin as part of his charge. The long-termers still talk affectionately of Father Joe and are delighted to see him when he pays them an occasional visit. From San Rafael he came to Holy Cross parish in this city and had ministered there for five years when the Spanish-American war broke out. Senator Perkins, his old friend of the Franco-American Bank, had previously tried to induce him to accept a naval chaplaincy, but after consultation with the archbishop he rejected the offer. It was probably just as well that he did, for if he had accepted he would have been chaplain on the Maine at the time of its blowing-up. But an army chaplaincy he did accept and when Father McKinnon was transferred to the Filipino schools Father McQuaide was the only Catholic chaplain in the Eighth Army corps which included the First California regiment. It was strenuous work and heroic, as those officers will tell you who saw Father McQuaide in the smallpox hospital. Down in the islands he made the acquaintance of Governor-General Taft and they were soon on terms of affectionate friendliness, a relation which has endured to this day. He rendered Mr. Taft a great deal of assistance in the church land litigation and when Taft as secretary of war needed an envoy to untangle certain difficulties between Governor-General Smith and the Archbishop of Manila he sent Father McQuaide back to the Philippines.

This experience in diplomatic wire-pulling stood Father McQuaide in good stead when Archbishop Riordan selected him to make the fight in California for exemption of all church property from taxation. After a six months' campaign the constitutional amendment providing for that exemption was passed by a majority of 14,000, a result which seems to show that Father McQuaide is a good politician. He is.

But first of all he is a successful priest. When the new parish of the Holy Redeemer was created out in Eureka Valley he was made rector and administered its religions and business affairs with such conspicuous ability that when old Father Lagan died the archbishop rewarded him by giving him the fine parish of Sacred Heart. And maybe Father McQuaide isn't proud of Sacred Heart parish! of the big church which he finished and afterwards enlarged, of the stained glass windows and the $20,000 Carrara marble altars, of the priest's house and of the Sacred Heart College in Fell street, the first school erected after the fire! Father McQuaide may be a popular hero. He may be able to lunch with the President at the White House and help arrange a little matter like the vote of Congress in the world's fair contest. But these are only passing activities. His whole heart and soul are wrapped up in the 2,000 Catholic families which constitute Sacred Heart Parish and every one of those two thousand families thinks he's the greatest rector in San Francisco. With a start like that is it any wonder that he has become our most popular priest?

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Conscripts for the Kitchen

Compulsory domestic service for girls and women as an equivalent to the universal military service incumbent upon men is a novel proposal put forward by a leading German feminist. The writer points out that compulsory military training has contributed enormously both to the mental and physical development of German manhood, and declares that similar benefits would be inevitable if the women subjects of the Kaiser were compelled to undergo the training for which nature best fits them. She explains that it could be enforced without burdening the national budget, and that it is men who would benefit most from the system because the State would thus assure them competent and experienced housewives. The writer thinks the marriage institution would also become more popular if men knew they could select wives who had done service with the "colors" in kitchen, laundry, nursery and sewing-room. "When it became necessary through the stress of war," concludes the writer, "to introduce compulsory military service there were many protests against such a 'limitation of personal liberty,' but Germans have lived to appreciate the incomparable blessings of male conscription. Would it be otherwise in the case of girls and women? There might be less of the craze for higher education for women, but fewer girls of our lower classes would be compelled to enter industrial occupations."

The picturesque farmer of the Middle West may be extinct in another generation. A Kansas agricultural college has started a class of etiquette. Sword swallowing, the balancing of peas on a knife, the audible consumption of soup and the drinking of tea from a saucer are among the rustic joys of which rising hayseeds are to be henceforth deprived.

Nevada's Very Latest Reform

Condemned men in the State of Nevada will have the choice of death by hanging or poison if the bill presented to the Legislature by the Code Commission becomes law. Hydrocyanic acid is the poison mentioned, and one drop on the end of the tongue will produce instant death. The proposed law says that the judge at the time of pronouncing sentence shall allow a defendant to designate which method of death he desires. If the defendant elects voluntarily to take hydrocyanic acid, he shall be provided, at least ten minutes before the time for carrying out the death sentence, by the prison physician, by order of the warden, with a sufficient quantity to cause instantaneous death. The physician shall explain to him the proper method, and the following shall be written on the bottle: "There is contained herein a sufficient quantity of hydrocyanic acid to cause instantaneous death. You are authorized to take the same for the purpose of carrying into execution the sentence of death heretofore legally pronounced against you." Should the prisoner fail to take the poison, then it is specified that he shall be hanged forthwith.

San Berdoo is considering the advisability of reforming Chantecler. Owing to complaints from nervous citizens the city council is framing an ordinance making it unlawful for a cock to crow within the city limits. Here is a reform which the Legislature overlooked.

French Motor Obligations

A point of considerable importance for Americans who make extended motoring trips on the Continent is to be aware of the extent of their legal liability, not only in the case of persons whom they may injure on the road but also of persons they may have with them. The recent judgment of a Paris court throws a curious light on this subject. A chauffeur using his master's car asked one of his friends to make a trip with him. There was an accident and the friend was injured. He forthwith brought action against the chauffeur as well as against the chauffeur's master, recovering a very considerable sum in damages. Foreign motorists in France are interested in this judgment in two ways. If they are riding in a car belonging to a motor company, they can hold the driver and the company responsible for any damage they may suffer. If, on the other hand, they have invited a friend to take a seat beside them in their own car, they are under legal obligation to indemnify him should there be any accident in which he is injured.

The Osservatore Romano, the official organ of the Vatican, editorializes against the harem skirt. "In the old Roman days," says the Pope's paper, "the demimonde was publicly marked; but now even young women called ladies so dress that one class is mistaken for the other."

A Chance for Hays Hammond

Russia has countless millions of gold in her vast territories, but there is no way of getting it out of the ground. A report has just been made for the guidance of the Russian ministry in its future policy in regard to the gold production of the empire, but, like so many reports of the present day, it conveys the impression that Russia up to date has lacked the supervision of the practical business man—has been ruled by the bureaucrat instead of the administrator. What has been done either is insufficient or in the wrong direction; what is needed to produce practical results has been left entirely undone. Thus the enormous tracts of land owned by the emperor as "cabinet territories" produce the insignificant amount of $100,000 or $150,000 gold per annum, while three and four times that amount either is known or suspected to pass over the Chinese frontier by various contraband routes. The report points out that, although in the last twenty years Russia has increased her production of gold by 50 per cent, this is nothing in comparison with the increase in other parts of the world. For the same period the world's gold production has more than trebled. The reasons are found for this backwardness of Russia in the following: Russia lacks roads and railways, and cannot get at her gold with the facility necessary; she is hampered by legislative and administrative orders that put serious obstacles in the way of private ventures, and she has not the superabundant capital required to place the industry of gold-getting on a satisfactory footing to compete with other gold fields the world over. But she need not despair. John Hays Hammond has looked her over recently and where Hammond goes, capital and enterprise usually follow.

Railways in Turkey

The Turkish empire is about to embark in great railway development. More than 4000 miles of road have already been built, and lines are planned which will eventually connect Constantinople with Mecca and Medina, open up the rich plains of Asia Minor, and, going down to Bagdad, make the valley of the Euphrates equal as a wealth producer to the valley of the Nile. The resources to be developed by these new roads are enormous. They include the coal fields of the Black sea and mineral lands which have not yet been prospected. Asia Minor is rich agriculturally. The plains of Mesopotamia will raise anything that can be grown in Egypt, and the new irrigation schemes will make them as productive as they were when Nebuchadnezzar was reigning at Babylon. In ancient times that country had a population of over 6,000,000. It has not one-fourth as many today. Cotton will grow not only there, but also throughout Asia Minor, and it may be that one of the chief competitors of our Southern plantations will eventually be found in this now almost waste but exceedingly rich part of the world.

The elevation of a plumber to the dignity of life membership in the Prussian House of Lords will give the professional humorists an opportunity to speculate on the size of the plumbing bill which the Kaiser took this means of compromising.

Mutato Nomine, de Te

"While a few courageous men have been able to defeat the initiative and the recall, the demagogues of Kansas should not be downcast," says the Kansas City Journal. "Possibly they can succeed with the next legislature. If the initiative once becomes a law in Kansas, a good husky demagogue, especially if he has plenty of money to work with, can accomplish almost anything he pleases for himself. For example, get 5 per cent of the voters to petition for the reduction of railroad passenger rates to 1 cent a mile, and put the measure into the constitution. There will not be the slightest difficulty in getting the petitions. You can get 5 per cent of the voters to sign almost any old petition—especially if you have plenty of money to work with. When a measure of this sort is once put into a campaign, see what a magnificent battle cry you have. ONE MILE, ONE CENT! This battle cry alone will carry the measure. The question of railroad rates is so intricate and complicated, and so far outside the common experience and knowledge, that an argument can be put up for almost any sort of a rate measure."

Who would have thought, a few years ago, that a Kansas editorial could be applied word for word to California conditions!

People Who Care for smooth, clean skins, economy and comfort, find no other soap in the world can compare with the famous

Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

Back to the Spade

By Luigi Pirandello (From the Italian)

All night long it had rained in torrents; such a downpour that the house itself seemed bound to be swept away. Old Siroli, who for more than a month had looked as though he were dazed by his unforeseen calamity and had ceased to sleep at night, was at last aroused by the driving violence of the storm, and said to his wife, sleepless and heavy hearted like himself:

"Tomorrow, if God wills it, we will break ground."

And now, since daybreak, the three sons of the old man, wasted and sallow from malarial fever, were plying their spades in line with two other peasants hired by the day. From time to time, first one and then the other would straighten up his bent form, his face contracted with the pain of his aching loins, and would wipe his eyes on a big handkerchief of flowered cotton.

"Cheer up!" the two hired men would say. "It is not a matter of life and death, after all."

But the other would shake his head, and then would spit upon his callous, earth-stained hands and resume his spading. From the thick undergrowth on the wooded hillside there came from time to time a sort of wrathful wail. The old man, stalwart yet, was pruning away the undergrowth, performing his weary task to the accompaniment of his lamentations.

The country, infested in the summer time with malaria, seemed at last to breathe freely, thanks to the previous night's abundant rain, which had 'raised the tide' down in the ravine. After so many months of drought, one could really hear the Drago rushing along with joyous gurgling.

For upward of forty years, Siroli had held the tenancy of these lands of Sant' Anna. Many seasons had already passed since he and his wife had succeeded in conquering the fever, in rendering themselves immune. In the course of years, God willing, the three sons who now suffered from it, would in their turn acquire immunity. Three other children, however, two boys and a girl, had died of it, and dead also was the wife of the oldest son, leaving behind her one little daughter of five, who seemed likely to succumb in her turn to the attacks of the disease.

"God is the Master," the old man was wont to say, closing his eyes. "If he wants her for himself, let him take her. He has placed us here; and here we must toil and suffer."

He was so blindly trusting in his faith that he habitually resigned himself to all the hardest blows of fortune, accepting them as the will of God. Nothing less than the catastrophe which had now befallen could have so utterly crushed and overwhelmed him.

Notwithstanding the need of many arms in the fields, he had desired to make a gift to God of one of his sons. It was the dream of many a peasant to have a son in the priesthood; and he had succeeded in realizing that dream, not for self-glory but solely to have merit in the sight of God. By means of economies and privations of all kinds, he had year after year maintained his boy at the seminary in the neighboring city; and at last had had the consolation of seeing him ordained priest, and of hearing him say his first mass.

The memory of that first mass had remained indelibly fixed in the old man's mind. He had personally felt the presence of God in the church, that day. And it seemed to him that he could still see his son, robed for the solemnity in that splendid vestment embroidered in gold, moving softly, pale and trembling before the altar, in front of the tabernacle; could still see him bowing the knee and joining spotless hands in sign of prayer; opening them again, and turning with closed eyes towards the faithful, to murmur the words of the ritual, and then turn back to the missal upon the reading-desk. Never before had the mystery of the mass seemed so solemn. With soul almost severed from his senses, the old man had followed it through, tremulously, his throat contracting in a most delicious anguish; by his side he had heard his wife, his saintly old wife, weeping with emotion; and he himself began to weep, too, involuntarily, irrestrainably, bowing himself until his forehead touched the ground, at the tinkle of the little bell, at the supreme moment of the elevation.

From that day on, despite his years and knowledge and worldly experience, the old man had felt himself almost a child in the presence of his son, the priest. What value could his whole blameless life, spent in misery and toil, possess, as compared with the purity of his son who stood so close to God? And he fell into the habit of speaking of him as of a saint, of listening to him in open-mouthed adoration, whenever he came out to the farm to see him, from the College of Oblates, in which he had won an appointment as preceptor, by his zeal and learning. The other sons, destined to the toil of the fields, and exposed there to the danger of death, had not in the least envied the lot of their brother, but on the contrary had shown themselves proud of him, the priest, the glory of their family. Sick as they were, they many a time found consolation in the thought that it was Giovanni who offered prayers for them.

The news that he had disgraced himself by appropriating some money entrusted to him for the orphan asylum had fallen with the crushing force of a thunderbolt upon the rustic roof of old Siroli. The mother, at first, in her patriarchal sanctity, had not even been able to form an idea of the deed committed by her son. The old father had to explain to her as best he could, and she had been overcome with horrible bewilderment:

"Giovanni! What are you telling me!"

Siroli went at once to the city, to obtain more accurate details, and with the secret hope that it was a case of calumny. He had applied to several acquaintances, and at sight of him they had all shown embarrassment, almost repulsion; they had answered him shortly, in monosyllables, and with averted eyes. He even ventured to go to see Lobruno, who was master of the lands of which he was tenant. Lobruno, clever politician and city official, friendly with everyone from bishop to prefect, received him harshly, with an explosion of wrath:

"A fine state of affairs! A fine state of affairs! Make him a priest, would you? From ditch-digger to priest. * * * Satisfied now, are you? That is the fruit of your mania for climbing, at any cost, without preparation, without the necessary education!"

Then, becoming somewhat calmer, he had promised to use his influence to silence the scandal.

"For the credit of his cloth, you understand! For the respect that we all owe to holy religion, you understand!"

The poor old man returned to his friends, like a beaten dog, not retaining a single syllable of all that had been said to him, but certain of one thing only, that the charge against his son was true, really true; that Giovanni, in his infamy, had fled, disappeared from the city, hiding from the wrath of the people; and that under the weight of the ignominy he himself would never again have peace, nor the courage to raise his eyes to look any one in the face.

And now, clambering up among the trees, he was pruning away the undergrowth. No one could see him there, and as he labored he was free to weep. Until now, he had not shed a tear; from that day to this. He looked back over his own undaunted life, and that of the aged woman who had shared it, and he failed to understand how such a monster could ever have been born to them, how he himself could ever have been deceived through all these years, to the point of thinking him a saint. And he had meant to make a gift of him to God, and on his account had sacrificed the other sons, the good, dutiful pious sons, who were now tilling the ground yonder, not yet quite recovered from their last attack of fever. Ah, God could never, never forgive, after being so foully offended. The malediction of God would rest forever upon their house. The justice of men would overtake the miserable wretch, and drag him from his lurking-place, where he had gone to hide his hideous shame; and he himself and his wife would die of mortification, knowing that their son was in the galleys.

All at once there came to the old man, absorbed as he was in these bitter reflections, the voice of one of his sons, Carmine, who was the oldest:

"Oh, father! Come here! He has come back!"

Siroli started violently, grasped the trunk of a tree to hold himself upright, and began to tremble from head to foot. Giovanni? Come back? And what was he doing here? And how had he dared to set foot again in his father's house, to raise his eyes again to his mother's face?

"Go!" he cried in reply, the branch of the tree shaking with his wrath, "Go, tell him to begone, at once! I won't have him in the house! I won't have him!"

Carmine exchanged glances with the other brothers, as if to ask advice, and then proceeded towards the rustic cottage, making a sign to his orphaned niece, jubilant over the arrival of her uncle the priest, that she was to go inside.

In the courtyard, Carmine found one of Lobruno's overseers, sitting on the low wall beside the door. Evidently he and the priest had come together.

"Where is your father?" asked the officer of Carmine, lifting his head and raising up a light stick he held in his hand and with which, while waiting, he had been lashing a small shoot that grew between the paving stones of the court.

"He says he won't see him," replied Carmine. "He won't have him in the house. I was sent to tell him so."

"Hold on," returned the officer. "Go back and tell your father that I have something to say to him in the name of the landlord. Go along, now!"

Carmine spread out his arms and turned back. Presently he returned, accompanied by his two brothers.

"He is on his way," he told the overseer, and followed his brothers into the big ground-floor room, damp, smoky, dark with soot. In one

(Continued on Page 21.)

Private Wire—New York, Chicago. Western Union Code

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The Spectator

The Sun Critic on Joe Redding

Here in San Francisco we know Joe Redding as a man of divers accomplishments, a wit, a musician, a composer of music and a turner of graceful postprandial phrases. Among our dilettanti he occupies an honored position. But in New York they have been judging our Joe by a single achievement and the judgment has been severe and uncomplimentary. I refer to the critical onslaughts which have been made on "Natoma," the opera on which Redding and Victor Herbert collaborated and in which Mary Garden sang the title role. From the telegraphic despatches one was permitted to glean that the opera was not an overwhelming success; in fact, through the guarded phrases there peeped the evidence of that horrid damnation by faint praise which is the death of encouragement. Suspicions engendered by reading what the correspondents of our local papers had to say are confirmed by perusal of the New York papers for the morning following the debut of "Natoma" at the Metropolitan Opera House. The musical critic of the Sun devoted three columns of carefully considered criticism to the opera. Mr. Redding's libretto naturally came in for a good deal of remark and the remark was far from flattering. The Sun critic showed no tenderness for our Joe's feelings.

"A Hack Horse to Carry Music"

"The failure of the opera to reach the level of success," said the Sun critic, "is due in no inconsiderable measure to the libretto. Those who have ardently advocated the performance of opera in English will not find their cause aided by this specimen of the dramatist's art. The story is by no means incapable of effective development, but this has not been accomplished by Mr. Redding. Unquestionably his aim was to make a mere opera book, a hack horse to carry a load of precious music; but he has failed even in that. His first act is long, cumbersome, prolix and tiresome. His second is padded, feeble and dramatically almost ludicrous. His third has some merit, because its content is centred on few ideas and its action is direct and simple." But this is not all. Again the Sun critic returns to the charge in these words: "The awkward construction of this book must be apparent. The first act is crowded with incidents. The second is nothing but empty spectacle till its one incident takes place. The third is compact and well centred upon a single thought, and the musician here has an opportunity to compose something continuous and symmetrical. It is not important that extended comment should be made on the text. It is generally quite hopeless. It has neither literary nor musical quality. It is neither poetic nor dramatic. The dialogue is written in prose, which oscillates uncertainly between stilted bombast and the baldest colloquialism, but never once reaches simple dignity. The lyrics are of the type long ago discarded by the 'readers' given to children in primary schools." All of which need not discourage Mr. Redding or the friends in this city who believe in him. Greater librettists than he failed in their earlier attempts. It is by failure frequently that the writer "finds himself."

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The Case of Sir Hector Macdonald

In the Call last Sunday was printed as though it were news the story that Sir Hector Macdonald who is popularly supposed to be turning to clay in a grave in Scotland is still alive and at present engaged in fashioning an army for China. This story was first printed in these columns about a year ago. The Call's story emanated from the passengers of a Pacific liner which came into port last Saturday. They heard the story in China. The story which appeared in these columns was told by an Englishman who knew Sir Hector Masdonald, and who saw a man whom he identified as the heroic soldier on the parade ground in Pekin. According to his story he spoke to Macdonald, addressing him by name, and the man turned on his heel and went away.

Historical Parallels

There are many people who believe that Macdonald lives. And doubtless in a great measure this is a case of the wish being father to the belief. History supplies many examples of this sort of scepticism. At this moment the Government of France is investigating the case of a man who claims descent from the Dauphin whose death history tells us occurred in the Temple where the family of Louis XVI was imprisoned. That the young Prince did not die as reported was a belief cherished in France for many years. The plain people of Rome refused to believe that their idol, the esthetic Nero, was dead. To this day there are people who fondly indulge the belief that Napoleon escaped from St. Helena about the time that his death was reported and that he came to this country where he lived to a ripe old age. There is a story about Aaron Burr's daughter, Theodosia, that she was not made to "walk the plank" but was taken to the West Indies by a pirate chief who compelled her to be his mistress, and that she was seen years afterwards in New Orleans in a state of poverty and shame. Many of Oscar Wilde's admirers, who hated to think that so brilliant a man came to so mournful an end, eagerly gave ear to the story that when he disappeared from his haunts in Paris it was to enter a monastery in Spain where he was writing poetry years after his funeral.

Plausibility of the Story

The story that Sir Hector Macdonald is still alive is not implausible. When he arrived in Paris he was believed to be on his way to London to stand trial on a charge similar to the one that was recently made against Admiral Barry. Now it is most improbable that the British Government ever purposed ventilating so terrible a scandal. They don't do that sort of thing in England. The practice there is to suppress scandal. It is known that the Government took a hand in the Wilde case, and offered to smuggle that great literary artist out of England at the very moment that disgrace was about to overwhelm him, and that he refused to go. How unlikely then that the Government should order the gallant Macdonald home to become the central figure in a vulgar scandal that would humiliate the whole army! How much more likely that the Government should take precautions against so painful a blow to the nation's pride! It would have been easy to arrange the matter in the very manner in which it is said to have been handled. It is not difficult to supply a corpse for an emergency. It would be difficult to carry out the deception in the case of a man so prominent as Sir Hector Macdonald if a funeral were held. But in his case there was no funeral, a circumstance in itself giving color to the story now current. For the popular officer had not publicly suffered disgrace. Only a few officials knew why he had been suspended. He was mourned by the people of his native town and they were prepared to make a great demonstration on the arrival of the body, but the body was rushed into town before dawn, and it was beneath the sod before the people learned that it had arrived.

Wifey—We've been married four weeks today.

Hubby—Really, darling, we must celebrate it. I know, I'll go to the club tonight and let them envy me because I've got you.

Our Next Mayor

At present everybody is preoccupied with the World's Fair site question, but that will soon be disposed of and then the politicians will be getting busy in preparation for the primary election. The political pot will soon be humming again, and in a few months we shall be in the midst of a very important municipal campaign. For this year we are to elect a World's Fair mayor, the term of office having been extended from two to four years. So far the only aspirants for the honor who have made announcement of their aspirations are Mayor McCarthy and the Hon. Charles F. Curry. The Mayor has a pretty strong organization behind him, and of course he is confident of receiving the united support of organized labor. The ex-Secretary of State is reorganizing the machine that supported him in his gubernatorial campaign. According to rumor there are several other citizens who would like very much to succeed Mayor McCarthy, prominent among them being A. W. Scott of the Civic League, who distinguished himself as a Fair booster and who has the finest shock of curly hair in all the city. I hear that he stands ready to give his services to the people, but would like a little encouragement from the principal civic bodies and the leading business interests. Rumor also credits Postmaster Fisk with being inclined to take a hand in the contest. To do so he would have to resign his Federal office, and this I hear he is being urged to do by many prominent citizens who believe that he is the one man behind whom all the people who have the best interests of the city at heart and who feel that we have had quite enough of the kind of government that P. H. McCarthy is giving us will unite with enthusiasm.

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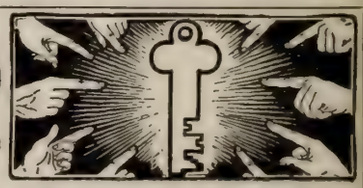

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But it seems hardly probable that Fisk can be induced to withdraw from the Federal service which holds for him exceptionally fine promise. There is no man in California who enjoys to the extent that he does the confidence of the Administration at Washington.

The Return of Gertrude Elliott

At the end of the second act of "The Dawn of a To-morrow" the first night audience at the Savoy gave Gertrude Elliott a splendid welcome home. None but that overworked word "ovation" adequately describes the applause. She had been given an enthusiastic and whole-hearted reception when she made her first rather startling appearance in the second scene of the first act. In that scene the old baronet takes a pistol from his pocket and "Glad," the part Miss Elliott plays, suddenly emerges from a heap of rags and confronts him. There was a lot of handclapping when the audience recognized her well known features but it was as nothing compared to the noisy demonstration at the fall of the second curtain. Ten times the curtain went up and down and it was only by repeated shaking of her head that Miss Elliott smilingly conveyed the intelligence that she would not or could not make a speech. That is the sort of a homecoming that warms the cockles of the heart, the kind of reception which has made San Francisco particularly beloved by Californians who return after many years in fear and trepidation lest they fail to make good. San Francisco is independent in its judgment of actors, independent of its own critics and of the critics of the rest of the world; but it is always warm in its welcome of an old friend or townsman and places no obstacle of cold aloofness or frigid dignity in the way of his success. San Francisco is glad to see Gertrude Elliott again; glad to know that it can indorse the verdict pronounced upon her in London; and delighted to add her name to the imposing list of Californians who have "come back."

The McDermott Girls of Oakland

Naturally the return of Gertrude Elliott has loosened the tongues and brightened the memories of the old-timers and they are talking a great deal about the good old days when the two McDermott girls lived in Oakland. Jessie McDermott, now Maxine Elliott and Gertrude McDermott, now Gertrude Elliott on the stage and Mrs. Forbes Robertson in private life, were the daughters of a retired sea captain from Maine. They attended Snell's Seminary. One day there was quite a hubbub in their circle of friends, for Jessie, beautiful dark-eyed Junoesque Jessie, ran away and married her cousin who was a ball-player. The couple went to New York and their lines fell in unpleasant places. Finally they separated, never to come together again. At first Jessie kept a boarding house in New York; then she drifted to the stage and obtained a small part at Daly's. The next thing we knew Jessie McDermott, now Maxine Elliott, was playing in the Frawley company at the Columbia and captivating all the johnnies by her wonderful beauty. It was at the Columbia that she first met Nat Goodwin who fell madly in love with her at first sight and never rested till he married her.

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Gertrude's Gradual Rise

In the old days in Oakland Gertrude McDermott was deeply interested in amateur theatricals. The prominence which Maxine won, not by her acting but by her pulchritude, gave Gertrude her opportunity. The two sisters had always been exceptionally devoted to each other and that sisterly love, by the way, continues undiminished to this day. Maxine obtained for Gertrude a position in the Frawley company, though no great histrionic career was predicted for her. Still she attracted considerable attention when she appeared with her sister in Goodwin's company at the Columbia. But her sister overshadowed her. When she made her debut she cut little figure with the scribes, owing to Maxine's more dazzling charms. She was not tall and large like Maxine, nor so strikingly beautiful, but she was slenderly and girlishly attractive and possessed the chic which Maxine lacked. She first went to London with Maxine and Nat in the "When We Were Twenty-One" company and she made an instant hit. The Londoners who are more accustomed than we are to the large placid type of loveliness represented by Maxine, fell in love with the typical American type shown by the "little sister of Maxine," as she was popularly called. When Maxine and Nat left London Gertrude decided to remain and carve out a career for herself. She was successful beyond her wildest dreams. Sir Arthur Sullivan and other notables took her up and made much of her. Then she joined Forbes Robertson's company and under his admirable tuition her advance was rapid.

Her Happy Married Life

It was soon observed by the members of Forbes Robertson's company that the great actor took more than a professional interest in the clever American girl. It was noted too that the romantic attachment was reciprocated. Although Forbes Robertson was twenty-five years the senior of Gertrude Elliott nobody was greatly surprised when their marriage took place. He is a man of great personal fascination and is regarded as one of the greatest of stage lovers, having played Romeo with distinction to the Juliet of Mary Anderson, Ellen Terry, Modjeska, Mrs. Pat Campbell and others. From all accounts Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Robertson are ideally happy in their home life. If I am not mistaken this season marks their first separation, Forbes Robertson appearing in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" while his wife presents the Frances Hodgson Burnett play. In London they are always together and entertain a great deal in their Russell Square home. Maxine Elliott, by the way, was greatly exercised years ago over the report that her sister might marry a title. At that time Maxine was opposed to international alliances. Nowadays, if reports be correct, her ideas have changed and she would not be adverse to entering the peerage. Who knows but that she may?

The Open Shop in Oakland

The first gun of an open shop campaign has been fired in Oakland by the lumbermen of that city who have come to the conclusion that the closed shop is impairing their business by subjecting them to unfair competition with men in the same line of business in other parts of the State. Five lumber and milling companies have entered into an agreement to ignore the unions, and I hear that altogether there are twenty-five firms across the bay engaged in various lines of business that have decided to adopt the open shop principle. So the fight for independence is now on at the very doors of the metropolis, and if the unions fail to coerce the business interests of Oakland the business interests of this city will probably find that the pinch of competition has become unbearable.

"Pa," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'"

"Why?"

"So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many for him to tackle."

The Self-Celebration of Aked

The Rev. Charles F. Aked, familiarly known as John D. Rockefeller's pastor, has an option on the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of this city, and the probability is that he will come hither in the near future and make quite a noise in our midst. This good clergyman appears to have a grievance. Things have not been going to suit him at all, and having the instinct for publicity well developed he has been telling his troubles to the newspapers. From all that he has said I infer that he is not appreciated by the millionaires of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. They raised his salary once, but they have given no further proof of enthusiasm. When the "call" came from San Francisco and he let it be known that he was considering it, the millionaires showed no signs of emotion. A little later on Aked went back to New York and scolded his rich flock, telling them he would certainly leave them if they did not decide to build a bigger church and "formulate plans for a wider church activity." And still they kept their emotions well in hand. Then he went on in this fashion: "I owe something to the men and women of England who loved me and believed in me, when to the tens of thousands of the free churchmen of England it looked as though I were deserting them in the hour of need." What is it that this pious and zealous gentlemen owes to tens of thousands of Englishmen? When was the hour of their need and what was it they needed? What could have induced the good Dr. Aked to make it appear that he deserted tens of thousands of his countrymen in their hour of need? Did John D. Rockefeller lure him from those tens of thousands and thus

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place him under a debt of some kind to the men and women that loved him? These and many other questions are suggested to the curious and speculative mind by the remarks of the distinguished clergyman who once made countless thousands mourn.

Pity the Poor Plutocrat

New York's loss will doubtless be San Francisco's gain and yet, though a loyal San Franciscan, I would dissuade the good Dr. Aked from now doing to the multi-millionaires of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church what he once did to tens of thousands of English men and women who loved him. I would dissuade him from deserting them in their hour of need. These multi-millionaires may not love Dr. Aked as countless thousands of plain English Baptists loved him; they may not love him enough to build a monumental edifice for him with a parsonage in harmony therewith; but nevertheless they should not be abandoned on this bank and shoal of time at this hour. If in their hearts filled with love of their ducats they have no room for any other passion Dr. Aked should have pity for them. It is his vocation to soften their hearts and infuse into them sentiments of a religious nature. To abandon them because they have no religious enthusiasm is to shirk, to evade his duty, to confess defeat. John D. Rockefeller and his pals are like the heathen. They need grace more than Dr. Aked needs stained-glass windows or a richly-carved pulpit, mere adventitious aids to success in God's ministry which are scorned by divines devout who are capable of spiritualizing their office. George Herbert was none the less successful as a preacher because the chime with which he summoned men to his pulpit was sounded in the humble belfry of Bemerton. If Dr. Aked wishes to make amends for his desertion of countless thousands of his countrymen, my advice to him is to stay with those hard-hearted and hard-fisted plutocrats who sit tight in their pews and listen without emotion to the word of God and the testimony of the Saints. The awakening of that bunch of bloated bondholders is of more importance than the conversion to Christianity of a whole race of savages. And where is the field in which a follower of St. Paul can achieve a greater, more glorious triumph?

A Great Bookman

During the past week there was stopping at the Palace one of the best known of American bibliopoles, Edmund D. Brooks of Minneapolis. If Brooks had happened to be a successful dealer in beans or buttons instead of in rare books and manuscripts, his presence in San Francisco would have been extensively advertised, but as it was he moved in a small and select coterie where ostentation is rigidly banned and departed as quietly as he came. Brooks is a familiar figure in the bookshops of London, Paris and New York. J. Pierpont Morgan, Harry Widener of Philadelphia and Solicitor-General Lehmann are among the men who eagerly bid for the treasures which are constantly coming into his hands. He took the occasion of his wife's sojourn in Redlands to pay a visit to this city and was a good deal entertained in an informal way. His wife's sister, by the way, is Miss Helen Brooks, a teacher at Mills College. Book collectors all over this country know Brooks' place in Minneapolis where Arthur Upson, the poet, was employed as a cataloguer up to the time of his tragic death. Upson was drowned about two years ago in Lake Minnetonka and the first intimation of his fate came when some of the manuscript poems which he carried at the time were picked up, wet and water-stained, on the shore of the lake. Brooks was formerly a banker but his bibliophilic tastes led him into his present business. Once a year he goes abroad and returns laden with tempting items for his wealthy clients.

Some of His Treasures

One of the most interesting items which Brooks brought with him to San Francisco was the original manuscript of "The Last Rose of Summer" in Tom Moore's handwriting. The text differs somewhat from that finally adopted by the poet. I think it is too bad that one of our millionaires of Irish descent didn't secure this prize when it was within reach. Brooks also had with him an unpublished lyric by Thackeray. It is a poem of five stanzas in the best style of the author. An unpublished manuscript of Carlyle's, a collection of unpublished letters by Charles Lamb; a collection of letters written by Whister to a pupil and so far unpublished, a first edition of Holbein's Dance of Death with original drawings by Leach bound in, a first edition of Gulliver's Travels in two volumes, a manuscript of Sir Edwin Arnold's, an original miniature of George Eliot with a lock of her hair enclosed and several first editions of Dickens with the rare green covers bound in were among the other rarities upon which friends of Brooks were allowed to feast their eyes during his visit here. Brooks attended the recent auction of the first editions collected by F. D. Brandon, the local attorney, and bought a number of volumes. He was surprised at some of the high prices obtained and characterized this city as a fruitful field for the dealer in rare books.

The Late Mr. Ellery

All that lies between the cradle and the grave is uncertain, not excepting the length of time it takes to construct a public building. Indeed there is nothing so uncertain as the time required for any kind of government work. Which reflection was inspired by the discovery that State Engineer Ellery, the man who contributed to the gaiety of the last gubernatorial campaign, has yet to finish the prison building at San Quentin that has been in course of construction several years. This work was taken out of the hands of the prison commissioners by the legislature that preceded the remarkable one now in session at Sacramento. The prison commissioners were hurrying the work to completion when it was turned over to Engineer Ellery and then there came a perceptible change of pace. The prison commissioners becoming impatient asked Mr. Ellery to estimate the time it would take for him to finish the work. He took some time to make an estimate, and it was supposed that he would make a most conservative estimate. He reported that the building would be ready for occupancy in exactly eighteen months and that he would keep well within the balance of the appropriation amounting to thirty thousand dollars. That was over two years ago, and though there have been no strikes on the building, the labor being of the convict variety, Mr. Ellery is still pegging away; and since the making of his estimate he has spent $48,000.

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THO'S H. SHEDDEN, Manager

The Discovery of the Press Club

A number of millionaires and prominent citizens otherwise distinguished discovered the Press Club last Thursday night. This may sound amazing but it is the simple truth. Outside of the newspapermen and the few artists, musicians, doctors and lawyers who like to associate with the newspapermen in their hours of recreation, very few know more about the Press Club than that it exists and has existed for many years. So, when the millionaires and prominent cits aforesaid found themselves in the Press Club last Thursday night they experienced on a lower plane the sentiments which filled the bosoms of Columbus and Balboa on certain historic occasions. They felt that they were entering virgin territory and they made no attempt to disguise their surprise. Accustomed to regard the newspaperman as a feverish individual of sleuthing propensities and imperishable persistence, forever on the firing line of events, it dawned upon them suddenly that this breathless embodiment of news actually had his hours of ease and a club to spend them in. Some of them learned for the first time that the reporter sans pad and pencil was a quite human person worthy of a little cultivation, not for any possible influence which he might exert but for his individual qualities. It was a happy discovery and should redound to the benefit of the newspapermen and the millionaires in about equal measure..

A Dinner to the Heroes

The occasion of this dicovery was the dinner tendered by the Press Club to the members of the victorious Washington delegation. It was a modest and an informal affair. The newspapermen waited quietly until the long series of pretentious functions in honor of the heroes had been brought to an end and then invited them to drop into the club and take pot-luck. Nineteen members of the delegation availed themselves of the invitation. William H. Crocker, Leon Sloss, M. H. De Young, Reuben B. Hale, James Rolph Jr., T. Cary Friedlander, James McNab, Justice Fred W. Henshaw, Mayor McCarthy, Rev. Joseph McQuaide, A. W. Scott Jr., Fred B. Lloyd, W. C. Ralston, Robert Roos and Robert Newton Lynch were the exposition committeemen to whom the Press Club came as a good deal of a revelation. Very much the same thing may be said of Joseph D. Grant, William L. Gerstle, Frank L. Brown and Thornwell Mullally who belong to the club but were practically strangers there till Thursday night. The remaining committeemen who attended the dinner, Charles De Young of the Chronicle and S. Fred Hogue of the Post, have been active in Press Club affairs for a long time. That all of these men enjoyed themselves immensely among the newspapermen there can be no doubt. Many of them said that it was the most enjoyable affair which had been given since their return from Washington and their words were accented with sincerity. After the succession of pompous banquets which they had attended a simple dinner and a jinks of the sort for which the Press Club is noted filliped their surfeited appetite for entertainment. They stayed late and went away hoping to be invited again.

The Press Club's Opportunity

The speeches made at this newspaper affair were brief but full of meat. For the first time the committeemen unbosomed themselves in regard to the exposition without reserve. Hale, M. H. De Young, Mayor McCarthy, Father McQuaide, Crocker, Brown, Scott and Hogue did the talking and all took the opportunity to voice certain hopes, warnings and criticisms which might have been misconstrued in a more public gathering but which found receptive and sympathetic hearers in the newspapermen. The part which the Press Club should play in the social program of the Fair was dwelt on at considerable length. "The Press Club of Chicago made the Chicago World's Fair and the World's Fair in turn made the Chicago Press Club," said Frank L. Brown in adverting to this topic. It was the general opinion that the newsgatherers' club should be called upon for assistance in entertaining the dignitaries who come to this city during or before 1915. Having been enthusiastically discovered, the Press Club is to be made the theater of some important functions. "Why shouldn't it take its place with the Gridiron Club of Washington?" asked one of the committeemen. And the sentiment on all sides seemed to be that if it seized its opportunity, it would.

The Six Grades of Tomatoes

Tyson Brothers of Niles supply a great part of the tomatoes for the local market through the firm of Campodonico, Burns and Corriea, commission merchants. It happens occasionally that the growers and the commission men differ in their interpretation of contracts and on one of these occasions the dispute brought them into court. Thomas A. Burns went on the stand and testified, among other things, that there were six grades of merchantable tomatoes. "Will you kindly enumerate them," asked attorney Otto Irving Wise. "The first grade," explained Burns, "is known as number one grade—these tomatoes are put up in tissue paper for the eastern trade; the second grade is the table tomato for salads and so on; the third grade is for cooking; the fourth is for canning; and the fifth"—with a wave of the hand—"is for catsup." "You mentioned a sixth grade," the attorney reminded the witness. "What becomes of that?" "We sell it to Sanguinetti," was the reply.

They Found Portola Dry

It was a merry crowd which journeyed to Portola over the Western Pacific a few days ago. It included Barr Hook of Los Angeles, G. Fred Herr of the Western Pacific and several other blithe spirits. The junket was a hurried one and the junketers were unbecomingly attired in evening clothes and pumps. But J. E. Sexton, who is assistant to the president of the Western-Quincy railroad and who does more than any other man to run Plumas County, had arranged the trip hurriedly and they could not spare the time to change into warmer garments. But there was plenty of good cheer on the train, so they maintained an equable temperature until they reached Portola. With five feet of snow on the ground and Plumas "dry" owing to the personal efforts of Sexton, the frigidity became uncomfortable and the party longed for liquid refreshments, but there was nothing doing. Sadly they sat on boxes in the lonely station and shivered while they waited for the time to return. They were as parched as they were cold and their souls would have been utterly disconsolate if they had not resorted to the cheering expedient of cursing Sexton with all the expletives at their command. When they finally returned to San Francisco with incipient grippe they met Sexton's smiles with gloomy looks and hoarse objurgations. "Did you get the case of liquor I sent ahead to Portola for you?" Sexton blandly asked. "Wha—at?" came the indignant chorus. Then it was discovered that one of the boxes on which the junketers had sat in the dismal station was a case of wet goods intended for their particular delectation. But they did not care to go back for it.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Turkey Trotting in Public

The aftermath of the Mardi Gras still lingers and there are enough spicy bits of gossip to last through Lent. Mrs. Peter Martin's turkey-trot has been criticised but only because Mrs. Martin danced it before the mixed crowd at the Rink. It goes at Burlingame or at private balls however, so why shouldn't Mrs. Martin dance it elsewhere? She does it well, everyone admits, with dignified grace. Cyril Tobin was another Blingumite who joined the crowd on the floor after supper

MISS ANNA PETERS

Randall Borough, the rising young local artist, has recently been engaged on a series of black and white portrait studies of society girls. Among those who have sat for him are Miss Anna Peters, Miss Elyse Schultz, Miss Enid Gregg and Miss Ethel Shorb. This portrait of beautiful Miss Peters is one of the most effective of the series.

when turkey-trotting threatened to become general. He put more spirit into it but after supper the dancing was all more spirited. The turkey-trot is popular on Broadway, by the way, where Miss Blossom Seely, imported from San Francisco, is doing it at Weber and Fields.

A Maid's Criticism

Shortly before her marriage to Mr. Templeton Crocker Miss Helene Irwin attended a very fashionable ball and had the misfortune to lose a diamond earring. Thinking that she might have dropped it in the ladies' dressing room she hurried there and acquainted the maid with her loss. The maid was sympathetic but pessimistic. "I don't think you'll ever find it, Miss Irwin," she said. "Why?" asked Miss Irwin. "Because there's an awfully tough crowd here tonight," was the calm reply.

"Lady" Bob's Activity

The press had a good deal to say recently about the attention which Harry Macmillan, once the accepted suitor of Edna Goodrich, has been bestowing upon Princess Kawananakoa in Honolulu. But it overlooked an interesting fact in this connection: namely, that "Lady" Bob Montgomery has been mentioned by the Honolulu papers as a prominent participant in the entertainments provided by the Nevada miner for the beautiful princess. "Lady" Bob Montgomery is well known in this city, but it will doubtless puzzle many to account for the prefix to her name. While here she was plain Mrs. Bob Montgomery, the wife of Bob Montgomery of the Montgomery-Shoshone Mine. Bob Montgomery has been making his residence in Los Angeles for some time while his wife, during her stay in this city, put up at the St. Francis and entertained on rather a lavish scale. She is now on her leisurely way to the Orient. Her title of "Lady" is not sanctioned by Burke or Debrett, but it has a fetching sound and was probably adopted in the islands where the love of titular distinction is contagious, notwithstanding the abolition of royalty and the substitution of democratic simplicity.

Bonci in Society

When Signor Allessandro Bonci stepped from behind the Japanese screen in the Colonial room of the St. Francis to lift his lyric tenor in song for the delectation of the St. Francis Musical Art Society on Tuesday night, he appeared very happy. If one may apply the word to a tenor from the sacrosanct Metropolitan, he grinned. If one must be more reverential when speaking of so great a man, let us say that he smiled a broad smile of gratification. And well he might, for it was an attractive audience. If one might gauge the appreciation of music possessed by an audience by the splendor of its sartorial adornment, this audience at the St. Francis would rank very high. The ladies, young, old and very old, were a triumph of hobbled, spangled and jewelled modishness. As they outnumbered the men in the proportion of six to one the effect was soothing to the eye and only in a few instances distressing to the ear. And it was an unusually attentive audience. It actually hushed its chatter when the tenor burst into song. It restrained its applause until Mr. Harold Osborn Smith had struck the last note of his accompaniment. It showed all the externals of complete musical appreciation and was lavish of its enthusiasm. Its white gloves were several times in danger of bursting from the vigorous beating of palm on palm. It applauded everything with equal gusto, an indication of good humor if not of discrimination. When the concert had come to an end and everybody was thinking of hats, cloaks and supper, there was a sufficient demonstration to recall Signor Bonci for an encore and when the pianist struck the first chord of "La Donna e Mobile" those who had left the room went scurrying back. If Bonci did not carol this slander on woman's constancy as splendidly as Caruso, he at least gave it with spirit and unflawed technical precision and when he grinned his last grin at its conclusion everybody beamed back at him and gave him a few extra palm-beats for good measure. In point of attendance it was the most successful function of the society for a long time.

The Display of Necks

At these affairs of the St. Francis Musical Art Society decollete gowns have come to be de rigeur, as our bavardes would put it. In honor of Signor Bonci there was a great uncovering of white bosoms. As one of the men irreverently expressed it, "the display of domestic landscape was generous and interesting." But it was not all equally beautiful. Nature has dealt harshly with some of the women who feel themselves obliged to have their dresses cut low. They would do better if they followed the example of the new British queen and adhered exclusively to high-necked dresses. It was evident too that a number of those present were not habituated to fashionable exposure. Some of them actually shivered. Many were not comfortable till they had disposed their scarfs snugly about their necks. Those who exhibited that perfection of

MISS ELYSE SCHULTZ

This is another of the portrait studies in black and white by Randall Borough. The artist arrested Miss Schultz in a characteristic pose which embodies a great deal of the young woman's piquant vivacity.

neck and shoulders which is the justification of the low-cut gown were the cynosure of admiring masculine eyes and were severely lorgnetted by their less exuberantly endowed sisters. If some of them could have heard the caustic remarks wrung by jealousy from the lips of these envious critics the gooseflesh would have dimpled their pretty backs. But they knew the men approved and were sublimely unconscious of all hostile feminine glances.

Winged Again by Cupid

The many friends of Mrs. Walter Scott Newhall were greatly surprised to read about her engagement to Captain Charles Henry Harlow, U. S. N., for it has often been said and was firmly believed that no one could persuade the beauti-

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ful widow to change her name. The belief was a tribute to her undoubted devotion to the memory of handsome "Wallie" Newhall. This approaching marriage will be the handsome and dashing widow's third matrimonial venture. As pretty Nellie Trowbridge when she lived at the old Palace Hotel some thirty years ago, she was one of the most attractive and sought-after belles of her day. It was during conclave week at the old hostelry that the society favorite met Dr. Frank K. Ainsworth, a surgeon connected with the Southern Pacific Hospital and after a brief but ardent courtship, the two were married. Subsequently they were divorced. A few years later she married the young millionaire whose name she now bears. He died two years ago at the Adler Sanatorium, leaving his widow very wealthy. She has since resided in Los Angeles in the magnificent Newhall home where she has entertained so extensively as to become a great favorite in southern society. Mrs. Newhall was a half sister of that Miss Jenks who was the first wife of Charles Sontagg.

Mrs. Jordan's Benefactions

Mrs. James Jordan's generosity has been evidenced in at least two notable instances in the past few months. She came into possession of a large fortune at her husband's death and is disbursing it wisely and with benefit to others. Her gift to the Sorosis Club was a check for $5,000 to cover expenses of furnishing the handsome Assembly Room in the new building which adjoins the Francesca Club in Sutter street. Excellent taste was shown in choosing the gobelin blue hangings and upholstery with yellowed white woodwork. There are silver candle sticks on the fire-place shelf and a very handsome chandelier with silver mountings. More in the way of charity was Mrs. Jordan's gift to the Canadian town which was her birth-place. This was an endowment for a tuberculosis sanitarium which is now under construction and where a certain number of free cases will be treated.

Enlarging the Town and Country

Speaking of women's clubs, the last has been finally house-warmed in its new home, but the Town and Country Club facing Union Square will formally open a new assembly room in the near future. It is now being re-modeled out of several small offices on the top floor of the two-story structure next door. Partitions have been removed and a large comfortable retreat for conversation will be an addition to the library. The Town and Country, by the way, has been more popular than the Francesca with hostesses this season. A number of luncheons and teas have taken place there

The Success of Our Miniaturist

It affords me a good deal of pleasure to chronicle the New York success of Mrs. Rose Hooper Plotner, the miniature painter who went East some time ago to conquer metropolitan judgment. She has triumphed artistically and financially, according to the intelligence brought here by friends who visited her recently. Interest in the daughter of Major Hooper is now widespread and the newspapers have even been interviewing her. She exhibited recently at Knoedler's and the critics noted her "luscious color sense," contrasting her "strength and simplicity" with the "weakness and flabbiness" of most American miniatures. Her presentment in little of Mrs. Francis Gay of Honolulu attracted particular attention. Mrs. Gay is the daughter of Judge Hart and the wife of an island millionaire and is known here. On the occasion of Mrs. Gay's visit to Knoedler's Mrs. Plotner gave a "luau" or Honolulu feast which was attended by many Californians. Mrs. Plotner also gave a tea for Mr. Frederick Hastings, the singer who was here with Tetrazzini, and his wife who was Miss Brooke Rose of this city. Among those who were present were Mrs. John D. Tallant, Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Lily Lawler and Mrs. Augustine Haraszthy Strickland.

She Paints Dogs

Mrs. Plotner is not confining her artistic endeavors to the depiction of beautiful human beings; she has started a fad in fad-loving New York for the painting of pet canines. Naturally this fad is taking hold. Society women have suddenly discovered that they cannot be happy unless their dogs are done in oils and orders are pouring in. From a newspaper interview I learn that Mrs. Plotner painted Mrs. Pat Campbell's famous "Pinky Panky Poo" and other famous animals not specified. "I like dogs, especially ugly ones," Mrs. Plotner told the interviewer. "I think the face of an ugly dog expresses a great deal more character than that of a handsome man." This dictum reminds one of a cynical saying attributed to Ouida. Mrs. Plotner went on to tell the interviewer how her father sent her to Dresden to study; how she perfected herself in Paris; how she won a prize at the Portland exposition; and how she painted the only existing miniature of President McKinley. The idea of making miniatures of dogs came to her in California when for amusement she painted a miniature of a favorite stag hound.

Vivien Gould Did Not Smoke

Those timorous maids and matrons who are so much behind the times as to look to the mighty for justification of their dalliance with the weed, need not extract any consolation from the published report that Lady Decies who was Vivien Gould, smoked in public on her honeymoon. Following tardily on the heels of the newspaper account of this incident comes a most emphatic denial from the young woman's husband. In the strongest terms at his command the bridegroom declares that the story is a fabrication and to lend authority to his asseveration, adds that if his dainty little bride really cared to smoke he would have not the least objection in the world, which is very sweet and condescending of him and seems to indicate that he will not rule her with that heavy iron British hand one sometimes reads of in novels of English life. But the point is that Vivien Gould Decies probably does not smoke and that those young women who seek to excuse their intimacy with Lady Nicotine to their shocked mammas by simpering, "But Vivien Gould does it and she's younger than I am, even if she is married," are building their edifice of dissipation upon shifting sand.

Californians at the "Natoma" Premiere

Undoubtedly there must have been a great many loyal Californians at the premiere of the Redding-Herbert opera "Natoma" at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. And yet few of their names emerged into print on the morning following. Even the Herald which devoted a page to the affair with several columns of names enumerated only a few whom we know. Clarence Mackay gave a supper in the foyer of the Metropolitan after the opera and among those who were named as attending were Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr., Mr. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Redding, Miss Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters, Senator and Mrs. Frank Flint and several of our congressmen with their wives. This is a brief list and I looked in vain for others. But I did read, not without emotion, that the supper was attended by "members of the California Society." And is it thus that Californians in New York are lumped together? Are they so unimportant that their individualities are slurred? Are they distinguished only en masse? Verily, it is to weep!

Mrs. Johnson and Sacramento Society

Sacramento society has always been rather tame. Sacramento legislative society, it is quite fair to assume, is of the jay variety, provided one may judge the wives of legislators by the legislators themselves. It is not surprising then that the wife of Governor Johnson will have none of it. Her attitude has been outlined as follows by a writer for the Sacramento Weekly:

"A word to the Sacramento women who are a bit puzzled over the personality of Mrs. Hiram Johnson, and are finding it difficult to discover which zone she inhabits. Socially, in the sense of conventional entertainment, I should say that she prefers the frigid zone and will never take more than a frappe interest in tea fights. Her San Francisco home is on Russian Hill, where artists and writer folk live, and the conventions of Pacific avenue make no appeal. Mrs. Johnson does not express herself in any of the arts, but she has appreciation to the nth degree. Possibly she is more happy when studying effects in interior decoration, for which she has amazing talent, as the rehabilitated gubernatorial mansion will undoubtedly prove. And the Governor's Lady will not unholster her chairs with Bores —she has the salon idea a-swimming in her head if her best friends can read her aright. The wife of a San Francisco legislator told me the other day that a Sacramento acquaintance practically forced a presentation to Mrs. Johnson. The solon's wife was sitting in the hotel with the

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Sacramento lady when Mrs. Johnson appeared with that calm and sequestered air she carries about with her. 'Here is your chance to introduce me,' commanded the Sacramento dame in a militant whisper, and rose to block Mrs. Johnson's progress. Of course, there was no escape, and the introduction followed, to the amazement of the spectators and the chagrin of the lady impressed into the service. It is useless to waste tissues in undignified scrambles to meet Mrs. Johnson, for the effort is sure to be unproductive, as she is not what the men would term a 'good mixer,' believing that friendship is an affair one should take kneeling, not skipping."

Queen Mary and the Low Neck Dress

Queen Mary of England is no admirer of extreme decollete. As a consequence, the very low-necked dress will rarely be seen at court functions under the present reign and will be little in vogue in English society generally for a time, for when the Queen undertakes to act as arbiter in the matter of dress her word carries far. Already she has made it clear to the ladies of her household that if a dress is cut away at the neck at all it should be as little as possible. At the present time the edicts of the court make it compulsory for low-necked dress to be worn on all "full dress occasions," but this will be greatly modified during the next few weeks. Her Majesty always prefers to introduce innovations gradually, but she has already made it clear that elderly ladies and others who desire to wear high-necked dresses at next season's courts may do so without infringing any detail of court etiquette. The fashion of wearing frocks high at the neck has been coming into vogue for some time past, and has always had a very powerful supporter in the Princess Royal, who has been responsible in some measure for the change of view of the present Queen. Her Royal Highness has always suffered from a delicate throat and chest. She was told by her physicians that there would be no danger to her health in visiting crowded and always sadly over-heated Throne Room at Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the royal receptions if she took the precaution to cover her neck and throat. She communicated this decision to the late Queen, who at first protested strongly against the idea; but the Princess stuck to her point, with the result that eventually her imperious grandmother gave way. This was the thin edge of the wedge, and since that time it has become the inevitable custom of the Princess Royal to appear at all evening functions, with but very rare exceptions, in a high-necked dress. Since then many society leaders have been glad to follow her example, either because, like Her Royal Highness, they suffered from chest complaints, or because the idea of appearing in public with their bosoms partially uncovered was repugnant to them. Queen Mary in her hostility to the low neck gown has the support of King George who differs greatly in this and other matters from the late King Edward.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 9814, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of FREDERICK C. WINTERS, alias FREDERICK WINTERS, alias FRED C. WINTERS, alias F. C. WINTERS, Deceased.

William Horstmeyer, the administrator of the estate of Frederick C. Winters, alias Frederick Winters, alias Fred C. Winters, alias F. C. Winters, deceased, having presented and filed his petition herein, praying for an order for the sale of the whole of the real estate of said deceased, for the purposes therein set forth, and it appearing, that a sale as prayed for in said petition is necessary and that the same will be for the advantage, benefit and best interest of said estate, and those interested therein,

It is hereby Ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the above entitled Court, on Monday, the 17th day of April, 1911, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, Room 603 in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and then and there show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell said real estate at private sale. The said petition is hereby referred to for further particulars.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least one a week for four successive weeks prior to said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court, this 8th day of March, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed March 8, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By F. B. Lorigan, Deputy Clerk.

CARL W. MUELLER, Atty. for Administrator, 1046 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco. 3-11-5

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Joseph L. Kirk entertained her niece, Miss M. M. Keys, at a theater party at the Columbia on last Tuesday night. After enjoying "Madam Sherry" Mrs. Kirk acted as hostess at an elaborate supper at the Palace.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria included Miss C. Phinney from Sacramento, J. B. Streeter of Lake Arthur, Louisiana; Robert T. Hodge, Seattle; J. W. Lindley, Boston.

Miss Lila Stewart and her sister, Mrs. Curtis, have given up their apartment at the Hotel Victoria, and are in Honolulu for a stay of three months. They are to make their home at the Victoria on their return from the Islands.

Mrs. D. S. Gordon has returned from Paso Robles where she has been taking the baths. She is settled at the Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Oliver of Hastings, Neb., are guests at the Victoria. They are en route to Honolulu.

F. H. Ruggles and Mrs. Ruggles of Springfield, Mass., are spending the early spring weeks in San Francisco. They are registered at the Hotel Victoria.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: H. M. Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and family, Thomas Mirk, P. T. Clay, Philip King Brown, Frank F. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Redding.

Mrs. George Carr entertained a group of twelve friends at tea at the Palace in honor of Miss Eleanor Landers, following a theater party last Saturday.

Mrs. George Pinckard who is spending the winter at the Fairmont was hostess at a delightful tea party Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Edgar Preston gave an informal bridge party at the Fairmont Wednesday afternoon followed by tea in the Laurel court.

Miss Marguerite Doe entertained at an informal bridge party at the Fairmont during the week, followed by tea.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Girvin, accompanied by Miss Girvin, have taken a suite of rooms at Del Monte and expect to remain for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Ainsworth of Seattle have returned to Del Monte after a short visit in the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McGowan and family of Paraiso Hot Springs have returned home after a two months' stay in San Francisco.

Indigestion is unknown to those who drink a glass of the Italian-Swiss Colony's TIPO (red or white) with their meals. For sale by all grocers and family wine and liquor stores.

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MONADNOCK BLDG.

Next to Palace Hotel Open evenings including Sundays

He: Do you know anything about the great Italian poet, Dante?

She: No, but I do know something about the great Italian dinners they serve at the Dante Restaurant.

He: Where is the Dante Restaurant?

She: At 536 Broadway.

He: Well, we'll go there this evening and try one.

A Play of Doubtful Cheerfulness

By Edward F. O'Day

A cheerful play should be very welcome at the present time. We are in a melancholy season. Our somber outlook is bounded by wind and rain and cold. Our physical equipoise is disturbed by the twitchings of conscience. Having pushed out from the pleasant shore of Mardi Gras we are paddling on the gloomy waters of abstinence (of a more or less theoretical sort) and are not yet in sight of the flowery banks of Mi-Careme. We would fain inhibit the smiling advances of the world, the flesh and the devil, but lacking the strength to resist them entirely, are more or less oppressed by the consciousness of our wickedness. Like the poor old knight of Chevy Chase we are in doleful dumps. We feel the need of brightening influences. And so when we find the bill boards varicolored by placards announcing that "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" is a "play of cheerfulness," we tell ourselves that here is the tonic for our vapors, the ray of sunshine to light our clouded souls. Well, perhaps "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" is a play of cheerfulness, but personally I must confess a disappointment. I am not a Mark Tapley and am unequal to the task of extracting sunbeams from the cucumbers of melancholy That I am no cynic is evident, for I had an almost touching confidence in the veracity of the bill posters. I took their word for it that I was to be cheered, but as I sat through the three acts at the Savoy the gloom thickened about me till I was a helpless prisoner in the dark tower of despondency. The spectacle of an old man whose mind is slowly disintegrating is not a cheerful one. To assist at a consultation of nerve specialists is not to be surfeited with joy. To watch the victim teeter on ricketty limbs, to hear his outbursts of hysterical laughter and impotent rage and to follow his reeling brain as it tries to concentrate on the thought of suicide while the specialists shake their heads and lie and exchange meaning glances—is this cheerful? I had as lief select a treatise on tabes dorsalis for hammock reading as look for cheer in such a scene. But this was only the first scene after all. Let us give the playwright a chance. The second scene is not reassuring in its beginning. A few lights wink drearily through a London fog. Outside of novels London fogs are not pleasant things, as he will testify who has clung to a dripping lamp post and waited for one to lift. To see one on the stage might please in midsummer but is not altogether gladdening in this winter of our discontent. When the fog lifts we find ourselves in Apple Blossom Court in the East End. Our old baronet is there, less ataxic than before but more than ever bent on suicide. "Glad" appears from her heap of rags, herself a heap of rags, and commences an animated conversation on the efficacy of prayer, the misery of the poor and the selfishness of the rich. Cheerfulness is only a comparative condition, after all, for this conversation cheers the baronet. He forgets about his pistol and shows amazing vivacity in chasing a thief. The cheerfulness of this scene, as I con-

BUSONI

"The Pianist Marvelous."

ceive it, lies in the humor of it and the humor consists in the good joke on the three great nerve specialists who gave the old baronet up as hopeless, little dreaming that he was still capable of doing a hundred yard dash or two. While you are still enjoying this side-splitter, a hunted criminal appears. "The Dandy" is not cheerful. Why should he be cheerful with every policeman in London on his trail? Besides he's in love with "Glad" who won't have him—yet. At the end of the first act the playwright has not justified the posters. The second act is not set in cheerful surroundings. We are introduced to a cold grimy room in the slums. We meet a country girl who has been indiscreet and wishes she were dead. We meet a youngster who has sunk to the gutter and very reasonably despairs of becoming a great and wealthy inventor. We see "the Dandy" again and are somewhat brightened when we learn that he is not a murderer after all. But the facts that the police are still after him and that his alibi hangs by a thread of evidence difficult to obtain somewhat dampen the joy we no doubt ought to feel when "Glad" rushes into his arms. Whatever enthusiasm we expend on the renewed dissertations about the power of prayer is of a strictly pious moderation. Certainly we are not carried away by it. It is all very interesting, if you will, but where does the cheerfulness come in? And in the third act? Here we meet a young man who moralizes maudlinly and is very properly sent home and to bed. We meet two gay women, one of whom bangs the piano while the other hears herself compared to Kipling's Vampire. It is a mirthful party, if mirth may be supposed to dress at times in a wet blanket. Enters then "Glad" (who never exactly rises to her nickname) to bargain for "the Dandy's" alibi with a discouraged sort of villain who is not even cheerful under the influence of copious brandy-and-sodas. Compared to the rest of the play I suppose the ending of this act deserves to be called cheerful, for "the Dandy" is saved from the law, the villain is foiled and exposed, "Glad" is in a fair way to get married (though one cannot be expected to felicitate her fervently on her mate), and the old baronet makes up his mind to keep on living. There is really no reason why he shouldn't, for his distressing symptoms have disappeared. If one were only permitted to understand how he was cured, the play would possess a certain pathologic cheerfulness—save the mark!—but it is all a mystery. I think the playwright takes an unfair advantage of the three nerve specialists. I cannot see why "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" should be called a play of cheerfulness. If it is cheerful, a funeral is cheerful and a prolonged visit from mother-in-law is a wild delight. I see no way of injecting a little joy into my notice of it except by cheerfully declaring that the acting of Miss Elliott made it emphatically worth while.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Great Bonci

There is joy in living in San Francisco just now for one can hear the great Alessandro Bonci sing, sing as the angels in heaven must sing and as only a few blessed beings have ever been able to sing on earth. His voice is a lovely lyric tenor, and its every possibility has been so developed by the most intelligent study, that if Signor Bonci hadn't any voice at all to sing with, so to speak, he would still be a wonder and a delight and a spreader of the gospel of song. On the long and varied program of his opening concert there was something to appeal to the taste of every musician, something to delight every student of the intricacies of the difficult art of singing. In his opening group of rarely heard songs which revealed to us at once the high art of the singer he poured into eager ears the purest of golden tones. His second group comprising familiar Mendelssohn and Schubert numbers the perfection of his art was emphasized, and these songs he enunciated in faultless English. Then he sang "How so Fair!" from Martha, but one felt that he had not yet given his cordial audience out of the well-springs of his singers' heart. What treasures lay hidden there was easily divined in his next group of French songs. It must have been a Frenchman in his exuberance at hearing his beloved language so perfectly pronounced who shouted "Bravo!" up where Bonci's own countrymen were crowded. Everyone wanted to echo the "Bravo" for the delicious diminuendo that the singer treated us to in the "Romance" of Debussy. From that moment the great tenor seemed electrified. Then came the event of the afternoon. He sang "Che gelida Manina" from La Boheme with the most marvelous dramatic intensity. Tears sprang into the eyes of temperamental people, cheeks twitched with emotion, Italian hearts swelled proudly in loyal Italian breasts and all nationalities joined lustily in the applause that followed. Next he sang two Macdowell songs, then the "Mattinato" of Leoncavallo. After clamorous recalls he sang "La Donna e Mobile." Delightful it was but undoubtedly he can do it better than he did after such a tremendous program. I long to hear him sing it again as the piece de resistance of a shorter program. Know, dear, generous Signor Bonci, that San Francisco audiences are like the man who had

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, MARCH 17th

Pleasing Novelties to celebrate the day. Shamrocks, Harps of Erin, and dainty, Green Satin Boxes filled with candies. At all four of Geo. Haas & Son's candy stores.

the whole earth for a farm and then wanted a little piece outside for a garden. The glorious Gadski time after time has sung herself hoarse for us and then we have made her give the Valkyrie cry! The superb Schuman-Heink has rendered programs that would wear out the throat of a less vigorous singer, yet we have demanded "More"—and got it. But Tetrazzini—she knows her San Francisco and she just won't and we love her just as well and appreciate her just as much as if she had acceded to selfish demands. Great singers cannot afford to be too prodigal with their precious voices. So Signor, beware! Please don't allow us to treat you like a phonograph. The Columbia was filled to overflowing with music lovers Sunday afternoon with the most enthusiastic concert audience I have ever seen in this city. From a prolonged welcome to the stranger to the last recall at the end to assure him that he is our Bonci forever, it was as demonstrative an audience as an artist ever can expect to sing to in an American city.

MISS FLORA WILSON
The famous coloratura soprano.

Bonci's accompanist, Harold Osborn Smith, looks like an ordinary, methodical business young person but he is "some piano player," quite worthy to accompany so distinguished a star. His solo work was delightful. —H. M. B.

Mary Austin's Play

"The Arrow-Maker," the long delayed Indian play of Mrs. Mary Hunter Austin, has just been produced at the New Theater. It is a tale of early aboriginal life, but the moral of the heroine's experience is supposed to have its modern application. The central figure is a Chisera, or medicine woman who has been invested with special authority in the tribe because of her supposed mystical powers. On this account she has been relieved from all communal responsibilities, but she is bound by an oath of celibacy, in order that nothing may interfere with her religious duties. But she is human and falls a victim to the wiles of Simwa, the arrow-maker, whose ambition she promotes until he has become a great war-lord. Then he deserts her to marry the daughter of the chief, and in her rage she denounces him publicly on his wedding day, declaring that both he and the tribe shall suffer for his treachery to her. Her prophecies are fulfilled. Soon Simwa and the tribe become victims of the extremest misfortune, and in their distress, threaten her with death unless she can appease the angry gods. But in her loneliness and misery, deprived of the right to love, she has lost faith, power, and initiative. In time, however, she finds fit objects for her affection in the suffering children, and—the yearnings of the maternal heart being satisfied—she recovers her former energies, and once more directs the tribe to triumph and happiness.

Another Concert by Miss Wilson

Among American singers who have made name and fame abroad as well as in their own country none stands higher than Miss Flora Wilson whose recital at the St. Francis last month for the benefit of the Armitage Orphanage afforded sincere pleasure to a large audience of music-lovers. Those who attended out of curiosity to see the daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture and a prominent Washington society woman, were surprised when they found that Miss Wilson was not an amateur singer but a splendid artist. She rendered a program ranging from the most difficult grand operatic arias to simple Scotch ballads, and it was hard to say which of her numbers pleased the critical audience best. The Shadow Song from "Dinorah," the waltz song from "Romeo and Juliet" and "Ah fors e lun" from "Traviata" were among Miss Wilson's numbers and it is likely that she will include these favorites of her first recital in her program at the second recital to be given March 22 in Scottish Rite Hall, Sutter street and Van Ness avenue. The full program will be given in next week's issue of Town Talk. The concert is to be at popular prices. Tickets may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, the prices ranging from $2.00 to 75 cents.

"The Merry Widow" Once More

Gertrude Elliott will appear for the last times at the Savoy this Saturday afternoon and evening and on Sunday night "The Merry Widow" will begin an engagement limited to two weeks. Henry W. Savage offers a fine all-round company. The role of Sonia falls to Mabel Wilber who has appeared here twice before in the character. Charles Meakins who was with the original New York company will be Prince Danilo. A newcomer will be Ivy Scott, an Australian prima donna, making her first American appearance in the role of Natalie.

Ferruccio Busoni Next

Manager Will Greenbaum offers as the opening attraction at the new Scottish Rite Auditorium of which he has assumed the sole management, Ferruccio Busoni, the Italian pianist who is duplicating the sensation caused by Paderewski wherever he plays. Busoni is said to be a marvelous performer. He will give two concerts in this city, the first on Sunday afternoon, March 19, when he will offer a program of Chopin and Liszt works and one of his own transcriptions of a Bach "Prelude and Fugue" for organ. A special feature will be his performance of the difficult Liszt transcription of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" popularly called the "Don Juan Fantasie." The second and last concert will be given Tuesday night, March 21.

"The Substitute" and Max Figman

"The Substitute" which will be given by Max Figman at the Alcazar next week is said to be a better play than "The Man on the Box." It was written by Beulah Dix and Evelyn Greenleaf, authors of "The Road to Yesterday." Excellent opportunity for effective acting is furnished all the principals in the cast. Lolita Robertson, Viola Leach, Bessie Barriscale, Adele Belgarde, Will R. Walling, Louis Bennison, Burt Wesner, Charles Gunn and Howard Hickman will be in the cast.

Mischa Elman, Russian Violinist

On Sunday afternoon, March 26, Mischa Elman, the Russian violin virtuoso who has been called "the mastersinger of the violin" will give the first of a series of three concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Elman is twenty years of age but his fame is world wide. It is two years since he played here and his development in that short space of time is said to have been great. Elman plays on two Sunday afternoons and the inter-

LOLA MERRILL and FRANK OTTO
Who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

vening Thursday night, besides a concert in Oakland at Ye Liberty on Friday afternoon and an appearance before the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

Another Week of "Every Little Movement"

Unusual in many respects is the engagement of "Madame Sherry" at the Columbia. The performance is all that was claimed for it; the company is great; and theatergoers are attending in record numbers. The management has arranged for two extra matinees during the company week. They will be given on Wednesday and Friday in addition to the regular Saturday matinee.

Francis Wilson in "The Bachelor's Baby" follows. The advance sale of seats opens next Thursday.

Another Good Bill at the Orpheum

B. A. Rolfe and his Rolfonians will give an instrumental act at the Orpheum next week. Rolfe is a cornet soloist. His support is versatile in vocal and instrumental ability. Lola Merrill and Frank Otto will present "After the Shower,"

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a summer flirtation with tuneful numbers. The Six Flying Banvards are renowned as daring and skillful aerialists. Jarrow, the originator of the famous "Lemon Trick" will give a taste of his quality. Next week closes the engagements of Bernard and Weston, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry, "The Fire Commissioner" and The Four Huntings.

The Bonci Farewell

The farewell concert of Alessandro Bonci will be given this Sunday afternoon at the Columbia. The seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's or may be had at the theater on Sunday after ten o'clock. Bonci will sing some of the masterpieces by Cimarosa, Gluck, Rossini, Carissimi, Chadwick, Blumenthal and by special request Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me." In operatic selections his program will be rich.

Ye Liberty to Stage "Colorado"

For the first time on the Pacific Coast the Bishop Players at Ye Liberty, Oakland, will stage next week "Colorado," by Augustus Thomas. It is a stirring story of mining life and when produced originally in New York with a cast headed by Wilton Lackaye achieved a big success.

Our New Concert Auditorium

The new Scottish Rite Auditorium at the corner of Van Ness and Sutter streets which cost over half a million dollars is not to be used exclusively by the Masonic body which built it, for Will Greenbaum has leased the two lower floors which contain a beautiful concert and ball room, a smaller auditorium for chamber music and recital concerts and a splendid banquet hall where tables may be set for a thousand people. It is an institution which this city needed badly and we may expect to see this beautiful edifice the scene of many splendid musical and social events. The main auditorium will seat about sixteen hundred people.

How I Wrote the "Washington Post"

Altogether I have some two hundred compositions to my credit, and it is now more years than I care to remember since I took my first composition to a publisher. I paid $25 for its publication, but it was a bad investment, for nobody took the slightest interest in Sousa's initial effort. I had another try, and this time took two compositions to a publishing firm in Philadelphia, who said they were willing to use them and pay for them. "How much?" I asked, breathlessly. They would give me a hundred copies of each piece. Considering that the journey had cost me some $15, it did not seem that I should make a fortune very rapidly at this rate. Nevertheless I accepted but I do not remember hearing that the publishers became millionaires after publishing my two pieces.

And then came the "Washington Post" March, which brought me exactly $25 in cash and a small fortune in reputation. This march is not, as is generally supposed, named after a mail coach plying to and from Washington. It is named after one of the leading newspapers in the United States capital, whose proprietors many years ago promoted a competition amongst school children for the best essay, which caught on to such an extent that the National Museum grounds at Washington were needed for the distribution of the prizes.

I was there with the Marine Band, of which I was then conductor, and played for the first time in public a march specially composed for the occasion, which, by common consent, was called after the enterprising newspaper, the "Washington Post." Although it attracted some attention, the publishers to whom I offered it told me that they could only assume the risk and financial expense of publishing the "Washington Post" provided I would assign my exclusive rights for $25. I knew the firm were enterprising and would push whatever they published, and I consented. But, of course, I had no idea that the "Washington Post" would become so popular in every quarter of the globe. However, although it only brought me, as I say, $25 in cash, it brought me into such prominence that I was quickly inundated with requests for more marches.

By the way, in common with others possessing commodities valuable enough to filch, I have been persistently pestered by music pirates. Hence the following little story. Some time after the "Washington Post" had become widely popular, my wife and I were spending a holiday in Italy. One day we were in St. Mark's Square, Venice, when the municipal band appeared to give its daily concert. Naturally interested, I listened to the performance and was much gratified when, after playing several numbers, the orchestra struck up the "Washington Post." While they were playing, I noticed a music shop in the square, which I entered, and with becoming gravity asked the shopkeeper the name of the piece the band was playing.

"That," said the music-dealer, after listening a moment, "is the 'Washington Post' march." I then asked for a copy. After searching his shelves the shopkeeper found he had run out, but volunteered to supply one within an hour. On returning after that lapse of time, I was presented with an Italian edition of the piece, by Giovanni Filipo Sousa. Taking the copy, I went to the piano and played through the first few bars.

"Yes, that's it," I said to the shopkeeper. "But this Giovanni Filipo Sousa, who is he?" The music vender volubly explained that he was a celebrated Italian composer. "Indeed!" I remarked; "and is he as famous as Verdi?" "Well, no, signor," replied the Venetian; "but then he is only young yet." —By John Philip Sousa.

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AFTER THE PLAY

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Washington politics has been the dominating influence in the security market in the recent week. As a result there was some heavy liquidation of speculative accounts on account of the uncertainty of the political outlook in the matter of an extra session during which tariff agitation is not unlikely to be a feature. In view of this unsettlement leading bankers set the market back and started a selling movement to fortify Wall Street in the event of unfavorable conditions during the coming week. The speculative situation has been clarified and stocks have undoubtedly passed into stronger hands. During the extra session of Congress it is not certain that anything but the reciprocity bill will receive attention. We look for much higher prices later on.

Wheat—March first saw the lowest prices for wheat during the crop year to date. Since that time there has been steadily increasing strength. It developed that the lowest prices were made by short selling and not by liquidation by holders. Practically all of the recovery has been due to an attempt by these short sellers to buy the wheat back again in the open market. Speculative buying by professional traders who were quick to note the failure of liquidation at the low levels, was almost if not entirely responsible for the desire of the short interests to cover. It is true that the commercial situation has improved a trifle but neither that nor any other influence has been more than incidental to the speculative campaign. Certainly none of the commercial factors are important enough of themselves to turn the market from its previous extreme depression. Probably the most important of the incidental influences was the falling off in marketings at primary centers. Reciprocity has as frequently had one bearing as another on the speculative mind. The government will issue its annual report on farm reserves soon and it should be around 182 million bushels. Some of the extremists figure it as high as 200 million bushels. In fact the government last week made announcement regarding the crop movement indicating this.

Corn displayed considerable speculative activity last week, due in a large measure to the interest of local professional traders. There has been a little increase in sales from the country but not nearly as much as was warranted by the improvement in the weather and the country roads. On the other hand there has been an extremely small domestic and export trade. Actual clearances from former sales however have been liberal.

Cotton—Large buying orders in the May option said to have come from the leading spot houses constituted the principal factor in the market during the past week and shorts were forced to cover in the distant futures. There was also talk of a better trade outlook, not only in this country but also in Manchester. Spot cotton in the southern markets remained firm and the price did not yield to the break in futures of the previous week. This more than anything else gave encouragement to the bulls. However, reports of curtailment again made their appearance and later in the week sentiment became bearish with prices at the end of the week about where they left off the previous week. Australian cables reported spinners starting on 25 per cent curtailment and a cut in print cloths of one-fourth cent per yard at Fall River was reported which put cotton goods down to a basis of only about twelve cent cotton and means a further increase of curtailment by American mills. The world's visible supply of American cotton now promises to figure about 1,200,000 bales on August 31 which would be the second largest on record. Spot interests look for spinners to re-enter the market around fourteen cents which might check the decline and cause a temporary recovery. But we would not recommend purchases for a long account as with new crop prospects good, lower prices than have yet been seen are inevitable.

Local Securities—The recent annual report of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company is a very interesting document on the local situation. The following are the principal items as compared with the previous annual report:

	1909	1910
Capital Stock (Common)	$18,000,000	$18,000,000
Capital Stock (Preferred)	18,000,000	18,000,000
Bonds	23,000,000	29,375,000
Cash and accounts receivable	1,901,792	3,451,837
Bills and accounts payable	3,881,938	6,823,342
Excess payables over rec'bls	1,980,146	3,371,505
Gross earnings	12,885,017	14,667,111
Net earnings	1,243,528	1,199,204
Dividends	1,080,000	1,080,000
Surplus	163,528	119,204
Maintenance and repairs	4,700,571	5,358,111
Total stations	392,822	446,622
Ratio increase in stations	19.1%	13.6%
Earned on common	.9%	.6%
Ratio maintenance to gross	36.4%	36.5%
Ratio maintenance to plant	11.2%	10.7%
Maintenance per station	$13.00	$12.70
Gross income per station	$35.60	$34.90

Notes.—The capital stock remains unchanged. Some of the $6,375,000 of the 5 per cent bonds have been issued. Even then new construction has required so much capital that the excess of accounts payable, etc., has increased to $1,391,359. Gross earnings show a very satisfactory increase and net earnings show a small surplus over the preferred stock dividend. The situation, however, is perfectly healthy, because not only has an adequate amount been expended from the earnings for maintenance, but there has also been a considerable addition to reserves and about $600,000 has also been charged off the bond discount account. This latter is still over $2,000,000 and will call for at least similar charging off for three years. The operating end is very satisfactory in every detail but from a financial standpoint there are a number of problems ahead. The company is growing tremendously and will need more new capital immediately and for some time to come. We can see nothing adverse to the present bond or preferred stock issues in the situation, however. As to the common stock we can see no justification for the present market price. Intrinsically the value seems to be less than 30½, this being the total of the surplus and reserve accounts. Dividends cannot be expected for some time.

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Back to the Spade

(Continued from Page 9.)

corner was a feed-trough, where a donkey was patiently munching his ration of hay. On the opposite side was a broad bed, with iron legs that stood unsteadily upon the stone flooring of the room. It was there that the three brothers would fling themselves down to sleep, but never all three at once, since first one and then another took his turn at standing guard at night in the fields. The rest of the room was cumbered with various farming implements. Wooden steps led to the room in the garret, where the old couple and the orphan slept.

Giovanni had sunk upon the edge of the bed, leaning forward upon the disordered bedding, with his head buried in his arms. His aged mother kept her eyes fixed upon him, while she wept and wept, ceaselessly, silently, as though all her heart, all her being, would fain dissolve and pass away in tears.

Hearing someone come in, the priest raised his head, took one wild glance around, and then dropped his face once more upon his arms. His three brothers caught a brief glimpse of his haggard face, with the bristling beard intensifying his repellant pallor. They gazed at him for a time with a sense of mingled repulsion and pity; they noted that his robe was torn in many places, and then, as their glance descended, they saw that the silver buckle of one shoe was missing.

The aged mother, seeing her three other sons, burst into sobs and covered her face with her hands.

"Hush, mother, hush!" Carmine urged her, his own voice choked with emotion, seating himself upon a chest beside the bed, together with his brothers, to wait in silence for the father's coming. They all three had the same sickly, spiritless appearance, the same lean, bony frames; they all three wore black, knitted caps, thrust far back upon their heads; they all three had little hoops of gold in their ears. And, sitting in a row, they represented the same identical aspect of painful suspense.

At last, the old man entered the courtyard, bowed over, with his hands behind his back, gazing on the ground. He too wore upon his head a cap similar to those of his sons, but discolored and full of holes. His hair was straggling and there was a month's growth of beard on his chin.

"Cheer up, Siroli!" exclaimed Lubruno's representative, rising to meet the old man. "Cheer up, I tell you! It's all straightened out!"

Old Siroli fixed his eyes, black and still bright, upon those of the representative, but without answering, as though he had either not heard or not understood. The latter, who was a big, jovial fellow, with an enormous chest, and a ruddy face, laid a hand upon his shoulder, with an air at once reassuring, patronizing and ironical, and repeated:

"It's all straightened out; a quick cure, that's the name of it!" and he laughed knowingly. "Yes, indeed! When we are lucky enough to have a master who appreciates our devotion and fidelity, certain * * * certain indiscretions may be overlooked. Boyish folly, after all; you know what I mean? Mere trifles * * *"

The old man restrained himself, raging inwardly.

"In a word, what have you come to tell me?" he demanded, with proud and threatening eyes.

The officer took his hand from the other's shoulder, clasped it with his other hand behind his back, threw out his chest, raised his head as though to look down upon the old man from above, and blurted out:

"Here's what I come for. The master, chiefly out of respect for the cloth your son wears, and partly out of pity for you, has been so active in the matter that the charges have been withdrawn. So that now your son will be sent to Acireale."

Old Sirolo, who had so far listened with his eyes on the ground, raised his head.

"To Acireale?"

"Yes, indeed. Our bishop has an understanding with the bishop over there."

"An understanding?" the old man questioned further. "An understanding about what?"

"What about? Why about your son's little * * * blunder; can't you understand?" the overseer exclaimed, losing his patience. "They will close their eyes, that's all, and nothing more is to be said about it."

The old man clenched his fists, turned pale and murmured:

"The bishop will do this?"

"He will do this and more," rejoined the overseer. "Your son will stay a year or two at Acireale, in expiation, until the affair is hushed up. Then he will come back, and conduct mass the same as ever; don't you be afraid about that."

"He?" cried old Siroli, pointing with trembling hands towards the house. "He, with his hands, touch the consecrated host?"

The overseer lightly shrugged his shoulders: "If his Reverence forgives——"

"His Reverence may, but I won't!" promptly answered the outraged old man, beating his

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Market Street Ferry Depot,

Third & Townsend Sts. Depot

Broadway & 13th St., Oakland

breast with his gnarled and callous hand. "Come, and see for yourself!"

Still vibrating with scorn and anger, he entered the ground-floor room, hurried to the bed on which the priest still remained huddled in the same position, seized him by the arm, and with one violent jerk drew him to his feet.

"Up with you! Off with your frock!"

The priest, standing in the middle of the room, with his robes all wrinkled upon his back, his thin calves uncovered, hid his face behind his upraised arms. The three sons and the mother, still seated, gazed in consternation first at Giovanni, then at the father, whom they had never seen in such a mood before. The overseer witnessed the scene from the threshold.

"Up with you! Off with your frock," repeated the old man, shaking with anger, "or I will strip it from you by force! Up with you, up, up!" And so speaking, he drove him forcibly up the wooden steps. Then he turned to his wife, who was sobbing aloud, and sharply commanded her to be quiet. The old woman at once stifled her sobs, bowing her head several times in sign of obedience. It was the first time that her husband had ever spoken to her like that, in loud tones.

The overseer, standing on the threshold unheeded, shrugged his shoulders and blurted out:

"But why in the world, you old fool, if everything has been straightened out——?"

"You there, hold your tongue!" cried the old man, turning savagely upon him. "Go and make your report to his Reverence!"

Slowly he mounted the wooden steps. Giovanni, already up there, had taken off his robes and was in his shirt-sleeves, waist-coat and knee-breeches, sitting beside his father's bed. All at once he buried his face in his hands.

The old man stood for a while watching him, his face eloquent with contempt and disgust; then he commanded:

"Take that buckle off your shoe!"

The son bent over to obey. His father then approached him, saw that he still wore the priest's cap on his head, and snatched it from him, a clump of hair with it. Giovanni sprang to his feet, beside himself with anger. But the old man, with a terrible gesture, pointed to the stairs:

"Down with you! No, wait! Here is a spade. And I am too kind to you because you are no longer worthy even of this. Your brothers till the ground., and you are not fit to stand beside them. Even the work you do will be accursed in the sight of God!"

Left alone, the old man took the frock, brushed it, folded it carefully, and kissed it; he gathered up from the ground the silver buckle and kissed it; he took up the priest's cap, and kissed that also; then he opened a long, old, oaken chest, that looked like a coffin, in which the clothing of his three dead children were religiously preserved, and making the sign of the cross above them with his hand, he laid away these garments of his son the priest.

He closed the chest, seated himself upon it, buried his face between his hands, and gave way to heart-broken sobs.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLOTTA WILFORD, also known as CHARLOTTA C. WILFORD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotta Wilford, also known as Charlotta C. Wilford, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, Eugene W. Levy, Room 560, Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

ALBERT WILFORD,
ENOCH T. HOWES,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotta Wilford, also known as Charlotta C. Wilford, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 11, 1911.

EUGENE W. LEVY, Atty. for Executors,
Room 560, Mills Building,
No. 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADAM WAGNER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Adam Wagner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, Room 802 in the Balboa Building, southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Adam Wagner, deceased.

ADAM WAGNER,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Adam Wagner, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 18, 1911.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Atty. for Executor,
802 Balboa Bldg., Market and Second Sts., S. F. 2-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of REGINA JOHANNISSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of Regina Johannissen, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Regina Johannissen, deceased.

FANNIE PRATT,
Executrix of the Estate of Regina Johannissen, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

J. J. LERMEN, Atty. for Executrix,
Room 504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA KENYON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ELLA KENYON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Wm. Hoff Cook, her attorney, at Room 1603 Chronicle Building, in San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ella Kenyon, deceased.

ADA HUDSON,
Administratrix of the Estate of Ella Kenyon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

WM. HOFF COOK, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 1603 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRIETTA GNECCO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Henrietta Gnecco, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, Esq., in the Schmiedell Building, No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

GIOVANNI GNECCO,
Administrator of the Estate of Henrietta Gnecco, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, ESQ., Atty. for Administrator,
Schmiedell Bldg., 604 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALEXANDER LIPPMAN, Deceased—No. 11,097, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Alexander Lippman, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Attorney at Law, 616-617 Metropolis Building, Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Alexander Lippman, deceased.

HYMAN LIPPMAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Alexander Lippman, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Atty. for Administrator,
616-617 Metropolis Building,
Market and New Montgomery Sts., San Francisco. 2-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTHONY DORRITY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Anthony Dorrity, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Cooper, Gray & Cooper, Room 439 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anthony Dorrity, deceased.

W. J. PALETHORPE,
Administrator of the Estate of Anthony Dorrity, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

COOPER, GRAY & COOPER,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Room 439 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. O'KANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned W. D. O'Kane, Administrator of the estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, John F. Hanlon, Room 618 Mechanics Building, Corner of Market and Mason Streets, City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased.

WILLIAM D. O'KANE,
Administrator of the estate of Mary E. O'Kane, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 11, 1911.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 618 Mechanics Bldg., San Francisco. 3-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,018, Department No. 4.

MARY I. GREELY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mary I. Greely, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet North of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number 201.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society,	San Francisco, California.
R. McColgan and Ryland C. Goodspeed, as Trustees for Mariam L. Goodspeed,	Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, California.
R. McColgan and Daniel A. McColgan, as Trustees for C. H. Williams,	Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9,903, Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PETER JAMES DONAHUE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made and filed herein on the 15th day of December, 1910, in the matter of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, Deceased, the undersigned, William P. Burke as administrator of the estate of said Deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, in Gold Coin of the United States, on or after Wednesday, the 8th day of March, 1911, and subject to confirmation by said Court, an undivided one-half interest, together with all the right, title and interest that the estate of said Deceased has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of Peter James Donahue, Deceased, at the time of his death, of, in and to all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the point formed by the intersection of the Northeasterly line of Spear Street and the Southeasterly line of Mission Street, running thence Southeasterly and along the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and eighty-three (183) feet and four (4) inches; thence at a right angle Northeasterly and parallel with the said Southeasterly line of Mission Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Northeasterly and parallel with the said Southeasterly line of Mission Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said line of Mission Street; and thence at a right angle Southwesterly and along the said Southeasterly line of Mission Street one hundred and eighty-three (183) feet and four (4) inches to the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara Block numbered 321.

Commencing at a point on the Northwesterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon ninety-one (91) feet and eight (8) inches Northeasterly from the point of intersection of the Northeasterly line of Spear Street with the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence Northeasterly and along the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southwesterly and parallel with the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches, and thence at a right angle Southeasterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara Block numbered 321.

Ten (10) per cent of the bid payable at the time of sale and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court; deed and abstract at the expense of purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State, county and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature that are now or may hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers or bids must be in writing and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said administrator, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to the said administrator personally, or may be filed in the office of the clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of this sale. WILLIAM P. BURKE,
Administrator of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 15th, 1911.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Attorney for Administrator of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, Deceased, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California. ???

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Dept. No. 10, Probate, No. 29, N. S.

In the matter of the Estate of JULIUS FRIEDMAN, Deceased.

Edward R. Lande and I. M. Friedberg, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Julius Friedman, deceased, having presented to the Court, and filed herein, their duly verified petition praying for an Order of Sale of Real Property belonging to the estate of said decedent, hereinafter described, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of said estate, and those interested therein, that said real property, the sale of which is asked for in said petition, should be sold, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered by the Court that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, Department No. 10, Probate, at the Courtroom of said Department, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, on Wednesday, the 22d day of March, 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to show cause why an Order should not be granted to said Executors, for the sale of all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street with the Northeasterly line of Beale Street; running thence Northeasterly and along said line of Harrison Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly thirty (30) feet to said line of Beale Street, and thence at right angles Northwesterly and along said last mentioned line eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement, being a portion of 100 Vara Block No. 333, together with the improvements thereon.

Further ordered that a copy of this Order be published once a week for four successive weeks before the time appointed for said hearing, in "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Done in Open Court this 15th day of February, 1911.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 15, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDMUND TAUSZKY, Atty. for J. M. Friedberg, Executor,
MARSHALL B. WOODWORTH, Atty. for Edward R. Lande, Executor. 2-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,365.

HATTIE ELIZA POND, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. POND, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: William H. Pond, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, and on the ground of defendant's habitual intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY H. DAVIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
495-497 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for The City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 10.

In the matter of the Application of GEORGE OTTEN, for Change of Name. No. 33,835.

George Otten having this day filed his application and petition in the above entitled Court for change of his name to George Smith:

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before the above entitled Court, Department 10 thereof, at the Courtroom of said department, located in what is known as the Grant Building, situated on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Friday, March 3, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause, if any they have, why such application and petition for change of name should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed in said City and County of San Francisco, which said publication is hereby adjudged to be sufficient notice of the hearing of said application and petition.

Dated: this 3d day of February, 1911.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

BRENNAN & LANE, Attys. for Petitioner,
Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-4

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,712, Dept. No.

LOUISA ZAMBELLI, SILVIO HECTOR ZAMBELLI, WALTER ZAMBELLI, IRENE ZAMBELLI, and RITA ZAMBELLI, also known as Marguerite Zambelli, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County within three months after first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Market Street, distant thereon forty-nine (49) feet and one (1) inch northeasterly from the easterly line of Sanchez Street; running thence southerly and parallel with Sanchez Street sixty-eight (68) feet and six and three-eighths (6⅜) inches; thence at a right angle easterly thirty-three (33) feet and five and three-eighths (5⅜) inches; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly eight and three-fourths (8¾) inches; thence southwesterly and along the said southeasterly line of Market Street forty-eight (48) feet and seven and one-half (7½) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a part of Mission Block Number 96.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that plaintiffs' title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and the whole thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages, or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of January, 1911.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiffs: None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-7-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET NOONAN, sometimes known as MARGARET KEOGH, Deceased—No. 11,139, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Margaret Noonan, sometimes known as Margaret Keogh, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, Southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Margaret Noonan, sometimes known as Margaret Keogh, deceased.

THOMAS KEOGH,
Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Noonan, sometimes known as Margaret Keogh, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 18, 1911.

J. J. LERMEN, Atty. for Administrator,
Rooms 504-506 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 2-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISAAC ELIASER, Deceased—No. 11,167, N. S., Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Maurice Eliaser, Ezra Eliaser and Union Trust Company of San Francisco, Executors of the last will and testament of Isaac Eliaser, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Union Trust Company of San Francisco, at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Isaac Eliaser, deceased.

MAURICE ELIASER,
EZRA ELIASER,
UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
By H. VAN LUVEN, Secretary.

Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Isaac Eliaser, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attys. for Said Executors,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PIETRO VALLERGA, also known as and called PETER VALLERGA and PEDRO VALLEROGA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Pietro Vallerga, also known as and called Peter Vallerga and Pedro Valleroga, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Messrs. Fitzpatrick & Greeley, 423-425 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Pietro Vallerga, also known as and called Peter Vallerga and Pedro Valleroga, deceased.

GIACOMO VALLERGA,
Administrator of the Estate of Pietro Vallerga, also known as and called Peter Vallerga and Pedro Valleroga, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, Attys. for Administrator,
423-425 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,014, Department No. 4.

SARA M. DALY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Hereinafter Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem to establish and quiet Plaintiff's title to real property and to determine all adverse claims thereto.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Sara M. Daly, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court, and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Randolph Street, distant twenty-five (25) feet easterly from the east line of Ramsell Street and running thence east twenty-five (25) feet; thence north one hundred (100) feet; thence west twenty-five (25) feet; thence south one hundred (100) feet to to the point of commencement; and being Lot 7 of Block 37 of the City Land Association as shown on a map of the same recorded on August 24, 1870, in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, and being also the same premises heretofore conveyed to Annie A. Daly (widow) by Anne McCormac by deed recorded August 2, 1897, in Volume 1748 of Deeds, Old Series, Records of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That this Court by its final judgment and decree, may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and may adjudge said plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands, and may establish and quiet its title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief in the premises as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Dated this 14th day of December, 1910.

GEO. K. FORD, Atty. for Plaintiff.
617 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No, 30,020, Department No. 4.

VIRGINIA CASSIDY WILBUR, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

First—Commencing at the northwest corner of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue) and Twentieth Avenue; thence northerly along the west line of Twentieth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly and parallel with Twentieth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle easterly and along the north line of Geary Street fifty (50) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 201.

Second—Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue); running thence northerly along said westerly line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the said westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, and the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 201.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of this Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property, and every part thereof; and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof; and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CAROLINE SHARP, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Caroline Sharp, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of J. F. Riley, Attorney for said Administrator with the Will annexed, 715-717 Pacific Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Caroline Sharp, deceased.

ARTHUR M. SHARP,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Caroline Sharp, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

J. F. RILEY, 715-717 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.,
Atty. for Administrator with the Will Annexed. 2-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,021, Department No. 4.

WILLIAM A. KAAS and DELIA KAAS (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William A. Kaas and Delia Kaas, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Utah Street, distant thereon one hundred and eighty-seven (187) feet and six (6) inches southerly from the southerly line of Mariposa Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Utah Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Utah Street and the point of commencement; being a part of Potrero Block number seventy-four (74).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,015, Department No. 4.

ANNIE C. WIEGNER, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Annie C. Wiegner, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), distant thereon eighty (80) feet Easterly from the intersection of the Southerly line of Geary Street with the Easterly line of Eight Avenue, running thence Easterly along the said Southerly line of Geary Street twenty-six (26) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Eighth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-six (26) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street and point of beginning; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 277.

2nd. Commencing at a point on the Western line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Northerly from the Northern line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Western line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in the fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
Title Insurance and Guaranty Company,	250 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES A. FISHER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles A. Fisher, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Bishop, Hoefler, Cook & Harwood, Room 363 Russ Building, Northwest corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charles A. Fisher, deceased.

JESSE A. ANDREWS,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles A. Fisher, Deceased..

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Executor,
Room 363 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,011, Department No. 4.

KATE E. HENESEY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Kate E. Henesey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of California Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches westerly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of California Street with the westerly line of Octavia Street; running thence westerly and along said southerly line of California Street thirty-four (34) feet nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly thirty-four (34) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 197.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises; and that the easement and right of said property to the party wall on the boundary between said property and the real property of M. Sheftel Co., a corporation, immediately abutting upon the rear of said property, be established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
M. Sheftel,	2083 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

City and County of San Francisco, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. TAYLOR, also known as JOHN JAMES TAYLOR, also known as J. J. TAYLOR, Deceased—No. 11,091 (N. S.), Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix respectively of the estate of the above named John J. Taylor, alias, etc., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of W. A. S. Nicholson and D. I. Mahoney, Attorneys for said Executor and Executrix, at Number 1112 Market Street, Rooms 106, 107 and 108, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said John J. Taylor, alias, etc., deceased.

WILLIAM A. TAYLOR,
DAISY V. ROBERTS,
Executor and Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of John J. Taylor, also known as John James Taylor, also known as J. J. Taylor, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., February 11, 1911.

W. A. S. NICHOLSON and D. I. MAHONEY,
Attorneys for Executor and Executrix,
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BETSY LIPPITT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Betsy Lippitt, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of A. L. Weil, Room 362 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Betsy Lippitt, deceased.

PHILIP LIPPITT,
Administrator of the Estate of Betsy Lippitt, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

A. L. WEIL, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 362 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTE SCHLENKER, also known as AUGUSTE B. SCHLENKER, also known as B. SCHLENKER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Hugo Altmayer, Executor of the estate of Auguste Schlenker, also known as Auguste B. Schlenker, and also known as B. Schlenker, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorneys, Rothchild, Golden & Rothchild, No. 1051 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Schlenker, also known as Auguste B. Schlenker, and also known as B. Schlenker, deceased.

(Signed) HUGO ALTMAYER,
Executor of the Estate of Auguste Schlenker, also known as Auguste B. Schlenker, also known as B. Schlenker, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 18, 1911.

ROTHCHILD, GOLDEN & ROTHCHILD,
Attorneys for Executor,
No. 1051 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,012, Department No. 4.

ELIZABETH ANN GUNN, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Elizabeth Ann Gunn, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Thirty-third Avenue, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet southerly from the southerly line of Ulloa Street (formerly "U" Street); running thence southerly along said westerly line of Thirty-third Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles northerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 1206.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiff to said real property and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims of every kind and nature whatsoever in and to said real property and every part thereof, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple of each and every, all and singular, of said real property, free and clear from any and all liens and encumbrances whatsoever.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,019, Department No. 4.

KATHERINE J. CASSIDY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Katherine J. Cassidy, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet North of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being in Block No. 201 of Outside Lands.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1910.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names:

Names	Addresses
Bank of Italy,	Montgomery and Clay Streets, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,623, Department No. 10.

MAUD GRANGER, Plaintiff, vs. ALFRED GRANGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Alfred Granger, defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. A. DORN, Atty. for Plaintiff,
812 Phelan Building, San Francisco. 1-28-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 30,017, Department No. 4.

HARRY E. CASSIDY and MARY J. MERRILL, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Harry E. Cassidy and Mary J. Merrill, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), distant Eighty (80) feet Easterly from the Southeast corner of Geary Street and Twenty-second Avenue; thence at right angles with Geary Street Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the West line of Twenty-first Avenue; thence at right angles Northerly along the line of Twenty-first Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-six (26) feet Eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Twenty-first Avenue One Hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street; thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Geary Street One Hundred and Thirty-three (133) feet, Four (4) inches to the point of commencement; being lots numbers Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight and Ten in Block No. 263 of Outside Lands.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owners of an undivided one-half interest, each, in tenancy in common and in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D., 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,016, Department No. 4.

JOHN J. CASSIDY, ANNIE CECILIA WIEGNER, MARY I. GREELY and VIRGINIA CASSIDY WILBUR, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John J. Cassidy, Annie Cecilia Wiegner, Mary I. Greely and Virginia Cassidy Wilbur, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. Commencing on the Northerly line of Pine Street at a point distant one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Pine Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-seven (27) feet and six inches; and thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with said line of Broderick Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot Number Two (2), in Block No. 540 as designated upon a certain map entitled "Hoadley's Extension of the Western Addition," which said map was recorded May 10, 1862, in the office of the Recorder of said City and County.

2nd. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue) with the Easterly line of Second Avenue; thence Southerly along said line of Second Avenue one Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street; thence at right angles Westerly along said line of Geary Street thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being part of Outside Lands Block No. 283.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Courts for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owners in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff, Mary I. Greely:

Names	Addresses
R. McColgan and Daniel A. McColgan, as Trustees for	C. H. Williams, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. LONG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Susan C. Tate, Administratrix of the estate of Mary E. Long, deceased, with the will annexed, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix of the estate of Mary E. Long, deceased, with the will annexed, at the law office of S. C. Wright, Room 1007 Tenth Floor, Mutual Bank Building, Market Street near Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary E. Long, deceased.

SUSAN C. TATE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Mary E. Long, Deceased, with the Will Annexed.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 4, 1911.

S. C. WRIGHT, Atty. for Administratrix,
1007 Tenth Floor, Mutual Bank Bldg.,
Market St. near Kearny St., San Francisco. 3-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,681, Dept. No. 10.

PLINY E. RITNER, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE I. RITNER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Grace I. Ritner, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, A. D. 1911. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

AUSTIN LEWIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
504 to 508 Schmidt Bldg., 12 Geary St., S. F. 2-4-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY C. FLITTNER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Chas. J. P. Hoehn, Administrator of the estate of Mary C. Flittner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of D. B. Richards, No. 965 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary C. Flittner, deceased.

CHAS. J. P. HOEHN,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary C. Flittner, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 15, 1911.

D. B. RICHARDS, Atty. for Administrator,
No. 965 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. 2-18-5

NOTICE OF SALE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department 10, Probate thereof, made on the 24th day of October, 1910, and filed with the Clerk of said Superior Court on the 3rd day of November, 1910, the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, on or after the 21st day of March, 1911, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, the undivided 721-1000 of the real property hereinafter described, together with all the right title and interest of said deceased, in and to said property, to-wit

That certain lot, piece or parcel of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Post Street, with the easterly line of Jones Street, running thence easterly and along said southerly line of Post Street seventy (70) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southerly sixty (60) feet to the northerly line of Cottage Place; thence at a right angle westerly and along said northerly line of Cottage Place seventy (70) feet and six (6) inches to the said easterly line of Jones Street; thence at a right angle northerly and along said easterly line of Jones Street sixty (60) feet to the said southerly line of Post Street and the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty Vara Block No. 223.

All offers to purchase the real property hereinafter described must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Mastick & Partridge, 706 Foxcroft Building, No. 68 Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Any person offering to purchase said property above described, whose bid shall be accepted by the undersigned, on notice of the acceptance of the offer and bid, shall and must deposit with the undersigned ten per cent of the purchase price and pay the balance on approval and confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court.

Dated, San Francisco, February 27, 1911.

CHAS. G. LYMAN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte F. Clarke, Deceased.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 28, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Executor,
No. 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-4-3

Auto Notes

According to Calvin E. Eib, there is a great demand for the Lozier among people who have read of its speed performances. "It is not," says Eib, "that the purchasers are all looking for a car of speed, but rather because they realize that a machine, to complete a gruelling race at the speed attained by the Lozier, must have something in materials and mechanism far beyond the ordinary."

A record has been made for the run between Fresno and Tulare by E. M. Cox of the latter city, in a 1911 Hudson "33" car. Mr. Cox had just taken delivery of the machine from A. C. Wheelock, the Pioneer Automobile Company's representative in Fresno, and driving the car fully equipped and without special preparation made the run of forty-five miles in one hour and thirteen minutes. This trip is made over a particularly bad stretch of road.

The Haynes Auto Sales Company report a decided increase of activity, promising the opening of an unusually prosperous spring trade. Among the recent sales of Haynes cars are a five-passenger touring to Mrs. Florence Eppinger and a roadster to Lansing K. Trevis.

According to advices received by the local branch of the Diamond Rubber Company, the most remarkable tire service record for the Portland Reliability Run was that made by the Diamond Truck Tires, which equipped the White three-ton truck, which won the race with absolutely no tire trouble of any kind.

W. C. Hood, general sales manager of the Chalmers Motors Company of Detroit, has been spending some time on the Pacific Coast. Mr Hood had a Chalmers "30" roadster shipped from the factory and has used it in covering the coast, keeping in close touch with all Chalmers dealers and studying road conditions.

Through the invention of the standard universal quick-detachable demountable rims that fit all tires, the problem of interchangeability has been solved, and the automobile accessory manufacturing industry has been revolutionized. The tire manufacturers who have been responsible for more than 96 per cent of the rims heretofore made, have now turned over to the United Rim Company all automobile rim patents, together with engineering data and all other available information, for the purpose of establishing a universal standard.

ZEROLENE

(Just remember the name)

The One Oil for All Gasoline Motors

"When you find a better oil than Zerolene—use that oil."

For all types of cylinders and bearings. Made in one grade only—Nothing to remember but the name—Zerolene. In sealed cans with patent spout. Barrels for garage trade.

Sold by most dealers; if not at yours, write to the

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

461 Market St., San Francisco

With the completion and occupancy of the new structure of the Pioneer Automobile Company, the city boasts an automobile building easily the equal in size and elegance of the best in the country. Located on the corner of Locust and Van Ness avenues and covering an entire half of the block between Locust avenue and McAllister street, this new structure presents an imposing appearance in the heart of the automobile district. Among other things it evidences the proportions to which the motor car business has grown in San Francisco and stands out in sharp contrast to the squat wooden buildings that housed the various automobile agencies here a few years ago. It also bespeaks the success and prosperity achieved by the Pioneer Automobile Company, which was the first firm to undertake the sale of what was then known as "horseless wagons" on the San Francisco market.

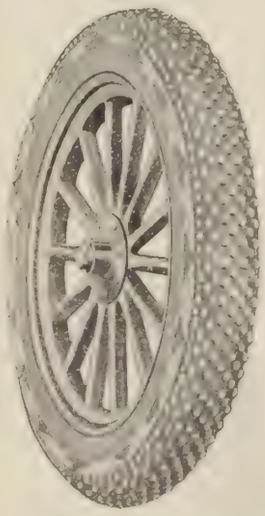
"More motor cars will be sold during the next five years over that region bounded by Lake Michigan on the east and stretching from the Canadian border on the north to the Mississippi river on the south, than in any other corresponding area in this country." Charles T. Jeffery, head of the Rambler organization, makes this prediction as the result of a trip of investigation through the Northwest, during which plans were made for even further extensions of the Rambler sales and service organization in that territory.

Hammond—Don't you dread the silent watches of the night?

Martin—No; it's the cuckoo clocks that give me away.

WOODWORTH TREADS

The PROTECTOR that does not chafe or heat the tire



There are many imitations; most of them will injure a tire more than they will save it.

The Woodworth Treads have been on the market for years, and have had the test of time.

They are **puncture-proof, non-skidding** and will save double their cost by prolonging the life of the tires.

They fit all makes of pneumatic tires. Anyone can apply them. Full directions with every tread.

Get Woodworth Treads, forget tire troubles, and have your Anti-skids always on the tires.

Send for circulars giving full description and prices.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

BRANCHES:

OAKLAND FRESNO

Letters

"A Texas Pioneer"

We are indebted to Mr. August Santleben for a remarkably interesting narrative in "A Texas Pioneer." Usually a volume of biographical and personal reminiscences will attract readers only amongst the writer's own friends, unless he be some world-renowned celebrity, but though Mr. Santleben does not claim to be more than an industrious and law-abiding citizen, there is not a page to be skipped and one wishes that he had gone into more particulars and given the details of still more of his enterprises and adventures. His first acquaintance with the hardships of pioneer life was made at the age of five months when the ship in which his father's family had sailed from Hanover in 1845 was wrecked in Galveston harbor. At eleven he was driving an ox team and at twelve he was hired out to a neighboring farmer to plow new land. At fourteen he was carrying the mail in a region infested by marauding Indians. Before he was twenty-one Mr. Santleben had two mail contracts of his own and a year later he was half owner in a stage line running from San Antonio to Monterey, Mexico. In 1869, at an age when the modern youth is still sauntering his lazy way through school, our author had established a freighting business to Chihuahua. Incidents of the road, such as the meeting with ladrones, Indian raiders and other outlaws and anecdotes concerning passengers are all related in a most entertaining manner. The author either has an exceptional memory or has kept careful records. He speaks of little that he does not know of his own knowledge and the painstaking manner in which he identifies the people whom he mentions should make it an easy matter to check inaccuracies, if there are any. There is a circumstantial list of those known to have been killed by Indians west of Guadaloupe river between 1843 and the final subjugation of the savages, as well as a roster of the settlers in each direction from San Antonio out into the wilds. In addition there is a list of the early residents of San Antonio and of the location of the places of business occupied by the pioneer merchants. A good map would add much to this most interesting recital and surely an illustrated edition, if it were possible to secure the proper old pictures, should make its appeal to the loyal citizens of San Antonio. The Neale Company are the publishers.

Book Notes

The title of Victor Mapes' novel, "The Gilded Way," classifies it at once as another exposure of the domestic life of the younger generation of New York's plutocracy. Though well written and with striking dramatic situations, it is only a modification of what is now an old story—the spoiled children of wealth indulged from their cradles, never obliged to exert their minds or bodies at the behest of aught save their own wills, undisciplined, untrained, and able to escape or mitigate every penalty through the chink of their dollars. Published by the Neale Company

If all boys' books were on a par with those of Clarence B. Burleigh the term "juvenile" would come to have a more reputable significance than it now enjoys. While his youthful heroes have as many hair-breadth adventures as is consistent with probability they are never harebrained irresponsibles and while there is an abundance of fun and achievement there is likewise something to be learned besides the outwitting of school masters and the hazing and bullying of juniors. Any red-blooded boy of twelve who has read one of Mr. Burleigh's books is ready to graduate at once into a course of Stewart Edward White. "The Young Guide" is the third of a series of tales of the Maine woods. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

Emerson Hough's "54-40 or Fight," which appeared about two years ago, was the first of a trilogy of American political romances. It dealt with the acquisition of new territory and the causes which led to the abandonment of the claim for a more northern boundary line on the Pacific Coast. The second of the series, "The Purchase Price," takes up the era of compromise in which it was sought to placate all sections of the country, the extreme northerners of abolitionist principles, the extreme southerns intent on the extension of the slavery area and that large class of every variation of complexion which stood between the two. Mr. Hough is one of the few writers who has the courage to admit that the South was unfairly treated, that, having paid its full share in both coin and blood in the acquisition of new territory, it was always cheated out of its proportion of the spoils, with the inevitable result that rancor was engendered. The story covers the period of that upflame of universal brotherhood which was promoted by the Hungarian revolt under Kossuth and the visit of that patriot to the United States. As in its predecessor, "54-40," the action centers about a beautiful woman. From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

So many years ago that a new reading generation has almost had time to grow up, there appeared in a leading magazine one of those heartbreaking, unforgettable stories the tragic pathos of which grips each heart as though it were a private sorrow. Perhaps there are few of its long-ago readers who can now recall the title of the periodical which published it or who connect the name of Ruth McEnery Stuart with its authorship, but there are none who have forgotten "The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen." Though not new in the sense of this being its first appearance, "The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen" is new in book form and new to this generation of readers. It is one of the pretty, decorated publications of the Bobbs-Merrill Company, the embellishments being by Ruth Sypherd Clements.

Max Heinrich's "Correct Principles of Classical Singing" commends itself. It is intended primarily for singers and students, but apart from the technical advice and information the pages are replete with common sense observations and criticisms, which should appeal to the general reader. Two-thirds of the contents of the volume is given over to the art of oratorio singing. The book belongs in the library of everyone interested in the art of singing. From Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

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TOWN TALK

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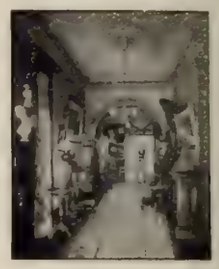
To Be Sold—Thirty-five minutes to San Francisco, this substantial mansion occupying a situation of exceptional beauty. The estate consists of the home, outbuildings, large stable and 47,000 square feet of land, in its entirety costing over $55,000. The land is surrounded by a marble bulkhead, being a corner 200x225 feet. The house is 3 stories, contains 16 rooms and 2 baths, billiard room, conservatory, and is heated by a furnace. In construction the old colonial disregard for extravagance in choice of woods is shown—the stairway is solid black walnut, while the woodwork of the chambers is in birdseye maple. The property is located in the center of the population of East Oakland, in the Thermal Warm Belt, and is an ideal family home or a remarkable opportunity for a high class and exclusive sanitarium. Can be bought for less than one-fourth its cost. Convenient payments can be arranged. Laymance Real Estate Co., Sale Agents, 1214 and 1216 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. Phone Oakland 328.



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$8,500—This classic English residence, where the exterior is constructed of cement and the interior is finished in Port Orford Cedar is offered at this extremely low figure. Although located at an altitude affording a never-to-be-interupted view of San Francisco Bay, there is no wearisome climb as the traction cars are but two level blocks away. There are 8 rooms and basement, where is installed a furnace, 5 bed rooms, 2 baths, large living and dining room and kitchen. This place was built as a home by the owner and is a truly ideal and convenient residence. Dodge ver Mehr Co., 2015 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, Cal. Phone Berkeley 3358.

FIFTY DOLLARS UNFURNISHED; SIXTY DOLLARS FURNISHED

These admirably located apartments, constructed with great care for the comfort and convenience of the occupants, are perhaps the most desirable renting accommodation on the east side of the bay. They consist of 5 rooms each and bath, the conventional arrangement is relieved by one of the sleeping rooms being built out of doors. It is shown in the right of the picture with the canvas drawn. This, of course, at the option of the lessee can be glassed in. The general arrangements of these apartments with their dainty buffet, kitchen and conveniences have quite captivated those who have seen them. Corner of Telegraph avenue and Woolsey street, a block from the new S. P. electric station and 5 minutes to Key Route. Phone Berkeley 5079.

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$30,000—Situated on a 6-mile avenue. This complete residence cost the owner $50,000. Located midway between Oakland and Berkeley it has the educational advantages found in a college town while the city is but a short car ride away. From the rear of this home an unrivaled view of San Francisco Bay can be had while from the front of the house the Berkeley hills mark the sky line. The interior finish is mahogany, while every modern convenience is installed. A rare offering presenting a combination of delightful residential and speculative features. The draperies and hangings go with the place. Thirty-five minutes from San Francisco. Laymance Real Estate Co., 1214 and 1216 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. Phone Oakland 328.

THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM TOWN

$7,000—This substantial 8-room house—built by the owner as a home—is offered for sale. The lower floor consists of 5 rooms, the living and dining room being paneled and finished in subdued tones of brown. The breakfast room, kitchen, servant's room and a large back porch that can be used as a conservatory complete this floor. The second floor has three large bed rooms, the two rear rooms opening to a large covered sun deck or sleeping porch 27x14. The never tiresome Berkeley hills are the view from this porch while a splendid view of San Francisco Bay by day or the city sparkling in the night can be had from the front of the house. Heated by 2 fire places and furnace, lawn back and front of house, berry arbor and stable with concrete floor. Owner, 6652 Dana street, Oakland, Cal. Phone Piedmont 3118.

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$5,500—This new modern house carries the old story "too large for the owner." It is built on a delightful corner, East Telegraph avenue but in Berkeley, and is modern in every particular, consisting of 6 rooms with 3 bed rooms on the second floor, living room, dining room and kitchen on lower floor. The house faces west and great care was taken in its construction, the rooms being large and light. It is particularly accessible, being but 2 blocks from the new S. P. electric station, 1 block east of Telegraph avenue, 2 blocks north of Alcatraz avenue. Terms can be arranged. Owner, 2400 Woolsey street, Berkeley. Phone Berkeley 4641. Thirty-five minutes from town. (Inspected and recommended.)

One thousand dollars less than any similar house in Oakland; the greatest bargain on the market; get busy, save commission, buy from owner and builder. For sale, grand 7-room stucco house, matchless in color and appointments; large sleeping balcony; 2 fireplaces; handsome built-in sideboard and bookcases; beamed ceilings, paneled walls, hardwood floors, elegant staircase; buffet kitchen; sun in every room; sleeping apartments upstairs; marine and hill view; large lot, 50x130; driveway. If you want a fine home, see this; choice residence section; convenient to local lines and Key Route; terms if desired. W. A. Sleep & Bros., 6453 Duncan street, near Woolsey.

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, March 18, 1911 | No. 968

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TOWN TALK

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Uncle Sam and Mexico

There has been a good deal of speculation regarding President Taft's motive for putting our army and navy within striking distance of Mexico, and some criticism of the President has emanated from those newspapers that are more concerned about the success of the Progressive movement and the sordid aspirations of its leaders than about the welfare of the country. While it is not difficult to divine President Taft's motive it is nevertheless premature to indulge in querulous or any other kind of criticism. President Taft is in a position to get a broader view of the situation in Mexico than any other citizen of the United States. He is in a position to discern things that are not to be seen by others and to judge of their bearing on our country and of consequences that are likely to ensue. It is but just and reasonable to assume that out of the fullness of his knowledge he has been able to take a wise precaution against a possible crisis of some sort. The situation in Mexico is one that will bear watching, and it would be unwise on our part not to be prepared for whatever emergency might be developed. We must always be on the alert for an occurrence that might serve as a pretext for some foreign Power to challenge the principle of the Monroe Doctrine. That principle makes it incumbent on us to safeguard foreign interests in Mexico. And it would be folly for us to accept as final the dictum of President Diaz that the Government is strong enough for all purposes. Prima facie evidence to the contrary is to be found in the futile efforts so far made to put down an insurrection. On the other hand it would be absurd for us to consider the interests of the insurrectionists who after many months of guerrila fighting have been unable to give their cause the aspect of a genuine revolution or impart to it the dignity of a political convulsion.

Sylvia of the Suffragettes

The newspapers tell us that Miss Sylvia Pankhurst is known as the Joan of Arc of the English suffragettes. This designation excites one's curiosity. In what respect does this young woman resemble the beatified Maid of Domremy? From her photographs one may judge that she is fair to look upon, and from the expedients which she adopted in London to signalize her devotion to her propaganda it may be inferred that she is a militant maid with red blood in her veins and a great deal of self-assertion to carry her through emergencies, but of any other traits suggestive of resemblance to the heroine of Orleans we are not aware. And these traits are not peculiar to Miss Sylvia Pankhurst. If they are the most salient of her characteristics she might much more appropriately be styled the Carrie Nation of England. However there may be some reason for the appellation which the people of England have bestowed on Miss Pankhurst. They may regard her as a witch and therefore a brand for the burning. But calling her a Joan of Arc on this hypothesis must be repugnant to educated Englishmen who have come to regard the Maid of Domremy with a great deal of reverence. Whatever be the reason for calling Miss Pankhurst Joan of Arc it is to be hoped that if not from Heaven she will at least try to derive inspiration from the career of the chaste maid to whom she has been likened.

The Shack Nuisance

Our esteemed contemporary, the Chronicle, is very much incensed against the municipal authorities for tolerating the so-called shack nuisance. It is certainly an outrage that the owners of shacks should have been so long permitted to disfigure the heart of the city and receive the benefit that has accrued from the enterprise of their public spirited neighbors. The Chronicle suggests that as the Supervisors are suspiciously complaisant the civic bodies should employ able counsel to enforce the law. Which reminds us that we have an official attorney in the person of the Hon. Percy Long, a gentleman who spends a great deal of his time vindicating his ardent devotion to the welfare of the city, and who looks forward to a long and prosperous employment in the service of the people. Mr. Long dearly loves to enforce all laws affecting the public interests, and with him on the job there can be no necessity for the employment of able counsel by the civic bodies. That Mr. Long has not already proceeded against the wealthy shack owners is due neither to timidity nor negligence. Indeed the probability is that Mr. Long has been long meditating on the question of the most advantageous course to pursue, and probably his meditations have been interrupted from time to time by considerations touching the next political campaign. For Mr. Long realizes that it is as important for the people that he should be kept in office as that he should enforce the law.

The Shocking of Gates

Speaking of the Throop bill Senator Gates says, "There hasn't been a dirtier piece of lobbying in twenty years before this Legislature than has been done by the aristocrats of culture." And Senator Bell gives this testimony: "I went through the most corrupt session of the Legislature in years, but I never knew the Southern Pacific lobby in its worst days to put on the screws or conduct a lobby in a more offensive way than did the opponents of this bill." How the reformers do squeal when they get dosed with their own medicine! When things are going their way the end always justifies the means, as was illustrated when John D. Works was elected United States Senator. The paramount principle of down-to-date reform is that the greater good must be advanced at any cost, and it is assumed by reformers as a self-evident proposition that they alone are competent to determine what constitutes this sacred and eternal object of patriotic endeavor. And so the "aristocrats of culture" being against the Throop bill it followed that the defeat of that bill was essential to the advancement of the greater good; for reform and culture are synonymous in California. Every high-brow from President Wheeler to John D. Barry is a reformer. And consequently if as Senator Gates says, "Men were threatened with loss of position, with business ruin and with bank foreclosure," why should Senator Gates object? Senator Gates is a reformer and is bound by the rules of the game. If he is shocked by the tactics employed at Sacramento he ought to come to San Francisco and learn of some of the things that have been done for the advancement of the greater good by the high-minded gentlemen who accomplished the wonderful, amazing transformation of that present embodiment of all the abstract principles of reform, the Hon. Hiram Johnson. If Senator Gates had been trained in the San Francisco atmosphere of reform he would now be unshockable.

Organized Labor at Sacramento

Organized Labor has fared pretty well at the hands of the Johnson administration. It is the only special interest that was given the glad hand at Sacramento, and it lost no opportunity of taking advantage of the profound concern and warm friendship that its interests enlisted. If some of its measures were beaten it was not because of a lack of sympathy but rather of timidity. One of the few beaten measures was that which was designed to exclude the militia from this labor-ridden city in the event of a bloody strike. And that measure was not exactly beaten. It was merely smothered to death, this method being adopted for the benefit of those legislators who had not the courage either to support or oppose it. The leaders of organized labor were not greatly distressed at their failure to get that measure on the statute books, since they have the situation in this city pretty well in hand anyway. They were easily appeased with the assurance that a bill would be passed prohibiting the employment of women for more than eight hours a day. Ostensibly this bill was advocated out of concern for working women. In truth it was adopted for the purpose of driving women out of employment. The power of organized labor was shown by the celerity with which Colonel Weinstock's career as a lobbyist was brought to a close. Colonel Weinstock is one of the pets of the Administration. Few men have greater influence than he with Governor Johnson. Colonel Weinstock is

one of the leaders of the goo-goo movement in this State. And the Colonel went to Sacramento to become the proud father of a compulsory arbitration law. The Colonel is a passionate prophet of compulsory arbitration. He is so infatuated with the principle of compulsory arbitration that he is like the Englishman who invented a scheme for wiping out the national debt. He is so full of his subject that he is a veritable political homily personified. He affirms that there were only three great men in the world, and one of them invented compulsory arbitration. And doubtless expecting to be the fourth by making arbitration compulsory in California he went to Sacramento and right into the house of his friends and submitted to them his grand scheme for the abatement of industrial strife and the perpetuation of peace. But alas! the leaders of Organized Labor would have none of it. Well aware are they that compulsory arbitration would banish the walking delegate to innocuous desuetude. The Colonel received his quietus on the first rattle out of the box.

A Progressive Idea

Out of the deliberations of that profoundly wise group of men known as the Commonwealth Club are evolved some curious ideas which are always quickly transmitted to the editorial sanctum of the Chronicle and thence to the printed page. And among the ideas evolved in this club is one that has the persistency of a tune played on a barrel-organ. This idea has warped and enslaved the mind of one of the Commonwealthers, an amiable, sincere gentleman who writes readable editorials for the Chronicle. As Cicero says of study, it follows him into the country, it stays with him at home, it sits with him at breakfast and goes out with him at dinner. We allude to the idea that the criminal law should be simplified by the extinguishment of all technicalities. The realization of this idea is the Chronicle writer's hobby. Among his friends he will declaim about it by the hour, in support of it he will argue himself black in the face. And yet this enthusiastic theorist who discusses law with the dogmatism that is characteristic of those who are commonly most mistaken knows no more of the science of the law than a hog knows of the precession of the equinoxes. He knows only that the system of justice has not attained perfection, that the intricacies of the law are favorable to men accused of crime, and that justice occasionally miscarries, and therefore he would revive the practices of the days of Lord Jeffreys. Discussing the Ruef case the other day he took occasion to expatiate on his favorite theory in the usual way and in the course of his homily on the evil of technicalities he said many things that were not so. For example he said that Ruef "made a general confession in open court; and the evidence of his guilt is conclusive in every way." Now Ruef never did confess the crime charged against him in the indictment on which he was convicted; nor is the evidence of the guilt alleged in that indictment conclusive. The Court of Appeal said that it was and recited the evidence that was conclusive, but was obliged subsequently to insert in the record a statement to the effect that what was said in the decision to have been proved had not been proved at all. Another specimen of the Chronicle writer's inaccuracy is this: "The surest way for an innocent man to escape is to go as quickly as possible to a trial on the merits of his case." Anybody familiar with the history of criminal jurisprudence knows that there are many circumstances in which an innocent man may not hope for acquittal except he succeed in delaying his trial. Many an innocent man would have been hanged had he rushed to trial on the merits of his case while misguided public opinion was at white heat. Another specimen of inaccuracy is this: "It is of no consequence whether his accuser is or is not biased." It may be of the most vital consequence if his accuser is biased, especially if, as has been the case, the prosecuting attorney should happen to be the hireling of the accuser, and the judge on the bench his puppet with no conscientious scruple against permitting the prosecuting attorney to threaten the jury with summary punishment at the hands of the mob. "The only proper question before a criminal court," says the Chronicle enthusiast, "is 'Did or did not the accused do what he is charged with doing?'" This assertion is not to be challenged. The object of all trials is to ascertain the truth, but there must be some mode prescribed for its ascertainment. The law does prescribe the mode just as the rules of grammar prescribe the mode of expressing thought. When the rules of grammar are violated there is danger of the thought being misinterpreted. And likewise when the legal mode of ascertaining the truth is violated the result may not be in accordance with desire. This legal mode is not perfect. Even when followed with precision it does not always lead to the discovery of truth. But it is the product of ages of study, investigation and experiment, and a better substitute is not to be contrived offhand. Hardly likely is it to be improved upon in the manner recommended by the representative of the Commonwealth Club on the Chronicle staff, the writer who being obsessed with the idea that technicalities are an abomination, classes them all as quibbling niceties. He thinks that when a defendant is granted a new trial because the trial judge violated some fundamental principle, such, for example as the principle that excludes hearsay testimony, the "technicality" is on a par with an objection to a split infinitive. So narrow is this gentleman's mental horizon that he cannot see the importance of principle at all. Here we have a philosopher who pins his faith to expedient. Beyond his comprehension is the necessity of requiring that legal justice shall take effect through well defined general rules applicable to all men. He would have reposed in every court a vague discretion to administer what might appear to be moral justice, the kind that only the Almighty can administer. What would be the result of this system of justice. It would make a farce of the jury trial and put us back to the days of Lord Jeffreys. The trial judge would have autocratic power over the life and liberty of every citizen who had the misfortune to be accused of crime. For it seems our amiable dogmatist of the Chronicle would not be content with giving every trial judge the discretion to conduct every inquiry according to his whim. He says: "No appeal of any kind on any point should be permitted in any criminal case except upon the written statement of the trial or appellate court that there is reasonable doubt whether the convicted person committed the crime." What is meant by this is not clear. Application to the appellate court for a written statement that there is a reasonable doubt is in itself an appeal, and if there is a reasonable doubt of a man's guilt then he is entitled to a new trial. But if the rules of evidence are to be disregarded there will seldom be room for reasonable doubt. You can prove a Saint guilty of all the sins in the calendar if you try him as you see fit.

An Act of Leniency

The Boughten Bulletin platitudinizing with smug solemnity on the incarceration of Abe Ruef, admits that "The Prosecution" offered him "a measure of immunity," and says, "It is a singular circumstance that the policy for which 'The Prosecution' was most savagely criticised was this act of leniency toward Abe Ruef." A singular circumstance indeed! And yet the Boughten Bulletin and its masters surrounded the immunity transaction with something of the mystery and secrecy that tradition attaches to the coy fountains of the Nile. If the noble prosecutors were not sensible of the savage criticism that the granting of immunity to Abe Ruef would evoke why did they deceive the public for nearly a year? Judge Dunne at the behest of the prosecutors postponed the sentence of Abe Ruef from week to week and from month to month, and all the while nobody dared tell the public the truth. When finally the explosion came and we heard the story of the midnight meeting participated in by two judges, of the written immunity contract designed for public deception in the event of discovery and the verbal immunity contract witnessed by two clergymen, then The Prosecution pleaded that they had agreed to give Ruef only "a measure of immunity." What measure of immunity did they intend to give him? This is something they have never told us, and perhaps it is just as well they never did, for their conscience they stained often enough, and their reputation for veracity was so badly damaged that no person of ordinary intelligence believed anything they said. It was mainly because of their repeated deceptions that they became utterly discredited. They had appealed to the public for support, for sympathy, for endorsement of everything they did howsoever at variance with justice or decency, and yet they did not dare trust the public with full knowledge of their doings. When the people learned of the bargain with Ruef naturally they were indignant, for nobody ever had the impudence to plead in behalf of Ruef that he was a victim of temptation.

The prosecutors had professed from the beginning to be eager to punish the men who had tempted the weak, unfortunate public servants; and at the inception of their enterprise they were to be after Ruef, the Satan of the dominion of graft, first, last and all the time. They described him as the most unscrupulous villain in the history of American politics. He had seduced the Supervisors and extorted money from corporations by threatening to destroy their business, and so there was no doubt about the degree of his villainy or the depths of his infamy. Even Mr. Rudolph Spreckels had personal experience of Ruef's methods. As he himself has testified Ruef tried to tempt him by unfolding to him a grand scheme by which they could both make a ton of money. And yet Mr. Spreckels and his associates were willing to grant Ruef complete immunity. This we know because aside from all the testimony about the immunity contract there is the independent testimony of The Prosecution's own witness, "Jim" Gallagher, to the effect that at his first meeting with Mr. Spreckels the latter told him he would be willing to give immunity to all the grafters including Ruef and Schmitz provided he could reach the higher-ups. It was only the higher-ups that Mr. Spreckels was after, but he didn't want the public to know. He knew that complete justice would be done by liberating Ruef and the whole gang of grafters if as a result he could send the higher-ups to jail, but he was afraid his conception of a square deal might not tally with the people's. And even to this day he considers it singular that he should have been savagely criticised for his act of leniency toward the man who debauched the city, the head, front and general director of the great carnival of graft.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

A Swat for San Francisco

The newspapers of Stockton and Sacramento are "all het up" over what they regard as a conspiracy of the San Francisco jobbers to "hog interior trade" by depriving interior towns of terminal rates. This "conspiracy," it seems, was launched at the Commercial Club in this city and the Cassius of the nefarious plot was none other than handsome William R. Wheeler, manager of the traffic bureau of the Merchants' Exchange. "It seems to be impossible," wails the Stockton Mail, "for San Francisco to learn that other communities on the Pacific Coast have possible reasons for existence besides contributing to the prosperity of the metropolis." The policy of the "conspirators" it stamps as "more than selfish; it borders on brigandage." Our jobbers the Mail calls "fat and smug," which is picturesque if not argumentative. The Sacramento Bee rallies to the fight with acidulous remarks about our "green-eyed jealousy." It quotes G. J. Bradley who runs the traffic bureau for the Sacramento merchants and manufacturers as saying that San Francisco is trying to enforce on its weaker sisters a "heads I win, tails I lose" arrangement. As an effort at enlivening the drowsy science of rate-making the controversy is a decided success.

The Battle of the Oysters

The Battle of the Oysters has been waged in London. The point at issue was this: Which is the better, the Blue Point or the Colchester native? An attempt to reach a decision was made at a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel, where both kinds of "luscious bivalves" were served to a jury consisting in equal parts of Americans and Englishmen. The Blue Points had retained for their case Newton Crane, an American lawyer who lives in the Temple. Mr. Guerney Benham, an English barrister, spoke a passionate and Hortensian oration in favor of the Colchester native. Mr. Crane's apologia for the American oyster was a sustained flight of emotional oratory. He pointed out above all things the adaptability of the American oyster. You could do anything with it. You could fry it, roast it, or scallop it, grill it, stew it and maitre d'hotel it. You could put it on horseback. Thus the Blue Point had the virtue of its race, the virtue of being able to fit itself to things, conditions and processes. All applauded his speech, for he spoke most forcefully. The English barrister then arose. His eagle eye glanced down the long corridors of time, along the avenue of the aeons, until it lighted upon the majestic form of Julius Caesar. Julius Caesar had come to Britain especially to eat oysters. He had never gone to Baltimore to eat an oyster. He had never gone near Blue Point. He had scorned the quiet harbor of Lynn Haven. He had never taken the trouble to see the rocks with saddles upon them. But Colchester natives he had "partaken of heartily." The learned gentleman magnanimously admitted that the Blue Point was palatable. At the conclusion of the debate a Philadelphia decision was rendered.

The Recall in Tacoma

Up in Tacoma where they have a commission form of government and where the women have the franchise, a number of the more militant members of the weaker sex got together recently to investigate the mayor. That unfortunate attended the meeting, probably because he couldn't escape doing so. But when the grill was getting too warm he made a hurried excuse about pressure of business and started for the door. But he wasn't quick enough. One of the women whom the Tacoma Ledger describes as "smiling but insistent," grabbed him by the coat lapel and led him back to the platform where he was grilled to a turn.

In Too Much of a Rush

Criticism of the University of California agricultural demonstration train comes from the San Bernardino "Sun." The "Sun" finds the train too suggestive of "twenty minutes for dinner" or Section Foreman Finnegan's "off again, on again, gone again" report. It seems that the train stayed in San Berdoo only two hours and in that time more than seven hundred people tried to see the exhibits and hear the lectures. "More or less of a farce," comments the "Sun." It quotes the university claims of excellence made for this "college on wheels" and continues:

Now that would be true, if the train could stay long enough in one place for agriculturists to really get the benefit of its work. But it doesn't. That seven hundred people crowded through in the brief space of time allotted to San Bernardino shows that they are interested and that the scientific side of farming has a hold on Californians. But all the education they are likely to get out of such brief stays is not likely to materially affect our methods.

An Old Story Retold

The Mrs. Partingtons of Portland have been trying to sweep the social evil out of the city. They have brought about the inevitable result—an invasion of the respectable residence districts by undesirables. The "Spectator" of Portland scolds the Portland Telegram for helping to precipitate the unpleasant situation:

Bitter is the complaint of the Telegram that the scarlet women of Portland, having been hounded from their rooms in a remote and isolated part of the city, are seeking quarters in the residence districts. What would the Telegram have? When it joined the "moral crusade" against these unfortunate creatures, and seconded the demand that they be driven from the part of the city that had been by general consent given up to them, did it think they would take poison, or drown themselves, or otherwise perish from the earth? Did the Telegram think that the lust and passion of the men who made them what they are were sated? Or did the Telegram think anything at all about the matter aside from the "story" feature of it, and how it could sensationalize a condition that is, unhappily, as much a part of the life of a city as is the rum shop or the moving-picture show?

He Differs from Sherman

According to John E. Boyd, a Civil War veteran residing in Berkeley, the famous March to the Sea was a good deal of a lark. Writing to the Berkeley Gazette to protest against certain moving pictures exhibited in Oakland and tending to prove Sherman's assertion that war is hell, Boyd says: I never saw but one house burned by our boys, and that was set on fire to drive out guerillas. I would not like the children who listened to my comrades on Lincoln day to imagine for a moment that we went down there to commit murder (unless it was chickens) and this was the "fowlest" crime we were guilty of, except that I did pass a Perry Davis pain killer label off on an old colored aunty as a fifty-cent Lincoln" shin-plaster," receiving one dozen eggs therefor. But, Mr. Editor, it would be a horrible thing if our rising generation, every time they see a man wearing a G. A. R. badge, should look on him as a sort of King Herod. I have met comrades who did not deny that they ate and relished mule meat on the march to the sea. In fact, one of the poets on the march wrote some verses which described the joys of eating a mule porterhouse, and every verse wound up as follows:

"The man who would kick at a steak off a mule
Is the biggest and d——est kind of a fool."

No dinner party is complete without the Italian-Swiss Colony's red or white TIPO. It is California's choicest table wine and is popular throughout the United States.

Varied Types

XIII—GAVIN McNAB

By Edward F. O'Day

Everybody remembers what a hectic celebration the town had that night in November, 1905, when Eugene E. Schmitz was elected mayor for the third time. With the aid of the new voting machines the fusion ticket had been completely routed and Ruef's painteaters rode into office on the crest of the wave of popular opinion. The tenderloin went wild with delight, the saloons were jammed with thirsty politicians, there were parades, bands and firecrackers. To add to the excitement of the night the Chronicle tower caught fire and wonderful coppery beacons flamed in the sky while thousands of men and women stood around and enjoyed the spectacle. Ruef was a busy man that night. He was master of the revels and his remarkable brain devised all sorts of insults to the fallen foe. Among other things he gave orders for a funeral procession and to the strains of the Dead March from Saul a drunken mob of his wardheelers marched through the downtown streets, finally depositing a coffin on the threshold of the Occidental Hotel. Gavin McNab lived at the Occiental and the coffin was meant for him. Next day McNab met Ruef.

"I see you left an empty coffin on the doorstep of my hotel last night," said McNab.

Ruef grinned.

"Well," continued the Democratic boss, "the events of the next two years will determine who is to fill it, you or I."

This story is not told for the purpose of jibing at a broken man. Far be it from me to strike at Ruef, now that he is down. I simply repeat the incident for its bearing on Gavin McNab's career. Many bosses have come and gone during his years of political leadership. Not a few have regarded him as Ruef regarded him. But like Ruef they have gone to their political coffins, while Gavin McNab has yet to catch the personal note in the strains of the dead march. Some day, perhaps at no distant date, he will retire from politics, but he will retire because he has exhausted politics, not because politics has exhausted him. When the time comes to encoffin his political career, Gavin McNab will perform the obsequies himself.

If mere defeat could destroy the power of a political leader Gavin McNab would have been destroyed years ago. No political dominance of equal duration was ever crushed as frequently as McNab's. He has probably lost as many elections as he has won. But like the demigod, every time he has been felled he has risen with renewed vigor; and many of the victories won by his opponents have been Pyrrhic victories. Looking back over his career it is not too much to say that his defeats have done him as much honor as his triumphs; sometimes more, for a triumph involves difficult responsibilities from which a defeat is happily free.

What is the secret of his continued leadership through lean years and fat? It is no secret. Anybody who knows Tammany in New York or the Democratic organization in San Francisco can explain it.

"I introduced absolute local autonomy in the party," said McNab. "District leadership was district leadership in fact, not in theory. The men elected to office were the sole judges of patronage and they divided the patronage among the districts in accordance with the best judgment of the district leaders. If a district could not supply a good man for a job, the job did not go to a bad man in that district; it went to a good man in some other district. Sometimes when the time came to distribute patronage I did not have the disposal of a single place. I was the leader, it is true, but my leadership was an abstract thing. That's why my political enemies couldn't destroy it. You can't destroy an abstraction."

Being a Scotchman with the Scotch leaning toward metaphysics McNab probably lays a little too much emphasis on the "abstract idea." Even the Tammany system of district autonomy demands something more than "abstract" leadership in the boss and the Tammany system, owing to the exceedingly healthy opposition of the Republican and Union Labor organizations, has never been perfected in San Francisco. Hence it has frequently happened that McNab's "abstract" leadership has been transformed to bossing of the concrete description—and reinforced concrete at that. And when his bossing displeased the district bosslets, district leadership

GAVIN McNAB

became a figment of fancy and McNab landed on the recalcitrants like a load of bricks.

That is why he has so many political enemies within and without the party.

"I am the only Democrat in the city who could bring out the entire vote," he used to say. "If I ran for office my friends would vote for me and my enemies would go to the polls in full force just to show what they thought of me."

McNab likes to talk about his friends.

"I wouldn't exchange the friendships I have made in politics for anything in the world," he says. "That is the best thing about politics. It is the greatest panorama of human nature we have. Men are men in politics; the shams don't count—they strike your sense of the ridiculous at once. But with the real men you form real friendships. You come to believe profoundly in human nature. You find that it is a splendid thing, especially among the poor, the working people. After the associations of politics the associations of so-called 'social life' have no attraction for you. And if your interest in politics is impersonal, as mine has been; if you seek no office, you learn to laugh at the foibles and the weaknesses. You become an optimist. I am a profound optimist."

Perhaps more than most men Gavin McNab has been the master of his own fate, and yet he simply drifted into politics. On his father's sheep ranch at Largo in Mendocino County—an old Spanish grant which the McNab brothers have preserved intact through all these years—the boy devoured Stuart Mill and Adam Smith, Gevons and Cairnes, Ricardo and Bastiat. He had a district school "education" and a passion for political economy. When he came to this city at the age of twenty-one he brought little else with him, except abstemious habits — he never drinks or smokes—and a manful determination to get ahead. The tariff was the great political issue of the time and in the intervals of his work as a clerk at the Occidental Hotel he wrote tariff articles for the old Alta. The articles attracted attention and he was gradually drawn into Democratic politics. He made the acquaintance of E. B. Pond and when Pond became a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor McNab went to the convention at San Jose as a Pond man. Pond was nominated over the opposition of Chris Buckley who, however, sold out his strength in the general election and insured the victory of Stanford. Naturally the Pond men were sore and with McNab as one of their leaders they broke Buckley's strength in the next campaign.

"When I slapped the idol in the face," says McNab, "everybody waited to see me drop dead, but I didn't drop dead and gradually the papers took up the fight."

The Wallace Grand Jury also took it up and although Buckley and Sam Rainey won two elections after that, the shepherd and his "lambs" never regained dominance. The victorious insurgents quarreled, as victorious insurgents always do, but McNab maintained his leadership campaign after campaign and the Democratic organization controlled most of the patronage offices in San Francisco until Schmitz was elected for the third time and swept the painteaters with him. To review the history of that control and of McNab's part in it would require a volume. But McNab summarizes it fairly enough.

"Sometimes we elected pharisees to office, but never a crook. And speaking of pharisees, when Taylor was elected he told some of my friends that he was thinking of appointing me poundmaster. I sent him word that he wouldn't dare do it because he knew that I would shut up his doggerel."

McNab had studied law as well as tariff schedules at the Occidental and during his years of political activity he gradually built up a fine practice.

"But while I was active in politics," he says, "I never took a case for a public service corporation."

Even now he doesn't take such cases within this city, for he thinks it would be ethically in-

(Continued on Page 21.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

The Lie

By Leonid Andreyev (From the Russian)

"You lie! I know you lie!"

"Why are you shouting? Is it necessary that others should hear you?"

And here she also lied, for I was not shouting, but speaking in a very low voice, while I held her hand in mine. It was almost in a whisper that the venomous word "lie" hissed from me like a small viper.

"I love you," she continued, "and you must believe me. Does that not convince you?"

And she kissed me. But when I wished to take her into my arms she was no longer there. She had left the dimly-lighted corridor and I followed her to the bright salon where the merry feast was going on. How can I know where it took place? She told me to come there, and I came, and watched the happy couples whirling around the whole night long. No one came near me, no one spoke to me; and I, a total stranger, sat in a corner not far from the musicians. The mouth of a large brass trumpet was directed straight at me and someone imprisoned in it roared and broke out every two minutes in abrupt, coarse laughter: "Cho-Cho-Cho!"

At times I was approached by a white, perfumed cloud. It was she. I do not know how she managed to caress me so that no one would notice, but for one short second her shoulder would press mine, and for one short second I could, when I lowered my eyes, see a white decollete dress and a snow-white neck, and when I raised my eyes I saw her profile, such a white, stern and truthful profile as one sees sometimes on the statue of an angel who stands sunk in deep reverie over the grave of a forgotten man. And her eyes also I saw. They were large, beautiful and calm. Surrounded by its blue iris, the pupil of her eye was black, deep, impentrable. Gazing now into her eyes, I became conscious that never until now had I so deeply and terribly understood what "infinite" meant; never until now had I felt it so powerfully. With fear and pain I felt my whole life pass into her eyes, ray-like, until I became a stranger to myself, empty and mute—almost dead. Then she left me, taking my life along with her, to dance with some tall, proud, handsome man.

I have studied every detail of this man; his style of foot-wear and the width of his shoulders —while he, with his indifferent, unseeing look, pressed me as if into the wall, and I became as flat and immaterial to the eye as the wall itself.

When the lights were being extinguished I approached her and said:

"It is time to depart; I shall escort you home."

"But I am going with him," she said, as if surprised that I should not have known it, and she pointed to the tall, handsome man, who was not looking at us. Then she took me into a room where there were no people and kissed me.

"You lie," I said in a low, very low voice.

"We shall see each other today. You must come," she replied.

From behind the tall roofs appeared a greenish, frosty morning, as I was returning home. On the whole street there were only we two—the coachman and I. He sat with head bent and face hidden in his large collar, and I sat behind him with head bent and face hidden almost to the eyes.

The coachman was sunk in his own thoughts and I was sunk in mine, and there, beyond the thick walls of all these houses, were sleeping thousands of people, and they had their own dreams and thoughts. I was thinking of her and her lies. I thought of death, and it seemed to me that these dimly lighted walls had already witnessed my death, which was why they looked so cold and straight. I do not know of what they were dreaming, those who were hidden by the thick walls of the houses; but then, neither did they know of what I thought and dreamed.

And so we rode over the long, straight streets, and the morning rose from behind the roofs, and all around us everything was motionless and white. A scented white cloud approached me; straight into my ear laughed someone who was imprisoned in a large brass instrument—"Cho-Cho-Cho!"

II.

She lied. She did not come out to me and I waited for her in vain.

A gray twilight was descending from the darkened sky, and I did not know when the twilight became merged into evening and the evening into night. I only thought it was but one long night. With the same step, the monotonous, measured step of long waiting, I walked to and fro. I did not approach the tall house in which my beloved lived, nor its glass door which looked yellowish from under the sheet-iron cornice, but I continued passing with the same measured step on the opposite side of the street—to and fro, to and fro. My eyes never left the glass door, and when going in the opposite direction I often stopped and turned my head. Then the falling snow beat me in the face, pricking it as if with so many sharp needles—and these sharp, cold needles were so long that they reached my very heart and inoculated it with the sadness and anger of helpless expectation. From the light north to the dark south a cold wind blew freely. Whistling gaily over the icy roofs he came tearing along and beat my face with sharp, tiny bits of snow, and drummed over the glass panes of the empty lamps in which a lone, weak, yellowish light was swaying, as if shivering with cold. And I felt sad for the solitary light which lived only at night, and thought that soon life would wholly vanish from this street; I would go away and only the snow-flakes would fly through the empty space and the yellowish light would continue to tremble and sway, in solitude and in cold.

I waited her and she did not come. And it seemed to me that the yellowish light and I were very like to each other, only that my lamp was not empty. Sometimes people appeared in the space which I measured with my steps. Noiselessly rising behind my back, dark and tall, they passed me, growing mistier and mistier, like apparitions, and then suddenly vanished round the corner of the large, white building. And once more they came out from around the corner, passed by me, and slowly melted in the gray distance, covered with the silently falling snow-flakes. Muffled up, formless, mute, they resembled one another and myself, and it seemed to me that many people walked to and fro, as I did, waited, froze, and were as mute as I; and they were thinking only of that which interested themselves alone, and were enigmatic and sad.

I awaited her, and she did not come. I do not know why I did not shout, or weep with pain. I do not know why I laughed, rejoiced, and pressed my fingers so that they felt like claws, and it seemed as if I was holding something small and venomous between them, something that hissed like a viper—the lie. It wriggled in my hand, and bit at my heart, and my head was reeling from the venom. Everything was a lie. The boundaries between the future and the present, between the present and the past, had vanished. The boundary had vanished between the time when I did not exist and the time when I began to live, and I thought that I had always lived—or that I had not lived at all. And always, before I came into existence and after, when I had come to life—she had reigned over me, and the thought that she lived in the flesh and had a name, and that there was a beginning as there would be an end to her existence, seemed very strange to me. She had no name, and she was always the one who lied, the one who forever compelled men to wait for her but never came. And I do not know why, but I laughed, and the sharp needles pierced me to the very heart and someone who was kept imprisoned laughed straight into my ear: "Cho-Cho-Cho!"

On opening my eyes I saw the lighted windows of the tall house. With their blue-red tongues they were telling me in low tones:

"She is deceiving you; this very minute, while you are pacing the street alone, waiting and suffering, she, so beautiful, so brilliant, so false, is within there, listening to the whispers of the tall, handsome man who despises you. If you should break into that house and kill her, you would do a good deed, for you would have killed the lie."

I pressed tighter the knife that I held in my hands, and replied with a laugh:

"Yes, I will kill her."

But the windows looked sadly at me, and sorrowfully added:

"You will never kill her—never; because the weapon you hold in your hand is as much a lie as are her kisses."

The mute shadows of those who also walked and waited had long since vanished, and in the cold space there remained only myself and the trembling tongues of flame inside the lonely street-lamps. The clock on the bell tower began to strike the hour and the melancholy, metallic sounds trembled and wept, flying into space and losing themselves in the maddeningly whirling snow-flakes.

I began to count the strokes and laughed: the clock had struck fifteen. The clock-tower was very old and the clock was also an old one, and though it showed the time correctly, it struck without count, and at times the old bell-ringer had to climb up and hold down the spasmodically beating little hammer. For whom did these melancholy sounds, trembling with old age and almost strangled by the frosty darkness, lie? How pitiful and foolish was this unnecessary falsehood!

And with the last lying stroke of the clock the glass door opened and shut, and a tall figure walked down the steps. I saw only his back, but I knew it, for I had seen it only yesterday, proud and contemptuous. I also recognized his walk; it was more self-assured now and lighter than last night. I too had often felt as self-assured when leaving that door—that is the way men walk who have been kissed only a moment before by a woman's lying lips.

III.

I threatened, I demanded, gnashing my teeth: "Tell me the truth!"

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Perspective Impressions

Nat. Goodwin has another pretty leading lady and threatens to "come back." What a glutton for punishment!

In this darling Democracy we are gradually getting to the point where none will be without worries but the man who is broke.

The Boughten Bulletin, local representative of the La Follette-Garfield-Pinchot propaganda, charges that President Taft has conspired with President Diaz to maintain a despotism in Mexico. How like the methods of the defunct Graft Prosecution are the methods of the great syndicate that has been formed to rule or ruin!

Now that Ballinger is out does anybody know what he did that was wrong aside from exciting the hostility of Garfield and Pinchot?

If Jim Gallager comes back it would be a good idea to postpone the Calhoun case till 1915 and make it one of the Fair attractions.

It is said that T. R. is coming to California to greet the stork, to renew acquaintance as it were with a specimen of domestic fauna whose visits to the family of the great Prophet of race propagation are so infrequent that it deserves to be classified among the rarae aves.

Are they surfeited with self-felicitations? If so let's get busy.

So the Democrats are getting ready to besmirch Taft for doing what he concieved to be his duty as commander-in-chief of our military forces! This is perhaps what Champ Clark regards as the high water mark of statesmanship.

Mr. William R. Hearst demands that Arizona with its crazy Constitution be admitted to the Union. Mr. Hearst's demands do not receive at present the consideration they will receive when the recall is in operation all over the country. No wonder he's in favor of the recall!

The Spectator

They're Really Representative

The gentlemen who have come together for the purpose of "securing for the city for the next four years sound municipal government," may be depended upon to do the right thing according to the gospel of the Hon. James D. Phelan and the Hon. Rudolph Spreckels. How unsophisticated must the dear people appear to this "representative body of men" as they are styled by their chairman Mr. William J. Dutton! There are fifty of them, all intent upon finding a good man for Mayor "regardless of past political affiliation," and they expect us to believe that they gravitated together out of a common zeal for the welfare of the city. Let us go down the list and see what the political affiliations of some of them have been. First comes Curtis H. Lindley, a gentleman strongly in sympathy with all the civic activities of the Phelan twins, one of the pets of the Taylor dispensation. Appropriately he is followed by his friend Matt I. Sullivan, attorney for the Boughten Bulletin, conspicuous in the Father Crowley-Fremont Older coterie of public spirited citizens. Dr. Huntington comes next. The doctor was a member of the Taylor Board of Health. Charley Bentley of the suspicious canned fruits and the Spreckels cabal is on the list; also that most rectitudinous of men, Rolla V. Watt of the Phelan bank and his associate John T. Fogarty, a Phelanite by inheritance. And lo! and behold! Harris Weinstock, the dry-goods man, formerly a client of Hiram Johnson's and of the social set that boasts an Older, a Phelan and a Spreckels. Right after him comes Mr. O. K. Cushing, a really reputable and respected attorney with no discreditable past affiliations, but at present the attorney for Mr. Spreckels in his will contest. Not so well known in the legal profession is that other representative man Mr. Max Kuhl, who was slated for the Superior bench by Governor Johnson till organized labor scared his excellency into vetoing the bill increasing the judiciary. He is about as representative as Mr. J. B. Levison the insurance man who sticks pretty close to Phelan and Spreckels, and whose brother, Dr. Levison, is also one of the representative bunch. Somewhat more distinguished, but not more in sympathy with the twins are Mr. W. R. Wheeler, brother of Charley, Sheldon Kellogg who served the dear people under Taylor and also under Phelan, and Selah Chamberlain, who was treasurer of the Heney League or some kindred organization. There are others, but why go any further. One doesn't have to drink up the whole puddle to discover the nature of the water. But perhaps I ought to mention Horace Davis who while running for Mayor some years ago was so indiscreet as to hold a conference with Martin Kelly at the Poodle Dog restaurant. Surely these representative men ought to be able to pick out the right kind of Mayor, one with no strings tied to him, as chaste as a virgin and not less inaccessible to the blandishments of such gay cavaliers as Jimmy and Rudolph. But with all deference I beg leave to suggest by way of improving the quality of judgment, the names of more independent citizens the omission of which must be attributed to inadvertence. The names are E. P. E. Troy, Barclay Henley, Tommy Hickey and Willie Denman.

He Escaped with His Life

At one of the meetings held by the United Irish societies to prepare for the due celebration of St. Patrick's Day, Jim Brennan of the District Attorney's office was called upon for a few remarks. Being an orator with the courage of his eloquence Brennan launched into a speech that twisted the British lion's tail to the complete satisfaction of the assembled patriots. There were thunders of applause and when Brennan attempted to bring his oration to a close there were loud cries for more. Flushed with his triumph the young prosecutor plunged again into his theme and knocked a few more props from under the tottering British empire. Then he was reminded of the story of an Irishman and a negro. It bade fair to be a mighty good story and the audience hung upon his words, ready to unbottle their laughter when the point was reached. But the story was never finished. Brennan got along splendidly until he reached these words: "Then the coon said to the mick—" And when Brennan emerged from the hall with a mob of hooting, hissing Irishmen hot on his heels he thanked his stars that he hadn't been torn limb from limb.

Colonel E. D. Baker

In October of this year will occur the semi-centennial of the tragic end of Colonel Edward Dickinson Baker, and the people of Oregon, which State the great orator and soldier represented in the United States Senate, are to hold memorial services. It is proposed incidentally to remove Colonel Baker's remains from California and reinter them at Salem, Ore., because, as the Portland Oregonian says, Oregon is "the State that honored his name and reveres his memory." Commenting on this proposal the Call rightly says that Baker's connection with Oregon was exceedingly brief, that he was in no real sense an Oregonian, and that it is evident he considered himself a Californian from the fact of his having named the regiment he raised for the war the "California Volunteers." The truth is that Baker lived in Oregon only a year when he was elected to the Senate and that he was in the Senate but a few months when he took to the field. But even though he could be considered an Oregonian there is very good reason, a sentimental reason, for not removing his remains. For Baker's remains do not rest in Mountain View cemetery in Oakland, as the Call says, but in Laurel Hill cemetery in the shadow of Lone Mountain, and that cemetery was dedicated by the distinguished soldier and statesman. Colonel Baker was interred in Laurel Hill with imposing ceremonies on December 11, 1861. Thomas Starr King delivered the funeral oration, saying among other things: "We have borne him now to the home of the

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dead, to the cemetery, which after fit services of prayer, he devoted in a tender and thrilling speech, to its hallowed purposes." So there is something of historical association between Colonel Baker and Laurel Hill cemetery, and there is besides as a reason for letting his remains rest where they are the circumstance that it was by direction of his widow, who survived him but a few years and is buried in the same grave, that the body was brought to San Francisco for interment in the cemetery which he dedicated.

A Fragment

The dedication of Laurel Hill cemetery was a notable event in the history of San Francisco. The whole city turned out to witness the ceremonies which lasted with intermissions from 11 a. m. till sunset. The speech that Colonel Baker delivered on that occasion was not preserved though it was said to be most impressive. All that remains of it is this paragraph:

"Perhaps it may be well to acknowledge as a principle the great fact of immortality. No man desires annihilation. No man, whatever be his faults or his crimes, is willing to go into endless night; and when we come here, however loath we may be to stand in the Divine Presence, we recognize the fact that we are immortal, and the truth peals like eternal thunder in our ears, 'Thou shalt live forever!' With these thoughts we dedicate this spot. Here future generations, in long and solemn procession, shall bring warriors who have given their lives to their country; statesmen remembered by the liberty they helped to create and the institutions they aided to perfect. Here shall be brought the poet, who, buoyant, passed through sea and land, through earth and sky, and vale and river, penetrating the affections and accomplishing the refinement of men. The projector—worn with toil and grey with thought—leaving monuments to his fame and memorials of his greatness, here, too, shall come to end his life; and, too, the tender maiden, smitten in early blossom; and the little child, the pledge of love, to whose grave the aching heart shall oft repair to weep and pray."

His Flight for Life

Still another reason may be urged for not permitting the removal of Colonel Baker's remains; a cogent one, too. The reason is that the cenotaph over his grave serves as a precious reminder of the susceptibility of the multitude to the appeals of passion and prejudice. In the days of the Vigilantes Colonel Baker fled for his life from the frenzy of a maddened community. His life was in danger because he defended Charles Cora, the unfortunate wretch who killed William H. Richardson in a quarrel which Richardson precipitated. Despite the fact that Richardson was a man of considerable influence in the community a majority of the jury, which was composed of leading citizens, believing from the testimony that Cora shot Richardson in self-defense, voted for acquittal; yet while the prisoner was waiting for another trial the Vigilantes hanged him. The Vigilantes had stirred up feeling against Baker because of his bitter arraignment of the District Attorney who had dealt unfairly with the defendant, and the "Old Gray Eagle," as he was known even in those days, spread his wings and took flight to Nevada. With this incident in mind General John A. Collins, shortly after the death of Baker, wrote:

"Some years ago the people of San Francisco chased away an eloquent old man who took refuge in the mountains of Nevada. He was afterwards brought back from the sacrificial heights of Stone River, a mangled and speechless prophet of freedom, and fifty thousand people laid him tenderly on the altitudes of Lone Mountain within hearing of the eternal dirges of the ocean—while his glorious words echoed and still echo in the valleys and mountains from the fountains of the San Joaquin to the sources of the Columbia: 'Years, long years ago, I took my stand for freedom, and where in youth my feet were planted, there my manhood and my age shall march.'"

Otis May Come

Once more it is rumored that General Harrison Gray Otis may come to San Francisco to start a newspaper. This time rumor has it that some of our public spirited citizens with a plenitude of coin have volunteered to back the enterprise with half a million dollars. There is probably nothing that San Francisco needs more than an aggressive, independent newspaper, subject to no influence save that of the best traditions of journalism, capable of honest, fearless and intelligent criticism of men and measures. No nobler object could engage the attention of public spirited citizens than that of reforming the parochial, vulgar journalism of San Francisco. The daily press is a public utility as essential as any other to the welfare of a community, and the press of San Francisco is years behind the time. It comprises the maximum of misinformation and the minumum of common sense. Our newspapers are conducted rather in the interest of individuals than in the interest of the people, and instead of being an aid to the discovery of truth through the medium of controversy they discourage discussion with the weapon of abuse. No newspaper can state a proposition of any kind without being vilified by one of its contemporaries; and for so many years has the practice of substituting calumny for argument been indulged by our press that all our dailies have been copiously and notoriously tarred with the same brush. Whether General Otis is the man to give us an ideal newspaper some of us may doubt, but that he can improve on the kind that preserves the present tone of this community must be the opinion of everybody who has read the Los Angeles Times.

George Bernard Shaw's Reporter

George Bernard Shaw has no abiding affection for newspapermen. He is willing to use them at all times for purposes of self-advertising, but he always makes it a point to speak unkindly of them, if he speaks of them at all. There is a newspaperman in G. B. S.'s play "The Doctor's Dilemma" which has just appeared in book form. Here is the way Shaw characterises him: "A cheerful, affable young man who is disabled for ordinary business pursuits by a congenital erroneousness which renders him incapable of describing accurately anything he sees, or understanding or reporting accurately anything he hears. As the only employment in which these defects do not matter is journalism (for a newspaper, not having to act on its descriptions and reports, but only to sell them to idly curious people, has nothing but honor to lose by inaccuracy and unveracity), he has perforce become a journalist, and has to keep up an air of high spirits through a daily struggle with his own illiteracy and the precariousness of his employment. He has a notebook, and occasionally attempts to make a note; but as he cannot write shorthand, and does not write with ease in any

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hand, he generally gives it up as a bad job before he succeeds in finishing a sentence." Shaw used to be a newspaperman himself and must be presumed to know the type he is sketching. Which raises an interesting question. If he writes thus of the newspaperman of conservative London town, what would he say of the American reporter?

A Costly Week of Faro Bank

There is in this city a certain man who belongs to the best clubs, has a splendid home in a fashionable part of town, a charming and clever wife in society and an income which places him beyond the reach of worry. Also he has a penchant for gambling; hence this story. Last season this man whose name I withhold for obvious reasons, spent a week at Santa Barbara where he made the acquaintance of a professional gambler who ran a "brace" faro bank. A "brace" faro bank, I explain for the uninitiate, is a faro bank which has been fixed for crooked play. Of course the San Francisco man did not suspect that the bank was crooked. He spent his week in Santa Barbara trying to beat the game and he lost with almost marvelous regularity. At the conclusion of a day's or a night's play the victim handed to the professional gambler his I. O. U. for the amount of his losses. When he was about to leave Santa Barbara he closed the transaction by writing a check to cover his I. O. U's. The check was for $16,000 and was duly cashed by the owner of the "brace" faro game.

A Case of Blackmail

If the incident had closed there, it would have been an ordinary one not worth retailing, but it didn't. It is part of the gambling code that when a loser pays his I. O. U's. he does not ask for the return of the memoranda of indebtedness. It is regarded as a matter of course that the person from whom he has borrowed will destroy them as soon as they are covered by check or cash. The rule is a loose one from a banker's viewpoint, but gamblers have a strict ethical system of their own and the rule works satisfactorily with but few exceptions. Our San Franciscan encountered one of the exceptions. The faro dealer did not destroy his I. O. U's. He kept them and a few days ago, being hard up, sent word to the San Francisco man that he wanted payment on them to the extent of $12,000. It was quite useless for the San Franciscan to protest that he had already paid $12,000 and more; equally useless to point out that he had the negotiated check from his bank as a receipt. The faro dealer simply answered that he held the I. O. U's. and wanted the money. Now what is the man going to do? He feels that on account of his social and business connections he cannot endure the publicity of a lawsuit; and the faro dealer threatens to sue. He is willing to have some well known gambler arbitrate the claim. But he is afraid that the best he will be able to do will be to compromise with the blackmailer for a part of the amount demanded.

Hopkins on Kent

There are not many students of literature that appreciate the value of the Congressional Record. Few readers ever think of going to its files for edification, instruction or entertainment. Yet the Congressional Record is the great American classic. The men who have contributed to its pages, considered in bulk, have taken all knowledge for their province, and such is the variety of subject, of thought and expression to be found therein, that the massive volumes appeal to all tastes, to every species of curiosity. The Congressional Record is not dull or insipid. There is a breeziness and hilarity, a gay irresponsibility and abandon about it which is perfectly delightful. The other day, as is my custom, I took a cursory glance at my favorite classic and I came upon something of biographic interest. It was with reference to the Hon. William Kent, reformer, formerly of Chicago, now of the Second California district. Back in 1906 Congressman Kent who was then a private citizen of Chicago sent a letter to Senator Tillman informing him about frenzied finance as practiced by the National Banks. It was read in the Senate. Thereupon this contribution from Senator Hopkins, the man whose seat is now occupied by Senator Lorimer: "Mr. President, the statement made by the Senator from South Carolina illustrates as perfectly as it ever has come under my observation the saying of the old English poet:

'A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring.'

I am sure if the Senator from South Carolina instead of being misled by the statement of Billy Kent and some newspaper statements that are equally irresponsible, had gone to leading citizens, etc., etc." In the course of his remarks Senator Hopkins also said: "I do not go to men like Billy Kent. I wish the Senator knew him as well as I know him. I wish he knew the financial and civic standing of Billy Kent as well as I know it. If he did I do not believe he would have read the letter that he has read here today."

A Politician's Progress

After reading the foregoing I regretted very much that in the years agone I was not more de-

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voted to the great American classic. For perhaps it might have been worth while to investigate the Chicago record of this millionaire reformer who spent a large fortune in the last campaign to elect himself to Congress. Mr. Kent has played the game of politics in California like a skilled veteran. Establishing his home over in Marin county where he invested considerable money the eyes of the populace were on him from the moment of his arrival. He bought Redwood Canyon and presented it to the nation, and was eulogized for his great generosity by President Roosevelt. It was said at the time that by having the property converted into a national park he outmaneuvred a water company with which he was having some difficulty, but nevertheless he achieved the reputation of a public spirited citizen. Then he allied himself with the San Francisco regenerators, and figured as a member of Mayor Taylor's celebrated whitewash committee appointed for the purpose of giving the Spreckels' cabal a certificate of character. Having oodles of money he was able to cultivate the affections of the leaders of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League by contributing liberally to their funds, and when finally he let it be known that it would please him to go to Congress his friends felt that it was an act of great-condescension on his part to become a candidate. And so he ran, and spent his money like a drunken sailor, and today he is one of the shining lights of the great Progressive movement. Not a bad fellow is Billy Kent, whatever may have been his civic record in Chicago. He is above all things a good spender, and he will certainly make as good a Congressman as his predecessor.

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NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Self-Revelation at Sacramento

At this writing there are no symptoms of nostalgia at Sacramento. Nobody is in a hurry to go home, a circumstance that enables us to gauge the calibre of the men who are tinkering the affairs of government for the indulgent, complaisant people of California. The most important men, the chief actors in the Legislature, are lawyers; of the Senate fifty per cent are members of the bar, and they have so little practice they can afford to dawdle away their time at Sacramento. Consider how much ability is likely to be found among all those lawyers who have so few clients that it doesn't matter much how long they stay away from home. No wonder they want the recall applied to the judiciary. Nearly every one of them being a rank failure in his profession feels that possibly he might improve his lot could he but render the courts more subservient to the mob which he has proved himself capable of conciliating. Consider also how unlikely it is that any man who is not a professional politician would fritter away his time—three months of it—in the company of such feeble intellects as are now assembled at the capital. There are gentlemen of leisure and successful business and professional men who can afford to devote much time to public business, but they are not bloviating and prancing in the limelight along with the Caminettis, the Finns, the Hurds and the Shanahans.

They're Waiting for Teddy

I am told, but I do not know how true it is that the Legislature will not adjourn till after Teddy Roosevelt's arrival in Sacramento. According to my informant the Administration wishes to have the Colonel address the Legislature in the language of encomium and pay the tribute of his approval to the gallant patriots who have sown the seeds of reform in this Progressive commonwealth. Which means that the taxpayers are to go on for weeks paying out several hundred dollars a day that they may get the benefit of the sage counsel that none but the Omniscient One of Sagamore Hill can disseminate. Assuming that the Legislature is not to adjourn till Teddy has had his say I will take the liberty of suggesting to the chaplains that they close the session with the following invocation from St. Luke II:

"Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before all the people,—a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people."

Millinery Opening

Mrs. E. Lynch, who is noted as the largest buyer of millinery in California, has just returned from her Eastern buying trip, and will hold her Spring Millinery Opening this week. Mrs. Lynch has spared no expense in securing the best creations from the cleverest Parisian modistes, which are now being duplicated in her work rooms here. The very latest styles will be displayed at both her stores.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco is located at Nos. 626-628 and 630 Merchant's Exchange, where all business is transacted. The Free Labor Bureau of the Alliance in Oakland is at No. 700 Broadway. All classes of male help No charge to employed or employee.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

UNION SQUARE

The center of entertainment in the city that entertains.

Under the management of JAMES WOODS

TECHAU TAVERN

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RESTAURANT, CAFE AND LADIES' GRILL

Have secured

SIGNOR GINO SEVERI

the talented Italian Artist, conductor of orchestra, ably assisted by gentlemen of genius, each a soloist.

Concerts Daily during Luncheon, Shopping Hours, Dinner and After Theatre

Special Luncheon Served during Shopping Hours

Under the Management of A. C. MORRISSON

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Private Dining Rooms and Banquet Hall

MAISON TORTONI

HOTEL AND RESTAURANT

Only Genuine Italian Restaurant in San Francisco

Now Open in its New Beautifully Decorated Home at

362 GEARY STREET

Twenty Feet from St. Francis Hotel

Music by Italian Orchestra from 6 to 8 p. m.

Kitchen under supervision of chef expressly brought from Europe for this place. Italian dishes in every known style.

St. Germain

60 and 64 ELLIS ST.

LUNCH 75c REGULAR DINNER $1.00

Short orders at all hours. Music every evening. Banquet Hall. Seating Capacity 800.

FINEST FISH AND SALADS

IN TOWN

Jules Restaurant

Lunches a la Carte. Ladies Grill. Banquet Conveniences. Music.

MONADNOCK BLDG.

Next to Palace Hotel Open evenings including Sundays

He: Do you know anything about the great Italian poet, Dante?

She: No, but I do know something about the great Italian dinners they serve at the Dante Restaurant.

He: Where is the Dante Restaurant?

She: At 536 Broadway.

He: Well, we'll go there this evening and try one.

The Poulsen Wireless Corporation

The advent of the Poulsen Wireless Corporation into the commercial field in the near future has caused considerable interest to be taken locally in the affairs of the corporation. Favored with a system of wireless transmission that can be operated over the land or the water and at all times of the day or night and in any kind of weather and backed by as strong a directorate as any California corporation could boast of, the Poulsen Wireless Corporation is rapidly gaining recognition as a prospective serious competitor of the present telegraph companies that rely on wires to carry on their business.

The officers and directors of the Poulsen Wireless Corporation are composed of the following well known and highly respected gentlemen: Beach Thompson, E. W. Hopkins, Chas. D. Marx, J. Henry Meyer, Geo. A. Pope, S. E. Slade and Chas. R. Bishop, all of whom are directors. Mr. Beach Thompson is president, Mr. E. W. Hopkins is Vice-president, and Mr. H. P. Veeder is Secretary and Treasurer.

Before the corporation was actually formed the above gentlemen spent over a year's time and a large amount of money in investigating the scope and validity of the Poulsen patents and also in demonstrating the commercial value of the same. When these matters were thoroughly proven to be satisfactory and practical the Poulsen Wireless Corporation was then put before the public.

The Poulsen Wireless Corporation has stations at present in operation in the following cities: San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton, Palo Alto and Los Angeles, California, and El Paso, Texas. It is now building stations in San Diego, California, and in Fort Worth, Texas, the instruments for these two cities having been completed and shipped. Another station will also be ready in Honolulu in about a week's time. The Corporation has also a laboratory at Palo Alto, where it has instruments for ten more stations well along toward completion, which, when completed, and set up, will make a total of 19 stations.

The corporation has already arranged for a large amount of regular business and when 12 stations are equipped it can commence business on a profitable basis and continue increasing its net revenue as rapidly as new stations are erected in other cities. The north Pacific cities, such as Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, and Spokane have been selected for stations in the near future and with twelve cities on the Pacific Coast in operation, the company's earnings would be $10,400 per month, from business already secured, with an operating cost of not to exceed $5,000 per month.

Stations are also planned for the large cities on the Atlantic side such as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington and Baltimore and with intermediate stations at cities like Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Denver, the Corporation will be in a position to transact a trans-continental business on a very profitable basis. It is calculated that this will be accomplished within about six months.

In order to insure a conservative and consistent management of the business of the Corporation, a Voting Trust Agreement has been entered into by holders of the majority of the, stock, which stock will be voted by three trustees for a period of 15 years, unless the agreement be abrogated earlier. Ample provision has been made for the abrogation of this trusteeship at any time it seems wise in the judgment of the trustees and stock owners. The gentlemen selected to act as trustees are E. W. Hopkins, J. Henry Meyer and Beach Thompson, with adequate provision for their successors in case of death or incapacity.

The Poulsen Wireless Corporation is organized under the laws of Arizona and has a capitalization of $25,000,000, divided into 250,000 shares of a par value of $100 each. To secure immediate funds to acquire property necessary for the purposes of the Corporation, to hasten the erection of other stations, and for the rapid extension of the Corporation's business, the Board of Directors have offered for sale 35,000 shares at a price of $35.00 per share, represented by Voting Trust Certificates. It is estimated that the funds thus provided will be sufficient to pay completely for the equipment in enough cities to give the Corporation a total number of 70 cities in the system.

These cities can be selected in such a manner as to yield $754,000 per annum. To earn this amount per annum from 70 cities would require the use of the stations for not to exceed 3 hours out of the 24, thus leaving seven-eighths of the capacity of the 70 stations for other business.

With 70 stations installed an estimate, thought to be conservative, of the capacity for work would exceed 5,000,000 messages per annum of an average length of 20 words, including addresses and signatures, which at a price of short distance messages, namely, 25 cents per message, would yield an additional $1,250,000 per annum. The total earnings from these two sources amount, therefore, to $2,004,000.

While it is very difficult to estimate accurately the cost of operating the above 70 stations and handling the above business, it is thought that this can be done for $754,000 per annum, which, if so, would give a net of $1,250,000. As the corporation, under the above conditions, would have no debt, the net earnings would equal 5 per cent on the total capital stock of the Poulsen Wireless Corporation.

It is the present judgment of the Board of Directors that after the earnings of the company have reached the above point, further extensions should be made from funds derived either from earnings, or from the sale of bonds.

In order to give an idea as to the advantages of the Poulsen Wireless System over the "spark" system which is used by other wireless companies, the following article, written by E. F. Elwell, a prominent expert on electrical matters, is quoted:

"When Marconi first startled the world in 1896 with the news that he had succeeded in transmitting telegraphic signals across a considerable distance without the aid of any intervening wire, both the public and the scientific world readily prophesied great achievements in this direction in the future. The scientific men, however, soon found, that even though Marconi had obtained good signals over 2000 miles that his system lacked a great deal of being a commercial system which could displace telegraphy by means of wires.

It soon developed that the signals fell off in intensity as night turned into day until finally in broad daylight they could only be heard over a fraction of the distance which was possible at night. In a similar way it was found that signals could be transmitted to much greater distances over water than over land. Another drawback of the system was the noise at the sending station which was not only distressing to the operator but betrayed what was being transmitted to any one within hearing.

The layman's first question naturally was how the different stations could be prevented from hearing or interfering with one another. This was explained as being done by "tuning."

A proper understanding of what is meant by "tuning" is necessary to appreciate the difficulty of doing this. Take the well known tuning fork. If a tuning work of a certain note, i. e. E, be struck near a number of other tuning forks, none of the tuning forks will respond except those which are tuned to the note C. These will vibrate in sympathy with the fork which was set in vibration and it may now be stopped and the other C forks will be found to be vigrating. Applied to wireless telegraphy it was thought that each station could be tuned to have a certain note, not necessarily audible, and that only such stations as were similarly tuned would respond to it. In practice this was found to work in a few cases but if one station was near to another and commenced sending, its vibrations were so powerful as to "force" the other station to vibrate even if it was not tuned to the same tune. If a pistol be fired near a piano, every string will vibrate, because it will be "forced" into vibration. Every one is familiar with the noisy crashing spark of Marconi's system of spark telegraphy. It resembles a pistol in its effect on surrounding stations. So great is the interference between all stations equipped with Marconi, or similar spark systems that stations have to agree on certain periods when one station should have the other to itself.

Summing up the defects of spark system it is seen that they do not work to advantage over land or in the day time, and the time available for work at night is decreased by the inability to prevent interference. Another point which has bearing on the commercial value of spark systems of wireless telegraphy is that of speed. To cover considerable distances a large amount of power has to be used and this suffices to keep the speed down to twenty-five words per minute.

When the art of wireless communication was well understood the foregoing defects were seen to be dependent on the amount of "damping" of the wireless waves.

While many systems were brought along Marconi or spark lines, it remained for Valdemar Poulsen to invent the only practical means for generating "undamped" waves. His discovery was hailed as being of great promise, especially on the "tuning" of stations so as to avoid interference. This it has done to a marked degree and as the acme of non-interference, wireless stations equipped with the Poulsen system are able to work with several other stations **simultaneously.** It was also found that the Poulsen system of undamped waves solved the problem of working over land and in the daytime, this being due to the continuous stream of energy instead of the intermittent stream from the spark systems. Recent results both in Europe and America have shown that distances up to twelve hundred miles over land comprising desert and high mountains are readily accomplished. Data over greater stretches of land are not yet available as the stations to test are not yet completed. The Poulsen system of undamped waves has also shown its ability to work as well in the daytime as at night, again probably due to the advantages of a continuous stream of energy.

When the question of speed is taken up, the Poulsen system of undamped waves again shows its superiority for due to the absence of the noisy and destructive spark, a speed of 245 words per minute has been obtained over a stretch of nine hundred miles. This rapid transmission of messages is accomplished by mechanical devices, both for sending and receiving, which the spark system cannot possibly use. This in addition to the delicate tuning that can be obtained is a further protection against messages being received by stations other than the ones intended.

It has been conceded by physicists that wireless telephony was only possible by means of undamped waves and the transmission of clear articulate speech has been accomplished by means of the Poulsen system over distances of upwards of 300 miles.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Harry Scott's Boxing Party

There can no longer be any doubt that the great old game of fisticuffs as reduced to scientific methods by the Marquis of Queensbury has entered polite society to stay. If the spirited goes in which Bobby Beresford, Tony Drexel and Tony Biddle indulged did not settle the matter, the last iota of doubt was removed by Harry Scott's boxing party last week. The idea of that boxing party was an inspiration which came to the tall son of Henry T. Scott when the usually satisfying delights of the tapestry room of the St. Francis had begun to pall upon him and upon his merry party of men and women. Only part of the story has been told; not all the guests were named in the newspaper account. In the list were Charles Willard, the aviator; Eugene Ely, the hero of the flight to the Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Ely; Mrs. J. C. Mars, the wife of the aviator who is flying in Japan amid the plaudits of royalty; a Mrs. Kitchener who was incorrectly listed in the papers as Mrs. Willard; W. A. Larned, the tennis champion; and William Farrel and J. C. Cowden, crack polo players. It was a gay assemblage and when the motor cars finally stopped at Equality Hall in Albion Avenue, Scott having been rebuffed in his attempts to hold the bouts at the St. Francis and Menlo hotels, the zest of what Jack London calls "the game" was tingling the blood of everybody.

MRS. ERNEST WILTSEE

The accomplished wife of the well known mining engineer, now residing and entertaining at Santa Barbara. Mrs. Wiltsee is the daughter of the late Captain Taylor who was naval officer at this port. The Wiltsees intend to build at Santa Barbara and will be a welcome addition to the smart coterie of which the Miller Grahams of Bellosguardo may be considered the leaders.

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE
REPRESENTED BY
MRS. EDGAR DE WOLFE
INTERIOR DECORATION AND OBJECTS D' ART
TEMPORARY OFFICE, GRANADA HOTEL TELEPHONE FRANKLIN 422

She Acted as Second

The first bout between two pluguglies known as the "Panhandle Kid" and the "Mission Locomotive" lasted only three rounds and ended when the "Locomotive" ran over the "Kid," to the intense disgust of those who were backing the latter. The second bout was the piece de resistance. It was an argument between the "Pride of the Potrero" and the "Cow Hollow Hammer" and it continued for six bashing, slugging, bloody rounds. The play was rather heavy on this bout, one of the women betting three hundred dollars on the "Cow Hollow Hammer." At the end of the sixth round the "Hammer" was in a bad way. His wind was gone, his legs performed unsteadily and his face was covered with blood. The woman who was backing him became so excited that she climbed into the ring, seized a towel and began swinging it in front of his bleeding face, for all the world like an accredited second. And just at this interesting moment a policeman entered the hall. When he saw what was going on he whistled with amazement. When the assembled fight fans saw him they were panic-stricken. True to their instincts the aviators "went up in the air"; so did the wives of the aviators and the rest of the party. But the janitor of Equality Hall held a hurried conference with the policeman and the guardian of the law went out to seek instructions from headquarters. He wasn't quite sure whether he ought to "pinch the house" or not. When he returned all evidence of the evening's entertainment had vanished. The "Panhandle Kid," the "Mission Locomotive," the "Pride of the Potrero" and the "Cow Hollow Hammer" had disappeared with their seconds, their towels, their sponges and their water buckets. Scott and his party were emerging from Equality Hall and climbing into their motors. So there was nothing to be done.

Scott Was All Flustered

It was voted a great lark by all who saw it. But when the story appeared in a prominent position on the first page of one of the papers next day, Harry Scott became indignant. He thought it reprehensible that a newspaper should give such conspicuous attention to one of his private entertainments. The press had not been invited to attend and the press should have ignored the affair, he thought. This indicates, of course, that Harry Scott has not what is technically known as the "nose for news." He allowed himself to become quite indignant over the matter. He sought out the newspaperman who had written the story and there was a torrid scene. The newspaperman remained cool, not to say indifferent, while the temperature of Scott rose rapidly. Finally Scott made certain threats. But nothing happened.

All the Girls Wore False Hair

At a merry dinner at the Claremont Country Club Harold Havens of Oakland put five glittering twenty dollar gold pieces on the table with the announcement that they belonged to any lady present who could prove that she was not wearing false hair. Some of the girls took down their hair and were immediately laughed out of the contest, for everyone of them had some sort of a rat or puff in her coiffure. Others asseverated solemnly that they wore no false hair but refused to prove it by loosening their tresses. Nobody got the money.

There Was No Supper

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst sent out engraved cards last week inviting her friends to hear Sigmund Beel play at Century Hall. It was a very smart crowd that assembled on the appointed evening —and a hungry crowd. When the recital was over, everybody waited for the signal to adjourn to the supper room. Why? Well, because Mrs. Phoebe Hearst has earned a reputation for lavish entertainment and her guests took it for granted that she would provide them with supper. It was a perfectly gratuitous assumption, of course, but then our smart folk are peculiar. They take so many things for granted. Mrs. Hearst had provided no supper, in all likelihood believing that her guests would be delighted with the opportunity to hear Beel and would be prepared to seek their own suppers afterwards. When it became apparent that there was to be no free supper, a great many of the women were disgruntled. They murmured expressions of peevish disappointment. They went home in a very cross condition of mind. Next morning when they read in one of the papers that Mrs. Hearst had prepared a supper for her guests they were posi-

MISS GEORGIA HAMMON

The charming and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Hammon who has been extensively entertained since the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Scott Hendricks.

Telephones—Pacific: Sutter 1857. Home: C 2720
Established 1856
THE ORIGINAL
SWAIN'S BAKERY
and RESTAURANT
The place famous for its appetizing breakfasts, lunches and dinners; its rolls and special dishes; its afternoon teas for ladies. In the heart of the shopping center of the city.
O'Farrell St. Opp. Orpheum, San Francisco

tively angry. Who had given out that bit of misinformation? Probably one of the guests with whom the wish had been father to the thought. Some people are always willing to tell the newspapers in advance all they know or think they know about the affairs to which they have been bidden. What a queer lot we are, to be sure!

Mrs. Older to Publish

Mrs. Fremont Older's name is soon to appear on the title page of another novel. Her latest work has been accepted by the Scribner publishing house and will soon be seen in the bookshops. I understand that a religious theme dominates this latest literary effort and I am not surprised. When Hichens' "Garden of Allah" appeared Mrs. Older read it with great admiration and conceived the idea of a novel in which religion should play an important part. She devoted a great deal of time to the study of religious topics, even going so far as to take a special course of lectures at Berkeley. The fruit of this study is the book which is now in the hands of the publishers. I hear also that Mrs. Older has completed a second play. Her first dramatic work was done some time ago and was accepted by Miss Elsie Ferguson, the star of "Such a Little Queen" and other popular successes. The second play is in the hands of Mrs. De Mille, the New York dramatic agent, who has expressed the opinion that she will place it without difficulty.

There Was Too Much Puffing

Mrs. Morton Mitchell left Thursday for Paris. A charming woman she is and her friends will miss her. As Miss Lizzie Miller she was an early day belle of San Jose. She was the widow of George Ladd when she met and married Morton Mitchell. Now her home is in Paris and she visits us only at intervals. During her stay at the Fairmont she was extensively entertained. At one smart luncheon in her honor there was a contretemps worth telling. A girl who has several sisters, some matrons and some spinsters, produced her cigarette case at the beginning of the repast and without so much as "by your leave" proceeded to smoke. She smoked all through the luncheon. Mrs. Mitchell didn't like it and said so. "I am used to receiving 'puffs,' but I have never before been 'puffed" from soup to desert," she said. "I do not object to a smoke after the coffee has been served, but smoking throughout an entire meal is obnoxious in the extreme." But I doubt whether the girl minded the criticism, even if it did come from Mrs. Morton Mitchell of Paris and San Francisco.

A Not Uncommon Malady

The affliction from which Mrs. Gerrit Livingston Lansing seems to suffer is a very common one and it is unfortunate that she should be exposed to the humiliation attaching to the public discovery of her malady. Psychopathologists will tell you that kleptomania is as well defined a mental derangement as pyromania, the insane desire to set things on fire; but it is natural that popular prejudice should attach more obloquy to it on account of the universal detestation of a pilferer. The ignorant find it difficult to distinguish between one who pilfers through mental aberration and one who pilfers through cupidity; hence the peculiar misfortune of allowing the malady and its manifestations to become public. The fact that Mrs. Lansing's sister, Ethel Cohen Bent Owens, has suffered from the same disease should be conclusive of her innocence of crime. There is a good deal of kleptomania in our so-called smart society, but it is rarely made known outside the circle in which it occurs. Sometimes however there is a scandal and naturally the prominence of the parties accentuates the unpleasantness of the exposure. It will be remembered that the kleptomania of Mrs. Walter Castle was discovered in London and nearly led to her imprisonment. That was a case which was noticed by the newspapers all over the world.

Mrs. Lansing's Prominence

Mrs. Lansing's prominence has not been exaggerated by the newspapers. She comes of a well known family. Her mother, Mrs. Cohen, was Miss Gibbons, the sister of Dr. Henry Gibbons. Alfred Cohen married the daughter of the late Watson A. Bray of Alameda. Edgar Cohen and Mrs. Daggart who lives in the East are other members of the family. Ethel Cohen married Lieutenant Bent, but the marriage was not a happy one. After the divorce she became the wife of Lieutenant Owens. In the Greenway assembly set Mrs. Lansing has enjoyed a great deal of popularity and it is to be hoped that her friends will rally to her in the time of her trouble.

John Hays Hammond's Shirts

Great must be the satisfaction of John Hays Hammond. Good fortune which has always worn a golden smile for him, now casts his lines in pleasant, yearned-for, diplomatic places. He is to go to London as Envoy Extraordinary from these United States to the crowning of the new king. He is to abide next door to the Duke of Devonshire in the very house in Piccadilly where Baroness Burdett-Coutts used to live and entertain. And the rumor has gotten about that when the time comes to relieve Whitelaw Reid of his ambassadorship, John Hays Hammond will be accredited to the Court of St. James. It is a long cry from the Jamieson Raid to the coronation of George V, but John Hays Hammond's has been a life of glaring contrasts. Nobody realizes this better than Mrs. John Hays Hammond. She

Our Art Rooms

Their beauty and interest and the good taste shown in the selection of the articles displayed will repay a visit. Pictures, Pottery, Silver, Craftsman's Jewelry, Metal and Leather---for the adornment of the home and for wedding and other presents.

PAUL ELDER & CO.
BOOKS AND ARTS
239 GRANT AVE., bet. Sutter and Post Sts., San Francisco

GRAND MILLINERY OPENING

To-morrow and Friday, March 16 and 17, at Mrs. E. Lynch's Two Stores, when she will display the latest styles in

Ladies', Misses' and Children's HATS

Mrs. E. Lynch has just returned from the Eastern markets with an elegant line of French and English imported Pattern Hats. No effort or expense was spared in securing the best creations from the cleverest Parisian modistes. These models are now being duplicated in her own workrooms.

Mrs. Lynch has two stores, buys in large quantities and is famous for the excellence, beauty, style and value of her hats.

Being the **largest buyer of Millinery in California,** her untrimmed department also is always replete with the latest in **shapes, fancy feathers, flowers, ribbons, straw braids, etc.**

Headquarters for Willow Plumes at right prices.

875 MARKET STREET
Opp. Powell

MRS. E. LYNCH

991 MARKET STREET
Next to Hale's

has confessed recently that once upon a time she washed her husband's shirts which, says an eastern paper of scoffing proclivities, may be true but is not as interesting to the public in general as Mrs. John Hays Hammond evidently believes. It is no great accomplishment, our irreverent contemporary points out, to be able to wash shirts. Any woman can master the art of shirt washing, so there is nothing extraordinary about the fact that an educated woman like Mrs. John Hays should become an adept laundress. Why in the name of suds is she bragging about it? Nor is it a matter for wonder that she should wash her husband's shirts. More than one neglected and long-suffering citizen has taken to wife-beating because his wife would not wash his shirts, but made him wash them himself or go unwashed. It does not make any difference why Mrs. Hammond washed the shirts, so long as they were washed. Why exploit the matter? Our great-grandmothers did up their own kerchiefs, their laces and the ruffled bosoms of our great-granddads yet they never went about boasting. That Mrs. John Hays has fallen into this habit must be for love of and belief in John. She wrote a book shortly after the Jamieson raid, giving an account of John and John's doings; what he ate, what he drank, what time he arose in the morning and what time he went to bed, what he wore and how he wore it; told such wearing details and told them in such a way that John Hays himself was bored and bought up every copy of the book which his devoted spouse had spent good money to have printed.

News from Del Monte

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Skinner of St. Louis who arrived last week plan to remain for the rest of the season. The Keystone State was represented last week by Miss Anna and Miss Maude Richards of Easton who will be here for two or three weeks at least. T. B. Dougherty, one of the eminent attorneys of Los Angeles, was here on business for a few days recently. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Marshall of New York have arrived for a long stay and expect to enjoy their visit very much, as they are both fond of outdoor life and automobiling. Mrs. William Jones, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Foster and Charles McKnight, good golfers all, had a very jolly foursome Saturday in spite of the fact that the course is a little heavy from the recent rains. Miss A. L. Lissberger of New York who is making a tour of the Pacific Coast studying color effects and making sketches, has returned after a stay in the south. She is charmed with the scenic beauty of the State and intensely interested in the splendid works of the California artists exhibited in the Del Monte Art Gallery.

From Pacific Grove Hotel

Mr. O. A. Wilson came down from the city Wednesday for a visit with some of his friends in the Grove. At the hotel last week Wednesday and Friday evenings were given up to a progressive bridge tournament which was delightful in many ways. There were four tables and Mrs. Lillian Duncan Baxter who, by the way, is a sister of Brigadier General Duncan in command of the Department of Texas, proved that she comes of good fighting stock by vanquishing all her opponents after a fiercely fought contest and carrying off the honors and the first prize. Friday evening Miss Nan Townley of Haywards, won first place, the second prize going to Miss H. A. Warner of New York who is well known in artistic and literary circles of the Empire State. Dr. C. A. Crockett who spent the week end visiting her friend Mrs. O. C. Coiner, also greatly enjoyed the tournament, for she is very expert at bridge and is so charming personally that she is always warmly welcomed by her many friends here. W. F. Thomas of Berkeley was here for a short stay last week. Miss Emma and Miss Frona Simon of Stockton arrived last week, and plan to remain for a long visit in sunny Pacific Grove. Mrs. R. D. Stevens and her beautiful daughter Estel, who have had as their guest Miss Eula Glide of Berkeley, left for their home in Stockton last week and will be greatly missed by their many friends at the hotel and in the Grove. They promised, however, to return soon, bringing some friends with them, for they had a jolly time here motoring and driving out for tea at the Lodge at Pebble Beach, and one evening went over with Mr. Foster and Dr. Graham for dinner at Del Monte, staying for the hop in the ballroom afterwards.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Ralph W. Hoyt, Miss Katheryn Hoyt, Miss Louise Hoyt and Miss Louise Philpott are registered at the Hotel Victoria from Portland They will spend a short time in San Francisco before continuing their trip to Southern California. The Hoyts are prominent Portland people, Mr. Hoyt being the president of Portland's Rose Carnival.

A pencil sale for the benefit of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children will be given on April 6, 7 and 8. The pencils will be sold for ten cents. Mrs. Jacob Bertz, Mrs. William Kauffman and Mrs. William L. Gerstle are arranging for this praiseworthy charity.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included: Mrs. Charles Hartigan, Mrs. W. D. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Barron, Mrs. J. Downey Harney, James D. Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Altschuler and H. M. Hayward.

An elaborate dinner was tendered Mr. Edward Metzger Tuesday evening at the Granada Hotel by some of his friends in honor of the forty-first anniversary of his birthday. He was presented with a loving cup from his friends, Col. C. Mason Kinne making the speech. The party included Edward Metzger, M. Alexander, L. Alexander, G. Belden, F. A. Wilkins, L. C. Marshutz, E. F. Moran, E. Belasco, B. Levinger, S. Solomon, J. L. Graf, A. J. DeLamare, A. C. Bowles, John Pew, Matt Long, Dr. W. F. Blake, J. Brownstein, Eugene Davis, Frank Fox, J. M. Long and C. Mason Kinne.

GREENBAUM'S ATTRACTIONS

Opening of the New

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter
The Grandest Concert Hall in America
Direction Will. L. Greenbaum

BUSONI

Pianist

SUNDAY AFTERNNOON, March 19th at 2:30

TUESDAY EVENING, March 21st at 8:30

Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

BUSONI IN OAKLAND
Ye Liberty—Wednesday Afternoon, March 22nd
Seats Ready Monday

Chickering Piano Used

Mischa ELMAN

The Russian Violinist

Sunday Afternoon, March 26th,
Thursday Evening, March 30th,
and Sunday Afternoon, April 2nd

Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co's, where mail orders may now be addressed to Will. L. Greenbaum.

ELMAN IN OAKLAND
Friday Afternoon, March 31st, at Ye Liberty

Baldwin Piano
Coming—VON WARLICH, The Russian Basso-Cantante.

FLORA WILSON

Famous Coloratura Soprano

Second Concert at Popular Prices

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Wednesday Evening, March 22d

8:30 p. m.

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Cor. Geary and Mason Sts. Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgrs.
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Two Weeks, beginning Monday, March 20th
Matinees Saturdays
Charles Frohman Presents

FRANCIS WILSON

In His Own Comedy Success
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As Tender as "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and Three Times as Funny.
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Second and Last Week of Henry W. Savage's Production of

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With Mabel Wilber, Charles Meakins and a Superlative Cast

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Monday Evening, March 27th—Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Nightmare."

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America's Foremost Comedian, MAX FIGMAN,
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His Latest Starring Vehicle
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Week of Monday, March 27th, Every Evening,
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IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE

David Belasco's Biggest Comedy Success
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AFTER THE PLAY

THE FORUM CAFE

OAKLAND

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Psychology of the Alcazar Audience

There was a time when I knew my Alcazar better than I know it now. That was in the old days before the fire when players who have since gone to Broadway or Heaven—the words are not synonymous—made the Moorish playhouse in O'Farrell street an institution of which every San Franciscan was exceedingly proud. The traditions of those days have never been overturned. The Alcazar of today is in every way the worthy successor of the Alcazar that has gone into history. But it seems to me that the character of the audience must have undergone a subtle change. Perhaps the law of evolution has applied to the Alcazar audience as it has applied to other institutions. Whether the change is for better or worse I shall not pretend to say. Suffice that it is very apparent. The transformation was brought home to me in a very marked fashion on Monday night in the course of Max Figman's presentation of "The Substitute." There is an incident in "The Substitute" which has to do with the principal character's divorce. It seems that he was charged with beating his wife. "Did you beat her?" asks somebody. "I didn't, answers Max Figman, and then after a significant pause, "but life is full of lost opportunities." It's a good line, a comic line, a line to laugh at. But is it a line to applaud? In the name of all that is holy in bachelor illusions, I say that it certainly is not! And yet the Alcazar audience applauded that line. Almost as one man—aye, and almost as one woman too, it smote its palms together in approbation. It was tickled with the line. There can be no doubt about that. But why was it tickled? Do the Alcazarans of today sympathize with the man who regards his failure to beat his wife as one of the lost opportunities of life? This seems improbable. The Alcazarans, when I knew them well, when I was one of them, had no sympathy for characters who mourned the lost opportunity of beating their wives. Marriage was a sacred institution in those good old days. The happy ending that warmed the hearts of the old Alcazarans was the matrimonial ending. When Ernest Hastings or Charles Waldron or White Whittlesey clasped the palpitating leading lady to his thumping heart and implanted a chaste kiss of true love on her trembling lips, the Alcazarans felt supremely satisfied. Wife-beating was a horror not to be mentioned without denunciation in those halcyon days. What has come over the spirit of the Alcazar dream? Have the romantic girl and the lovesick boy given place to the pessimistic married man and the embittered divorced person? Or am I mistaken altogether in probing the psychology of the new Alcazarans? Do they approve wife-beating in the Pickwickian sense of the term, the Reno method of wife-beating, so to speak? Perhaps Bernard Shaw will help to solve the difficulty. Let us turn to his "Getting Married." Divorced Rejjy knocked his wife down in the presence of the gardener. Listen to him: "What's the good of beating your wife unless there's a witness to prove it afterwards? You don't suppose a man beats his wife for the fun of it, do you? How could she have got her divorce if I hadn't beat her? I had to go out and dig that flower bed all over with my own hands to soften it. I had to pick all the stones out of it. And then she complained that I hadn't done it properly, because she got a worm down her neck." Is this the sort of lost opportunity that stuck in the minds of the Alcazarans when they applauded Max Figman? Are the Alcazarans more sophisticated than of yore? It may be so. Perhaps my misunderstanding is the just punishment of my non-attendance. If one would know the Alcazarans on both sides of the footlights, one must go there frequently. And they are worth knowing.

—Edward F. O'Day.

CHARLES MEAKINS and MABEL WILBER
In "The Merry Widow" at the Savoy Theater.

"The Merry Widow" Again

There is no term to the fun-making of Marsovia. The volatile spirits of that gladsome Nowhere are inexhaustible in their expedients of laughter. Their steps are dance steps and their movements are swayed by music. The commonplace is banned in their joyous lives and they have not so much as a passing nod for dull realities. They laugh, they sing, they flirt and kiss. Their peccadilloes are invariably discovered and just as invariably forgiven. They like a maid, love a matron, but adore a widow with money. And why not? The weeds of widowhood are unknown in Marsovia where good husbands never die. There is no mourning there. In fact there are no widows in Marsovia. They go to Paris to get them another husband and to be within dropping-in distance of Maxim's. They are the center of attraction at embassy balls and the hostesses of garden fetes. They are very susceptible and their wooing is irresistible. Even Marsovian princes of shocking bad habits cannot resist them, particularly when they have loved them of old. When they dance divinely to swooning violins or sing softly to sensuous flutes, all the world but Marsovia becomes a faraway dream and the soul floats drowsily on tinted clouds of romance. Who would not be a Marsovian prince and tease the merry widow into a declaration of love? Who would not be the pet of Lo-Lo and Do-Do, of Frou-Frou and Margot? And who would not give up these pretty lights-o'-love for the sake of country and twenty millions? Verily, Prince Danilo has many rivals. All the world loves his Merry Widow. All the world would dance with her. And it can; it does. In this part of the world we write her name Mabel Wilber. She is firmly lodged in our affections. She is good to look upon and good to hear, whether she sings her insinuating love ditties or whispers her fascinating coquetries. She is just as freshly enthusiastic now as when she first appeared before our delighted eyes; and we are more enthusiastic about her than ever. There may be better merry widows, but Mabel Wilber will do for us.

—E. F. O'D.

Dick Hotaling Redivivus

Dick Hotaling, millionaire among mummers and mummer among millionaires, is about to reinvade the "unfortified city of Oakland" whose unprotected condition elicited on a memorable occasion the warm pity of Henry Miller. It will be recalled that Dick who is as ready to play Sir Critic as to attempt to play Hamlet or Shylock, took exception to the production of "The Servant in the House" which Miller gave in this city, whereupon Miller voiced a general and particular exception to the existence, activities and opinions of our Dick. Miller in fact spilled a good deal of Attic salt, an unlucky thing for Hotaling who was apparently too flustered to throw a pinch of it over his left shoulder. But Dick avers that he can "come back" and will back his averment by a five weeks' engagement at Ye Liberty Playhouse, starting two days after April Fools'. Three modern plays will be in Dick's repertoire this time. They are "The House Next Door," "Mr. Hopkinson" and "The Melting Pot." The classic drama will be represented by "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of

FRANCIS WILSON
Who will appear in his own comedy "The Bachelor's Baby" at the Columbia Theater.

MELLO CREAM CHOCOLATES
"Mello Cream" spells chocolate cream perfection. Made in a variety of flavors, and sold only in ½, 1 and 2-pound Chocolate Colored Boxes. 60 cents a pound. Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores.

Venice." It is an attractive list. When Dick was seen last at Ye Liberty he packed the house and the man in the box office wore a golden smile that wouldn't come off. Henry Miller notwithstanding, Dick is an attraction of magnetic power and Bishop's enterprise in luring him back to Oakland must be commended.

Francis Wilson Next

"The Bachelor's Baby," Francis Wilson's latest comedy with the author in the principal role, will be seen at the Columbia on Monday night. It will run for two weeks. The story of the

MISS FLORA WILSON
The famous coloratura soprano.

"Bachelor's Baby" is that of a confirmed bachelor who hates children. It is worked out with abundant regard for its opportunities of fun-making. Wilson will be supported by a clever company. Miss Edna Bruns will have the part of the bachelor's sweetheart. Matinees will be given on Saturdays only.

Kolb Comes to the Orpheum

C. William Kolb, recently one of the principals of the famous team of Kolb and Dill, will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Orpheum this Sunday matinee. Kolb has been meeting with great success as a star in the theaters of the Orpheum Circuit and his vehicle "The Delicatessen Shop" is said to afford him the funniest opportunity of his career. The Frey Twins will demonstrate their method of physical culture. Miss Hamid Alexander, a favorite in the English music halls, will sing to her own piano accompaniment. Stuart Barnes will amuse with a new stock of songs and stories. Next week closes the engagements of Lola Merrill and Frank Otto, The Six Flying Banvards, Jarrow the Lemon Trickster and "The Rolfonians."

Figman as "Mary Jane's Pa"

Max Figman will be well supported in "Mary Jane's Pa" at the Alcazar next week. Virginia Brissac, a fine leading woman, and Dorothy Mackay, the child who created the role of Mary Jane, have been specially engaged. Bessie Barriscale, Viola Leach, and Adele Belgarde will have important roles. There are three acts in the play, all of which will be presented with the usual Alcazar care.

Busoni, the Italian Pianist

Ferruccio Busoni, the marvelous pianist and eminent composer, will give his first concert at the new Scottish Rite Auditorium, Van Ness and Sutter, this Sunday afternoon, offering a great program of piano-forte music. Busoni's second and last concert will be given Tuesday night, March 21, with another fine program. In Oakland Busoni will play an entirely different program on Wednesday afternoon, March 22, at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Marie Dressler Coming

The demand for seats for the second and last week of "The Merry Widow" at the Savoy is very large. The last performance will be given Sunday evening, March 26, and on the following Monday Marie Dressler will be seen in her great musical comedy success, "Tillie's Nightmare."

Mischa Elman Coming

Mischa Elman, the "master-singer of the violin," will be the next Greenbaum attraction. The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at Sherman Clay and Co's, where mail orders may now be addressed. The first Elman date is Sunday afternoon, March 26, at the new Scottish Rite Auditorium. The second and only evening concert is to be given Thursday. The farewell concert is scheduled for Sunday afternoon, April 2. Elman plays in Oakland at Ye Liberty on Fri-

MISCHA ELMAN
"The Poet of the Violin."

day afternoon, March 31. The St. Francis Musical Art Society will hear this artist on Tuesday night, March 28.

Belasco Comedy at Ye Liberty

Next week the Bishop Players at Ye Liberty Playhouse will give Oakland playgoers their first opportunity of enjoying "Is Matrimony a Failure?" It is one of Leo Ditrichstein's adaptations from the German. Sydney Ayres closes his long engagement as leading man in the piece. Its run will be limited to one week, after which "The Lottery Man" will be given.

"The Old Curiosity Shop"

There is warrant for predicting that the Alcazar's production of "The Old Curiosity Shop," commencing March 27, will be the most pretentious ever offered by Belasco & Mayer. Max Figman who has made exhaustive study of the Dickens story and successfully appeared as Dick Swiveller in New York and Boston, will play that role here. His familiarity with the play will assure effective casting and staging. Dorothy Mackay, a clever child actress, has been brought from Chicago to play Little Nell. Mr. Figman believes that the Alcazar company will be adequate in the other parts. Elaborate and accurate staging is assured for Mr. Figman possesses copies of the original illustrations and is having the costumes and scenery made in strict

C. WILLIAM KOLB
Who will appear in "The Delicatessen Shop" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

accord with them. "The Old Curiosity Shop" has not been played in San Francisco since Lotta appeared as the Marchioness in the old California.

Miss Wilson's Concert

San Francisco music lovers are looking forward with keen interest to the Flora Wilson recital in the new Scottish Rite Auditorium on the evening of March 22. The Shadow Song from "Dinorah," exquisitely rendered at the first recital, has at the request of many who love the intricacies of a beautiful flexible coloratura voice, been added to the program of next week. It was Miss Wilson's singing of the Shadow Song that created such a sensation in Philadelphia last year.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The market was irregular during the past week with fitful bursts of activity. The undertone was strong and although business was still largely in the hands of the trading element there was a firm belief that after the decisions in the anti-trust cases were handed down a decided increase of public interest could be looked for unless the decisions were of an exceedingly drastic nature. Money continued very easy and the Bank of England reduced its discount rate to three per cent. Crop news has been of a favorable kind and this has been reflected in the granger roads. The United States Steel Corporation's statement, while showing an increase in tonnage over last month, was not as good as expected. The showing was an increase of 209-000 tons. Barring any unfavorable Supreme Court decisions it looks as if stocks could be bought around these levels.

Wheat — Favorable crop reports and fine weather have been too much for the wheat market the past week. These influences have been paramount and there has been much short selling, especially in the July option. The government figures showing a surplus on March 1 of nearly 180 million bushels was a little larger than the trade had looked for and in the absence of any bullish news in the way of a good cash demand or export sales, prices were on the down grade. Primary receipts are short of last year but are showing some increase over last week. Cash wheat demand is as disappointing as ever and the weakness of the new crop futures in the southwest shows the influence of the fine crop reports that have been coming in steadily. Experts sent out early in the week to examine wheat fields for Hessian fly reported only limited infection and this in early sown wheat only. Crop outlook is generally excellent. The foreign markets continue to drag and crop reports from the other sides are quite favorable. Under present conditions it looks as though it will be hard work maintaining wheat around these levels.

Corn—Very little is doing in corn although the market held remarkably well considering the weakness in wheat. Receipts have been moderate and stocks are showing a small increase each week at all terminals. The weather, while a little mild for shipment, has been favorable for pastures and it has cut down the consumption on the farm. The government figures indicate a reserve of 215 million bushels, larger than at the same time last year. There is nothing in the market at the moment except a scalp.

Cotton—The trade continues to take an unfavorable view of the political and business outlook in the United States and as a result the public has left the market to the professional trade which has resulted in a very narrow market. The statistical news in this country has all been in favor of the bulls. Export clearances have continued on a large scale and up to date we have exported nearly two million bales more than for the same period last year. Receipts of cotton at the principal ports show a falling off from the previous week and are now running even less than last year. Manchester mills decided at their last meeting to further curtail their output and report the trade outlook as very unsatisfactory. There was some little apprehension regarding the high temperatures in the south. As high as 98 was reported in Texas and it was thought that this was a forerunner of drouth. This fear was reflected in the new crop months by an advance of about 50 points. However conditions at the moment could hardly be better for preparing the soil and seeding a large acreage and it is a little premature to talk dry weather. Reports from the south state that there never was so much fertilizer used before and as the southern farmer received a good price for his cotton last year, he is in a position financially to put in a record-breaking crop. In the meantime the public are not in the market and the local trade does not seem strong enough to move the market either way very far.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

A box of Geo. Haas & Sons' Mello Cream Chocolates. Because it pays the "highest dividends" in feminine favor. Four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 9.)

compatible with his political prominence. But he has one of the biggest practices in the State. He is attorney for six banks and for the two-hundred million United Properties Company recently formed. His share in the winning of the Baldwin will case is fresh in the public memory.

He is a hard worker. Some people think he never plays. About once a year he strolls into the Pacific-Union club and usually leaves an epigram or two behind when he departs. About once in six months he goes to the theater. For physical exercise he walks—in the woods a good deal, for he loves nature and is an expert ornithologist. Sometimes he unbends his wit in postprandial oratory and those who have heard him rank him high in this accomplishment.

"Nature, human nature and books" is the way he sums up his favorite recreations. Undoubtedly books play a great part in his life. A larger part perhaps than politics, for he reads everything and is getting more and more aloof from active political endeavor. When will he retire?

"You never retire from politics," he says. "You may think you have retired, but let a friend ask for assistance and your coat comes off and you are back again in the thick of it."

"Do you believe in making a geneflection before you enter your pew?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "Mercy, no!" replied her hostess, as she flecked a bit of dust from the $2,000 grand piano, "if I have geneflections to make about people, I always do it outside of church."

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The Lie

(Continued from Page 10.)

And with a face cold as snow, with brows uplifted in astonishment, from under which could be seen the same enigmatic, impenetrable, dark pupils, she asked me: "But am I lying to you?"

She knew that I could not prove that she was lying and that with one single word she could demolish all the distressing creations of my tortured brain—with one more lying word. I expected it—and it glided from her lips, glittering on the surface with the colors of truth, but black at the bottom.

"I love you. Am I not wholly yours?"

The house in which we were was far from the city and the windows looked out upon the snow-field. Over it was obscurity and around it was obscurity—dense, motionless, mute. It shone with its own mysterious light, like the face of the dead in the darkness.

In the large-over-heated room only one candle burned, and through its reddish flame was seen the pale reflection of the dead field.

"No matter how bad the truth may be, I wish to know it. Perhaps I will die from it, but death is better than ignorance of the truth. I feel the lie when you hold me in your arms and are covering me with kisses. I see the lie in your eyes. Tell me the truth, and I will leave you forever," I said to her.

But she was silent and her glance, cold and inquisitive, penetrated deep into me, turned my soul inside out and surveyed it with a strange curiosity. And I shouted:

"Answer, or I will kill you!"

"Kill me!" she replied calmly. "Sometimes it is tedious to live. But do you think it possible to get at the truth by threats?"

And then I sank on my knees before her. Pressing her hands in mine and weeping, I pleaded with her for her pity—and for the truth.

"Poor boy!" she said, laying her hand on my hair. "Poor boy!"

"Take pity on me," I pleaded. "I so want to know the truth."

And I looked at her pure brow and thought that the truth was there, behind this thin bar, and a maddening longing seized me to tear away this bar so that I might be able to look at the truth. And under this white breast was beating a heart—I longed to claw the breast open and see, at least for once in my life, a human heart bared before me. The sharp flame of the dying candle looked motionless and yellow, and the darkened walls seemed to have retreated farther apart; and it was so sad, so lonesome, so painful.

"Poor boy!" she said. "Poor boy!"

The yellow flame flickered spasmodically and sank, turning blue, and then immediately went out. Darkness enveloped us. I did not see her face nor her eyes. She took my head in her two hands and I no longer felt the lie. Shutting my eyes, I did not think, did not live, I only absorbed into my being the perfume of her hands, and it seemed to me to be truthful. And her voice sounded in the darkness, timid and strange:

"Take me in your arms; I am afraid."

And again silence and again her frightened, low whisper:

"You demand the truth? But do I know it myself? And do I not myself wish to know it? Defend me! O, how terrible!"

I opened my eyes. The paling darkness of the room seemed flitting in fear from the tall windows and gathering in the corners—and something large, deadly white and mute looked into the windows. It seemed as if someone's hollow eyes were searching for us and enveloping us with his icy look. Shivering, we pressed close to each other and she whispered:

"Oh, how terrible!"

IV.

I killed her! I killed her; and when she lay lifeless and inanimate, by the window which looked out upon the white, dead field, I put my foot on her lifeless body and laughed. It was not the laugh of a madman. Oh, no! I laughed because my breath came evenly and easily, and I felt joyful, calm and empty—the worm which had been eating at my heart had dropped off. Bending over, I looked into her dead eyes, large and longing—they remained open and resembled the eyes of a wax doll—as round and dim as if they were covered by a film. I could touch them with my fingers, shut them and open them, and I felt no fear, because in the black, impenetrable pupil there no longer lived that demon of lies and doubts, who so long and so greedily had drunk my blood.

When I was seized, I laughed; and to the people who seized me the laugh seemed both terrible and wild. Some turned away from me with loathing and others went straight at me, stern and reproachful, as if bent on punishing me. But when their eyes met my bright, joyous glance, their faces instantly paled and their feet were riveted to the earth.

"A madman," they said, and this seemed to comfort them, because it helped them to explain the riddle: how one who loved could slay his beloved—and laugh.

Only one, a stout, ruddy-faced jolly man, said another word about me, and it hit me so hard that the blow almost felled me to the ground.

"Poor man!" he said with pity and without any anger—because he was so stout and so jolly. "Poor man!"

"Don't!" I shouted to him. "Don't dare to call me that!"

I do not know why I wanted to throw myself at him. Of course, I did not intend to kill him or hurt him in any way, but all these frightened people who saw a madman and a murderer in one were frightened still more, and shouted so that I once more broke into laughter.

When they led me from the room where her dead body lay I repeated loudly and insistently, looking at the jolly, stout fellow:

"I am happy! I am happy!" And it was the truth.

V.

Once in my childhood I saw a panther, and she took hold of my imagination and occupied my thoughts for a long time. She was not like any of the other animals that were stupidly dozing or looking viciously at the visitors. From corner to corner, in a straight line, she paced with mathematical precision, turning back always on the very same spot and every time touching with her gold-tinted side the same metallic rod of her cage. Her carnivorous, sharp head was lowered and her eyes looked before her without once turning aside. Before her cage crowds of people gathered daily; they spoke, laughed, and were noisy, but she never ceased walking and not once did she turn her eyes to the onlookers. Very few of those who were watching her had smiling faces; the majority gazed seriously and even gloomily at this living picture of painfully helpless concentration, and went away with a deep sigh. As they walked off they generally turned their heads back once more to throw her a long and questioning look, and sighed as if there were something in common in their fate—the fate of

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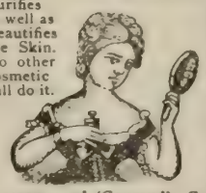

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NIOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PHILIP BRADY, Deceased.

Richard J. Brady, the Administrator of the estate of Philip Brady, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is Therefore Ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Friday, the 21st day of April, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Richard J. Brady to sell the real estate of the said deceased.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, March 15th, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 15, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN G. WILLIAMS, Atty. for Administrator, 950 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-3

free people—with that of this unfortunate, caged beast. And later on, when I was already a grown man and people and books told me of eternity, I recollected the panther and it seemed to me that I already knew eternity and its pain.

Just such a panther did I become in my stone cell. I paced and thought. I walked in one straight, diagonal line, from corner to corner of my cell, and my thoughts also ran in one line—such heavy thoughts that it seemed to me that I was not carrying a head but a whole universe upon my shoulders. They consisted of only one word, but how enormous it was, how painful and sinister.

"Lie"—that is how this word was pronounced.

Again that word, hissing, crawled out of all the corners of my cell, and twisted round my soul; but it was no longer a small reptile—it now unfolded itself into a large, glittering, fierce snake. And it stung and suffocated me with its iron folds; and when I began to scream with pain, from my open mouth came out the same disgusting, hissing sound, as if my whole breast were swarming with reptiles.

"The lie!"

And I walked and thought, and before my eyes the gray asphalt of the floor turned into a grayish transparent abyss. My feet felt no longer as if they stepped upon a hard substance, and it seemed to me that I was soaring to an immeasurable height; I was soaring over the mist and clouds, and when a hissing groan escaped my breast, from underneath, from under the flimsy but impenetrable shroud, slowly came a terrible echo. So slowly and dully it came as if it had to pass through thousands of years, and every minute, in every particle of mist, it lost its power. I understood that there—underneath—it whistled like the wind that tears out mighty trees by the roots, but into my ear it entered, a sinister, short little whisper:

"The lie!"

This base whisper filled me with indignation.

I stamped my foot on the floor and shouted:

"There is no longer any lie! I have killed the lie."

And I purposely turned away, knowing beforehand what she would reply. And she slowly replied from the depth of the bottomless pit:

"It is a lie!"

The trouble with me was, as you may readily see, that I had made a dreadful mistake. The woman I had killed—but the lie I had made immortal. Do not kill a woman until by pleading, torture and fire you succeed in tearing from her soul the truth!

VI.

It is dark and terrible there where she has carried away with her the truth and the lie—and I shall go there. At the very throne of Satan I shall reach her and I shall fall upon my knees before her and plead with tears:

"Let me know the truth!"

But, great God! Is not this too a lie? There is the darkness and emptiness of eternity and she is not there, she is nowhere. But the lie remains. It is immortal. I feel it in every atom of the air, and when I breathe it enters my breast hissingly, and tears it, tears it!

Oh, what madness to be a man and to search for the truth! What pain!

"Save me! Save me!"

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BRANCHES:

OAKLAND FRESNO

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 9814, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of FREDERICK C. WINTERS, alias FREDERICK WINTERS, alias FRED C. WINTERS, alias F. C. WINTERS, Deceased.

William Horstmeyer, the administrator of the estate of Frederick C. Winters, alias Frederick Winters, alias Fred C. Winters, alias F. C. Winters, deceased, having presented and filed his petition herein, praying for an order for the sale of the whole of the real estate of said deceased, for the purposes therein set forth, and it appearing, that a sale as prayed for in said petition is necessary and that the same will be for the advantage, benefit and best interest of said estate, and those interested therein,

It is hereby Ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the above entitled Court, on Monday, the 17th day of April, 1911, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, Room 603 in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and then and there show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell said real estate at private sale. The said petition is hereby referred to for further particulars.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least one a week for four successive weeks prior to said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court, this 8th day of March, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed March 8, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By F. B. Lorigan, Deputy Clerk.

CARL W. MUELLER, Atty. for Administrator, 1046 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco. 3-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANCISCO L. FREITAS, also known as and called FRANK L. FREITAS and FRANK FRATES, Deceased—No. 11,250, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Francisco L. Freitas, also known and called Frank L. Freitas and Frank Frates, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of James B. Feehan, Room 407 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Francisco L. Freitas, also known as and called Frank L. Freitas and Frank Frates, deceased.

MARY FREITAS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Francisco L. Freitas, also known as and called Frank L. Freitas and Frank Frates, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1911.

JAMES B. FEEHAN, Atty. for Administratrix, Room 407 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORENCE ATWATER, Deceased—No. 11,215, Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Moetia Atwater, sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Moetia Atwater, sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, deceased, at the office of her attorneys, Lilienthal, McKinstry and Raymond, 1211 Flood Building, Northeast Corner of Powell and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Dorence Atwater, deceased.

MOETIA ATWATER,
Sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1911.

LILIENTHAL, McKINSTRY and RAYMOND, 1211 Flood Building, San Francisco, Attorneys for Moetia Atwater, sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, Deceased. 3-18-5

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,018, Department No. 4.

MARY I. GREELY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mary I. Greely, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet North of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number 201.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society,	San Francisco, California.
R. McColgan and Ryland C. Goodspeed, as Trustees for Mariam L. Goodspeed,	Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, California.
R. McColgan and Daniel A. McColgan, as Trustees for C. H. Williams,	Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9,903, Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PETER JAMES DONAHUE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made and filed herein on the 15th day of December, 1910, in the matter of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, Deceased, the undersigned, William P. Burke as administrator of the estate of said Deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, in Gold Coin of the United States, on or after Wednesday, the 8th day of March, 1911, and subject to confirmation by said Court, an undivided one-half interest, together with all the right, title and interest that the estate of said Deceased has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of Peter James Donahue, Deceased, at the time of his death, of, in and to all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the point formed by the intersection of the Northeasterly line of Spear Street and the Southeasterly line of Mission Street, running thence Southeasterly and along the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and eighty-three (183) feet and four (4) inches; thence at a right angle Northeasterly and parallel with the said Southeasterly line of Mission Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Northeasterly and parallel with the said Southeasterly line of Mission Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said line of Mission Street; and thence at a right angle Southwesterly and along the said Southeasterly line of Mission Street one hundred and eighty-three (183) feet and four (4) inches to the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara Block numbered 321.

Commencing at a point on the Northwesterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon ninety-one (91) feet and eight (8) inches Northeasterly from the point of intersection of the Northeasterly line of Spear Street with the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence Northeasterly and along the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southwesterly and parallel with the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches, and thence at a right angle Southeasterly and parallel with the said Northeasterly line of Spear Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the said Northwesterly line of Howard Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara Block numbered 321.

Ten (10) per cent of the bid payable at the time of sale and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court; deed and abstract at the expense of purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State, county and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature that are now or may hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers or bids must be in writing and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said administrator, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to the said administrator personally, or may be filed in the office of the clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of this sale. WILLIAM P. BURKE,
Administrator of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 15th, 1911.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Attorney for Administrator of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, Deceased, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California. ???

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Dept. No. 10, Probate, No. 29, N. S.

In the matter of the Estate of JULIUS FRIEDMAN, Deceased.

Edward R. Lande and I. M. Friedberg, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Julius Friedman, deceased, having presented to the Court, and filed herein, their duly verified petition praying for an Order of Sale of Real Property belonging to the estate of said decedent, hereinafter described, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of said estate, and those interested therein, that said real property, the sale of which is asked for in said petition, should be sold, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered by the Court that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, Department No. 10, Probate, at the Courtroom of said Department, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, on Wednesday, the 22d day of March, 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to show cause why an Order should not be granted to said Executors for the sale of all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street with the Northeasterly line of Beale Street; running thence Northeasterly and along said line of Harrison Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly thirty (30) feet to said line of Beale Street, and thence at right angles Northwesterly and along said last mentioned line eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement, being a portion of 100 Vara Block No. 333, together with the improvements thereon.

Further ordered that a copy of this Order be published once a week for four successive weeks before the time appointed for said hearing, in "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Done in Open Court this 15th day of February, 1911.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 15, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDMUND TAUSZKY, Atty. for J. M. Friedberg, Executor.
MARSHALL B. WOODWORTH, Atty. for Edward R. Lande, Executor. 2-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. LONG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Susan C. Tate, Administratrix of the estate of Mary E. Long, deceased, with the will annexed, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix of the estate of Mary E. Long, deceased, with the will annexed, at the law office of S. C. Wright, Room 1007 Tenth Floor, Mutual Bank Building, Market Street near Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary E. Long, deceased.

SUSAN C. TATE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Mary E. Long, Deceased, with the Will Annexed.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 4, 1911.

S. C. WRIGHT, Atty. for Administratrix,
1007 Tenth Floor, Mutual Bank Bldg.,
Market St. near Kearny St., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISAAC ELIASER, Deceased—No. 11,167, N. S., Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Maurice Eliaser, Ezra Eliaser and Union Trust Company of San Francisco, Executors of the last will and testament of Isaac Eliaser, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Union Trust Company of San Francisco, at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Isaac Eliaser, deceased.

MAURICE ELIASER.
EZRA ELIASER,
UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
By H. VAN LUVEN, Secretary.
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Isaac Eliaser, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attys. for Said Executors,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADAM WAGNER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Adam Wagner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, Room 802 in the Balboa Building, southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Adam Wagner, deceased. ADAM WAGNER,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Adam Wagner, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 18, 1911.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Atty. for Executor,
802 Balboa Bldg., Market and Second Sts., S. F. 2-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,365.

HATTIE ELIZA POND, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. POND, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: William H. Pond, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, and on the ground of defendant's habitual intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY H. DAVIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
495-497 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of REGINA JOHANNISSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of Regina Johannissen, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Regina Johannissen, deceased. FANNIE PRATT,
Executrix of the Estate of Regina Johannissen, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

J. J. LERMEN, Atty. for Executrix,
Room 504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA KENYON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ELLA KENYON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Wm. Hoff Cook, her attorney, at Room 1603 Chronicle Building, in San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ella Kenyon, deceased.

ADA HUDSON,
Administratrix of the Estate of Ella Kenyon, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

WM. HOFF COOK, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 1603 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRIETTA GNECCO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Henrietta Gnecco, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, Esq., in the Schmiedell Building, No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

GIOVANNI GNECCO,
Administrator of the Estate of Henrietta Gnecco, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, ESQ., Atty. for Administrator,
Schmiedell Bldg., 604 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTHONY DORRITY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Anthony Dorrity, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Cooper, Gray & Cooper, Room 439 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anthony Dorrity, deceased. W. J. PALETHORPE,
Administrator of the Estate of Anthony Dorrity, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

COOPER, GRAY & COOPER,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Room 439 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. O'KANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned W. D. O'Kane, Administrator of the estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, John F. Hanlon, Room 618 Mechanics Building, Corner of Market and Mason Streets, City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased.

WILLIAM D. O'KANE,
Administrator of the estate of Mary E. O'Kane, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 11, 1911.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 618 Mechanics Bldg., San Francisco. 3-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,014, Department No. 4.

SARA M. DALY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Hereinafter Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem to establish and quiet Plaintiff's title to real property and to determine all adverse claims thereto.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Sara M. Daly, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court, and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Randolph Street, distant twenty-five (25) feet easterly from the east line of Ramsell Street and running thence east twenty-five (25) feet; thence north one hundred (100) feet; thence west twenty-five (25) feet; thence south one hundred (100) feet to to the point of commencement; and being Lot 7 of Block 37 of the City Land Association as shown on a map of the same recorded on August 24, 1870, in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, and being also the same premises heretofore conveyed to Annie A. Daly (widow) by Anne McCormac by deed recorded August 2, 1897, in Volume 1748 of Deeds, Old Series, Records of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That this Court by its final judgment and decree, may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and may adjudge said plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands, and may establish and quiet its title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief in the premises as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Dated this 14th day of December, 1910.

GEO. K. FORD, Atty. for Plaintiff.
617 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No, 30,020, Department No. 4.

VIRGINIA CASSIDY WILBUR, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

First—Commencing at the northwest corner of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue) and Twentieth Avenue; thence northerly along the west line of Twentieth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly and parallel with Twentieth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle easterly and along the north line of Geary Street fifty (50) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 201.

Second—Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue); running thence northerly along said westerly line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the said westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, and the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 201.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of this Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property, and every part thereof; and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof; and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES A. FISHER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles A. Fisher, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Bishop, Hoefler, Cook & Harwood, Room 363 Russ Building, Northwest corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charles A. Fisher, deceased.

JESSE A. ANDREWS,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles A. Fisher, Deceased..

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Executor,
Room 363 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,021, Department No. 4.

WILLIAM A. KAAS and DELIA KAAS (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William A. Kaas and Delia Kaas, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Utah Street, distant thereon one hundred and eighty-seven (187) feet and six (6) inches southerly from the southerly line of Mariposa Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Utah Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Utah Street and the point of commencement; being a part of Potrero Block number seventy-four (74).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,015, Department No. 4.

ANNIE C. WIEGNER, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Annie C. Wiegner, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), distant thereon eighty (80) feet Easterly from the intersection of the Southerly line of Geary Street with the Easterly line of Eight Avenue, running thence Easterly along the said Southerly line of Geary Street twenty-six (26) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Eighth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-six (26) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street and point of beginning; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 277.

2nd. Commencing at a point on the Western line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Northerly from the Northern line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Western line of Twentieth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in the fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
Title Insurance and Guaranty Company,	250 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET NOONAN, sometimes known as MARGARET KEOGH, Deceased—No. 11,139, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Margaret Noonan, sometimes known as Margaret Keogh, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, Southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Margaret Noonan, sometimes known as Margaret Keogh, deceased.

THOMAS KEOGH,
Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Noonan, sometimes known as Margaret Keogh, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 18, 1911.

J. J. LERMEN, Atty. for Administrator,
Rooms 504-506 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 2-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,011, Department No. 4.

KATE E. HENESEY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Kate E. Henesey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of California Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches westerly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of California Street with the westerly line of Octavia Street; running thence westerly and along said southerly line of California Street thirty-four (34) feet nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly thirty-four (34) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 197.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises; and that the easement and right of said property to the party wall on the boundary between said property and the real property of M. Sheftel Co., a corporation, immediately abutting upon the rear of said property, be established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
M. Sheftel,	2083 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
City and County of San Francisco,	San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLOTTA WILFORD, also known as CHARLOTTA C. WILFORD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotta Wilford, also known as Charlotta C. Wilford, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, Eugene W. Levy, Room 560, Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

ALBERT WILFORD,
ENOCH T. HOWES,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotta Wilford, also known as Charlotta C. Wilford, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 11, 1911.

EUGENE W. LEVY, Atty. for Executors,
Room 560, Mills Building,
No. 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALEXANDER LIPPMAN, Deceased—No. 11,097, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Alexander Lippman, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Attorney at Law, 616-617 Metropolis Building, Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Alexander Lippman, deceased.

HYMAN LIPPMAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Alexander Lippman, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 11, 1911.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Atty. for Administrator,
616-617 Metropolis Building,
Market and New Montgomery Sts., San Francisco. 2-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTE SCHLENKER, also known as AUGUSTE B. SCHLENKER, also known as B. SCHLENKER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Hugo Altmayer, Executor of the estate of Auguste Schlenker, also known as Auguste B. Schlenker, and also known as B. Schlenker, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorneys, Rothchild, Golden & Rothchild, No. 1051 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Schlenker, also known as Auguste B. Schlenker, and also known as B. Schlenker, deceased.

(Signed) HUGO ALTMAYER,
Executor of the Estate of Auguste Schlenker, also known as Auguste B. Schlenker, also known as B. Schlenker, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 18, 1911.

ROTHCHILD, GOLDEN & ROTHCHILD,
Attorneys for Executor,
No. 1051 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,012, Department No. 4.

ELIZABETH ANN GUNN, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Elizabeth Ann Gunn, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Thirty-third Avenue, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet southerly from the southerly line of Ulloa Street (formerly "U" Street); running thence southerly along said westerly line of Thirty-third Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles northerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being a portion of Outside Lands Block No. 1206.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiff to said real property and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims of every kind and nature whatsoever in and to said real property and every part thereof, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple of each and every, all and singular, of said real property, free and clear from any and all liens and encumbrances whatsoever.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,019, Department No. 4.

KATHERINE J. CASSIDY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Katherine J. Cassidy, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet North of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement; being in Block No. 201 of Outside Lands.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that her title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1910.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names:

Names	Addresses
Bank of Italy,	Montgomery and Clay Streets, San Francisco, California.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiff, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,623, Department No. 10.

MAUD GRANGER, Plaintiff, vs. ALFRED GRANGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Alfred Granger, defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. A. DORN, Atty. for Plaintiff,
812 Phelan Building, San Francisco. 1-28-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 30,017, Department No. 4.

HARRY E. CASSIDY and MARY J. MERRILL, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Harry E. Cassidy and Mary J. Merrill, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue), distant Eighty (80) feet Easterly from the Southeast corner of Geary Street and Twenty-second Avenue; thence at right angles with Geary Street Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the West line of Twenty-first Avenue; thence at right angles Northerly along the line of Twenty-first Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-six (26) feet Eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Twenty-first Avenue One Hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street; thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Geary Street One Hundred and Thirty-three (133) feet, Four (4) inches to the point of commencement; being lots numbers Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight and Ten in Block No. 263 of Outside Lands.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owners of an undivided one-half interest, each, in tenancy in common and in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D., 1911.

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 30,016, Department No. 4.

JOHN J. CASSIDY, ANNIE CECILIA WIEGNER, MARY I. GREELY and VIRGINIA CASSIDY WILBUR, Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John J. Cassidy, Annie Cecilia Wiegner, Mary I. Greely and Virginia Cassidy Wilbur, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. Commencing on the Northerly line of Pine Street at a point distant one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Pine Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-seven (27) feet and six inches; and thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with said line of Broderick Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot Number Two (2), in Block No. 540 as designated upon a certain map entitled "Hoadley's Extension of the Western Addition," which said map was recorded May 10, 1862, in the office of the Recorder of said City and County.

2nd. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue) with the Easterly line of Second Avenue; thence Southerly along said line of Second Avenue one Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Geary Street; thence at right angles Westerly along said line of Geary Street thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being part of Outside Lands Block No. 283.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Courts for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: judgment of said Court which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, and which shall ascertain, determine and adjudge that plaintiffs are the owners in fee simple absolute and in the actual and peaceable possession of said real property and every part thereof, and that their title thereto is forever established and quieted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk

Memorandum—The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 14th day of January, 1911.

Memorandum—The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff, Mary I. Greely:

Names	Addresses
R. McColgan and Daniel A. McColgan, as Trustees for C. H. Williams, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.	

STANLEY MOORE and GEO. K. FORD,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 1-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,681, Dept. No. 10.

PLINY E. RITNER, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE I. RITNER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Grace I. Ritner, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, A. D 1911.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

AUSTIN LEWIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
504 to 508 Schmidt Bldg., 12 Geary St., S. F. 2-4-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK M. FLYNN, also known as P. M. FLYNN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will of the estate of Patrick M. Flynn, also known as P. M. Flynn, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the will annexed at the office of his attorney, Neal Power, Esq., Room 545 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Patrick M. Flynn, also known as P. M. Flynn, deceased. P. F. REILLY,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Patrick M. Flynn, also known as P. M. Flynn, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1911.

NEAL POWER,
Atty. for Administrator with the Will Annexed,
Room 545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY C. FLITTNER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Chas. J. P. Hoehn, Administrator of the estate of Mary C. Flittner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of D. B. Richards, No. 965 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary C. Flittner, deceased.

CHAS. J. P. HOEHN,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary C. Flittner, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 15, 1911.

D. B. RICHARDS, Atty. for Administrator,
No. 965 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. 2-18-5

NOTICE OF SALE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department 10, Probate thereof, made on the 24th day of October, 1910, and filed with the Clerk of said Superior Court on the 3rd day of November, 1910, the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, on or after the 21st day of March, 1911, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, the undivided 721-1000 of the real property hereinafter described, together with all the right title and interest of said deceased, in and to said property, to-wit

That certain lot, piece or parcel of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Post Street, with the easterly line of Jones Street, running thence easterly and along said southerly line of Post Street seventy (70) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southerly sixty (60) feet to the northerly line of Cottage Place; thence at a right angle westerly and along said northerly line of Cottage Place seventy (70) feet and six (6) inches to the said easterly line of Jones Street; thence at a right angle northerly and along said easterly line of Jones Street sixty (60) feet to the said southerly line of Post Street and the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty Vara Block No. 223.

All offers to purchase the real property hereinafter described must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Mastick & Partridge, 706 Foxcroft Building, No. 68 Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Any person offering to purchase said property above described, whose bid shall be accepted by the undersigned, on notice of the acceptance of the offer and bid, shall and must deposit with the undersigned ten per cent of the purchase price and pay the balance on approval and confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court.

Dated, San Francisco, February 27, 1911.

CHAS. G. LYMAN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte F. Clarke, Deceased.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 28, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Executor,
No. 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-4-3

Auto Notes

Mr. George Fitz-Simons has been appointed sales manager of the E. R. Thomas Motor Car Company to succeed Mr. W. H. Van Deusen, resigned. Mr. Fitz-Simons is well known in the automobile industry, having been actively engaged in it for the last nine years. During the years of 1909 and 1910 he was sales manager of the Eastern Department of Studebaker Bros. Manufacturing Company with headquarters in New York City. For the past year Mr. Fitz-Simons has been the Packard dealer in Atlanta, Georgia, operating under the corporate name, Owners' Motor Company.

C. A. Emise, director of the Lozier racing interests, recently remarked upon the fact that the day of the foreign racing car is rapidly passing. "This is particularly true," said Emise, "in long road races where endurance is a quality of equal value with speed, and it is even more noticeably true where stock car requirements are enforced. A few of the specially built foreign racers still maintain a sort of supremacy in track racing and especially so in the shorter distances. This is because of their one burst of speed, unbacked however by that endurance quality necessary for the more strenuous road races. No foreign car racing either in this country or Europe approaches the Lozier's record for this season."

Over thirty thousand miles of service is the record recently established by a Diamond tire that equipped a Locomobile owned by Mrs. Wm. Winters of Spokane. Writing to the local branch of the Diamond Rubber Co., John Raymond of Palo Alto who removed this tire from the car said, "This Diamond tire had been on Mrs. Winters' car since 1908. I know that it has run 30,000 miles and would be willing to testify to that fact before a notary public. The tire was removed eventually, not because it had seen its entire service, but because of its ragged appearance."

On March 1 Mr. O. B. Leonhart was appointed manager of the Oakland branch of the Pioneer Automobile Company. Mr. Leonhart is well known to the automobile trade and to the general commercial interests of the Pacific Coast, having been connected in the past with several large mercantile concerns. Mr. Leonhart's friends predict a bright future for him in the automobile business.

"Wherever you find a farm owner who owns a motor car of quality you will find a man whose social life has been revolutionized," says Charles T. Jeffery, president of the Thomas B. Jeffery Company. "He has combined the advantages of the town with the pleasures of living in the country and adopted a method of saving time, meanwhile adding to his comfort and saving his horses for their more important work on the farm."

Trailers for carrying freight over city and country roads will be made hitched onto automobiles if the Hudson Motor Car Company decides to take advantage of an offer made to them, says E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Co. The offer was made to the Hudson people by a western concern, the manager of which stated that it was too dangerous trying to make time on the roads with a high wheeled spring wagon and what they want is a low automobile trailer.

T. F. Kilmartin, associated for the past few months with the local branch of the Haynes Auto Sales Company, has just gone to Los Angeles to take charge of the mechanical department of the Haynes branch in that city. Kilmartin was connected with the Haynes factory in Kokomo, Indiana, for some time and is thoroughly acquainted with the mechanical end of the business.

Patrick & Company
RUBBER STAMPS
Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.
560 Market Street San Francisco

MOTOR MAXIMS

Still motors run cheap.

It's a wise chauffeur that knows his own speed.

A garage is known by the cars it keeps for hire.

A motor in hand is worth two in the ditch.

A spark-plug that can spark and won't spark ought to be plugged.

He who speeds and runs away may live to be nabbed some other day.

A rut in the road may prove the power behind the thrown.

Little motors have big gears.

A scorched chauffeur dreads the tire.

A good car needs no push.

It's a poor clutch that won't work in a tight squeeze.

Too many tinkers spoil the car.

Never judge a motor by the mortgage on the roof.

A green chauffeur maketh a fat undertaker.

A car in time saves sole leather.

All cars are gray in the dark.

Of two constables, choose the smallest.

Collisions never come singly.

Sweet Charity

"We was standin' in Princes street, Dunedin, one Sat'dy night," writes Oscar G., in the "London Bulletin," "when up comes a Salvation lassie—nice lookin' she was—and she 'olds out the tambourine to me and smiled. I smiled back, and dropped in a tanner, and big Scotty followed me good example and ante-d up a bob, asking for saxpence change. The Salvy girl put the bob in the plate and give 'im a sprat back.

"Just then I remembered I 'ad 'arf-a-quid in me pocket, an' I looks to see if I 'adn't giv it to the girl. Too true, I 'ad. So I told the lassie, and she looked through the tambourine an' couldn't find it. She said, 'It would be here, if you really gave it to me.' Then it hit me hard that Scotty had got my harf-quid as change for 'is bob. I got to that Scotchman lively. He said he'd got no money of mine, and he showed me 'is purse—a shillin', a tray bit, an' harf a quid.

"Course, I knew the harf-quid was mine, but 'e swore 'e brought it out wiv im, an' it wasn't mine; and we argued the point, an' I 'it 'im, an' he 'it me, an' we gripped an' fell, and we mopped up the gutter with our clothes. Tork about a go; it took the whole army to separate us. I done in a new suit, an' got a black eye, to say nothin' of nearly losin' me job.

"But I got me harf-quid. I'd left it at 'ome."

Young Man—I suppose your sister will make her appearance soon.

Small Brother—I guess she's making her appearance now. That's what's keeping her.

From the City

"I suppose there are some queer characters around an old town like this."

"There are," responded the ancient fisherman, 'when the hotels fill up."

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5 FOR ONE DOLLAR
We prepay charges on any order for $10.00 up
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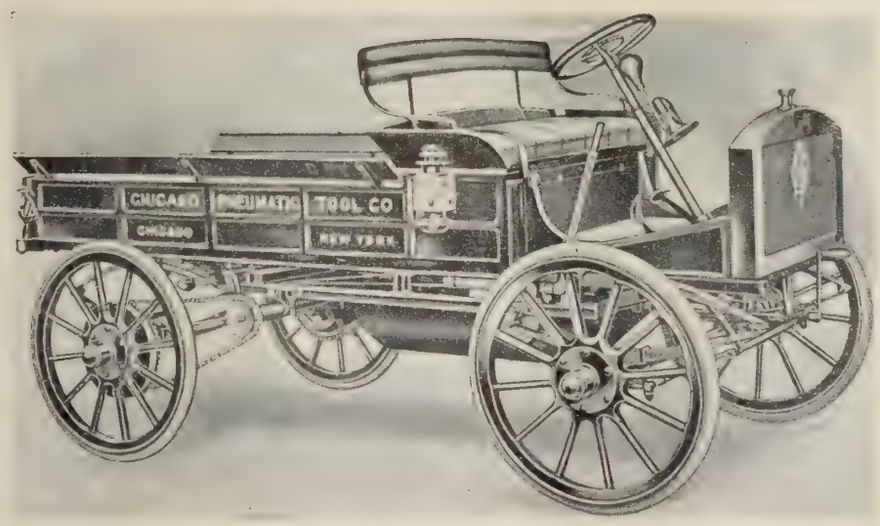
Vol. XIX. No. 969 SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 25, 1911 PRICE, 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

"Little Giant" Commercial Car



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$1200, F. O. B. SAN FRANCISCO

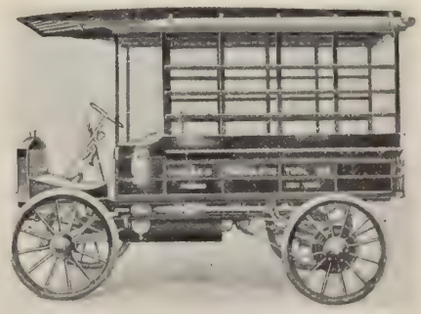
Built to embody Simplicity, Strength, Efficiency and Reliability. Capacity, 1000 to 1500 lbs. Speed, ten to twenty miles per hour.

Full Panel Top

This Car Will Reduce Your Delivery and Receiving Expense

It Is Worth While Investigating

Every Car Guaranteed



Open Flare Board Body, Canvas Top

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Call, phone or write for demonstration

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TO SETTLE AND SEGREGATE AN ESTATE

To Be Sold—Thirty-five minutes to San Francisco, this substantial mansion occupying a situation of exceptional beauty. The estate consists of the home, outbuildings, large stable and 47,000 square feet of land, in its entirety costing over $55,000. The land is surrounded by a marble bulkhead, being a corner 200x225 feet. The house is 3 stories, contains 16 rooms and 2 baths, billiard room, conservatory, and is heated by a furnace. In construction the old colonial disregard for extravagance in choice of woods is shown—the stairway is solid black walnut, while the woodwork of the chambers is in birdseye maple. The property is located in the center of the population of East Oakland, in the Thermal Warm Belt, and is an ideal family home or a remarkable opportunity for a high class and exclusive sanitarium. Can be bought for less than one-fourth its cost. Convenient payments can be arranged. Laymance Real Estate Co., Sale Agents, 1214 and 1216 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. Phone Oakland 328.

IN A FAVORITE PART OF BERKELEY

$7,000 Extremely choice, modern 10-room residence on boulevarded street in Claremont Park, near north gate, close to two Key Route stations and electric transportation; construction, conveniences and the artistic features were all given the most careful attention by owner and builder; the living-room (16x20) has high paneling in natural redwood, built-in window seats, and with beautiful art electroliers; library (12x14) is finished to correspond and has bookcases, etc.; the dining-room (15x20), which is unusually attractive, has both the walls and ceiling massively paneled, the latter in addition to heavy cross-beaming; floors of these rooms are double and finished in polished parquetted oak; the kitchen is large and well arranged, has fine pantry, also pass pantry to dining-room; the bedroom on this floor, intended for a servant's room, has commodious closet, also running hot and cold water; the five bedrooms are unusually large, the two in front of the house being respectively 13x17 and 13x14; the woodwork on this floor is in a finish of white enamel throughout and the walls are newly tinted in most attractive shades; a sleeping deck 10x32, linen closets and a bathroom 9x12 complete the appointments of this floor, which can be completely severed from downstairs by the closing of a large door; there is a cemented basement containing laundry, furnace-room equipped with a splendid furnace leading through registers to every room of the house, and ample space for storage and also the addition of servants' quarters. The lot, 50x132, faces south and is absolutely free to the sun on all sides. House is in perfect condition and has recently been under lease at $75 per month; terms of $1000 cash and monthly payments of about $75 can be arranged. DODGE VER MEHR CO., 2015 Shattuck Ave., "At Key Route Terminal," Berkeley, Cal.

FIFTY TO SIXTY DOLLARS

These admirably located apartments, constructed with great care for the comfort and convenience of the occupants, are perhaps the most desirable renting accommodation on the east side of the bay. They consist of 5 rooms each and bath, the conventional arrangement is relieved by one of the sleeping rooms being built on outside porch. It is shown in the right of the picture with the canvas drawn. Modern in every particular; grand views, lots of sunshine, large living room—fireplace. The general arrangements of these apartments with their dainty buffet, kitchen and conveniences have quite captivated those who have seen them. Corner of Telegraph avenue and Woolsey street, a block from the new S. P. electric station and 5 minutes to Key Route. Apply to owner, 3100 Telegraph avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

TEN MINUTES FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA—THOUSAND OAKS

This grand and beautifully wooded acreage, for years the playground of nature lovers and Mecca of picnic parties, is being subdivided for home sites. The landscape engineer has supplemented nature's profusion in this wonderful place so that the general contour of the country may not be disturbed. Situated on the western slope of the Berkeley hills overlooking the bay of San Francisco it occupies an ideal position for a home. These properties can be bought for from $25 to $35 per foot, all street work done. Directly accessible by the Key Route or Southern Pacific electric when finished. Apply to Newell-Hendricks, Inc., 2037 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, Cal. Phone Berkeley 398. San Francisco office, Westband Bldg., 830 Market St.

A BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN HOME

$30,000—Situated on a 6-mile avenue. This complete residence cost the owner $50,000. Located midway between Oakland and Berkeley it has the educational advantages found in a college town while the city is but a short car ride away. From the rear of this home an unrivaled view of San Francisco Bay can be had while from the front of the house the Berkeley hills mark the sky line. The interior finish is mahogany, while every modern convenience is installed. A rare offering presenting a combination of delightful residential and speculative features. The draperies and hangings go with the place. Thirty-five minutes from San Francisco. Laymance Real Estate Co., 1214 and 1216 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. Phone Oakland 328.

Thirty-Five Minutes from Town

$7,000—This substantial 8-room house—built by the owner as a home—is offered for sale. The lower floor consists of 5 rooms, the living and dining room being paneled and finished in subdued tones of brown. The breakfast room, kitchen, servant's room and a large back porch that can be used as a conservatory complete this floor. The second floor has three large bed rooms, the two rear rooms opening to a large covered sun deck or sleeping porch 27x14. The never tiresome Berkeley hills are the view from this porch while a splendid view of San Francisco Bay by day or the city sparkling in the night can be had from the front of the house. Heated by 2 fire places and furnace, lawn back and front of house, berry arbor and stable with concrete floor. A splendid opportunity—very desirable terms. Owner, 6652 Dana street, Oakland, Cal.

Breakfast Room

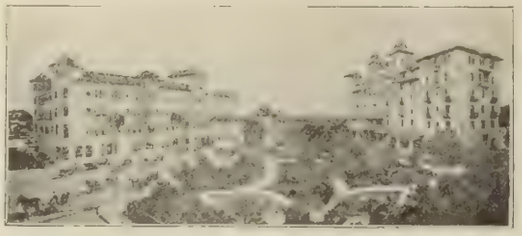
AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY

$5,500—This new modern house carries the old story "too large for the owner." It is built on a delightful corner, East of Telegraph avenue but in Berkeley, and is modern in every particular, consisting of 6 rooms with 3 bed rooms on the second floor, living room, dining room and kitchen on lower floor. The house faces west and great care was taken in its construction, the rooms being large and light. It is particularly accessible, being but 2 blocks from the new S. P. electric station, 1 block east of Telegraph avenue, 2 blocks north of Alcatraz avenue. Terms can be arranged. Owner, 2400 Woolsey street, Berkeley. Phone Berkeley 4641. Thirty-five minutes from town. (Inspected and recommended.)

One thousand dollars less than any similar house in Oakland; the greatest bargain on the market; get busy, save commission, buy from owner and builder. For sale, grand 7-room stucco house, matchless in color and appointments; large sleeping balcony; 2 fireplaces; handsome built-in sideboard and bookcases; beamed ceilings, paneled walls, hardwood floors, elegant staircase; buffet kitchen; sun in every room; sleeping apartments upstairs; marine and hill view; large lot, 50x130; driveway. If you want a fine home, see this; choice residence section; convenient to local lines and Key Route; terms if desired. W. A. Sleep & Bros., 6453 Duncan street, near Woolsey. Phones, Piedmont 2422; H 6440.

Five hundred dollars under anything in Claremont Court. Nothing there to compare with it. Claremont Key Route takes you to the entrance to Claremont Court, where we have for sale fine 7-room stucco house with large sunny covered sleeping porch; two mantels, piped for furnace; cement basement; hardwood floors; beamed ceilings; mirror door; all rooms sunny and large; large bedrooms upstairs; marine and hill view; large lot. This is the greatest bargain ever offered on Forest avenue, in Claremont Court, Berkeley's choicest residence section. If you want one of the finest homes on the market, see us at once. We will be at the house every day. W. A. Sleep & Bros., owners and builders.

Leading Hotels and Resorts



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European Plan

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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MARIE DRESSLER

America's greatest comedienne who will make her first appearance here in "Tillie's Nightmare" at the Savoy Sunday night.

TOWN TALK

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The Short Ballot

It will not matter much in the long run whether we have a long ballot or a short ballot. Of much greater importance is the question of the interval between elections. The multiplication of political issues, the "incessant human wriggle and struggle for office," the bigotry engendered by the constant play of political passions—these are the things that affect the moral life of a community, that paralyze sentiment and increase the defects of government. A mercantile deputation from Bordeaux being asked by Louis XIV what should be done to advance their interests, replied, "Sire, let us alone." That is what the people should say to their politicians who are harassing them with constitutional amendments designed to intensify political strife and to keep the political pot eternally boiling. "Man," says the poet, "never is but always to be blest," and this is especially true in respect of government in these piping times of innovation and experiment. For the present we are being regaled with sophomoric and academic discussion of the proposal to centralize power in the hands of the Governor. We are told that as at present there are too many elective officers the voters get both confused and careless, and that the tax on their capacity for discrimination should be reduced. This singularly enough is the argument of men who advocate the giving of more power to the people and more opportunities of exercising it. And as usual they are very dogmatic and very impatient of opposition. As usual they assume that everybody who dissents from their views is a crook. The Examiner, somewhat more restrained than usual, is content with the paradox that everybody who doesn't wish to diminish the power of the people is an enemy of popular government. The Examiner, it may be remembered, conducted the fight for the Charter in much the same strain. And the Charter, by the way, embodied the very same principle that is now being so furiously advocated. The Charter centralizes power in the hands of the Mayor. It was by the Charter that the Mayor was given control of the police, fire, election and school departments, and those departments have been at the mercy of a political machine ever since. Expressed in a few words the theory on which the short ballot is advocated is this: As a result of the elimination of minor officials from the ballot the people will always elect a Governor who will always appoint the most competent and most honest subordinates. But the probability is that as a result of increasing the patronage of the Executive it will become much more difficult for the people to prevent the election of undesirable men to the gubernatorial office.

Wheeler's Views on Marriage

It might be an interesting question for a debating society whether, as the Rev. Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the State University says, coeducation in American universities is conducive to the highest and most ideal kind of marriage. Either opinion might be urged with much philosophy and many illustrations. Dr. Wheeler with characteristic pedagogic faith in statistics supports his opinion with data gathered through the years. He has seen some happy marriages result from the mating of university graduates. But Dr. Wheeler's argument may be refuted by the very same means which he employs to clinch it. You can prove anything with statistics. And one of the easiest things to prove is that many educated persons have been unhappily mated. Education does one of two things: it either kills or stimulates imagination. Now a lively imagination is not conducive to contentment in the married state. A lively imagination was chiefly what the matter was with Shelley. Sometimes education does to a woman what it did to Anna Strunsky, a product of Stanford, who doesn't believe in marriage at all, and whose views of marriage are very much the same as those of George Bernard Shaw, himself a cultivated scholar. Persons who do not agree with Dr. Wheeler might find much to support their views in Balzac, who was perhaps as keen an observer as the President of the State University, and who is believed by students to have known more about human nature than even Shakespeare. Balzac studied the affinity question, and it was his opinion that there would be fewer unhappy marriages in the world if the government would create a school for virtuous wives with a view to teaching each wife how to be "all women in one." That was what the author of the human comedy believed to be the secret of happiness in marriage—the principle of feminine universality. The mental cultivation of an educated man's wife, in Balzac's opinion, is insufficient if she lacks a certain other kind of cultivation which governments will not teach because, as he says, "they are so strait-laced." Of course Balzac does not assume that in the case of every educated man it is essential to happiness in the married state that he should have a wife who is "all women in one." He alludes to the average man. Perhaps it will be said by those who disagree with him that he alludes to the average Frenchman. By way of answer to this suggestion Dean Swift may be quoted; for certainly he was not thinking of the average Frenchman when he observed that "few marriages are happy because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages." Young ladies no longer spend their time in making nets, but Dr. Wheeler would have them spend their time making themselves familiar with Euclid. If we may be pardoned the intrusion of our own opinion we should suggest that successful marriage is the preservation of illusions which is not to be accomplished by education. And hence we believe with Shakespeare that "hanging and wiving go by destiny."

Our Darling Islands

What Count Ernest Von Reventhlow, the most noted of German military authorities, has said about the importance to Japan of precipitating war with this country before the completion of the Panama Canal is precisely what the army and navy officers of this country have been saying for at least two years. Count Von Reventhlow says that our naval base in the Philippines is an intolerable menace to Japan. This is true, but it is not the only reason why Japan is eager to disposses us of the Philippines. Japan needs the Philippines for her own protection not only from this country but from all other countries. With the Philippines in her possession it would be most unlikely that any European nation without the co-operation of China would ever challenge her ascendancy in the Far East. So, as Count Von Reventhlow says, "it is a life question with Japan," and as he also says, "there is no doubt that her rulers are fully aware of this truth." It is also a live question as our army officers in the Philippines are aware. But how is Japan to find a casus belli? The answer is, By her colonization schemes in Mexico or in South America. Let the occasion arise for our assertion of the Monroe Doctrine in a controversy with Japan and Japan will apply the principle to that part of the Orient where for the present her sway is all but supreme. Our military authorities are convinced that we shall find it utterly impossible to evade war with Japan. They say that portents of the coming conflict are in the very atmosphere of the Orient; that nobody can spend any time there mingling with the men of all nations in the military and diplomatic service without feeling instinctively that we must soon be drawn into that maddest of all the mad games the world so loves to play. Furthermore it is their opinion that unless we speedily prepare for war by greatly enlarging our army we shall not be able to hold possession of the Philippines. They are very pessimistic about the prospects. The more that wise men ponder the situation the more they lament the folly that induced the acquisition of the Philippines. Those islands have been the source of great expense and great worry, and nobody knows how they are ever to be of any benefit to us. Of course the most sensible thing to do is to sell them, but what an awful uproar the jingoes would make if the proposal were to be seriously considered!

The Federal Corporation Tax

Speaking of the Federal corporation tax decision the Chronicle says, "Many of the

fathers of the Republic expressed grave doubts of the propriety of making a Federal court the final interpreter of Federal powers 'because they were apprehensive of the tendency of all governments or subdivisions of governments to extend their powers to their utmost limit.'" The truth is the Founders created the Federal court for no other purpose than to prevent the subdivisions of the government from usurping powers which were not delegated to them by the people. Its principle and largest function was designed to be as it has been the defence and preservation of the embodiment of the sovereignty of the people, which is the Constitution, the permanent fundamental law on which our system of government depends. The Chronicle seems to be laboring under the delusion that the Supreme Court is to blame for the corporation tax. That tax was imposed by the representatives of the people, by the Congress of the United States, that august body of gentlemen from which has been flowing of late a stream of criticism on the Constitution. Why blame the Supreme Court for the corporation tax? Unquestionably the tax is morally unjust, but the Supreme Court has nothing to do with moral justice. The Supreme Court was called upon merely to ascertain whether the Congress exceeded the powers bestowed on it by the people through the medium of the Constitution. The Chronicle says the Supreme Court upheld the tax act because in the minds of the Justices the authority of the Federal Government is paramount to the States in all matters as to which it desires paramount jurisdiction. This is bald misrepresentation. The Chronicle knows that the Supreme Court does not lose sight of the declaration of the Constitution that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people." The tax act was upheld because it violates no provision of the Constitution—because in other words if not moral, it is at least legal.

The Licentiousness of Government

According to the Chronicle the chief objection to the Federal corporation tax is that it indicates the growing determination of the National Government to put itself in the position of the American people and to usurp powers which the people never conferred upon it. The same objection may be justly urged against most of the laws that are passed not only by the Congress but by the Legislatures of the several States. From time immemorial it has been the habit of all governments gradually to absorb the natural rights of the people. And we are now seeing that even under a so-called free government a people may be governed too much. The Founders of our government tried very hard to prevent such a disaster as seems to be overtaking us. They announced that man had certain natural rights, usually described as life, liberty and property, which are indispensable to human freedom and happiness, and they declared that these rights were not derived from, but were antecedent to, government. And they proceeded to form a government for no other purpose than to preserve those natural rights of man. It was their design to make it impossible for the government ever to infringe or disregard those rights or to fail to redress their invasion. The problem they had to solve was a hard one: they had to give the people sovereign power and at the same time prevent the people for their own good from abusing that power. And they approximated a solution; nothing more. The people are today invading every one of the natural rights of man. They are doing so through their representatives in legislative bodies, and the courts are powerless to prevent them. For the efficacy of the law is not inexhaustible. A large field of human conduct is subject only to policy and morality. It has become the policy of the people to regard the entity which is known as a corporation as something over which the government ought to exercise a sort of police power. Hence the various schemes of regulation and taxation, the injustice of which like the injustice of everything else in this world is having its ill effects. The bulk of the business of this country is done by corporations, and naturally the harassing of them is injurious to business generally. The people suffering as they are from business depression are paying the penalty of their own immorality, and they will continue to suffer despite bountiful crops, despite the expansion of foreign trade, till they call a halt on the pernicious activities of their mischievous politicians and demand that they let business alone. The corporation tax against which the Chronicle declaims is one of the least of our evils. We can stand the tax but what we cannot stand is the Roosevelt brand of crazy extravagance that made it necessary. There may come a crisis when it will be imperative to raise a very large sum of money, and it is very important that meantime we should not tap those sources of revenue which ought to be husbanded for none but extraordinary emergencies.

Perspective Impressions

Now will Mr. Bartnett please rehabilitate that bank?

There are two ways of exemplifying cleverness: doing something and doing somebody.

It is easier for some persons to forgive the injuries of their enemies than the slights of their friends.

The maxim of our new democracy: Politics were not made for the people; the people were made for politics.

"Marriages made in college have proved happier than those made elsewhere." Including Heaven, Prexy?

Senator Caminetti's picket bill entitles that mob-coddling statesman to honorary membership in the Camorra. But perhaps the man from Amador is already an active member.

To the precious pedagogues of Berkeley and Stanford is respectfully referred Gilbert Chesterton's theory that humanity consists of "People, Poets, and Professors—or Prigs."

Our newspapers are never so untruthful as when abusing the quick or praising the dead.

"Give to my neighbor virtue," prays the Pharisee; "to me the simulacrum of it."

The Hon. Francis J. Heney is billed for the Lyceum circuit. He'd be instructive as a lecturer if he'd tell why he was a failure as a lawyer.

"The Pullman Car," says the Fresno Herald, "is unique in its paradoxicalness." Why not also, "paradoxical in its uniqueity"?

In ancient Rome the people went to the Coliseum to be thrilled by battle, murder and sudden death; now they go to the newspapers.

Viscount Castlereagh has been attacking the Irish in Parliament. Thus does history repeat itself with damnable iteration.

The Mexican insurgents seem to have the same objection to Diaz that our own had to Joe Cannon. But the Mexicans appear to be on the level.

The chaplain of the Assembly intends to publish his legislative orisons in book form. We suggest as a title, "God and the Machine."

Speaking of the short ballot the Examiner says that our Governor "can nullify a law by his veto." Then our Governor is as powerful as an unconstitutional monarch. In other States it is the prerogative of the Governor to veto acts of the Legislature, but the laws are beyond the reach of the Executive.

T. R. doesn't approve the application of the recall to the judiciary—but there are times when the end may justify the means. A typical Roosevelt straddle! The times are: first, when Teddy doesn't like the judges; secondly, when Teddy feels that the greater good must be advanced.

"I will demonstrate on the evidence of thinkers and historians that, with the exception of wars of independence, the majority of those waged have been useless and as sad for the conquerors as for the conquered," says Paul d'Estournelles de Constant, peace propagandist. Why take the trouble? We all know that life was, is and always will be full of sad, useless but inevitable things.

Correspondence

Pearls of Wisdom from Yreka

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Permit me to express appreciation of editorial space accorded in your issue of the 4th inst., and also to thank you for the rifts of light you were kind enough to attempt to flash through that "Cimmerian darkness." One good turn deserves another, however, and Yreka begs to supplement a former charity to San Francisco by a present courtesy—of correction. In your editorial you speak of "Judge Works, who favors the recall" (of the judiciary). Your "experiment" on facts on that proposition was a failure. Try again. You also state that "our Federal Government . . . appoints judges to the bench for life." This statement is more of an elimination than it is a quotation. The Federal Constitution not only declares the principle of the recall as to its judges, but expressly provides the machinery through which such recall may be accomplished. That machinery, however, is about to be brought a step closer to the people through the election of United States Senators by direct vote. In applying the recall to state judges the people are adhering to the principle declared for by Adams and Jefferson and even Hamilton, and are simply changing the machinery through which it is to operate—substituting, if you please, the automobile for the "one horse shay," the automatic for the muzzle loader.

A great part of your editorial is devoted to a criticism of my use of the term "untried experiment" as designative of our democracy in its initial stage, and you graciously refer to "The History of Republics," by John Adams, as a work that Yreka attorneys should consult before daring to cross swords with the "moulders of public opinion" in San Francisco. I realize fully how badly handicapped are the "moulders of public opinion" in the great city of San Francisco since "the great fire," which, as at Alexandria in an earlier century, destroyed splendid libraries, and I beg to extend the invitation to you and to those of your school who would wish to delve deeply into the question at issue to come to Yreka, where you will find private libraries, where in leather chairs you may commune with the nation builders through well booked volumes whose pages are all cut, and where a most gracious welcome awaits you. You will then learn that John Adams, in speaking of the Constitution and the initiation of our democracy, in his splendid work entitled "Defense of the American Constitutions," said to its detractors, "A political experiment cannot be made in the laboratory nor determined in a few years." You will also have called to your attention the words of Franklin at the closing hour of the Constitutional Convention, when our Ship of State was first launched on an experimental sea. Gazing on the sun painted on the back of the chair in which Washington sat, Franklin declared that to him that sun at last "appeared as the rising sun"—a harbinger of hope for the successful voyaging of the national craft. You might also be able to say with Franklin, "Ca ira! ca ira! it will all come out right in the end."

You will also find that Lincoln looked upon our government as an experiment, when he spoke of the "new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal" and voiced the suppliant hope "that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth." To the early formula of our democracy, then still in the alembic of nationhood, Lincoln and the men of his day added a new potion that hastened, if it did not bring the demonstration. I also find justification for the use of the term "experiment" in definition. Webster says "experiment" is "to test by trial." The Standard Dictionary defines it as "something undergoing the test of actual experience." In such goodly company citizens of Yreka are quite willing to grope in what appears to the "moulders of thought" in San Francisco as "Cimmerian darkness," and we beg to suggest that perhaps that "Cimmerian darkness" will disappear if you but open your eyes.

I appreciate that your allusions to the "classics" give erudite pose to your presentation, but I beg to suggest that we sometimes observe that even editors of city weeklies who are permitted to sit at the Statesmen Table, while assuming the wisdom of Solomon, repeat the mistakes of Moses.

With a short quotation from John Adams, whom you cite, I will most respectfully conclude.

"Rulers are no more than attorneys, agents and trustees for the people, and if the case, the interest and trust is insidiously betrayed or wantonly trifled away, the people have the right to revoke the authority that they themselves have deputed and to constitute abler and better agents, attorneys and trustees."

Yours truly,

—James F. Farraher.

(So shrewd a man as Mr. Farraher ought to have perceived from the text that the statement that Judge Works was in favor of the recall was either a slip of the pen or a typographical error. As to John Adams' assertion that "A political experiment cannot be made in the laboratory, etc.," he was not speaking of democracy in the abstract as was Mr. Farraher. Mr. Farraher's words which were commented on in these columns were: "A fact overlooked in some of the arguments offered is that in the day of Marshall and Jefferson, democracy was an untried experiment." He did not utter these words extemporaneously. He put them in a letter written for publication. Now John Adams was speaking of the American constitutions and of the forms of government in our States. Our Republican form of government which Lincoln said was conceived in liberty, was, it is true, an untried experiment. There is no doubt about this, nor is there any quarrel with Mr. Farraher on the question of definition. Finally as to what John Adams said about rulers and the right of the people to revoke their authority, from that sentiment no intelligent man will dissent. But Mr. Farraher must know that in the common acceptation of the meaning of the world a ruler is something quite different from a judge. A ruler governs, but a judge is one who interprets the law; the ruler holds the rod of authority, the judge holds the scales of justice. Mr. Farraher will have some difficulty in finding anything in the writings of John Adams suggesting the possibility of his ever having thought of having judges subject to a popular recall. By John Adams, nor by any other great statesman in all the world's history was ever such a proposition discussed, because until the day and generation of Mr. Farraher it was never conceived. Most intelligent men understand that the citizen is not free where anything that belongs to the administration of justice is decided by any one but the courts, where interpretation or application of the law belongs to any one else than to the judiciary. And hence, as Francis Lieber once said, "There ought never to be pressure from without, either by a Stuart sending for the judges to tamper with them, or to ask them how they would decide a certain case if brought before them, or by a multitude assuming the name of the people." As, according to Mr. Farraher, Yreka has a fine library it may be well to commend to him the chapter on the Judicial Department in Justice Story's work on the Constitution. Justice Story is perhaps a better authority than John Adams. Justice Story, writing on the importance of the independence of the judiciary, says that when judges are not independent they will "be apt to decree what best suits the opinions of the day, and to forget that the precepts of the law rest on eternal foundations." And he adds: "And thus the fundamental maxim of a republic that it ought to be a government of laws and not of men will be silently disproved or openly abandoned." Mr. Farraher understands perhaps that under our form of government the people stand in the same relation to the courts as does the king in a monarchy and that the Founders appreciated the fact that a despotism of the people was as much to be guarded against as a despotism of the crown.—Editor Town Talk.)

Employers' Liability and Pauperism

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Our employers' liability law which is being so highly extolled in some quarters will be found to be productive of misery as well as of blessings. Such has been the experience of England which has been rapidly drifting into Socialism of late. As a result of the employers' liability law in England the number of paupers has been greatly increased, for employers are taking no chances with men who have any physical defects by which they may be more or less exposed to injury. Men are no longer permitted to grow old in English factories. Men are not kept on the pay-roll for sentimental reasons. In many lines of industry none but the physically sound, none but perfect specimens of manhood find employment. Consequently many families have suffered from the reduction of the number of their bread-winners, and many men have become paupers who otherwise would have been able to earn a living. Now anything that is conducive to pauperism is a bad thing. It's as bad for the poor as it is for the rich. The country in which pauperism is spreading is in a bad way, and it has been spreading in this country rapidly enough without any employers' liability law. This country is suffering from the pension habit, and the pension habit is a species of pauperism. It encourages thriftlessness and idleness. Firemen, policemen, school teachers—all want to be pensioned, and when government ownership gets a firm hold on us as it surely will all public servants will have pensions provided for them; for government ownership means a vast army of servants, so vast as to be able to dictate to its masters. By the way, Mexico affords a fine study of the effects of government ownership. It is by government ownership that Diaz has perpetuated himself in office and enslaved the common people.

Respectfully,

—Charles Appleton.

San Francisco, March 13.

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XIV—FRANCIS WILSON

By Edward F. O'Day

There is a golden look about Francis Wilson. Glints of gold are in his thinning hair and his soft smiling eyes; and in the sensitive lines of his finely molded face, especially in the vertical clefts on either side of his tender mouth, there is a rich but mellow suggestion of the precious metal. It seemed to me too that there was no dearth of gold in Francis Wilson's character. Knowing him through the vicarious intimacy of an enthusiastic mutual friend, it would not have been surprising if disappointment had jarred the first tentative contact, but nothing of the sort occurred. I found him as I had been asked to expect to find him, a gentleman of modesty, simplicity and courtesy, a talker with meat on his phrases, a player with a big warm heart, a play writer with eager ambition and serious purpose. I found him a man of the world unhurt by its barbs of cynicism, untroubled by its misunderstandings, a man who can smile and smile that golden smile of his and remain tenacious of his opinions, his purposes and his settled habits of a well-ordered life.

It is not difficult, after meeting Francis Wilson, to understand why Eugene Field loved him, wrote for him, showered him with mementoes. It is not hard to explain why he should so have won upon the affections of Joseph Jefferson that when that great player died he was able to write with penetrating sympathy of his life and work. It is easy to realize why bibliophiles call him brother and why writers dedicate their books to him. Fine actors are unusual men and Francis Wilson is not only a fine actor but also an unusual one.

His natural buoyancy was somewhat weighted by what he considered the coldness of the first night audience at the Columbia. It was a colder first night than he has been used to since presenting "The Bachelor's Baby." Of course he is sensitive.

"The actor is apt to be more sensitive than another man," he says, "because he is more exposed. He is a bit of sensitized paper, so to speak, receiving and giving off impressions."

So constituted, he refrained from reading one of the criticisms in the morning papers. Friends jealous of his equanimity had warned him that it would be just as well not to; and with the rare simplicity that prompts unquestioning faith in the insights of friendship he had complied.

"I might be tempted to reply," he said. "But why do so? One cannot have the last word with a critic. I shall reply by trying to write a better play."

Not that he slights his present handiwork. He thinks "The Bachelor's Baby" a good play and has the boldness of modesty to tell you so.

"It is a rule of dramatic writing," he explained, "that you must make your audience laugh a little, cry a little and wait a little. I know I've got those three elements in my play."

He told me of the difficulty he experienced in getting it on the boards. Charles Frohman was skeptical of his dramaturgic power.

"My experience on the stage didn't help me one particle in getting my play before the public," he declared and every aspiring playwright should thank him for the encouragement implied in the words.

But he had written several plays before "The Bachelor's Baby" and he thought he knew enough and could adopt a sufficiently detached viewpoint to pronounce upon the merit of his latest-born. So he persisted. He was willing to shoulder the expense of a production. Finally Frohman relented.

"No doubt he thought the lesson of a failure would be the cheapest in the end," is the way Wilson puts it.

There was no failure. It succeeded before its first New York audience of professional folk.

"At a professional matinee actors may applaud out of politeness, but politeness will not make them weep and it will not make them laugh," says Wilson. "And at that performance they laughed. The play ran for eight months in New York. I had to come to San Francisco to learn that it was a failure."

There was no bitterness, only amusement; no tone of superiority, only a little honest resentment in the words. The golden smile that went with them interpreted for him.

FRANCIS WILSON

It is bracing for the critic to be douched occasionally with the cold water of an actor's retort. And when the douche is given smilingly but firmly, as by Francis Wilson, there is a tonic in it for rundown sympathies. Your critic needs a tonic in the springtime, like some other folk. And how I would like to see Wilson spooning treacle and sulphur to a refractory critic! In unargumentative intercourse the gold of him is malleable enough, but he could be hard and unimpressionable to prejudice, I imagine, in the give and take of controversy.

"Charles Lamb," he reminded me, "wrote that the first condition of criticism is sympathy."

And all criticism that is legitimate Francis Wilson criticizes sympathetically. Apparently, when there are friends about to warn him, he does not read the other sort. He would much rather answer the purveyors of it by ignoring them—or by writing a better play.

"Like playwriting? I like nothing so much. I am like a dog on any trail I follow; I never let up. And I've followed this trail for many years. I have studied dramatic literature from its beginnings. I have done the Aristotelian stunt and the Freitag stunt and of course I know books like Cibber's Apologia. Brander Matthews' Life of Moliere I have found a most illuminating book. But Price's Technique of the Drama is the book I have found most valuable. I've chewed up a dozen copies of it. See how I annotate it and shoulder-note it and scribble the fly leaves.

"I write all the time. I keep a book by me always and jot it full of suggestions. Everything I read suggests something for the plot of a play. Matthews' Moliere I found full of suggestions. But Moliere has always been a source of inspiration to me.

"His plays teach the dramatist that the vitality of all drama lies in the motives of men; in the making of a biting portrait, if you please, of life as it exists now. There was a time when we accepted French plays, English or German plays, all representing existences not our own. But we have learned that what a public wants is what Moliere discovered the public wanted in the seventeenth century, stories of itself.

"I read Ibsen, Strindberg and the rest. But my nature rebels against the tragic in them. I have no sympathy for their note of pessimism. My nature is optimistic."

The dry bones of a conversation, these, a conversation which he richly draped with well considered phrases, vivacious gesturings, lively turnings and twistings in his chair, sudden dartings here and there about the room. And he sunned it all with that golden smile while his gentle voice rippled along and his eyes sought the responsive flash in the eyes of his hearer.

He has been confirmed with the chrism of that gentlest of all faiths, bibliophily; one can see that in his instinctive fingering of books as he talks. And he likes to illustrate his talk with scrappy readings—what this author or that had to say and what he "shoulder-noted" in the margin.

One book he had at hand was Leon Vincent's Moliere. Vincent is his friend and dedicated the book to him and he is annotating it to the confusion of Vincent's theories. I glanced at some of these obiter dicta. Where Vincent wrote: "In such a theater the hero of tragedy might find his performance interrupted by 'the braying of an ass or the bellowing of a bull,'" Wilson had commented: "To such music the Christ was born."

A cynic might have pencilled something about a critic.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

The Prisoner

By Jean Riebrach (From the French)

The inn, which was frequented by carriers and peddlers, also served as a meeting point for the two brigades of mounted police. The lights from the windows shone out upon the road, and Lomme, the elder of the two mounted police, said:

"They are already there. I can see the horses."

Their own animals broke into a trot and then stopped of their own accord before the door. Lomme and his comrade Prache, dismounted, welcomed by the men of the other brigade. Cordial voices mingled with the jingling of sabres. Hands were shaken, and spurs clicked upon the stone floor.

"Anything new?" Lomme asked.

"Nothing," answered his companion. "Only a prisoner to be transferred."

By a motion of his thumb over his shoulder he pointed out a boy, haggard and ragged, seated in a corner. Lomme's eye followed the gesture but just then someone handed him the warrant of arrest. He cast his eye upon it carelessly and read: "Robbery, followed by attempted murder. Description of the accused: medium forehead, ordinary nose." He folded up the sheet. "All right, all right," he said as he slid it into his pocket. Then, before accepting the glass held out to him, he delivered a receipt and signed the register on a corner of the table. The two men did not linger, for they were anxious to get home.

Meekly the prisoner held out his wrists for the handcuffs, and, the guards swinging themselves into the saddles, he set off, walking between the two horses.

A question rose to his lips. "Is it far, gentlemen, to your brigade headquarters?"

He spoke politely. Lomme, who was holding the end of the chain, answered:

"Two short hours."

The answer encouraged the prisoner. He began again, very humbly: "Perhaps, gentlemen, you could tell me—M. Goiraud, the farmer, you know, the one I—I would like to know, because—if he should get well it wouldn't be so bad for me."

"No," declared the officer, "I can't tell you that."

Silence fell upon them. In the moonless night a few yards of the road could be distinguished ahead of them like a gray ribbon; the hedges on either side were a darker mass standing out against a dark sky; the feet of the horses fell upon the soft dust of the road, now cadenced, now commingling.

But the weight of the silence seemed to oppress the prisoner. He broke in again. "It's hard luck, just the same, that he came in on me. I wanted to escape, but he grabbed hold of me. Of course, I defended myself. There were blows."

He was talking as if to himself, slowly, not expecting approval. Then he continued:

"Kill him?—no, I never thought of it! Work—oh, the devil! It's easy enough to talk about working. I've done all I could, all sorts of odd jobs here and there. But when a man has no trade——"

The desire for sympathy, the longing to hear a human voice answer his own, caused him to raise his head and address himself to his guard.

"I, I never had a father; I grew up in the streets, as best I could, at Tours, in Touraine."

The talk annoyed the mounted policemen. Lomme seized the words, however, as an excuse for beginning a conversation with his companion. He turned to Prache.

"A fine city, Tours. I was in garrison there, dragoon regiment, before going into the police. Oh, I'm talking about a long time ago, more than twenty years."

He wandered on, evoking memories. He told where the cavalry quarters were, not far from the Loire; told the names of the officers, and of the colonel. Then he spoke of his classes, of the manoeuvres, that devilish horse he had to ride then. Amongst all these recollections there was one that would glide in, trying as he would to crush it out. There was, not far from the barracks, a cafe where Marie Champeau, as pretty and as joyous as a May morning, waited upon the customers. His fine presence had won her heart. At the very outset he had promised to marry her—how can one hesitate to promise anything in moments when desire darts fire through your veins? It's only afterward, when one becomes sobered, that one can reason about it, especially when there's something else in the story—a child. Yes, that had been his case, and he just about to get into the police! what the devil could he have done with the child? Well, of course, he had had his own share of worries; he had had to conceal his departure, flee, in fact, from the little woman; then, afterward, when his comrades had told her his address, she had written to the barracks at Lobau, threatening to tell his chief.

Lomme became calmer when he reflected further that after all everything had been arranged. After a while the letters ceased to come. He had heard nothing more. Then he had married a woman whose father had some money. He had two children now, ten and twelve years of age; fine boys, already taking prizes at school. Yes, everything arranges itself in this life.

The voice of the prisoner again came to the ear of his guard. "Oh!" said he, "I know it well, barracks of the cavalry. The woman that brought me up lived near there. She was an aunt of my mother's; because, I must tell you, my mother worked out and couldn't take care of me."

He went on, a strain of painful eagerness in his voice.

"They paid her, of course. That's why, when my mother died at the hospital, the old woman threw me out. And then I went to Saint-Avertin, where she had some relatives."

Lomme trembled. She was from Saint-Avertin—Marie Champeau:

"It's a little village," interrupted the prisoner. "Perhaps you know it?"

"I know—that is to say—yes, of course."

"But it was the devil's luck!" the other continued. "They were dead, both of them, father and mother Champeau."

It seemed to please him to repeat this name, as if it linked him yet to something on earth; it was an anchor, thrown out into the dark sea of his wretched past.

"Yes, Marie Champeau was my mother's name. Me, I'm Louis; you saw that, perhaps, on your paper. Oh, they were well known in the neighborhood, the Champeaus. You may have heard them spoken of sometime?"

"No," answered Lomme.

His voice was that of a man who is strangling. So great was his pallor that it seemed almost like a dull light in the darkness about him. His horse stumbled. He drew it up and his thoughts began to go round and round like a wheel inside his skull, hammering out the words:

"She! Louis—our child!" The end of the thin chain by which he was leading the prisoner fell from the man's hand. A kind of horror prevented him from picking it up. He told Prache to take it, under pretext that he wished to light a pipe. And the wheel kept turning: Their child—his child—robber—assassin—in prison—in the galleys—perhaps on the scaffold!

Absurd ideas came to him. He imagined that the captive might escape, thus avoiding his punishment. But to what end? They would quickly recapture him. A sudden solicitude made the man ask:

"Your handcuffs are not too tight, my boy?"

"No, I can get along."

There was silence again. Prache whistled for a moment; then he too was still. The hedges traced their inky line against the heaven, the little ribbon of road passed and was left behind incessantly. Trees seemed to glide by, one by one. At the sound of the horses' hoofs upon the roadway, a dog began to bark; then there was only the monotonous creaking of the saddles, the regular footfall of the horses. All else slept.

The man did not dare look down upon the prisoner, who was but a blur of shadow upon the ground. But in thought he followed him through the galleys; then he saw him later, discharged, but dragging his sentence with him throughout his life, like a ball and chain riveted to his soul; without a trade, without work, without bread. The memory of the other two, sleeping quietly at home, rendered his suffering more acute, and it was as if a mill stone were weighing upon his heart, crushing it, breaking it down.

From time to time he spoke a word of encouragement: "We're getting there. We'll be there soon."

But all this did not satisfy him. He was seeking for some act, some word by which it might be possible to repair, even if never so little, the irreparable.

When the iron shoes of the horses rang upon the pavement of the town the minutes began to fly with greater rapidity. He thought of giving the boy some money, some tobacco.

Finally he remembered something, for as Prache followed the horses to the stable, Lomme said, as he gently removed the handcuffs:

"You know, he is not dead. The warrant says only 'attempted murder.'"

"Ah," whispered Champeau with a sigh of relief. "I like that better."

"Yes," said Lomme in a pleased voice, "that is better."

Bending over, he guided the prisoner to the cell, across the court-yard. The latter said, a little awkwardly:

"All the same, I'm very much obliged to you for telling me."

Without answering, Lomme opened the cell door. When he closed it upon the prisoner he turned the key without a sound. One would think it was a mother, drawing together the curtains on the cradle of her first-born. Then he went away, walking softly, like a thief.

His wife, upstairs, did not awaken. In the next room he could hear the regular breathing of the two boys. They, at least, were happy. He saw them, in turn, growing up, going through

(Continued on Page 25.)

Private Wire—New York, Chicago. Western Union Code

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The Kaiser on Suicide

When a German military "council of honor" recommended that a count be dismissed from the army without military rights, privileges or benefits because he had, among other reprehensible actions, attempted to commit suicide, the Kaiser refused to aprove their recommendation. In the verdict of the council it was found that "attempted suicide should be regarded as a substantial infringement of the oath to the colors." The Kaiser dissents from this. "For such an act," he says, "the person in question has to answer to God and his conscience. It cannot be submitted to the jurisdiction of a court either of law or honor, except in virtue of accompanying circumstances." The German criminal code ignores suicide. What has been described as a "general chorus of approval" has greeted the Kaiser's dictum in Berlin.

Monna Lisa Questioned

From Madrid comes the assertion that the Monna Lisa of the Louvre, the wonderful portrait by Leonardo da Vinci which has captivated art lovers for centuries, is not the original Monna Lisa of da Vinci, but either a replica or a later portrait of the same lady. It is claimed that the original is in the Prado Museum of the Spanish capital. Suppose it is so. What then? A painting is surely as good as it looks. It is the Louvre picture, not that in the Prado, which has "fascinated and perplexed the world century after century." The controversy which will rage about the assertion in favor of the Prado picture will interest only specialists; the rest of us will go on admiring the Louvre masterpiece unmoved by its history.

National Travelling Expenses

It has but just been discovered that the annual travelling expenses of the Government of the United States amount to $12,000,000 a year. This fact has been unearthed by the President's commission on efficiency and economy in governmental methods. The reason why it has been so long hidden is that no single account or bill has ever shown the total. The figures are tucked away in miscellaneous and contingent expense accounts of the various departments. President Taft's attention has been drawn to the large sum which it appears, on analysis, that the Government is paying for the official journeyings of its servants, and he is said to have expressed the purpose to have the whole business systematized. His private secretary, Mr. Norton, referred to the matter in his recent address before the Union League of Chicago, and stated that surprising differences had been found in the expense accounts for travel turned in by different departments. In the mere question of railroad transportation to New York and return, for example, it has been found that the empoyees of some bureaus can make the trip for 10 per cent. less than others. If there is thus a possibility of saving as much as 10 per cent. on the whole $12,000,000, the taxpayers are entitled to have it made.

American Rhodes Scholars

The opinions of Oxford "dons" regarding the Rhodes scholars from the United States have been published in the annual report of the Carnegie Foundation. They are interesting and illuminating. These scholars, say the "dons," are "attractive and attracted, but restless, volatile, and never educated with thoroughness." They are "in point of natural ability fully the equal of our ordinary open scholars; in point of energy, seriousness and force of character, decidedly their superiors. Their early training, on the other hand, has been less thorough, and of this they are themselves conscious." "They seldom or never settle down to do a long spell of thorough work. They have nearly all ceased to develop by the time they have graduated in the States, and do not really feel inclined to go much further." They "seem inclined to drift from one subject to another, taking a bird's-eye view of each, and resting content with that." "As a general rule they know nothing well, but know something about a great many things—the kind of knowledge you might get from attending public lectures." "Some are terribly rough intellectually, with little or no literary sense and very limited command over expression. In the composition of an English essay they have, as a rule, almost everything to learn. Their linguistic attainments are also, as a rule, slender."

Pittsburg and Smoke

Some of Pittsburg's strange millionaires have paused in their pursuit of the shapely chorus girl long enough to consider the advisability of getting rid of the smoke in their dun city. If they succeed they will at last supply the answer to that puzzling query, Why is a Pittsburg millionaire? It has been discovered that smoke is not only filthy but dangerous. It carries poisonous gases and the germ of tuberculosis. European cities have known this a long time. Manchester, England, is fighting it, after learning that in three days every square mile of territory during a fog was covered with 150 pounds of sulphuric acid and 1,300 pounds of soot. Chelsea is doing the same, and the matter of smoke prevention is engaging the attention of public officials and the progressive element among the people everywhere. In Germany the Government has appropriated $25,000 for lectures and courses of study on the subject, so the public may be brought to see the advantages, both economic and otherwise, that come from the abolition of smoke. What will appeal strongly to the Pittsburg millionaires is the fact that the elimination of smoke is economical. Getting perfect combustion is the necessary step toward a smokeless chimney and if all the fuel is consumed instead of part of it going into the air, money is saved. An example of saving is the plant of the Lackawana Steel Company at Lebanon, Pa., the workshop of 3,000 men, where there has been an increase of four hours a day in efficiency by the use of smoke consumers.

Did Charley Play?

Editor Charles K. McClatchy of the Sacramento Bee is taking a vacation in Europe and writing about in to the home folk. In his last travel letter he describes Monte Carlo. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he muckrakes Monte Carlo. Charley never lambasted the "tiger" or Tom Fox more lustily than he lambastes the gambler's Paradise. Hearken to him:

Monte Carlo is a beautiful spot without and surely an Inferno within. Observation of the swarms of crazed men and women at the gambling tables is surely not pleasing. The thing is sickening. I have never witnessed a scene which forced upon me at once such a wave of pity for the victims, and such intense loathing for the fiend incarnate in control. On almost every face you could read despair—in almost every eye you could see the insanity of the lost gambler. Avarice and fear wrestled with their victims, and over them all Satan chuckled. I saw one old woman of over 70, tottering feebly on crutches, supported on either side by a nurse, take her seat at one of the tables. With palsied hands she placed her bets, while behind her corpse-like face her eyes burned as torches in a cavern. She was blind to everything but that table—deaf to all but the croupier's voice. Not even the whisper of God Almighty could have reached her. I saw a young and handsome woman leave the table after having evidently lost her last cent. The look upon her face was pitiful in its desperate tragedy. It meant either one of two things—suicide, or something infinitely worse. And I rushed out for a breath of fresh air.

Is it possible that Charley played and lost? Oh horrid thought!

Save the Park

Speaking of the proposal to hold the Fair in Golden Gate Park William Marion Reedy says in the St. Louis Mirror that those who are opposed to it "will find much matter in support of their contention in the status of our Forest Park before the Louisiana Purchase Exposition and after. They should have pictures of the wilderness that was destroyed for the Fair and the arid waste that has since existed there. Also they should know how this city's chief reminiscence of the Fair of 1904 is an Art Museum on an inaccessible hill. San Franciscans should save their Golden Gate Park."

A Scandal About Queen Elizabeth

Bram Stoker says he has discovered that Queen Elizabeth was a man. This is interesting if true. But it will be a difficult thing to substantiate, the only individual who could definitely settle the point having been dead for a very long time. Many historians have questioned Queen Elizabeth's right to the title of the Virgin Queen, but this is the first time that her sex has been disputed. We all know from our reading of English history that she was a good deal of a virago, using the word in the popular sense; but whether she was also a virago in the scientific acceptation of the term will probably never be determined. The Stoker story of the substitution of a male child for the female offspring of Henry and Anne Boleyn is not likely to be taken seriously. There are too many stories of the sort and impartial investigation has usually relegated them to the histories compiled by Grimm and Hans Christian Anderson. If Elizabeth was a man, what becomes of the pretty well authenticated tittle-tattle about Essex and Leicester? Must the annals of her whole reign be rewritten? Must the suffragettes be deprived of a shining example of woman's ability to rule? Personally I think the Stoker story will be proved at about the same time that the Baconians succeed in casting Shakespeare from his pedestal and that is a revolution scheduled to occur during the Greek Kalends.

EASTER NOVELTIES NOW IN

Easter Gifts are now on display at all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores. Buy early while the variety is complete.

The Spectator

Joe Redding, "Pote"

Always eager to acclaim the appearance of a new poetical star in our section of the heavens, I rise to lead three times three and a tiger for Joe Redding of the Bohemian Club and the Metropolitan Opera House. The luster of all our luminaries from George Sterling to James Henry MacLafferty pales before the blinding effulgence of Joe. This white irradiance of Joe's is shed all over the libretto of "Natoma," which lies corruscating with versicular gems before me. Let me dip a reverend hand into the treasure box and extract a jewel. This one sparkles in the first lyric of the first scene of the first act:

When as a youth I led my bride
O'er mountain-chain and oceantide,
We dreamed a while to here remain,
Afar from our beloved Spain.

Compared to which the immortal

When I was a lad I served my term
As office boy in an attorney's firm

pales its ineffectual fires. Seldom do "potes" achieve the split infinitive; never have they achieved it so gloriously as our Joe. 'Tis the "pote's" license boldly lifted to licentiousness.

Prayer and Abalones

Injuns must talk in trochaic tetrameters. That was decided once and forever when Longfellow wrote "Hiawatha." So this is the way Natoma talks:

And he prayed unto the Spirit,
To the Spirit of the mountain,
To the Spirit of the waters.
And lo, his prayer was answered.
At his feet in untold numbers,
Tossed up by the mighty ocean,
Found he there the abalone,
Rich with meat the abalone.

"And lo, his prayer was answered" defies scansion, but the injuns from Uncas to Geronimo were a defiant breed. What is metre to an abalone fisher? Yet it must be said that Joe has not exhausted the possibilities of the Longfellow sing-song. Why could he not have done something like this, for Mary Garden to chant?

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
With the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside;
He, to get the warm skin inside,
Put the inside skinside outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside;
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

Broncos and Kneeling Bulls

But Joe is more wondrous still in his vaquero verses. List to this fearsome strain:

Who dares the bronco wild defy?
Who looks the mustang in the eye?

Reminiscent, is it not? Where have we heard that lilt before? Ah, I remember.

Who took me from my warm, warm cot
And——

But the rest had better be silence. There is no stopping Joe in this vaquero vaunting. He rushes on:

See where the bull upon his knees
Snorts when his neck we tighter squeeze.

'Tis the perfect picture of a yegg garroting a policeman. Versatile is Joe. Hear his tars singing:

We round the Horn and laugh to scorn
Old Scylla and Carib.
We stick our nose wherever it blows
And never stow a jib.

Joe is as hardy as his tars. He never muffs a rhyme. When a word doesn't fit in his Procrustean bed of verse he chops it. He adds abbreviation to the beauties of lyric verse.

Blow, Boreas, blow!
Old Neptune, shake your locks!
We'll trim our maid in her daintiest braid
And flaunt her prettiest frocks!

When Joe comes home they should make him an honorary member of the Indoor Yacht Club.

The Locus of a Kiss

By the way, the libretto of "Natoma" seems to spoil a pretty press agent story. We were told that when Mr. MacCormack, the tenor, kissed Miss Lillian Grenville, the soprano, at the end of the second act, he kissed her with such ardor that the asbestos curtain descended of its own accord. Mrs. MacCormack, the story went, was consumed with jealousy because her tenor-husband had never kissed her that way. But what says the libretto? "One kiss upon those tell-tale eyes!" Was ever soul-kiss implanted on the eyes? Soul-kissers answer in the negative. So the tenor's kiss on those "tell-tale eyes" couldn't have been as ardent as the press agent asked us to believe. On second thought, however, there may have been something in the story. Stage lovers may not kiss by the book. Joe's libretto may not appeal to them. Which would not be surprising. They had to learn Joe's lyrics.

Will Germany Exhibit?

Information of the most serious importance to the directors of our World's Fair was contained in a recent cable from Berlin to the New York Times. It was to the effect that Germany would not exhibit at the fair. "From an authoritative source" the Times' Berlin correspondent professed to know that German interest in the Fair would be "of a wholly secondary character." The Kaiser's fleet, it was stated, will undoubtedly be represented appropriately in any international naval spectacle which may be held to inaugurate the exposition, but "the German manufacturing and industrial world is not likely to take an active interest in the direction of exhibits. California, it seems, is regarded as too far away from the Fatherland for any practical results commensurate with the cost of sending and installing exhibits. It is pointed out that Germany, from a commercial viewpoint, has only a minor interest in the Panama Canal. The correspondent says that her exports to the Far East will continue to be dispatched by way of Suez, although the transport of German wares to the western coast of South America will be facilitated by the Isthmian waterway. It is added that the feeling in Germany is that the Japanese are likely to reap most of the laurels and substantial benefits from the exposition and that the Fatherland, as at present minded, does not think it worth while trying to despoil Nippon of her prospective advantages. That phrase, "as at present minded" probably supplies the leaven of hope in this mess of discouragement. Certainly our Fair directors have their work cut out for them.

San Diego's Troubles

Down in slumberous San Diego they are already having their exposition troubles. There is war in the camp of the promoters and accusations of treason have been bandied. It has been charged that some of the men who obligated themselves to help make the San Diego exposition a success are now endeavoring to kill the whole project to the end that San Francisco may have unimpeded swing. Mr. E. Foucher who was appointed foreign correspondent of the San Diego exposition when the scheme was in the first blush of enthusiasm is particularly aggrieved. In a letter to the San Diego Union he complains of an apathy among the directors and states that "in California, even in La Cajon, there are now people who think we are out of the game." He says that when he urged on the general secretary of the project, L. G. Monroe, the necessity of getting busy he received the "stupendous answer," "We must wait for San Francisco to act. This proposition will create more expenses, and furthermore, Colonel D. C. Collier told me he did not know if he wanted to have foreign exhibits in San Diego." As Foucher had been actively lining up foreign countries, he was very much put out by this application of the wet blanket. What is the matter down in San Diego?

The Swatting of Lawlor

It is to be hoped that Judge Lawlor and the Boughten Bulletin have not had another falling out, but these congenial souls whose friendship was engrafted on a stock of reciprocal confidence and taste have filled their admirers with misgivings. In the columns of the Boughten Bulletin of late have appeared certain allusions and hints that seem to betoken an attitude of irreverence toward His Honor. For example when

A TREAT FOR TOURISTS

If you want to taste California's finest table wines, be sure and ask your waiter to serve you Italian-Swiss Colony wines. Their TIPO (red or white) is light, delicate and an aid to digestion.

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Abe Ruef was granted a stay of proceedings to wind up his private affairs before going to San Quentin, the Boughten Bulletin said that the only man in town who didn't know that Ruef was merely jockeying for time in which to erect another barrier of technicalities was Judge Lawlor. And the little judge as soon as he recovered from the shock vindicated his sensitiveness to newspaper criticism by hastily summoning Ruef to court and making new arrangements calculated to conciliate his capricious censor. A few days later the Boughten Bulletin made another bulls-eye with a poisoned dart from its inexhaustible quiver. Speaking of the graft cases it said that it would be futile to try them without "Jim" Gallagher as a witness and that there was no likelihood of his returning. Doesn't that look like a swat at the judge who for months has been postponing the cases on the theory that the return of Gallagher was an event within the bounds of reasonable probability? Lawlor, it will be remembered, flew into a passion when District Attorney Fickert based his motion to dismiss the graft cases on what is now avouched by the subsidized organ of the prosecution cabal. Indeed the whole cabal was transported with rage at the time when it was made clear that Gallagher had been set adrift by Burns and Langdon. How strange then that now it should be insinuated that Judge Lawlor's failure to dismiss the cases is a wanton abuse of power! Perhaps Editor Older is again working himself into the mood to characterize the distinguished jurist as somebody's doormat.

A Tribute to Judge Lawlor

On the day that Ruef's last hope was destroyed and it was finally decided that he must go to San Quentin, one of the papers published a photograph of the fallen boss in the presence of his judge. The tousled hair, the chubby cheeks and the Cupid's bow of Lawlor loomed large in the picture. A sympathetic old lady in Berkeley studied the cut long and sympathetically. Finally she sighed. "Poor Ruef," she murmured, "how sad he looks in the presence of his dear old mother."

Fromage d'Amador

Otto Irving Wise took his legal attainments to Sacramento last week and attended a hearing in the Governor's office, a bill in which some of his clients were interested being under discussion. In the midst of the debate a newcomer elbowed his way into the room. An assemblyman nudged Wise, nodded toward the newcomer and whispered in a reverential tone, "That's Caminetti." "What's Caminetti?" asked the lawyer. "A state senator," explained the assemblyman. "Oh," replied Wise, "I thought it was some kind of cheese."

"Did he fall for it?"
"Yes, he didn't tumble."

Is Beauty Worth 15c.? Chief among beauties is a radiant complexion. Because of its unequalled purity and unrivalled emollient qualities the *one* soap matchless for the complexion is

Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

Argumentum ad Judicem

Tom O'Connor, the attorney for the State Board of Pharmacy, was prosecuting a druggist before Judge Treadwell for selling cocaine. The druggist's attorney argued that the complaint was defectnve because it did not name the person to whom the drug was sold. In support of this contention he cited a case in which a saloonman had escaped punishment for selling whisky on a government reservation because the complaint had not alleged that the sale was made to an Indian. "The case cited is not on all fours with his case," argued O'Connor in rebuttal, "and the attorney for the defense has merely cited it because he thinks it may prejudice your honor. He knows that your honor is an Indian!"

A Highbrow Romance

"Marriages made in college," declares Benjamin Ide Wheeler, "have proved happier than those made elsewhere. The value of coeducation is steadily becoming more apparent." Which causes our Poetaster to hazard the following:

He was a highbrow college chap,
  She was a co-ed meek;
He specialized in history
  And she was a "grind" in Greek.
They met each day in the lecture hall
  And admired each other's learning;
And soon their cultured souls were filled
  With unfamiliar yearning.
His history books he put aside,
  Neglected Green and Gibbon;
She shut her Homer with a snap
  And bought a pretty ribbon.
He whispered, "You are fairer far
  Than Clio, Muse of History";
She said, "I've read the Grecian bards,
  So love is not a mystery."
"I love you," cried the highbrow chap,
  "By all the kings of Dacia!"
And she, "You be my Pericles
  And I'll be your Aspasia!"
He answered, "If you'll teach me Greek,
  "I'll be your history teacher";
And so, on graduation day,
  They hied them to a preacher.
Their honeymoon was not misspent
  In love and silly kisses;
They had no time to spend that way,
  This Mr. and his Mrs.
But one sad day she took amiss
  His views on Magna Charta,
And when he tried to prove his point.
  Her words grew tart and tarter.
He lost his temper, raised his voice,
  With language vile he dinned her;
He even said she misconstrued
  A simple ode by Pindar!
Their dream of love was banished by
  This unromantic clamor
And when he hurled a lexicon,
  She cracked him with a grammar.

* * * * * *

He occupies a history chair;
  She's delving into Zeno;
Their highbrow college romance died
  A vulgar death at Reno.

Our Most Accomplished Officer

As a result of our army "manoeuvres" along the Mexican border Major-General William H. Carter has been brought into the limelight. Which reminds me that in the army as well as in the navy the best known officers are not always the most efficient. In all probability there are many well-informed readers of the dailies and the magazines who never knew there was a major-general by the name of Carter till the army was ordered to the border. Yet Major-General Carter is admittedly the greatest organizer in the whole army. It was he that solved all the problems of organization in the Spanish war. He solved them at his desk in the War Department at Washington, and being at his desk the limelight never fell upon him. He returned to the line in 1904 taking command of the Department of the Visayes in the Philippines where he handled the Pulagain insurrection with the same energy and good judgment with which he organized the General Staff for Secretary Root who acknowledged in a report to the President his indebtedness to this zealous officer. Perhaps the most accomplished officer in the army, a diplomat and a soldier, possessed of an excellent literary style, as evidenced by his valuable books on the cavalry branch of the army, he is also a man of great bravery. In the Apache campaign of 1881 he won the medal of honor. At Cibian Creek while serving as First Lieutenant he exposed himself to a heavy fire of the enemy to bring in a wounded man. Major-General Carter may be depended upon to do the right thing in whatever field of activity he responds to the call of duty. If he was a long time getting to his present high station it was because early in his career he cultivated a taste rather for proficiency in arms than for promotion by politics.

It Was Like Old Times

Two decades ago there was a woman who sold carnations to the millionaires around the Palace Hotel. In those days when you saw a moneyed man in the lobby wearing a red carnation in his buttonhole you knew that he had bought it from the old flower woman for a piece of gold. Among the regular patrons of the "Carnation Lady" were Adolph Spreckels and John Lewis of Portland, at that time and ever since intimate friends. And so when Adolph Spreckels, the other day, entered the lobby of the Palace from the side door, as was his wont twenty years ago, at half after four, the hour when he could always be depended on to appear, and met John Lewis there, the old-timers rubbed their eyes. When they noted that he wore the old familiar carnation in his lapel their memories went racing back over the years. And when he held out a flower to Lewis, saying: "Here's your pink, John," they almost thought that the days agone had come again. Spreckels and Lewis both show the heavy hand of old Time, but sentiment still remains youthful within them and there was a wealth of memory behind the simple action. "I wonder how many of the old fellows saw that and remembered what it meant?" mused a news-

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paperman in speaking with Spreckels afterwards. And glancing about he was surprised to see, in their old familiar places, Louis Lissak and Banker Sam Murphy, white and bent, and Hervey Lindley, graying now but a youngster two decades ago, and Admiral Reiter, and Al Henderson, the Palace porter who seems to be no older for the passing of twenty years and who now gets a tip of fifty cents where he used to get ten dollars. The past is linked to the present in unusual fashion at the Palace.

The Stategic McNab

In the language of the turf Mr. Gavin McNab of San Francisco "put one over" on the veteran Los Angeles attorneys who tried to break into the Baldwin estate, a project that looked quite feasible, for they had a very pretty girl as a client, so pretty that it didn't seem to matter much that her antecedents were very unsavory. California jurors are famous for their partiality for the left-handed, illicit offspring of defunct millionaires with an unruly passion for fleshly beauty and a susceptibility to the seductive appeal of deep-chested sighs, the fascination of languishing eyes. So the attorney for Beatrice Anita Turnbull went into court with supreme confidence in the righteousness of their client's cause. They had stacks of evidence to prove that when Beatrice's coy mama was of an age to pass for the granddaughter of that old libertine "Lucky" Baldwin she fell with amazing facility a victim to his base, insidious wiles. And they had heaps of circumstantial evidence by which it seemed reasonable, despite the frail woman's past performances in the role of old man's darling, for the pretty daughter to boast herself the progeny of the lustful Turk of the turf. Apparently Mr. Gavin McNab, attorney for the legitimate heirs, had a hard case. With Mr. Garret McEnerney as his associate he went into court like one apprehensive of defeat but resolved to make the most of a weak case. All through the trial it was supposed there was nothing for the plaintiff to do but prove that Baldwin was her father. McNab disputed every inch of the ground and proved conclusively that Lillian Ashley Turnbull was one of the rankest perjurers that ever took oath in court. If he couldn't disprove the claim of paternity at least he could show that Mrs. Turnbull was at once a cold-blooded adventuress and an expert in prevarication, and that she well knew she was not "Lucky" Baldwin's wife. The reporters thought she was a wonderful witness, that she was thwarting McNab at every stage of the cross-examination and all the while he was weaving around her a web from which it was impossible for her to extricate herself. And when all the evidence was in then came the coup de maitre. Instead of joining in the submission of the case to the jury the attorneys for the heirs appealed to the court as it was their right to do to instruct the jury that under the laws of the State it was their duty to render findings as to certain facts. This proposition was argued both by Mr. McEnerney and Mr. McNab, and though stoutly resisted by opposing counsel who hoped to have the jury act solely on sentimental considerations, the defendants triumphed. The jury had nothing to do but find the obvious—that Lillian Turnbull was never Baldwin's legal wife and that consequently her daughter was not his legitimate child. Such being the case the plaintiff had no right to inherit. Los Angeles has discovered that the brainy McNab now that he's devoting himself almost exclusively to the law is quite as alert and resourceful in court as he has always been known to be in the field of politics.

Our Busy Patriots

The "Municipal Conference" gents who have come together to solve the municipal government problem by nominating fit men for office have excited considerable curiosity. Who asked them to get together? is one of the question one frequently hears in the haunts of men. Are they direct descendants of the three tailors of Tooley street? and Who told these busybodies that they are representative citizens with a cinch on public confidence? are among the irreverent questions of the hour which nobody appears to be able to answer. Thus does the perennial parochial spirit articulate its instinctive envy of the distinction attained by merit. Meantime the members of the Muncipal Conference, persuaded of the loftiness of their motives, are on a still hunt for the ideal man for Mayor. Rumor has it that some of them think they already have him in the person of William Denman, a genuine blown-in-the-bottle reformer of the academic school, who proved his fealty to the irrepressible Phelan-Spreckels machine when he became a member of that serviceable committee appointed by Mayor Taylor to whitewash the Graft Prosecution. Mr. Denman would undoubtedly make an ideal Mayor—from the standpoint of the men who regarded the good and beautiful Dr. Taylor as the embodiment of their ideals.

The Happy Consummation

William Denman, by the way, is one of the few civic patriots identified with the late unpleasantness who have not been taken care of. His old side-partner Kent has been sent to Congress; Grand Juror Sanborn has been appointed a member of the Fish and Game Commission; Matt Sullivan is on the Governor's World's Fair Commission; Joe Dwyer was appropriately appointed to the Harbor where his friend Biggy went to his tragic, mysterious death. Truxtun Beale has been made a member of the Board of Regents to succeed Judge Slack. With Johnson as Governor a patriot like Denman as Mayor and Danny Ryan as District Attorney Jimmy and Rudolph would once more be running the whole works by proxy.

It's an Old Air

Rudolf Friml is a great composer and was acclaimed by the musical critics a wonderful pianist when he first appeared in this country with Kubelik. He is married now and settled down at Los Angeles, but he runs up to this city occasionally to keep in touch with his musical friends here. When he was last in town he went to the Orpheum. The orchestra played "Every Little Movement" from "Madame Sherry." Friml was astonished to hear the melody. He went to Rosner when the show was over. "Where did you find that?" he asked the leader, humming a bar of the music. "Why, that's the hit of Karl Hoschna's 'Madame Sherry,'" explained Rosner. "It is, is it?" exclaimed Friml "Well, it's a Bohemian folk song. My mother used to hum it to me when I was a baby." It

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He: Where is the Dante Restaurant?
She: At 536 Broadway.
He: Well, we'll go there this evening and try one.

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is quite likely that Hoschna's mother hummed it too, for he is a Bohemian. Is there no new music under the sun?

An Atrocious Pun

The members of the Press Club who are alumni of Stanford had a dinner and high jinks at the club last Saturday night. Properly to spice the affair Gus Keene, a University of California man, was chosen as toastmaster. Keene is a polished speaker and his sallies were full of wit. But he made a pun. "We are glad to have well bred college men in the Press Club," he said; "and we know you are well bred because you have had a four-years' loaf." Whereat several tough gridiron heroes broke down and wept.

Fixing His Name

Peter B. Kyne, the young storyteller whose yarns are appearing regularly in the Saturday Evening Post, became a member of the Press Club recently. One day at the club he sat in a group of newspapermen, some of whom had never met him before. One of them miscalled his name and that led to a correction which in turn led to a discussion of the name itself which is an unusual one. "Yes," agreed Pete, "it is an odd name, a sort of betwixt and between name." "Why betwixt and between?" queried one of the reports. "It's 'a little more than kin and less than kind,'" explained Pete.

A Quick Shave

When the freak barber's bill was being debated in the lower house last week Assemblyman Milton Schmitt of this city arose and declared that one provision in it compelled his admiration. It was the provision, he explained, which prohibited a barber from shaving a man who was suffering from any blood or skin disease. "This provision will be a boon to the man who wants a quick shave," declared Schmitt. "When he rushes into the barber shop he will be stripped and placed on a marble slab. The barber will give him a thorough examination and extract a few drops of his blood. The customer will then be assisted in dressing and the barber will bow him out of the shop with these pleasant words: 'The blood test will be completed next week. Come back next Thursday and if the report is favorable we shall be delighted to trim your whiskers. Next!'"

That London Paper Again

I hear that William Randolph Hearst is once more considering the advisability of introducing his newspaper methods to old London town. Many years ago Hearst conceived the idea of starting a paper in the British capital, but the scheme remained in abeyance. But now it has been revived. Sam Chamberlain, one of the most trusted of the Hearst editors, is in London and it is said that he has bought for his chief a certain London daily which has been on the market. Londoners consider Lord Northcliffe's Daily Mail a sensational paper and call it contemptuously "the rag." What name will they find for a typical Hearst paper?

Englebright Still Sore

Ex-congressman Englebright is still sore about the shoulders from the drubbing which Judge Raker of Modoc gave him at the last election. I hear from Washington that a number of stories discreditable to Raker have appeared in the papers of the national capital and that Englebright is suspected of having inspired them. In an interview recently Englebright talked of

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the regret which the Democrats of his district feel over the election of Raker. If they had dreamed that they had a chance, he said, they would have nominated somebody else. Oh courteous Englebright! And then he wails thus: "Of all sad tales told after we came back here in December the saddest were about close elections like that in my district." Evidently all Washington is sobbing at Englebright's retirement. Meanwhile I can picture Charley Clinch of Grass Valley who helped to retire him, laughing gleefully at the ex-congressman's tears.

Frank Flint Provided For

Former Senator Frank Flint, it is interesting to know, is nicely fixed for the next two years. He is a member of the National Monetary Commission which is charged with the investigation of questions and problems relating to the reform of the currency and banking laws. This position pays $7,500 a year and will keep Flint in Washington where he will be provided with comfortable office quarters at the Capitol. It will not take up so much of his time that he cannot practice law and with the Interstate Commerce and the new Customs Court handling a great volume of business, there is a splendid opportunity for a good lawyer like Flint to build up a lucrative business.

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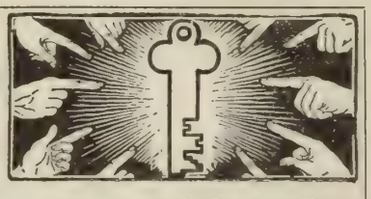
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The Drink of the Moment

Maurice Griffin of the Natomas and other million-dollar corporations has popularized a tipple which will work havoc with many a purse and many a brain if it continues the vogue. He had it brewed at the St. Francis a few nights ago and after a few applications the members of his select little party all burst out into poetry and song. It is the Imperial punch and costs one dollar and a half a glass. Two glasses can be mixed from a pint of champagne. I am informed that after the third round a well known newspaperman offered to buy Natomas from Griffin at any figure; and that after the sixth a husky man about town announced his belief that he could whip a streetful of chauffeurs. I have also been told that at this stage Griffin confided to his friends that he was the author of "Paradise Lost" and the Letters of Junius.

Dan Reid Has No Secretary

Daniel G. Reid, chairman of the board of directors of the Rock Island road and director in a score of million-dollar corporations, agrees on at least one point with the late E. H. Harriman. He happened to be telling about it at the St. Francis the day he arranged to cross the Atlantic in his private yacht and open his London house for the coronation festivities. Toward the end of his life Harriman decided that high-class and high-priced private secretaries were a nuisance. Reid has arrived at the same conclusion. He explains that in his experience secretaries invariably grow dissatisfied with their circumscribed sphere of activity after a brief period and demand that they be taken care of in some executive position more suited to their talents. The consequence is that the man of affairs is forever promoting one secretary to a good position and breaking in another for his private needs. Some time ago Reid decided that what he needed, for his own comfort, was a stenographer, not a private secretary; so he settled his last secretary in a comfortable corporation job and picked out a slow-thinking, slow-working, slow-moving stenographer. This man is still with him. I am not reflecting on his qualifications and I can pay him the compliment of saying that he suits Daniel G. Reid.

A Very Poor Joke

John Finnell who has a ranch at Napa and is a brother of Bush Finnell, the attorney for the Citizens' Alliance, was summoned a few days ago to the telegraph office in the Palace. The girl behind the counter held up a telegraph blank. "On account of the storms," she explained, "the wires are down and it has been impossible to send this message for you." Wondering very much, as he had sent no telegram that day, Finnell took the blank and read a message addressed to his wife at Napa, signed with his own name and asking that seventy-five dollars be sent to him at once. He thanked the girl for her trouble, put the telegram in his pocket and set about discovering who had attempted the fraud. He soon found out that it was not a fraud but a practical joke arranged by an inveterate practical joker of his acquaintance whose name is of no importance. Neither is this story, except that it illustrates my idea of what does not constitute humor.

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Nephew—"Well, uncle, you might let me have a few notes. I'm very tired of life."

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Dick Tobin and Helen Gray

There is a persistent rumor that Miss Helen Gray will soon announce her engagement to Richard Tobin, but it is so far unconfirmed. However Burlingame is discussing it and it is said there is reason to believe a wedding will not long be delayed. Dick Tobin is the brother of Joseph Sadoc, Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. Raoul Du Val and Miss Agnes Tobin, and has long been a catch. He has a home at Burlingame where he keeps bachelor hall, and is one of California's crack polo players. Last year he broke his leg in the games at Coronado. Helen Gray is a beautiful young girl who has been greatly admired. One of her dearest friends is the Princess Kawananakoa who frequently chaperoned her to navy affairs at Mare Island. She is

Photo, Francis Bruguiere.
MISS HARRIET STONE

One of the interesting daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone of Oakland who has been entertaining recently. The Stones spent the winter here but will soon occupy their home across the bay.

the daughter of the Harry Grays. Society is interested in the rumor and is awaiting definite news.

A Bridal Picture

The photographer imported from New York to take a picture of Mrs. Templeton Crocker in her bridal robes made one as well of the wedding party. It is a charming group of the fair young bride surrounded by her attendants taken at the Irwin residence the day before the wedding. Miss Irwin stands in the center in her cloth of silver robes with a lace veil framing her face. On her left in the picture is Jennie Crocker who was the maid of honor and next to her Marian Zeile. On the bride's right are Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Mary Keeney and Miss Julia Langhorne in their bridesmaid gowns and small hats. The exquisite color combination of pink and orchid tones is lost in a photograph. However it is a striking picture and each of the bridesmaids is cherishing one sent to her as a souvenir.

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Digging Up the Past

One of the New York papers in its notice of the Crocker-Irwin wedding indulges in several tart references which were evidently supplied by some disgruntled San Francisco bavarde. "It is a far cry," comments this paper, "from the present status of the holders of the Crocker and Irwin fortunes to that of the founders of them." "Helene Irwin's father began as a clerk," it says as though shocked. And tracing Mrs. Templeton Crocker's relationship to the Ivers family it tells that Ivers pere was "a plain Irishman" while Mrs. Iver's "brogue was of the juiciest and could never be overcome." Who is muckraking San Francisco society for the delectation of New York?

Miss Schultz' Hat

None of the local belles is better equipped to wear the queer-looking hats women are affecting than Miss Elyse Schultz. Her beauty is of the fresh vivid order that stands the test of styles. She was a study in purple at a recent tea, the chapeau being a striking feature of the costume. It was of dull purple rough straw, helmet shaped and fitting closely about the face. Small mercury wings over the ears were the only trimming and most women would have looked like—what shall I say?—in it. The gown was of the same shade of satin with tight skirt and a short jacket and there was a purple parasol to complete the picture.

She Hates to Pay

A very well known matron in the bridge playing set is the subject of a story that is making the rounds of the tea tables. According to the chatter, when the time comes for paying her losses—and she generally loses—she has a sweet way of opening her purse, inspecting its contents carefully and remarking: "I've only twenty dollars in gold. I'll pay next time." But those who win from her complain that pay day never comes. Recently, however, she received a great shock, a very great shock. When she rose from the card table with her stencilled remark a lady who had won from her softly said: "Fortunately I can change that gold piece for you." There was nothing for our artful dodger to do but hand over the twenty dollars. She was completely crushed when the other lady very demurely explained: "I'll take out the few dollars you've owed me so long." And she handed our crestfallen matron very little change.

Our Ennuye Kiddies

It is very amusing to note the bored and blase air of many of our young society chaps. Some of them have recently signified their intention of giving up society. I heard one of them say recently: "Society means nothing to me. It is an empty sham." As this lad never gave indication of possessing an original idea I presume that he repeated the remark from a book or got it from one of his elders. As he is almost young enough to spank his precocious pose is laughable. Two of our chappies, tiring of the restraints of family life, recently fitted up bachelor apartments in a smart and quaint apartment house in the fashionable district. I refer to Rudolph Bertheau and Harry Osborne. Their

Photo, H. Pierre Smith.
MISS ELEANOR WEUST

The attractive sister of Lieutenant Weust of the Thirteenth Infantry who is occupying quarters with her brother at the Presidio.

girl friends were very generous in contributing to their comforts. The first thing we know some of our fledglings will be living at the clubs.

She Has "Arrived"

The success of Kathleen Thompson Norris in the world of letters is an assured thing. That Mrs. Norris has "arrived" may be stated on no less authority than that of Ida Tarbell, who told a San Francisco friend that she had attained that enviable position where magazines solicited her work and were glad to get anything from her pen. Mrs. Norris has the freedom of the Atlantic Monthly that prints only stories or articles with a genuine literary quality and has recently published two of her stories. This month's McClures has another of her clever bits of fiction and a novel may be a new attempt. Mrs. Norris who is a sister of Mrs. Charles Conway Hartegan of the navy has lived in New York since her marriage to a brother of the late Frank Norris.

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A few years ago she was doing newspaper work in San Francisco.

Miss Lundborg's Success

From friends who have recently returned from abroad I hear of another attractive girl who is winning laurels for herself. I refer to Miss Florence Lundborg, the daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. J. A. W. Lundborg and sister of Irving Lundborg of Oakland. Miss Lundborg has recently illustrated "The Honeybee" for Mrs. John Lane of London and her work has received the approval of the very critical author and her publisher-husband. She has copied in the Louvre several paintings by celebrated masters and for some of them she has been offered a most flattering price. But she refused, preferring to keep the pictures for the studio which she intends to open this fall in San Francisco. Miss Lundborg will leave Paris this month for Italy accompanied by Miss Katherine Harker (another California girl) and after a leisurely tour of three months will turn face homeward. A few years ago Miss Lundborg decorated a cafe in Paris. This cafe possessed much sentimental interest for her as it was kept by "Henrietta," an old woman well known in the Latin quarter for her kindness to the young California students. The work was done as a labor of love. Ever since the cafe has been a sightseeing place for visitors, especially Californians.

No Rent for Hays Hammond

Since the news came out that John Hays Hammond was going to be special American Ambassador to the coronation of King George, wild stories have been circulated about the enormous rent he was to pay for the Burdett-Coutts home which he will occupy. According to one of these stories Hays Hammond was to pay $60,000 in rent. It isn't so. John says so himself. "It reminds me," he says, "of the story of an old Scotchman who visited London. When he returned a friend asked him how he had enjoyed it. 'Weel, I had a fine room at the hotel,' replied Sandy. 'But, mon, I paid saxteen shillin's the day for't.' 'Saxteen shillin's! Weel, Sandy, mon, what a fine time ye must have had a-seein' Lunnon if ye stopped in such a fine place.' 'Seein' Lunnon? And me payin' saxteen shillin's for a room? Hoot, mon! How could I have got the worth o' my saxteen shillin's if I hadn't stayed in my room all the time?' That is about what would have happened to me if I had had to pay $60,000 for a few weeks rent of a house."

Burdett-Coutts His Friend

Burdett-Coutts, the widower of the late Baroness, is a close friend of Hays Hammond. The Baroness was the godmother of his little daughter and the Hammonds used to see a great deal of her in England. When last in London Hammond happened to mention to Burdett-Coutts that he was looking for a house for coronation time. "Now look here," said Mr. Burdett-Coutts, "if you go about looking for a house you will find people trying to get the best of you, and you will have to pay a terrible price for anything desirable. Now there's my house in Piccadilly, just take it and stay in it as long as you wish, and you are welcome to it." Mr. Hammond said he wanted to pay rent, otherwise he would not feel comfortable. "Bosh!" said Mr. Burdett-Coutts. "If you insist you can pay for whatever alterations you may wish to make, and take over the servants," and that is the way the house to be occupied by the special American Ambassador was "rented for $60,000." Mr. Hammond thinks in view of the circumstances it is particularly hard on Mr. Burdett-Coutts for the idea to have got about that the latter is doing his old friend to the tune of $60,000.

Miss McMullin's Good Fortune

Miss Eliza McMullin who is going to the coronation with the Hays Hammonds is an envied girl these days. She will enjoy her stay in the Burdett-Coutts home. She will find there many memorials of Charles Dickens who was a warm friend of the beloved Baroness. She can look out of the window on beautiful Green Park with its constant smart liveliness and through the trees in the distance she can see gloomy Buckingham Palace. And she will be right next door to the eccentric Duke of Devonshire. By the way, Major-General Frederick D. Grant will be military aid of the special embassy and so Miss McMullin will see a good deal of Miss Ila Sonntag who is a relative of the Grants and will be with them. With her grandmother, Mrs. Julius Reis, Miss Sonntag will soon leave for England.

The Status of Americans in London

As quite a representative group of our society people will be in London for the coronation, the subject of the degree of recognition which will be accorded to Americans during that glittering function becomes important. It is being discussed in serious tones by those who will go and those who will stay behind. During the last reign, as everybody knows, Americans were made cordially welcome at the English court and ambitious American women took advantage of the opportunity to penetrate the mysteries of British official society. Our own Mrs. William Miller Graham was one of those who stormed the citadel successfully. But there are indications that Americans are not to be encouraged in their advances during the reign of King George and Queen Mary. A great many people, for instance, thought that two American duchesses, the Duchess of Marlborough of the house of Vanderbilt and the Duchess of Roxburghe of the house of Goelet, would be selected by the queen to act as her canopy bearers. To help carry the canopy that shields the head of royalty on the occasion of a coronation is a tremendous honor, fit to form a subject of conversation for years, yea for generations. But when Queen Mary selected her four canopy bearers the houses of Vanderbilt and Goelet were smitten with disappointment and chagrin. The queen picked out four duchesses of English birth—the Duchesses of Montrose, Sutherland, Portland and Hamilton. Whenever a queen does anything, no matter how trifling it may seem, diplomatic tradition requires that its consequences be pursued in all their ramifications in order that its hidden meaning and effect may be relentlessly hunted out. In pursuance of this method the experts are sifting the significance of this so-called slight to the American duchesses and they give it as their opinion that Queen Mary doesn't approve of the American invasion of London society and will commence a campaign of expulsion. This will be severe on the Reids, the Granards, the Wards, the Crockers, the Miller Grahams and so on, provided it turns out to be true. We shall see what we shall see.

He Was in the Thaw Case

Craig Wadsworth who was a visitor in San Francisco last week once enjoyed a brief notoriety in connection with the Thaw case. He was secretary at the American Embassy in London during one of the fair Evelyn's sojourns abroad. At the trial in New York his name was mentioned as one who had befriended Mrs. Thaw in England and it was proved that the friendship was no more than an official acquaintance. He is prominent in the Newport set of New York and has serious political ambitions. Peter Martin gave a dinner for him before Mr. Wadsworth sailed for the far east on Tuesday.

What Is the Younger Set?

A correspondent asks me to answer the above question. I am glad she asked, for it is a matter to which I have given some thought. The term "younger set" resembles caoutchouc—it is so elastic. It may be applied to members of the Entre Nous cotillon club or to members of the Greenway Assemblies. It is to be found in news-

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paper accounts of dances in Burlingame and church entertainments in the Potrero. Sometimes it is an exact description; sometimes it is a euphemism. There is a distinct "younger set" in society to which the maids of smart families belong; there is another "younger set" which belongs nowhere except in the imaginations of the professional bavardes. When a charming and cultivated girl who doesn't figure in the magic circle of exclusiveness announces her engagement the bavardes graciously state that she belongs to the "younger set." If they wish to fix her status, or rather, her lack of status, they add that she has not yet made her formal bow to society. Then everybody who understands the social argot knows that she is a social nobody. Crushing, is it not? But thousands of girls have survived the blow to become happy wives and mothers. The term "younger set" is also applied to young climbers. The purgatory in which they are confined while preparing for the paradisaical joys of Society is frequently called the "younger set." Really, it is a most useful term and very valuable. All society is a matter of words, anyway. Some old-fashioned people say that the only society worth while is the society of one's friends. That is a radical statement, not to be repeated in the presence of the bavardes. But it may give secret consolation to sensible members of the "younger set."

The Cult of the Weird Sisters

The very latest fancy of tired femininity in Paris carries one back to the wild scene on the heath in "Macbeth" and to the wilder Brocken scene in "Faust." The ennuied fantastics of the capital of the world have turned their pretty backs on the calendar of progress and are cultivating the dark rites of witchcraft. A College of Magic has been formed and the Black Art is to be studied and practiced out of the crazy volumes of Trismegistus, Agrippa and Dr. Glanville. As might be expected, California is prominently represented in this cult of the moment. California always has her charming representatives in Paris and they are tirelessly au courant—or should we say en rapport?—with the hobby of the hour. Who do you suppose I refer to? Mrs. Carolan? Certainly not. Mrs. Carolan is, if I may so express it, enfante de son siecle. (One simply must use these French tags when speaking of Paris—it is considered quite the thing, though English expresses the identical ideas quite as intelligibly.) No, Mrs. Carolan progresses, she does not retrograde. The dark backward and abysm has no charms for her. It is true that she has reached back a couple of centuries to pluck from their dead years the idea of a salon, but a salon is always modern. There is naught medieval about it. Mrs. Carolan has no desire to be a witch. The Californians to whom I refer are Mrs. Marie Russak and Anna Klumpke. Mrs. Marie Russak was here recently on a visit to her sister, Mrs. I. A. Beretta of Oakland. She is better known to us as Marie Barna, the beautiful girl who had the beginning of a great operatic career when she married a New York banker and turned from music to Buddhism and witchcraft. Anna Klumpke has been in France so long that some of us may forget that she was born in California. She was passionately devoted to Rosa Bonheur and has written much about her intimacy with the great animal painter. What a queer sight it would be to see Marie Barna and Anna Klumpke riding on broomsticks to a Walpurgis gathering. But no doubt these Parisian women will wear their witchcraft with a difference.

In the Social Spotlight

Preparations are all made for the sale of pencils at ten cents apiece for the benefit of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children. The sale will take place on April 6, 7 and 8. Mrs. William L. Gerstle who is one of the active workers in this worthy charity announces that the sale will not be conducted like the tag-days. The pencils will be sold in offices, hotels, etc., not on the streets.

B. E. Murdock and Mrs. S. K. Murdock are up from Los Angeles for a stay of several days in San Francisco. They are guests at the Hotel Victoria.

A. T. Gray of Los Angeles is a guest at the Hotel Victoria during a trip to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McComsey of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and J. M. Conroy of Pittsburg, are settled at the Hotel Victoria during a visit to San Francisco. They will be here for some time.

D. J. Callaghan of Santa Rosa, H. B. Wheece and Mrs. Wheece from Sacramento, were among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. Philip Lansdale and J. J. Severance were among the prominent San Franciscans at Del Monte last week, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. George H. Pillsbury of Lowell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Nunan are Portland guests at the Hotel Victoria. They will be here for an indefinite stay.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hoted del Coronado include: Mrs. E. Denicke, John H. Baker, J. J. Kenny, Mrs. Jessie Rice, Mrs. C. J. Lang, Mrs. John Irwin, M. G. Fox, R. C. Briggs, J. W. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Behrend and daughter, Miss Ruth Richards, F. H. Gaulter and J. L. Wright.

Mr. George Lewis spent the week-end at Del Monte with his parents Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Eddy.

Miss Mabel Gregory entertained at a tea party at the Palace Saturday afternoon, following the matinee.

Mrs. Charles M. Fickert entertained at one of the delightful tea parties of Tuesday held in the sun court of the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee made a week-end visit to Del Monte to see their friends the R. D. Merrills of Tacoma.

Mrs. William Barron who resides at the Palace, has announced the engagement of her daughter Miss Marian Barron to Mr. Baldo Ivancovich, the son of Mrs. C. Ivancovich and a brother of Mrs. Harry Sullivan. The wedding will be celebrated shortly after Easter.

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Baldwin Piano

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Von Warlich
Russian Basso-Cantante with
Uda Waldrop, at the Piano
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Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co's, Monday, April 3d. Mail orders now to Will. L. Greenbaum.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD CONVEY, Deceased—No. 11,299, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the Last Will of Edward Convey, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 25th day of March, 1911), to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, Room Number 1277 Flood Building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward Convey, Deceased.

EDWARD J. CONVEY,
ANNIE M. CONVEY,
Executors of the Last Will of Edward Convey, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 25, 1911.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Atty. for Executors,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-25-5

Francis Wilson in "The Bachelor's Baby"

By Edward F. O'Day

Shakespeare and Moliere were actor-playwrights. So were Colley Cibber and Davy Garrick. The greatness of Shakespeare's and of Moliere's dramas overtops their histrionic fame. Not so with Cibber and Garrick. We all know that these were very fine actors, but few of us have at tongue-tip the names of the plays they wrote. The trunk of history is carefully packed. In its accessible trays it carries only the biggest facts; you must rummage in the bottom for the less salient. So the plays of Shakespeare and Moliere and the acting of Cibber and Garrick are at the top, while the acting of Shakespeare and Moliere and the plays of Cibber and Garrick are at the bottom. It is a very convenient arrangement and worthy of imitation. But only the man who knows history at close range can accomplish the imitation. What will stage history have to say about Francis Wilson? There are undoubtedly wiseacres who know in advance, but I am not of them. Will stage history bury Francis Wilson's acting and preserve his plays? Or will it bury his plays and preserve his acting? It's a most embarrassing question and like most things that embarrass, interesting. It is easy to plead that the question is premature; that we have seen a good deal of Mr. Wilson's acting and only one of his plays; that his acting shows the improving effect of years while his play is the play of a beginner. But this is dodging. A mature actor does not handle the tools of the playwright with a beginner's awkwardness, especially if he enjoys intelligence as well as maturity. Mr. Wilson is a very intelligent man. The highbrows are proud of him. So even if his play were the play of a beginner, there would be no need to appraise it as one appraises the play of a tyro. But Mr. Wilson is not a beginner. Many plays by other hands have felt his influence. He has written scenes for himself into the works of others. And he has written plays which have not been produced. In the last respect only does he resemble a legion of would-be dramatists. There is therefore plenty of material for the fixing of Mr. Wilson's status. And I am glad to say that efforts have been made to fix it. I refer to the "prophesyings of the midnight lamp" indulged in by the critics of the daily press. The first whose opinion I consult will have none of Mr. Wilson as a playwright. He is superlatively denunciatory. Of one incident in "The Bachelor's Baby" he says: "If there is anything more incredibly inane on the modern stage I have yet to encounter it." Happy critic! What a lot of theatrical inanities he has escaped! Let us go a little further. We read: "The rest of the play is on a level with this." It would seem then that the play is the most incredibly inane on the modern stage which this critic has encountered. But the play has other distinctions: "The remarkable thing about it is that the author has managed to construct three good-sized acts without a single human being in any of them." As Oscar Figman would say, "I'm surprised." We learn too that the play has "lots and lots of lines," which is not revolutionary—"Hamlet" has lots and lots of lines—and that it "is divided into acts," which is hardly radical—"The Misanthrope" is divided into acts. But it differs from all good plays, says our critic, in that it has "neither dramatic action nor progress, shows no character drawing, consistency or continuous interest." At this rate there is no need to worry about Francis Wilson's status as a dramatist, for there is evidently no play left. But this is only one critic. There is another who is superlatively laudatory. He calls the play "the most human farce that any of those who laughed, and sometimes snickered through its three acts, have ever seen enacted." Here is a discrepancy of a striking nature. One critic has never seen a more inane play; the other has never seen a more human farce. Truth must be somewhere between. It is disconcerting to link Francis Wilson's name with the great names that adorn the beginning of this screed and then find that the critics are rendering us so little assistance. They agree, it is true, that he is a splendid comedian, but that agreement is of little assistance. What we want to know is whether he is better as a playwright or as an actor and the warring superlatives put us out. Perhaps we had better dodge the question after all. There is no room for doubt about Francis Wilson's ability as an actor; hasn't been any doubt about it for years. He is a comedian with a style that he does not have to copyright or patent, for there is none to imitate it. It has been brought to a high polish by the careful rubbing of years' experience; its strength lies in its concealment of strength. Sometimes perhaps the strength is too well concealed, as in the last act of "The Bachelor's Baby" where Mr. Wilson seems to outrun the demands of a sentimental scene, to overestimate the importance of being earnest. The baby fills the last act with sentiment and Mr. Wilson is as impressed as the audience. If he were a little less impressed would not the ends of comedy be better served? The play itself does not exact superlatives, damnatory or laudatory. Let us preserve a comparative degree of sanity by saying that not in a long time have we seen a more entertaining, a more touching, a more wholesome comedy farce. Let us say that it contains, not merely lots of lines, but lots of witty lines, lots of deliciously droll lines that do not always receive the mirthful reception to which they are entitled. Let us say, not that it is divided into acts, but that it is divided into three compact, swiftly-moving acts from which no single incident could be spared. If all this is so, the play is a good play. To get back to our disconcerting beginning, it may last as long as some of Cibber's and Garrick's plays which were all good plays. And if Mr. Wilson writes a better play next time, superlatives may be in order.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Great Busoni

Ferruccio Busoni is as stormily melodious as his own name,—Jove himself cannot play with the elements with more varying effect than this Italian virtuoso upon his piano. "Master of the piano" is a phrase that suggests itself very easily when listening to him, for he gives the impression of command over the mighty instrument so sullenly silent until magic fingers make it to sing and relate the wonder in its sensitive heart. There are pianists who seem to evoke only its tender, sentimental moods—make it sing only of spring, sunshine, soft rains, gay laughter and dancing and little children's prattle; or again of sad hearts, melting tears, woful resignation. But Busoni is not one of these. He makes you think of the great world, of battles, of parliaments, pageants, strifes, great mental achievements, triumphs. He fills one with a sense of physical energy, of the courage that strikes out for far-away horizons. And how does he do it? By that indefinable something within his artist's soul which finds expression through the medium of his wizard hands. He makes you bow to his industry, for it is no less than divine industry that has enabled him to surmount every technical difficulty of the piano. But so great is his technique that it never obtrudes itself as mechanical achievement, but compels the realization of its existence by orchestral effects and lovely singing tones, and sends you away from one of his concerts with a sweet memory of his miraculous tonal nuances. It seems absurd to compare him to any other artist famous as an interpreter of any one great composer. We should gladly accept him for his own great masterful artistry and rejoice in his vivid individuality. —H. M. B.

Ruth St. Denis Coming

The final week of the engagement of Francis Wilson in "The Bachelor's Baby" commences Monday night. The next attraction at the Columbia will be the widely heralded and much discussed dancer Ruth St. Denis. This star is coming here surrounded by a company of fifty and will have the assistance of a specially augmented orchestra in the presentation of her Hindu and Egyptain dances. Miss St. Denis recently closed her fifth New York engagement. It is expected that her dances will create the same furor here as in New York and London.

Marie Dressler Coming

The last performances of "The Merry Widow" will take place at the Savoy this Saturday afternoon and evening. Then comes Marie Dressler in Lew Fields' production of the musical play, "Tillie's Nightmare," commencing Sunday evening. This entertainment played in New York for 389 performances. It comes in its entirety, traveling by a special train of nine cars. Miss Dressler who is one of the funniest women on the American stage, has a role peculiarly suited to her varied talents. Besides the twenty principals there are three score pretty singing, dancing and show girls.

Von Warlich, a Russian Master-Singer

Reinhold Von Warlich is a young Russian who was partly educated in his native land, partly in Germany and America. His father was the German conductor of the Imperial Palace Orchestra of the Czar and the boy was taught both piano and violin and became proficient on both before the age of sixteen. He then began the study of vocal music and for several years was under the tuition of the best masters in Germany and Italy. For the past few years he has been giving special

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programs in Germany, Russia, France and England with the greatest success. He has a voice of rare beauty and effective quality and is said to rank among the best concert singers of the present day. Uda Waldrop, a former San Franciscan, is traveling with the singer. His piano work has received the highest praise. Von Warlich will give two remarkable programs at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Thursday night, April 6, and Sunday afternoon, April 9.

Attractive Fare at the Orpheum

C. William Kolb will close his engagement next week. He has certainly been making good. Binns, Binns and Binns, three comedians, will appear in a diverting act, "The Musical Vagabonds." Miss Alcide Capitaine, styled "the ideal gymnast" and "the female Sandow," will walk across the stage head downward on a ladder, suspended

MISS GLADYS MURRAY

Who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

high in the air. Rowena Stewart and Gladys Murray will contribute a sketch of stage life entitled "Broadway Love." George Mullen and Ed Corelli are comedy gymnasts. The holdovers will be Miss Hamid Alexander, The Frey Twins and Stuart Barnes. New daylight motion pictures will be shown.

Here's Dick Swiveller

There are indications that the most gratifying week of Max Figman's season at the Alcazar will commence Monday evening when "The Old Curiosity Shop" is presented for the first time here since Lotta appeared in it about thirty-five years ago. Mr. Figman's version gives proper accent to every important character, with Swiveller mostly in evidence, of course, and the play follows the book as closely as is permitted by the necessities of the stage. The action opens in the Old Curiosity Shop and shows the escape of Little Nell and her grandfather from the clutches of Quilp and Brass. In the second act Brass' office is the scene, in the third the interior of the inn is displayed and the play closes in Swiveller's room where he is recovering from the long illness through which the Marchioness has nursed him. Special care has been taken to have the pictorial side of the production historically accurate, the artists and mechanics being guided by copies of the original Phiz drawings. To contribute to the atmosphere, Orchestra Director Lada has selected music that was popular in England during the period of the play, seventy-five years ago.

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The Mischa Elman Concerts

Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist who makes his instrument as expressive as the human voice and who is without question one of the world's greatest musical geniuses, will give his first concert this Sunday afternoon, March 26, at the new Scottish Rite Auditorium. The second and only public evening concert is announced for next Thursday night. The third concert is scheduled for Sunday afternoon, April 2.

The Orchestral Festival Next Month

It has been the custom of Impresario Greenbaum to bring us one of the big Eastern symphony orchestras each year. He now announces a week's festival of music by the Russian Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Modest Altschuler. Fifty-two players and four eminent vocal soloists will come from New York to assist in the series of concerts. Six or seven concerts will be given in the Scottish Rite Auditorium and two special programs, one devoted entirely to modern Russian works and the other divided between Russian composers and Richard Wagner will be given in the Greek Theater under the auspices of the university.

George Friend's Farewell at Ye Liberty

Next week will be George Friend's last with the Bishop Players at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland and his friends are planning to give him a great send-off. "The Lottery Man" is the vehicle Manager Bishop has secured for his farewell. It will be the first presentation of the piece in Oakland. Following its run of one week Richard M. Hotaling commences his third season with the stock players, in "The Melting Pot."

A Critic on Mary's Play

Mary Austin's play "The Arrowmaker" has not been vociferously acclaimed by the New York critics. There is, for instance, the eminently careful Mr. Klauber of the New York Times. "The Arrow Maker" does not impress him. List unto Mr. Klauber discoursing of Mary's injun play:

"Mrs. Austin, who no doubt knows a lot about Indian manners, customs, clothes, either finds nothing in their lives to suggest a fresh and inspiring dramatic theme or willfully disregards it to present the old, old story of a fickle lover and his two loves, of a woman's disillusionment and vengeance. It is not apparent from what goes on at The New Theater that Mrs. Austin has succeeded in putting any genuine characterization into these Indian figures, in differentiating their motives, their emotions, and their actions in the essential things from those of the paleface. In the superficial aspects, in the rites and ceremonies, in the superstitions that gather about the medicine maker and her powers, one gets surely the result of actual study and knowledge of Indian history and tradition. But history and myth do not of themselves constitute a play, and they do not bring forth the dramatic aspects of a people. They are of even less value when they are combined with such a mass of unimaginative incidents and speeches as those

ELIZABETH STEWART

Leading lady, who returns to Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, next week.

which make up in great part the burden of this play. For, in spite of much paint and canvas skillfully illuminated to suggest a picturesque environment, "The Arrow Maker" is a burdensome thing. At times, indeed, it is ridiculous, largely because it is pretentious. That scene in which the heap-big chief Rain Wind, like the clergyman in "The Moth and the Flame," of earlier Clyde Fitch vintage, wants to know if any one may show cause why this man and this woman should not wed, is the final touch of unconscious humor in a presumably serious recital. Introduced here, this variant of the paleface marriage service is grotesque. But, then, much of "The Arrow Maker" is. And it is not the grotesqueness of something new and strange, but of the oft-repeated and familiar, misapplied."

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$15,000 House and Lot in Jordan Park

¶ A splendid home, just built, never been occupied, two stories and basement, hardwood finish, electric fixtures and wiring throughout, modern house-heating apparatus. open fireplaces, yard front and back. The house is built on a lot 33 feet 4 inches by 120 and 40-100 feet, and faces on Parker avenue. Clement-street cars pass the door; one block from California-street cars; two blocks from Sacramento-street cars; one block from Geary-street cars.

Home lots in San Francisco and cities around the bay
Monthly income of $150 in cash for one year

Contest started Monday March 20 and ends Bunker Hill Day, June 17

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

READ THE CHRONICLE

Call at Room 316, Chronicle Building or phone the Contest Editor, Kearny 1041

Enter your name as a Contestant now and start early

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was very little doing in the stock market the past week although prices generally held up well and in some cases showed a slight advance from last week's level. The continued selling of Missouri Pacific to a new low level since the meeting for the new directors, was rather unsettling on speculative sentiment and undoubtedly was somewhat of a factor for room traders to force values down fractionally at the end of the week. In view of the long period ahead for physical improvement for Missouri Pacific it would appear that the stock is much too high and the recent advance has been taken advantage of by insiders who sold. Crop prospects continue very favorable and money is a drug on the market. The Mexican situation is not looked upon at the moment as a market factor. We find little further to say on the situation. Bankers are doing nothing and probably won't until the trust decisions are out of the way.

Wheat—Little out of the ordinary has developed in the past week but the time has arrived for the display of a great deal of uneasiness in several quarters. The season for crop scares is at hand and the ordinary speculator has found it the best policy to keep close to shore or trade for immediate profits only. Except for the fact that probably only strong people now own much wheat, it would be particularly anxious time also for the holders. It has been demonstrated plainly that the miller is more anxious to place flour already sold than he is to make more or to buy cash wheat. Only a serious and actual loss to the crop, of which there is no present indication, or a revival of the home or foreign demand remains to prevent owners of May delivery from facing the ordeal of a monthly expense account in the way of carrying charges on a lot of high-priced property. There have been a few export sales, very small ones, in the last week, of red winter wheat at Baltimore. This wheat was sold only a shade above the Chicago price and therefore the sales indicate little except how far this market is from an export call for a limited quantity of wheat. Before this market can reach that level, the Canadian surplus from the last crop will have to be reckoned with. Reciprocity will be a live issue after April 4 when Congress reconvenes and in the event of the passage of the agreement, now strongly probable, Spring wheat premiums will be wiped out and all values will be lower.

Corn—The market has been narrow, covering a range of about a cent and was influenced mostly by the action in wheat. Receipts are running rather light for this season of the year but the demand is also limited. Exporters are out of the market and the news from Argentine has been more favorable. Spring-like weather with occasional rains has helped pastures and the demand for feeding is small. It looks like a waiting market and of a scalping kind for the present.

Cotton—There was an undertone of strength in the cotton market the past week notwithstanding the indifference displayed by the speculative public to the increasing strength of the statistical position of the staple in the United States. Receipts of cotton at all points show a falling off compared with last season and the staple is firmly held at firm prices. Export clearances continue large for this season of the year and Manchester is reporting an improvement in the demand for yarns and cloth. The Liverpool market has the lead in the slight advance and spot cotton is in good demand there, quotations coming higher nearly every day. Spinners on this side however are not very anxious to buy at prevailing prices and they report the trade as extremely dull. Goods are being sold of 12½ cent cotton. The weather in the extreme south and west has been generally clear and cold with only occasional reports of showers in Texas. In the eastern part of the belt it continues dry and there is some talk of drouth. There is ample time for rain but as this is considered the rainy season in that section of the country, it can be expected most any time. Planting will be general in the next two weeks and it is generally predicted that the acreage this year will be the largest on record with favorable weather.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco is located at Nos. 626-628 and 630 Merchant's Exchange, where all business is transacted. The Free Labor Bureau of the Alliance in Oakland is at No. 700 Broadway. All classes of male help No charge to employed or employee.

The Weird Excuse

Mrs. Parkinson of one of the main line suburbs met Mrs. Brown at a social function the other afternoon and in the course of their talk told her this story on Mr. Parkinson.

"Don't you know, Frederick did a very peculiar thing the other night. He came home from the club rather late, and of course I had retired. I didn't hear him go to bed, but some time during the night I heard a noise in the room. I awoke and was startled to trace the noise by sound to the floor under the bed. I was so frightened I screamed.

"Just then Frederick poked his head out from under the bed.

"What's wrong?" he asked

"What on earth are you doing there?" I asked in return.

"I must have been dreaming," he explained, "dreaming that I was fixing the blamed automobile." Wasn't that funny?

"Very," replied Mrs. Brown. "That's the night Mr. Brown and Mr. Parkinson went to the theatre together. Mr. Brown came home late, too, and went to sleep standing up in the umbrella rack, but he didn't have any weird excuse."

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS

Savings 108 SUTTER STREET Commercial

(Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

Capital Authorized	$1,000,000.00
Capital Paid In	750,000.00
Reserve and Surplus	220,331.45
Total Resources	5,613,737.73

Officers—A. Legallet, Pres.; Leon Bocqueraz, V.-Pres.; J. M. Dupas, V.-Pres.; A. Bousquet, Secty.; John Ginty, Cashier; M. Girard, Asst. Cashier; P. Bellemans, Asst. Cashier; P. A. Bergerot, Attorney.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

No. 4 MONTGOMERY STREET

March 7, 1911

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$11,033,637.75
Cash and Sight Exchange	10,779,900.43
Deposits	23,938,906.68

Officers—Isaias W. Hellman, Pres.; I. W. Hellman Jr., V.-Pres.; F. L. Lipman, V.-Pres.; James K. Wilson, V.-Pres.; Frank B. King, Cashier; W. McGavin, Asst. Cashier; E. L. Jacobs, Asst. Cashier; V. H. Rossetti, Asst. Cashier; C. L. Davis, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Isaias W. Hellman, Leon Sloss, C. De Guigne, Percy T. Morgan, James K. Wilson, I. W. Hellman Jr., Wm. Haas, Wm. F. Herrin, F. W. Van Sicklen, James L. Flood, Hartland Law, J. Henry Meyer, Chas. J. Deering, John C. Kirkpatrick, F. L. Lipman, Henry Rosenfeld and William Sproule.

Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.

Anglo & London Paris National Bank

Sutter and Sansome Sts., San Francisco

March 7, 1911

Paid Up Capital	$ 4,000,000.00
Reserve and Undivided Profits	1,381,800.41
Deposits	23,939,522.61
Cash and Sight Exchange	9,747,534.71

Sig. Greenebaum, Pres.; H. Fleishhacker, V.-Pres. and Mgr.; Joseph Friedlander, V.-Pres.; C. F. Hunt, V.-Pres.; R. Altschul, Cashier; A. Hochstein, Asst. Cashier; C. R. Parker, Asst. Cashier; William H. High, Asst. Cashier; H. Choynski, Asst. Cashier; G. R. Burdick, Asst. Cashier; A. L. Langerman, Secretary.

Issues Travelers' Letters of Credit, available in all parts of the world; buys and sells Foreign Exchange, and issues drafts and cable transfers.

Accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations, Firms and Individuals Invited

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

The German Savings and Loan Society

Savings (THE GERMAN BANK) Commercial

526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Guaranteed Capital	$ 1,200,000.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,580,518.99
Employees' Pension Fund	$ 109,031.35
Deposits December 31, 1910	$42,039,580.06
Total Assets	$44,775,559.56

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells Fargo & Co.'s Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Officers—Pres., N. Ohlandt; First V.-Pres., Daniel Meyer, Second V.-Pres. and Mgr., George Tourny; Third V.-Pres., J. W. Van Bergen; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Asst. Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Asst. Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodellow, Eells & Orrick, Gen. Attys.

Board of Directors—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, George Tourny, J. W. Van Bergen, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

Mission Branch, 2572 Mission St., between 21st and 22nd Sts. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Manager.

Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement St., between 5th and 6th Aves. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

Telephone DOUGLAS 2487

R. E. MULCAHY, Manager

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

THE PIONEER HOUSE

BROKERS

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New York Stock Exchange
New York Cotton Exchange
New York Coffee Exchange
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490 CALIFORNIA STREET
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Branch, ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

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New York, 31-33-35 New Street

Auto Notes

Advices received by the Haynes Auto Sales Company from factory officials concerning the recent burning of the Haynes factory in Kokomo, Indiana, are of most encouraging nature. A number of factory buildings in Kokomo and vicinity have offered temporary quarters to the Haynes and the uninterrupted construction of the car will continue. This will be greatly facilitated by the fact that the forage room, experimental department and motor assembling rooms of the factory were saved from the fire. The parts department which because of the many years during which the Haynes has been built, was one of the most extensive maintained by any factory, was also saved. The offices too were untouched by the fire.

The local branch of the Diamond Rubber Company has just received an interesting photograph showing the wreck of a big touring car which disputed right of way with a fast express near Baltimore. The car is an almost unrecognizable pile of junk except for the four Diamond tires with which it was equipped. These tires show absolutely no injury.

The increased attendance at the Pioneer Automobile Company's second stereopticon entertainment which was held in the firm's salesroom a few nights ago, evidences the popular interest which these affairs are creating. The pictures thrown on the big screen in the rear of the room dealt with the manufacture of motor cars as illustrated by work in the Chalmers factory. When it is considered that the Detroit Chamber of Commerce in entertaining its many conventions, selects the Chalmers plant as the one most typical of that city's vast automobile industry, it becomes evident that the Pioneer Automobile Company is offering the public a real treat in these stereopticon views. The elegantly arranged display of Chalmers, Hudson and Lozier cars also added much to the entertainment.

Unusual interest attached to the 100 mile motordrome race between Teddy Tetzlaff and Ralph De Palmo in Los Angeles because it was the first motordrome contest ever entered by Tetzlaff who, because of his double Santa Monica victory this year, is recognized as one of the foremost road racing pilots. He drove the same Lozier car with which he set the world's stock car record over the Santa Monica course.

Let the Zerolene bear ride in your car. He kills worry, trouble and repair bills.

"When you find a better oil than Zerolene—use that oil."

ZEROLENE

The One Oil for all Gasoline Motors

In sealed cans with patent spout. Barrels for garage trade.

Sold by most dealers; if not at yours, write to the

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

461 Market St., San Francisco

"While the motorists throughout the country are praising the many novel features of Howard E. Coffin's Hudson "33," it is impossible to overlook that sturdy little Hudson "20" roadster," says E. P. Brinegar, the local Hudson dealer. "You know it was the "20" which swept the country so in 1909 that the Hudson Company established the record of doing the greatest business ever known to any automobile concern in its first year."

Exchange of Compliments

Smith and Brown, running opposite ways round a corner, struck each other.

"Oh," says Smith, "how you made my head ring!"

"That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown.

"Didn't yours ring?" said Smith

"No," said Brown.

"That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.

Slow

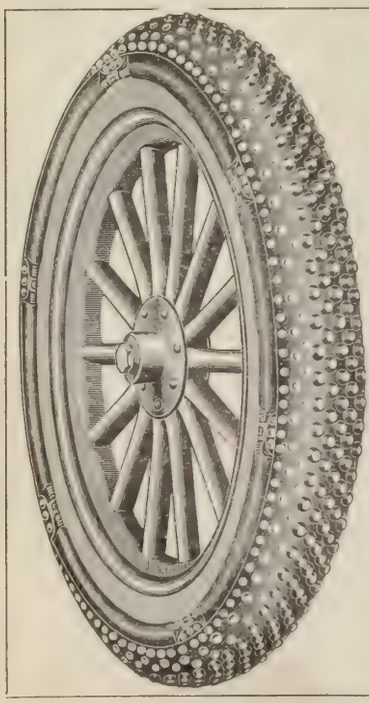
Two hunters, returning from the Catskills, decided to try some New York city humor upon the agent of a little railroad station in the foothills.

"When does the 3:49 train get in?" asked one.

The old man regarded him seriously and at length. "Wall," said he, "she generally gets in just a little behind the engine."

Later they approached him respectfully. "About time that train is due, isn't is, Uncle?"

"Yes," said the agent, "she's about due. There comes the conductor's dog."



Woodworth Treads

The Protector that Does Not Chafe or Hurt the Tire

There are many imitations; most of them will injure a tire more than they will save it.

The Woodworth Treads have been on the market for years, and have had the test of time.

They are **puncture-proof, non-skidding** and will save double their cost by prolonging the life of the tires.

They fit all makes of pneumatic tires. Anyone can apply them. Full directions with every tread.

Get Woodworth Treads, forget tire troubles, and have your Anti-skids always on the tires.

Send for circulars giving full description and prices.

Chanslor & Lyon Motor Supply Co., Inc.

Pacific Coast Agents

H. D. McCOY, Sec'y and Treas.

San Francisco Seattle Fresno
Portland Spokane Los Angeles

Now Is The Time

To Buy

A Chalmers Car

Blue skies, spring's sunshine and hardening roads means that there will soon be a rush in demand for America's pre-eminent car—THE CHALMERS.

We can take your order now. A little later, however, we may have to tell you that we can get no more cars from the factory. This is no bug-a-boo cry to frighten you into an early purchase. We had actually to turn down orders last season, and with more than 60 per cent of the factory's 1911 output already gone you can see for yourself what later spring is apt to bring.

At least let us show you the 1911 Chalmers line.

Pioneer Automobile Co.

Van Ness and Locust Aves.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

BRANCHES:

OAKLAND FRESNO

Service Increased

On the

Sunset Route

Your choice of

TWO TRAINS

each way daily

between

San Francisco,

Los Angeles,

New Orleans

and East via

El Paso.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Ticket Offices:

Flood Building,

Palace Hotel,

Market Street Ferry Depot,

Third & Townsend Sts. Depot

Broadway & 13th St., Oakland

The Prisoner

(Continued from Page 10.)

life. The thought came to him that they too, might do as he had done. This thought grew: perhaps it has been this way since the world has been the world—that the innocent often pay for the guilty. The sentiment of fatality at once crushed and consoled him. He did not rise to the point of the consciousness of the incarnation of a Symbol; for now he saw only that far-off cafe and the image of Marie Champeau.

To wait upon the table she used to put on a white apron; sometimes a ringlet of blond hair would get loose from her cap when she bent over the table to laugh, and her bare arms showed a dimple just above the elbow. Then the man covered his face with his hands, and the tears trickled through his fingers.

The Guilty Party

"Who signed Magna Charta?" asked the school inspector, thunderously.

The village class sat mute.

"Who signed Magna Charta?" roared the inspector again.

"P-please, sir," wailed little Billy Smith, "it worn't me."

The inspector snorted. The class was the most ignorant it had ever been his lot to examine. He strode from the room and outside met the schoolmistress. Angrily he narrated the last incident.

"Who d'ye say said that, sir?" queried the mistress.

"William Smith!" snorted the inspector.

"Bill Smith," repeated the teacher. "Then don't yer believe 'im, sir. 'E's the biggest liar here! Yer may take my word fer it, 'e done it."

"My husband is so gentle and considerate."

"In what way?"

"Why, he wouldn't let me get a vacuum cleaner because it employed exhausted air."

Triangle Trip Over the Northwestern Pacific Railroad

One of the most delightful scenic one-day jaunts in America. 150 miles of Mountain and Redwood Forest Scenery, a Boat Ride on San Francisco Bay and by rail along the Russian River. Leave San Francisco 7:45 a. m. daily except Sunday, and 8:45 a. m. Sunday only, by boat across the Bay of San Francisco, in full view of the Golden Gate to Sausalito (the Sorrento of America). Thence via picturesque San Rafael and thriving Petaluma (home of the chicken industry), through Sonoma Valley to Santa Rosa and Fulton. From Fulton, through magnificent mountain scenery and redwood forests and along Russian River, to Monte Rio. Return is made along the coast, passing Tomales Bay, Point Reyes, San Anselmo, etc., to Sausalito, arriving at San Francisco 6:35 p. m. daily except Sunday, and 7:05 p. m. Sunday only the same evening. If preferred, trip can be reversed, leaving San Francisco at 8:15 a. m. via the coast to Monte Rio and returning along the river and through the valleys, arriving at San Francisco 6:35 p. m. daily except Sunday and 7:34 p. m. Sunday the same evening. Round trip fare for Triangle Trip, $2.80, except on Fridays or Saturdays, it is $2.50, and on Sundays only $2.20. Tickets on sale at 874 Market street (Flood Building), and Sausalito Ferry Ticket Office.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRIETTA GNECCO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Henrietta Gnecco, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, Esq., in the Schmiedell Building, No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

GIOVANNI GNECCO,
Administrator of the Estate of Henrietta Gnecco, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, ESQ., Atty. for Administrator,
Schmiedell Bldg., 604 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-4-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 9814, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of FREDERICK C. WINTERS, alias FREDERICK WINTERS, alias FRED C. WINTERS, alias F. C. WINTERS, Deceased.

William Horstmeyer, the administrator of the estate of Frederick C. Winters, alias Frederick Winters, alias Fred C. Winters, alias F. C. Winters, deceased, having presented and filed his petition herein, praying for an order for the sale of the whole of the real estate of said deceased, for the purposes therein set forth, and it appearing, that a sale as prayed for in said petition is necessary and that the same will be for the advantage, benefit and best interest of said estate, and those interested therein,

It is hereby Ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the above entitled Court, on Monday, the 17th day of April, 1911, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, Room 603 in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and then and there show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell said real estate at private sale. The said petition is hereby referred to for further particulars.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least one a week for four successive weeks prior to said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court, this 8th day of March, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed March 8, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By F. B. Lorigan, Deputy Clerk.

CARL W. MUELLER, Atty. for Administrator,
1046 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco. 3-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANCISCO L. FREITAS, also known as and called FRANK L. FREITAS and FRANK FRATES, Deceased—No. 11,250, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Francisco L. Freitas, also known and called Frank L. Freitas and Frank Frates, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of James B. Feehan, Room 407 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Francisco L. Freitas, also known as and called Frank L. Freitas and Frank Frates, deceased.

MARY FREITAS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Francisco L. Freitas, also known as and called Frank L. Freitas and Frank Frates, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1911.

JAMES B. FEEHAN, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 407 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NIOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PHILIP BRADY, Deceased.

Richard J. Brady, the Administrator of the estate of Philip Brady, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is Therefore Ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Friday, the 21st day of April, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Richard J. Brady to sell the real estate of the said deceased.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, March 15th, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 15, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN G. WILLIAMS, Atty. for Administrator,
950 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM McCANN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of William McCann, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of John J. Barrett, 1255 Flood Building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William McCann, deceased. MARY A. McCANN,
Administratrix of the Estate of William McCann, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 25, 1911.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Atty. for Administratrix,
1255 Flood Building,
870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK M. FLYNN, also known as P. M. FLYNN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Patrick M. Flynn, also known as P. M. Flynn, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the will annexed at the office of his attorney, Neal Power, Esq., Room 545 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Patrick M. Flynn, also known as P. M. Flynn, deceased. P. F. REILLY,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Patrick M. Flynn, also known as P. M. Flynn, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1911.

NEAL POWER,
Atty. for Administrator with the Will Annexed,
Room 545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,623, Department No. 10.

MAUD GRANGER, Plaintiff, vs. ALFRED GRANGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Alfred Granger, defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. A. DORN, Atty. for Plaintiff,
812 Phelan Building, San Francisco. 1-28-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLOTTA WILFORD, also known as CHARLOTTA C. WILFORD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotta Wilford, also known as Charlotta C. Wilford, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, Eugene W. Levy, Room 560, Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

ALBERT WILFORD,
ENOCH T. HOWES,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotta Wilford, also known as Charlotta C. Wilford, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 11, 1911.

EUGENE W. LEVY, Atty. for Executors,
Room 560, Mills Building,
No. 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. LONG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Susan C. Tate, Administratrix of the estate of Mary E. Long, deceased, with the will annexed, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix of the estate of Mary E. Long, deceased, with the will annexed, at the law office of S. C. Wright, Room 1007 Tenth Floor, Mutual Bank Building, Market Street near Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary E. Long, deceased.

SUSAN C. TATE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Mary E. Long, Deceased, with the Will Annexed.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 4, 1911.

S. C. WRIGHT, Atty. for Administratrix,
1007 Tenth Floor, Mutual Bank Bldg.,
Market St. near Kearny St., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISAAC ELIASER, Deceased—No. 11,167, N. S., Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Maurice Eliaser, Ezra Eliaser and Union Trust Company of San Francisco, Executors of the last will and testament of Isaac Eliaser, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Union Trust Company of San Francisco, at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Isaac Eliaser, deceased.

MAURICE ELIASER,
EZRA ELIASER,
UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
By H. VAN LUVEN, Secretary.
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Isaac Eliaser, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attys. for Said Executors,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORENCE ATWATER, Deceased—No. 11,215, Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Moetia Atwater, sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Moetia Atwater, sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, deceased, at the office of her attorneys, Lilienthal, McKinstry and Raymond, 1211 Flood Building, Northeast Corner of Powell and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Dorence Atwater, deceased.

MOETIA ATWATER,
Sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1911.

LILIENTHAL, McKINSTRY and RAYMOND,
1211 Flood Building, San Francisco, Attorneys for Moetia Atwater, sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, Deceased. 3-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,365.

HATTIE ELIZA POND, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. POND, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: William H. Pond, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, and on the ground of defendant's habitual intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY H. DAVIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
495-497 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of REGINA JOHANNISSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of Regina Johannissen, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Regina Johannissen, deceased.

FANNIE PRATT,
Executrix of the Estate of Regina Johannissen, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

J. J. LERMEN, Atty. for Executrix,
Room 504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA KENYON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ELLA KENYON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Wm. Hoff Cook, her attorney, at Room 1603 Chronicle Building, in San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ella Kenyon, deceased.

ADA HUDSON,
Administratrix of the Estate of Ella Kenyon, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

WM. HOFF COOK, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 1603 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTHONY DORRITY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Anthony Dorrity, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Cooper, Gray & Cooper, Room 439 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anthony Dorrity, deceased.

W. J. PALETHORPE,
Administrator of the Estate of Anthony Dorrity, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

COOPER, GRAY & COOPER,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Room 439 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,681, Dept. No. 10.

PLINY E. RITNER, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE I. RITNER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Grace I. Ritner, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

AUSTIN LEWIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
504 to 508 Schmidt Bldg., 12 Geary St., S. F. 2-4-10

NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION OF ADMINISTRATRIX FOR AUTHORITY TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 10, Probate. No. 10,347, New Series.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE H. BUCKINGHAM, Deceased.

Order Appointing Time and Place for Hearing Petition Authorizing Administratrix to Convey Real Estate, and Directing Notice Thereof.

Mary G. Buckingham, the Administratrix of the estate of said George H. Buckingham, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein her duly verified Petition setting forth the facts upon which the claim of Winifred S. Bangs is predicated to be entitled to a conveyance from said Administratrix of said estate of all that certain lot or parcel of land situate in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Lot Three (3), in Block "D," that is to say: Beginning at a point in the Westerly line of Regent Street, (formerly Manoa Avenue), distant thereon One Hundred and Eleven and Seventy-five-one-hundredths (111.75) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Derby Street, and running thence Southerly along the said Westerly line of Regent Street Fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Forty (140) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly Fifty (50) feet; and thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and Forty (140) feet to the said Westerly line of Regent Street and the point of beginning, as the same is designated and delineated upon a certain map entitled "The Berry-Bangs Tract."

And it appearing to this Court that said George H. Buckingham, deceased, in his life time entered into a contract in writing with said Winifred S. Bangs to convey said real property described in said verified Petition and in this Order, and that said George H. Buckingham died before making said conveyance, and that said Winifred S. Bangs was before the death of said deceased, and is now, entitled to a conveyance of said hereinabove described real property upon her carrying out the provisions of said written contract, and making the payments therein provided, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is Hereby Ordered that the hearing of said Petition be set for Monday, the 24th day of April, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of this Court, Department No. 10, thereof, in the Grant Building, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and it is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published for four successive weeks before said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, March 20, 1911.

(Seal) THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 20, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

SHELDON G. KELLOGG, Atty. for Administratrix,
801-805 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-25-5

NOTICE OF SALE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department 10, Probate thereof, made on the 24th day of October, 1910, and filed with the Clerk of said Superior Court on the 3rd day of November, 1910, the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, on or after the 21st day of March, 1911, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, the undivided 721-1000 of the real property hereinafter described, together with all the right title and interest of said deceased, in and to said property, to-wit

That certain lot, piece or parcel of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Post Street, with the easterly line of Jones Street, running thence easterly and along said southerly line of Post Street seventy (70) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southerly sixty (60) feet to the northerly line of Cottage Place; thence at a right angle westerly and along said northerly line of Cottage Place seventy (70) feet and six (6) inches to the said easterly line of Jones Street; thence at a right angle northerly and along said easterly line of Jones Street sixty (60) feet to the said southerly line of Post Street and the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty Vara Block No. 223.

All offers to purchase the real property hereinafter described must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Mastick & Partridge, 706 Foxcroft Building, No. 68 Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Any person offering to purchase said property above described, whose bid shall be accepted by the undersigned, on notice of the acceptance of the offer and bid, shall and must deposit with the undersigned ten per cent of the purchase price and pay the balance on approval and confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court.

Dated, San Francisco, February 27, 1911.

CHAS. G. LYMAN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte F. Clarke, Deceased.
Endorsed: Filed Feb. 28, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Executor,
No. 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-4-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. O'KANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned W. D. O'Kane, Administrator of the estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, John F. Hanlon, Room 618 Mechanics Building, Corner of Market and Mason Streets, City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased.

WILLIAM D. O'KANE,
Administrator of the estate of Mary E. O'Kane, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 11, 1911.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 618 Mechanics Bldg., San Francisco. 3-11-5

Letters

Book Notes

Those in search of an artistic souvenir of California will look long and far before finding anything more satisfactory than the miniature "California Nights' Entertainment" of Charles Elmer Jenney. The little booklet is tiny enough to merit a place in a fairy's library and dainty enough to be kept in a glass case. It measures two inches and a half by three and a half and is bound in silk with gilt edges and rounded corners. There are sixty poems, all inspired by State themes, and twenty-one full page illustrations from photographs, making in all one hundred and sixty pages printed in beautifully clear type. It was a kindly thought on the part of the publishers, Valentine and Anderson of Edinburgh, to indicate the clan to which the various bindings belong, for the benefit of those who are not of the Hieland blood but still interested in the badges and distinguishing marks. In these days, when we are all intent on "booming California," the Acrostic which closes the collection, is worth wider publicity:

Ceylon, with its air spice-scented,
Arabian nights and their dreams,
Lebanon's cedars splendid,
Ice-born Himalayan streams;
France, with its rich wines flowing,
Ophir's mines of the metal pure,
Roman plains, and the olive growing,
Nile, and its desert's lure;
Isles of the Blest, and the fair Arcady,
All, land that we love, are blended in thee.

"Yozonde of the Wilderness" by Harry Irving Greene is a pretty if not particularly probable romance of an unknown white man and his Indian wife. Still it is not altogether impossible and for the sake of the principle involved one would like to believe it. The unnamed white man had committed a transgression which led his ladylove to banish him from her sight and he, feeling his unworthiness, started on a long trail to bury himself at a wilderness trading post until recalled, but his Indian guides, tiring of the arduous journey with its dangers, deserted him while he slept and left him to starve or win out as best he might. After wandering about the woods for several days the stranger came near an Indian village at nightfall and putting his knowledge of tradition to use he appeared amongst the people under circumstances which gave a glamour of the supernatural to his advent. Had he departed before dawn they would have looked upon him as a demigod and that had been his intention, but scarcely had he left the camp than he succeeded in killing a buck, and knowing that the tribe was on the verge of starvation he abandoned his course, returned to the village with his quarry and was made a prisoner at large. Deprived of rifle and hunting knife, and more or less under surveillance it was impossible to escape, yet there was no physical restraint upon his movements. His superb strength and skill determined the chief that he should be adopted into the tribe, married to his daughter and in time chosen as their leader. What follows it would be an injustice to the reader to divulge. Published by the Fitzgerald Company.

Since the rise of the cult of "Nature Study and the Animal's Friends," we have had dog stories enough from the human viewpoint. Here is a variation in the shape of a family history related by the dog, "Four in Family," of which the fourth, and decidedly the most important from the viewpoint of all the rest and himself besides, is the dog. "Four in Family," which appears to be a first book, is by Florida P. Summerwell. From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Harold Bell Wright has written in "The Uncrowned King" an allegory of life and its conflicts between reality and pretence, its subservience to Things and Traditions and the final triumph of truth. It is an exemplification of the homely axiom that "you cannot fool all the people all of the time" and sooner or later shams will manifest themselves in their true face, only to be rejected. With only a little over a hundred pages of print, in tint, illlustrated by John Rea Neill, with an attractive binding, title and decorations in gold, it makes a most attractive volume, good to keep and good to give. The Book Supply Company of Chicago has made of the mechanical part of the production a setting worthy of the gem it holds.

The address delivered by Rev. Thomas F. Day, Professor of Old Testament languages and literature at the local Theological Seminary, at the Presbyterian Church at San Rafael, under the title "The New Bible Country," has been added to the "What is worth while" series of the T. Y. Crowell Co. Dr. Day's view is virtually that of Epictetus, that men are concerned less about things than about their opinions concerning things, and the outcome of most of the discussion has left the good book just where it was. "The New Bible Country," bound in white with decorations of green and gold, presents an attractive appearance.

Exasperating

All afternoon Mr. Stubb had been moving pictures from one room to another, and his only reward was dust and perspiration.

"Hurry up, John," chided Mrs. Stubb, impatiently. "You will never finish at that rate."

Mr. Stubb removed the cobwebs from his florid brow.

"Woman, do you think I'm a machine?"

"Gracious, how funny!"

"Madam, may I ask what is funny?"

"Why, dear, if you were a machine you would be a moving-picture machine."

And then and there Mr. Stubb washed his hands and started for the club.

The little Society maiden who wished to be thought doggy commenced to gush.

"What a perfectly sweet Great Dane!" she babbled. "Of course you call him Hamlet?"

"N-no," stammered the matter-of-fact but badly smitten sportsman, "I—er—I couldn't, exactly. But"—seeing her face fall, and doing his best to be considered to have a poetic soul, he strove hard to justify—"I did the best I—er—could, so I christened her Ophelia. What?"

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The RESIDENTIAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO is a corporation formed for the purpose of buying the SUTRO TRACT fronting Sloat and Dewey Boulevards, Ocean and Corbett Avenues, containing 724 ACRES in the geographical center of San Francisco. Most of the land is covered with beautiful trees, the balance is rented for vegetable gardens.

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The shares of this corporation are offered for sale at the price of $100 a share in lots of from 10 shares upward. Many of the leading capitalists and business men of San Francisco have subscribed for this stock in amounts ranging from $1000 to $50,000 and aggregating over $500,000 to date.

You are invited to subscribe to this stock at the same price that every one paid—$100 a share. In so doing you are not only becoming a partner in the greatest real estate proposition ever undertaken in San Francisco, but you are helping to develop this immense trace of 724 ACRES into a beautiful residence district, thus keeping in San Francisco thousands of people who would go elsewhere in search of desirable residence property.

In other words you are pooling your money with others in order to buy an immense tract of land in San Francisco to improve it and subdivide it and finally to sell it at retail at a large profit. This is the ideal way to operate in real estate.

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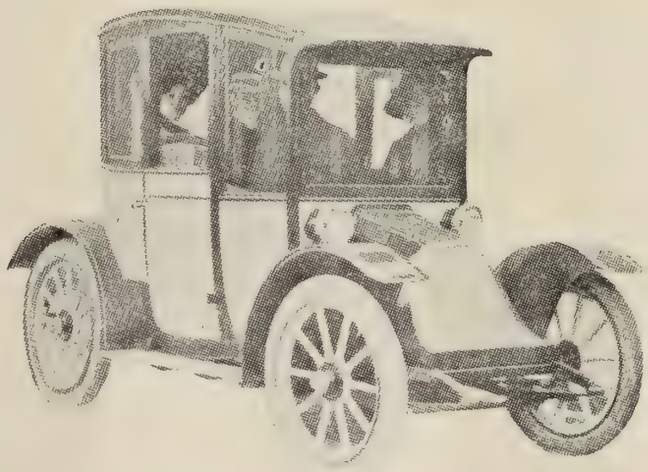

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$7,000—Extremely choice, modern 10-room residence on boulevarded street in Claremont Park, near north gate, close to two Key Route stations and electric transportation; construction, conveniences and the artistic features were all given the most careful attention by owner and builder; the living-room (16x20) has high paneling in natural redwood, built-in window seats, and with beautiful art electroliers; library (12x14) is finished to correspond and has bookcases, etc.; the dining-room (15x20), which is unusually attractive, has both the walls and ceiling massively paneled, the latter in addition to heavy cross-beaming; floors of these rooms are double and finished in polished parquetted oak; the kitchen is large and well arranged, has fine pantry, also pass pantry to dining-room; the bedroom on this floor, intended for a servant's room, has commodious closet, also running hot and cold water; the five bedrooms are unusually large, the two in front of the house being respectively 13x17 and 13x14; the woodwork on this floor is in a finish of white enamel throughout and the walls are newly tinted in most attractive shades; a sleeping deck 10x32, linen closets and a bathroom 9x12 complete the appointments of this floor, which can be completely severed from downstairs by the closing of a large door; there is a cemented basement containing laundry, furnace-room equipped with a splendid furnace leading through registers to every room of the house, and ample space for storage and also the addition of servants' quarters. The lot, 50x132, faces south and is absolutely free to the sun on all sides. House is in perfect condition and has recently been under lease at $75 per month; terms of $1000 cash and monthly payments of about $75 can be arranged. DODGE VER MEHR CO., 2015 Shattuck Ave., "At Key Route Terminal," Berkeley, Cal.

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These admirably located apartments, constructed with great care for the comfort and convenience of the occupants, are perhaps the most desirable renting accommodation on the east side of the bay. They consist of 5 rooms each and bath, the conventional arrangement is relieved by one of the sleeping rooms being built on outside porch. It is shown in the right of the picture with the canvas drawn. Modern in every particular; grand views, lots of sunshine, large living room—fireplace. The general arrangements of these apartments with their dainty buffet, kitchen and conveniences have quite captivated those who have seen them. Corner of Telegraph avenue and Woolsey street, a block from the new S. P. electric station and 5 minutes to Key Route. Apply to owner, 3100 Telegraph avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

TEN MINUTES FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA—THOUSAND OAKS

This grand and beautifully wooded acreage, for years the playground of nature lovers and Mecca of picnic parties, is being subdivided for home sites. The landscape engineer has supplemented nature's profusion in this wonderful place so that the general contour of the country may not be disturbed. Situated on the western slope of the Berkeley hills overlooking the bay of San Francisco it occupies an ideal position for a home. These properties can be bought for from $25 to $35 per foot, all street work done. Directly accessible by the Key Route or Southern Pacific electric when finished. Apply to Newell-Hendricks, Inc., 2037 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, Cal. Phone Berkeley 398. San Francisco office, Westband Bldg., 830 Market St.

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$30,000—Situated on a 6-mile avenue. This complete residence cost the owner $50,000. Located midway between Oakland and Berkeley it has the educational advantages found in a college town while the city is but a short car ride away. From the rear of this home an unrivaled view of San Francisco Bay can be had while from the front of the house the Berkeley hills mark the sky line. The interior finish is mahogany, while every modern convenience is installed. A rare offering presenting a combination of delightful residential and speculative features. The draperies and hangings go with the place. Thirty-five minutes from San Francisco. Laymance Real Estate Co., 1214 and 1216 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. Phone Oakland 328.

Thirty-Five Minutes from Town

$7,000—This substantial 8-room house—built by the owner as a home—is offered for sale. The lower floor consists of 5 rooms, the living and dining room being paneled and finished in subdued tones of brown. The breakfast room, kitchen, servant's room and a large back porch that can be used as a conservatory complete this floor. The second floor has three large bed rooms, the two rear rooms opening to a large covered sun deck or sleeping porch 27x14. The never tiresome Berkeley hills are the view from this porch while a splendid view of San Francisco Bay by day or the city sparkling in the night can be had from the front of the house. Heated by 2 fire places and furnace, lawn back and front of house, berry arbor and stable with concrete floor. A splendid opportunity—very desirable terms. Owner, 6652 Dana street, Oakland, Cal.

Breakfast Room

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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RICHARD M. HOTALING

Who begins a special season of five weeks at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, Monday evening in "The Melting Pot."

TOWN TALK

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The Political Outlook

It is desirable to take our municipal government out of the hands of organized labor, not because of any quarrel with organized labor or any prejudice against organized labor on the score of its principles, but because class government is inconsistent with the principles of American institutions. It is both humiliating and injurious to San Francisco to be governed by men who acknowledge themselves to be the representatives of an industrial class, and whose allegiance to that class is such that they cannot be expected to deal impartially with all classes. But owing to the conditions peculiar to San Francisco it is no easy matter to alter the present state of affairs. Though the three-cornered contest for the mayoralty is a thing of the past, and though Mayor McCarthy represents a class that is in the minority he is not to be beaten by anybody known to be in sympathy with either of the two factions whose feud was the result of an attempt to regenerate the city by convulsion. While that feud lasts the demon of discord will be armed with power to do endless mischief. In the circumstances how absurd it is for either faction to take an active part in municipal politics! Even though a good man should be selected at a conference of the satellites of a faction leader his prestige would count for naught in a campaign. It would be assumed that the men by whom he was selected would exercise an undue influence over him in the event of his election. So there is nothing to be accomplished for the welfare of the city by any jockeying for advantage on the part of either faction.

Culture in America

A London editor has discovered that there is more culture among American women than among American men. Which dictum is in a sense a compliment. If from the British standpoint there is culture among American women then we are advancing, for when Matthew Arnold visited us he was in quest of the signs and evidences of culture and couldn't find any at all. But doubtless we are advancing. What may be considered in England prima facie evidence that we are moving and in the right direction is the growing popularity among us of the contemporary intellectuals of England and the vogue of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Wagner and Nietzsche. To be cultured, according to modern authority, is to appreciate and understand the best that is said and done in the world. Accepting this as the test of culture the London editor is doubtless right. Surely not many American men are informed of the best that is being said and done in the world. Most American men are under the stimulus of a greed for wealth. They are devoting so much time to business and to experiments in democratic government that they have none to spare for matters of taste. The material everywhere overlies the spiritual. In American life the esthetic element is to be found only in spots; and these are sporadic. The men that take an interest in the intellectual pleasures of life have a vocation for the arts and are workers therein. Whoso tries to educate public taste must look almost exclusively to women for appreciation. To women the best in literature and art makes the most hopeful appeal; not the women of society, most of whom are frivolous, vulgar and uncultivated, but the women of the great middle class who attend concerts and lectures, who pursue culture not for its own sake but for the pleasure they get out of it. These women are mentally superior to their husbands and brothers, the practical men of America who regard esthetics as a bore. Thomas Jefferson believed that the time would come when Europeans of leisure would visit this country to imbibe culture, but the dawn of that halcyon period has not yet begun to glimmer. Europeans come to scoff and leave to flay, and all the while American gold is pouring into the art centres of Europe and returning for investment in stocks and bonds.

Our Great Chatterbox

Richard Brinsley Sheridan once said of a speech that he heard in Parliament, "It contained a great deal both of what was new and what was true, but that what was new was not true and what was true was not new." The same criticism may be justly made regarding the average speech of Theodore Roosevelt's. The Colonel abounds at once in platitudes and misstatements. This is not surprising. Indeed, it is characteristic of all incessant talkers. The spendthrift of his tongue has no time to think, and the man who does not think is neither original nor accurate. The man who does not think but talks a great deal must borrow his ideas, and therefore he is likely to be platitudinous. Furthermore the man who talks everlastingly and promiscuously is lacking in reason. This is proverbial. "Every beam of reason and ray of knowledge," says Jeremy Taylor, "checks the dissolution of the tongue." He compares reason and knowledge in their effect to the light of a candle or torch on the surface of a pool: it stops the croaking of the frogs. Now when a man talks from ignorance rather than from knowledge he finds it an inexhaustible fund of volubility. And this certainly appears to be the case with Theodore Roosevelt. He is a perambulating magazine of sound. He goes about emitting the thoughts of others and the inaccuracies of his own. Of his addiction to platitudes there is no reason to complain. They are good platitudes as a rule, and their effect on the common mind is wholesome. But Colonel Roosevelt does a great deal of evil with the untruths which he so profusely and widely disseminates and also with much of the advice which he gravely gives on matters about which he can have no personal knowledge. To men of intelligence this advice does no harm, but not many men have intelligence enough to perceive that the loquacious Colonel assumes a knowledge of things concerning which he can have had nothing but hearsay testimony. The average man merely considers that the Colonel was once elected to a very exalted office, and takes it for granted that he must be a superior man, one with sense enough to refrain from discussing matters about which he has not been fully advised. Average men all over the world were impressed by what the Colonel said about the British government in Egypt. Average men will be impressed by what the Colonel said about the application of the recall to the judiciary in California. Some time ago Senator Owen of Oklahoma, of whom it may be presumed that he is above the average man in intelligence, believed all that Colonel Roosevelt said in a Chicago speech about the recall. The Colonel told an audience in that city that the Massachusetts Constitution contained "precisely that provision for the recall which appears in the proposed Constitution of Arizona." Senator Owen repeated this statement on the floor of the Senate. Yet it is nothing more than a typical Roosevelt falsehood. Senator Owen recently had his attention called by the New York Sun to the fact that he had been deceived by the irresponsible ex-President. The Sun quoted the clauses of the Massachusetts Constitution that deal with the tenure of judicial officers, and showed conclusively that what the ex-President had said was untrue. Henceforth Senator Owen will probably verify before quoting an utterance of the distinguished chatterbox, but will the Colonel take the trouble to repair the mischief that he has done? We have no reason to expect him to do so.

Beale's Essay Contest

Mr. Truxtun Beale signalized his debut as a member of the Board of Regents of the State University by offering a prize of one thousand dollars for the student who writes the best essay on Tolstoi's book "What Is to Be Done." Mr. Beale speaks of this book with something of the enthusiasm of a man who has made a discovery and who is convinced that it is a great discovery. One might infer that Mr. Beale discovered Tolstoi after the great Russian's death. He tells us through the medium of his favorite journal, the Boughten Bulletin, that "What Is to Be Done" is "a stunning book," and that all who read Tolstoi "will be impressed with his genuine and deep sympathy with humanity." He thinks it will be interesting to have the book discussed from an American point of view. With all due deference to Mr. Beale and the faculty and the Board of Regents of the

State University we venture to suggest to the students who are contesting for the Beale prize that after reading "What Is to Be Done" they read Chesterton's "What's Wrong With the World." This is not a stunning book, but for readers of Tolstoi it's an excellent antidote, especially for those readers whose sympathy is with Tolstoi the fanatical philosopher rather than with Tolstoi the extraordinary literary genius. The essayists of Berkeley will find it easier to reconcile Chesterton's point of view with their own than to reconcile Tolstoi's point of view with their own. Tolstoi's point of view is that of a Russian, and among Russians there is a lack of social gradation between the nobles and the peasants. So Tolstoi could see nothing in life but pure worldliness and empty show or the antithesis, the primitive aspirations and humble toil of the tillers of the soil. In his young days Tolstoi was a gay sport. He sounded all the depths of worldliness, and then retired to his country place where he led a life of simplicity and frugality. It was about that time, some thirty years ago, that he made a literal interpretation of the teachings of Jesus as expressed in the Sermon on the Mount, and concluded that the simple life was the best. Then he wrote "What to Do," "My Religion" and other works along the same line. If Tolstoi's remedies for what is wrong in the world were practicable the application of them would doubtless effect the realization of Tolstoi's ideals, but it would not follow necessarily that other people's ideals would be realized. This is the point that Chesterton makes. As he says, "Social science is not content with the normal human soul; it has all sorts of fancy souls for sale." In other words each social scientist is intent upon making the world better according to his particular tastes. In all social discussion the quarrel is not merely about the difficulties, but about the aim. The same is true of nearly all the problems of life. We see it illustrated even in so commonplace a matter as the mental attitude of Mr. Beale, which we are able to glimpse through the medium of his press-agent of the Boughten Bulletin who tells us that his prize is intended to "wipe out the moral effect of Warren Porter's exhortation to students to be performers and not reformers and of Frank Anderson's recent address in which he spoke with contempt of the progressive movement and all popular movements." Here we have a clean-cut divergence of view-points, a separate and distinct set of ideals, due entirely to the breeding and rearing of men. Anderson and Porter are captains of industry. They are men of much practical experience in worldly and business affairs. They have risen in the world by their own effort, by the merit which they have vindicated in the struggle for existence, and when they are in business they are in their element. Having made money they have no prejudice against those who wish to make money. Broadly tolerant, instinctively they view with suspicion the intolerant and meddlesome. Mr. Truxtun Beale can have no sympathy with such men. Mr. Beale is a man of wealth by inheritance. Now men who have never made any money, but who have a great deal of money, are usually inclined to hold themselves superior to the hewers of wood and drawers of water. It is these men, these idle rich, who are among the most ardent advocates of the various schemes for the regulation of business. These are the men who, Carlyle tells us, sneer at Mammonism and preach the Gospel of Dilettantism, and the same great philosopher adds: "Mammonism has seized some portion of the Message of Nature to Man; and seizing that, and following it, will seize and appropriate more and more of Nature's message; but Dilettantism has missed it wholly. 'Make money,' that will mean withal 'Do work in order to make money.' But, 'Go gracefully idle in Mayfair,' what does or can that mean? An idle game-preserving and even corn-lawing Aristocracy in such an England as ours: has the world, if we take thought of it, ever seen such a phenomenon till very lately?" It is this difference between Dilettantism and Mammonism that causes the difference in the ideals of such men as Banker Anderson and Landlord Beale. Their view-points are irreconcilable. Each has his own set of remedies for the evils of the world. Beale, for example, would make the nation more virtuous by regulating corporations. The probability is that Anderson believes that conditions might be improved by making it impossible for one man to control one hundred thousand acres of land and enjoy the unearned increment as Beale does in Kern county. Come to think of it, perhaps Banker Anderson's views on economic matters more nearly coincide with Tolstoi's than does Landlord Beale's. For Tolstoi believed in single-tax.

Perspective Impressions

Men must work that women may live.

Katherine Elkins appears to be at it again.

What a lot of money it is costing Europe to keep the peace!

The probability is that Jack Johnson has come to the conclusion that San Francisco is a jay town.

The automobile habit is making it all the harder for the man in the swim to keep his head above water.

Calves are the latest pets of Parisiennes. Five hundred jokes, all obvious, may be made out of this item.

From his friends who say that he has improved on the book of Job, that true poet George Sterling ought fervently to pray to be delivered.

Irene Osgood must return to Robert Sherard one horse, six pigs, a cat and some manuscripts or pay him $210. No doubt the odd ten is for the manuscripts.

Many years ago a garrulous man died in London, and on his tombstone were inscribed these words: "Talked himself to death." Would it be premature to erect a tombstone to the memory of our most garrulous citizen?

"If I could only be presented to the Emperor I would pray him for the love of God and of me to issue an edict prohibiting anyone from catching or imprisoning my sisters the larks," said St. Francis of Assisi. Respectfully referred to Statesman Stuckenbruck, the blacksmith of Acampo.

Teddy's abhorrence of the recall in the abstract and approval of it in the interest of his California friends reminds us that Longfellow once observed: "Many men do not allow their principles to take root, but pull them up every now and then, as children do the flowers they have planted, to see if they are growing."

The new recall Mayor of Salem, Ore., who was elected because the other fellow wouldn't enforce the saloon ordinance has been caught violating that very ordinance so dear to the hearts of the reformers. But surely there's somebody in Salem who'll do what's right; so if at first they don't succeed, recall, recall again.

A magazine essayist has been expressing pity for the man who has never seen the sun rise. Wonder what he thinks of the man who has contracted the habit of waiting up for the sun.

Colonel Roosevelt's damnable iteration of his sermon on the goodness of being good and the badness of being bad has at least one of the characteristics of the Tennysonian brook.

The Legislature has raised the age of consent and provided that to be a felony adultery no longer need be "open and notorious." The Ten Commandments are being slowly but surely engrafted upon the code.

"How can a man be romantic who works strenuously all day in a steamheated temperature of 75?" asks Elinor Glynn. Possibly by cooling his blood with "Three Weeks."

At the close of the Roosevelt lectures at Berkeley President Wheeler called upon those who wished to show their appreciation to shout "Aye." If he had asked them to shout "I" the lecturer might have suspected a sarcastic personal allusion.

Rooseveltian Fact and Fable

Being a Belated Review of the Book Written by Mrs. Annie Riley Hale to Disillusion the Worshipers of Colonel Roosevelt

By Theodore Bonnet

Most contemporary biographies are of little worth, being chiefly panegyrics, not lives. This is the defect of the biography of Roosevelt written by Jacob Riis, the most enthusiastic of all the admirers of our distinguished former President. But this is not the defect of Mrs. Annie Riley Hale's "Rooseveltian Fact and Fable" as one may infer at the outset from the dedication: "To the Galleries to whom my hero has played so long and so successfully." Mrs. Hale's biography (written, by the way, when Roosevelt was President) is not an inspiring or ennobling study. Unlike its hero it does not teach high living, high thinking or energetic action for the world's good. It deals exclusively with what is most human, most genuine, most characteristic, and the effect on the reader is most unpleasant; so much so that it is a very bad book for persons to read who cherish pleasant illusions. It is of interest principally to those who have studied Mr. Roosevelt in the raw, who are sensible of his imperfections and who may be desirous of knowing the kind of material accessible to the impartial historian of the future who will write of our times. Mrs. Hale disclaims being prejudiced; says her book is intended merely as a contribution to history; but it is evident enough that when she is in doubt she is not inclined to resolve considerations in favor of her hero. However she has gathered an abundance of material from which no question arises.

Mrs. Hale introduces us to Mr. Roosevelt as a member of the New York Assembly of 1883. It was Democratic, and he was the minority leader. Grover Cleveland was Governor. It was at that session that the Civil Service law was passed which Roosevelt's biographers credit him with having supported. One of them says he was the author of the bill. Another one, Jacob Riis, refers to it as the "Roosevelt law" and says it was made the model of the national law. The truth is the national law was enacted five months before the passage of the New York law. And so far from having fathered or promoted the New York law, the record shows that Roosevelt didn't even vote for it. He is recorded as "not voting." In the following year the Republicans returned to power in New York, and attacked and emasculated the Civil Service law. Roosevelt was a prominent member of the Assembly, but failed to defend the law. Even in those days it is said Roosevelt was "wary as a wood-lynx." He was waiting to see whether civil service would become popular. In the following session when there was a strong fight for municipal home rule, a measure was introduced exempting New York from Albany influence—a prolific source of corruption and misrule. Roosevelt suddenly became solicitous about the legal form of the reform measure and in the language of Mrs. Hale "defeated it by springing upon it the time-honored device of legislative crooks of referring it to the Judiciary Committee." It was never heard of any more.

Mrs. Hale follows Rossevelt in the role of job-chaser until the Spanish war, and tells us he made his fight for the New York governorship on his war record. In the winter of 1897-98 just prior to the war he made the acquaintance of Leonard Wood, an army surgeon, who was immediately engaged as military coach for the future commander of the Rough Riders. Quickly Mrs. Hale takes us to San Juan Hill and quotes for us the glowing description of the charge from which Roosevelt derived his military fame. It was written by a New York Sun correspondent, who pictured the Colonel on horseback, waving his sword, leading his men while the mausers of the enemy crackled continuously. The Sun man attributed to Roosevelt all the heroism of the day and the capture of the block-house on the hill. Says Mrs. Hale:

"It really seems nothing short of sacrilege to mar this heroic picture in any of its inspiring details. Yet the clear, cold light of history, unmindful of the pangs of the hero-worshippers, has been steadily turned on this glowing battle scene, with the cruel result (to the worshippers) of completely eliminating the central figure—horse and all!

"The first to turn on the disillusioning stream was Senator Alger in his 'Spanish-American War,' published in 1901.

"On page 164 of Alger's History, we read: 'A part of the cavalry division which first attacked Kettle Hill, did not advance on San Juan Ridge at the time of the assault by Kent's infantry division. The 1st Volunteer Cavalry, under Colonel Roosevelt, as well as parts of the Regular regiments which captured Kettle Hill, did not join the infantry in its charge on San Juan block-house and that portion of San Juan Ridge to the left of Santiago Road, commonly known as San Juan Hill'

"The 'Kettle Hill' here referred to, was a low, steep knoll, surmounted by a farm house and some huge iron caldrons—whence its name—to the right of San Juan Ridge whereon were the main Spanish entrenchments, and separated from them by an open, grass-covered glade, a third of a mile wide. 'Kettle Hill' therefore presented the first obstacle to the American advance, and was held by a skirmish line of Spaniards, who quickly gave way before the attacking force, consisting (according to Alger, p. 157) of 'one squadron of the 1st Volunteer Cavalry (under Colonel Roosevelt), who all charged together over the crest.'

"And here, according to the best authorities, the gallant Rough Riders rested on their laurels. Having easily dislodged the Spaniards from this unimportant and slightly defended hillock, they calmly watched their comrades, the infantry led by Hawkins and Kent, storm and capture the main Spanish position on top of San Juan Hill.

"Historian Alger—who was Secretary-of-War Alger when this history was in the making—very cleverly makes Historian Roosevelt corroborate his account of the disposition of the troops in this battle, by citing an isolated paragraph from the 'Rough Riders,' pp. 134-136: 'No sooner were we on the crest of Kettle Hill than the Spaniards from their line in our front, where they were strongly entrenched, opened fire upon us with their rifles and two pieces of artillery. . . On the top of the hill was a huge iron kettle, probably used for sugar refining. Several of our men took shelter behind this. We had a splendid view of the charge on San Juan block-house to our left and a third of a mile to the front, where the Infantry of Kent, led by Hawkins, were climbing the Hill.' . . .

"The average reader will wonder how he missed this tell-tale paragraph in Colonel Roosevelt's book, which somehow or other conveys such an impression of Rough Rider valor and omnipresent activity, that one forgets all other participants in the war, and agrees with Mr. Dooley that the book should have been named 'Alone in Cuba.' Surely Historian Alger has made a mistake. We turn to the indicated page incredulously. No, there it is as quoted, securely sandwiched between Rough Rider acts fore and aft in the rapidly moving picture—paeans to right of it, paeans to left of it. Yet obscured as it is by the more important business (in the mind of the auothor) of glorifying the Rough Riders, and completely lost as it has been in all the shouting evoked by the publication of the myth; here is the statement in plain black and white from their gallant commander himself, that, instead of leading the charge on the San Juan block-house, the dashing troopers (including their commander) viewed it from behind the sugar kettle a third of a mile away!"

Furthermore according to Mrs. Hale all the military authorities now agree that San Juan was an infantry charge. And she remarks how curious it is that when the 5th Army Corps was mustered out Theodore Roosevelt, commander of 500 men in an army of 16,000, looked bigger than every living soldier in the Republic. She intimates that it was because of Roosevelt's instinct for publicity. She next tells of the painting that represents Roosevelt leading the San Juan charge:

"In 1902, Mr. Roosevelt being President, Vereschagin, the famous Russian painter of war scenes, came to Washington, and taking up his abode at Fort Meyer, began his now celebrated painting of the San Juan Hill Charge. By whose order, or upon whose initiative, this was done, no one now living in Washington appears to have any knowledge. There are residents who 'remember that an effort was made to induce the Government to buy the picture,, but by whom this effort was made no one will undertake to affirm. Certain old newspaper correspondents of Washington remember vaguely seeing the painting 'while it was on exhibition at the White House,' but the White House ushers are all afflicted with confusing recollections. 'It may have been there, or it may not,' is the baffling reply to all queries. Inquiry of Wm. Loeb, Jr., as to 'when this picture was at the White House?' elicited the illuminating response, that he 'has no idea where the picture is now, nor whether any copies of it are extant in Washington.' Diligent search in various quarters has failed to discover any 'copies' of the painting in Washington.

"From a Fort Meyer employee, the writer learned that the picture was sent to New York, after Vereschagin's death in 1904, and sold for $10,000. This Ft. Meyer employee, who was on the spot when the painting was being executed, further vouchsafed the information, that the work was done mostly 'under cover,' the artist not inviting public inspection; that he (the Ft. Meyer attache) had seen it only once, and was struck with the equestrian figure of the President in the center; that the President came several times to Fort Meyer during the progress of the painting and was in consultation with the artist."

Next comes the story of the "Round Robin" which Roosevelt's biographers attribute to him. According to Mrs. Hale who quotes many military authorities it was the biggest blunder of the war. That it did not result in a renewal of hostilities, acquainting the enemy as it did of the weakness of our troops, was a great piece of luck. Mrs. Hale cites many circumstances in

(Continued on Page 23.)

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Varied Types

XV—MRS. LILLIAN HARRIS COFFIN

By Edward F. O'Day

Patient reader, are you familiar with the jargon of the suffrage movement? You're sick and tired of it? That's beside the question. I asked if you knew the terminology of The Cause and I asked for the purpose of ascertaining whether you are posted on the difference between a suffragist and a suffragette. Didn't know there was any difference? Thought they meant one and the same thing? Then are you languishing in the outer darkness and it is my duty to enlighten you.

Let me summon a pretty woman to do the enlightening. She is tall and well poised, tailored modishly and daintily, her black hair bonneted in accord with the becoming fashion of the moment. She has black eyes that snap with intelligence and sparkle with humor and her face is modelled on soft lines that melt easily and often into smiles.

"A suffragist," she explains, "is one who is willing to let evolution bring to women the reforms to which they think themselves entitled. A suffragette believes in hastening those reforms by aggressive methods."

A pretty distinction, is it not? And doubly pretty when made by a pretty woman who puts her convictions into the tones of her soft voice. Listening to her, one understands immediately that she is a suffragette. And Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin is certainly a suffragette, an aggressive suffragette.

"Our aggression is amiable aggression," she smilingly explains. Which, being interpreted, probably means that the victim—shall we call him a victim?—is buttonholed figuratively, not actually; that he is hit with an argument and a smile at one and the same time; that his fretful quills are smoothed by feminine fascinations while his ears are filled with feminine entreaties; in a word, that he is won to The Cause as men have been won to women's causes through the centuries, a look lambasting his logic and a dimple demolishing his doubts.

Of course Mrs. Coffin does not own up to such methods. She may even imagine that she does not use them. But she is a clever woman and she goes as far as to say:

"I am an opportunist. I am willing to grasp at anything that will help The Cause."

"And I am an optimist," she adds. "I have found that men would rather do right than wrong. You have to buy men to do the wrong things; but the ordinary man will do the right things for nothing. He rather enjoys the feel of it."

Mrs. Coffin ought to know. She has been engaged in the amiable aggressions of the suffrage propaganda for seven or eight years and in that time she has met many sorts and conditions of men. She has been an active worker at political conventions and at sessions of the Legislature; she has helped in campaigns; she has lobbied and she has lectured. And through it all optimism survived, probably because opportunism was its accompanist.

"I never in my life tried to convert a man to woman's suffrage," she assured me. She did not smile when she said it. She was very serious.

"Mr. Coffin—" I began uncertainly.

"Mr. Coffin believes in it," she interrupted. "But he has never been in politics. He has voted the straight Republican ticket all his life."

The juxtaposition of the last two statements gave me pause. I would have liked to dwell on them. But the serenity of Mr. Coffin's voting habits was, after all, alien to the subject. The suggestion that suffrage propagandism should begin at home seemed more germane and I insinuated as much, somewhat hesitatingly however. Mrs. Coffin took it in good part. She is a very good natured woman.

"There is no reason why a man should be an active suffrage worker just because his wife is a suffragette," she argued. "Lots of men are with us whose wives are not suffragettes or suffragists. Man and wife cannot be expected to agree. What interest would there be in life if they did? There would be no individuality. They would stagnate."

Which seemed to settle more than one matter. But it unsettled my ideas as to the depth of Mr. Coffin's suffragistic convictions. If there are masculine equivalents for the term "suffragist" and "suffragette," in which category does he belong? Is he content that evolution should do the work? Or does he believe in aggression? I give it up.

Photo, Dassonville.
MRS. LILLIAN HARRIS COFFIN.

Domestically and publicly, I should say, Mrs. Coffin's has been a well filled life. She was born in Evanston, Illinois.

In what year?

At the question, not put quite so baldly as that, the suffragette is submerged in the eternal feminine. She does not include in her bill of rights the equal right with man to reveal her age. In fact she expressly reserves the right to withhold it.

I did not learn in what year Mrs. Coffin was born.

But it couldn't have been so very long ago.

"My father was a theorist," she told me.

Did he include woman's suffrage among his pet theories?

"No, he was not then a believer in The Cause."

Suffrage therefore was not hereditary with Mrs. Coffin.

In accordance with her father's theories she was educated at home, devoting a great deal of time to music. For eight years she studied with Professor William Tomlins of Chicago who trained our charming Miss Estelle Carpenter. Mrs. Coffin was ambitious to be an opera singer. She actually did some concert work, but she lost her soprano voice and turned to kindergarten work. She studied at the first kindergarten training school in Chicago and when she came to California she taught at the first kindergarten established in Oakland. So she is really a pioneer in the work.

It was the California Club which led her into active suffrage work. The California Club was founded by suffragists and suffragettes. Mrs. Coffin was a suffragist when she joined it. She was eager for public service, but she found that her efforts were generally ineffectual. Her work among the women at the county hospital and the jails was thwarted by official red tape or stupidity or dishonesty, I am not clear which. But when she discovered that her work was ineffective, she decided that women needed the ballot if they were ever to accomplish constructive work. So she became a suffragette, an amiably aggressive suffragette. And she has been suffragetting in an amiably aggressive way ever since.

"Sometimes I work at it for eighteen hours a day," she says.

But she has had time for other activities. There is, as previously indicated, a Mr. Coffin. There is also a Miss Coffin who is at the University of the Pacific and who, her mother hopes, will some day be a great artist. Miss Coffin is a suffragette, no doubt by a combination of heredity and conviction.

Mrs. Coffin has found time for business too. She is a member of an undertaking firm in Oakland and she says the firm is making money. Without stopping to make any of the obvious jokes which might be cracked about a Mrs. Coffin engaging in the undertaking business, I shall merely remark that this undertaking undertaking seems to prove that women have a capacity for business. It is run by women, among them being Mrs. "Admiral" McCalla, Mrs. Arthur W. Cornwall, Mrs. H. H. Norwood, Mrs. Lucia Thomson Neeland, Miss Katherine Ball, Miss Ella Hubbard and Mrs. Emma Shertzer.

"There are others," says Mrs. Coffin, "but I would not dare to give you their names."

Mrs. Coffin has had to sacrifice her social life to her suffrage activity.

"It has been a real sacrifice," she admits, "but it has been worth while."

And the time is coming when further sacrifice will be unnecessary. As I said, Mrs. Coffin is an optimist. She is quite confident that woman's suffrage will carry at the next election.

"In six months my work will be done," she says without a smile. "Then I will devote myself to literary work. I once wrote a story and I am anxious to write again. I have lots of material."

Considering her many experiences with politicians and legislators she should have lots of material. For the sake of her literary career and not out of any sympathy for The Cause, I shall be sorry if another six months does not work her release from suffrage work. But my good wishes are tainted with dubiety.

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The Coming Expositions

San Francisco is not the only city which is preparing for a World's Fair. Two international expositions will be opened in Italy next month; an art and historical exposition at Rome and an industrial exposition at Turin. It is proposed to hold a world's fair in New York in 1913 to celebrate the three-hundreth anniversary of the founding of the city. There will be a world's fair at Winnipeg in 1914; and a Spanish-American exposition at Seville in the same year. The Japanese will hold a national exposition at Tokio in 1917. There is also talk of an international exposition in Paris in 1920. The United States Agricultural and Industrial Exposition will be held in 1912 at a place not yet determined. The one hundredth anniversary of Commodore Perry's victory will be celebrated at Put-in-Bay Island in 1913. The centennial of the Treaty of Ghent will be celebrated in 1914. Then there is the San Diego Fair. It is quite evident that the world will not want for expositions during the next decade.

The Dutch Treat and the Cash Register

An anti-treating ordinance has been put in force in Tacoma. Its moral effect will be uncertain, according to the Town Crier of Seattle which comments thus:

Over in Tacoma the Dutch treat has been established by law. In the City of Destiny it is no longer permissible for friends or acquaintances to promote that sort of goodfellowship which comes with the purchase of a few rounds. Eat and Tacoma eats with you, but if you drink, you must drink alone. It is now in violation of the statutes in such case made and provided to entertain at the bar. Evidently the hope is that by isolating the bacillus of booze-buying processes of decay will be set up leading to final extermination. What the effect of the new order will be upon the habitual patron of the saloon remains to be seen. If he complies with the law he will discover that two drinks for himself will cost 30 cents, whereas, heretofore, an investment of a quarter, in company of a friend, gave him one drink for a starter and almost certain assurance of reciprocity—a net price of 12½ cents per drink. Unless the drinking habit, as well as the treating habit, goes into decline, the law will work to the immediate advantage of the saloon. For this reason it is not quite clear that the anti-treating regulation is a blow at the Demon Rum.

Rooseveltian Misstatement

The Spectator of Oregon has been calling attention to some inaccuracies in Theodore Roosevelt's eulogy of Francis J. Heney which was delivered in Los Angeles and widely disseminated by the Associated Press. Mr. Roosevelt said, "When, in the Oregon land case it became necessary to obtain a man of great ability and indomitable courage, I went to Francis J. Heney. As a result of that effort we got one United States Senator in stripes; we got one Congressman in stripes, also." The Spectator says: "You see, Colonel Roosevelt will not or cannot tell the truth. Colonel Roosevelt, who at the time of which he speaks, was President, not only sent Francis J. Heney to Portland to prosecute, but he also sent a judge to try, some men charged with offenses against the government. . . . But the specially chosen prosecutor and the specially picked judge did not put stripes on a United States Senator and a Congressman from Oregon. Mitchell and Williamson were convicted, and Mitchell died before his appeal could be heard. . . . And no lawyer in the State of Oregon who can read testimony with his understanding instead of his prejudice can be found who will not say that John H. Mitchell would have been granted a new trial. Ex-Congressman Williamson is not in stripes, and, at least for the crimes charged against him by the special prosecution, never will be in stripes. The Supreme Court granted him a new trial because of flagrant errors committed by the special prosecution and neither Roosevelt nor any other bitter, vindictive party to the prosecution has any right to say that Williamson is in stripes until a fair prosecution, an unprejudiced judge and an honest jury has put the stripes on him."

The truth is of course that the prosecutions in Oregon were conducted by methods precisely the same as those practiced by Mr. Heney in this city.

The New French Ministry

France is not overly impressed by the make-up of the ministry which has been selected to succeed the Briand regime. The new premier, Monis, has a rather colorless political career. The bulk of the new cabinet was drawn from the Radical-Socialist minority which worked the downfall of Briand when the responsibilities of office made him a conservative, which is the way the responsibilities of office usually affect big men of radical leanings. Delcasse who returns to the cabinet as Minister of Marine, overshadows his colleagues. Germany is troubled by his reappearance, for it has not yet forgotten the Algeciras imbroglio when Delcasse's masterly leadership placed the Fatherland in a position of virtual isolation in Europe. England on the other hand is frankly pleased, for it was Delcasse who overturned the Bismarckian tradition that Germany could always safely reckon on the unalterable antagonism of British and French interests. The British-French entente which he brought about has lasted ever since. During his retirement he devoted himself, as a member of the French Parliamentary Naval Commission, to the revivification of the French navy and he will now be in a position to bring it to the strength of the navy of Germany. It is expected that the new radical ministry will have to moderate its tone to meet popular opinion and carry out the unfinished program of Briand.

Correspondence

An Anti-Suffrage Protest

Editor of Town Talk, Dear Sir: In common with many others of my sex I am getting very tired of this interminable suffrage agitation. I have to listen to suffrage talk wherever I go. It is dinned at me whenever I visit my club, at luncheons, teas, receptions, even in my own home when I ask a few friends to drop in for an afternoon. There is more and more of it in the papers all the time. Those of us who have no sympathy for woman's suffrage hate to argue the question with our militant sisters, so we are compelled to suffer in silence. But I am beginning to rebel. Is my life—or that part of it which I spend with members of my own sex—to be made miserable because a lot of foolish women imagine they want to vote? Have I no escape from the epidemic of suffragistic argument? I have just returned to my home, cross, tired and nervous, after listening for two hours to a lot of chattering suffragists who cornered me at the club and would not let me go. I refused to argue with them, knowing that if I did the two hours would have stretched their weary length to four and my husband's and children's dinner would not have been properly prepared. As it is I am not in the proper mood to welcome my husband home after his day of toil—he does toil—and have too much sense, thank Heaven, to bore him with the reason for my crankiness. I am writing this letter just to give my feelings vent. I have to get this off my mind somehow. If you know any way in which those of us who are opposed to this suffrage agitation can be protected from the militant women who do believe in it, please suggest it in one of your admirable editorials. Must I resign from my club? Must I give up all social intercourse with my own sex? If this everlasting suffrage chatter continues I shall do so. But I would prefer some less radical expedient. If you publish this, kindly withhold my name, as I do not care to be talked to death, and just sign it

—"A Wife and Mother."

March 24.

A Brand Wanted

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Were it not for the evil that will live after them the putative statesmen lately assembled at Sacramento would be deserving of our gratitude for the continuous comic performance they have given during this exceedingly damp and dismal winter. By their works—the Senator and others—they will be commemorated, but would it not be well to tag them nevertheless? How would it be to call them "The Legislature of the Ten Dozen Dunces?" I merely offer this as a suggestion to stimulate the inventive faculty of your readers. How would it be to offer a prize for the best pithy phrase descriptive of these blithering idiots who have been doing the bull-in-the-china-shop act at the State capital? Surely they should not be permitted to return to private life and obscurity without being rubricated. If we cannot lash them out of office at least we can immortalize them with a brand. Yours truly,

—John L. Mason.

San Francisco, March 12.

In Honor of Roosevelt

The Italian-Swiss Colony's choice TIPO was the only red wine served at the banquet given on Monday night, at the Fairmont Hotel, by the Commonwealth Club in honor of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

The Spectator

California for Teddy

If some of the Progressives hereabouts who are on intimate terms with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt know what they are talking about that gentleman has already decided on becoming a candidate for the Presidency in 1912. Furthermore so far as California is concerned the La Follette boom has petered out. From one of the leaders of the Progressive movement in this State I learn that "Battle Bob" is no longer in the running, and that the Colonel is regarded as the logical Progressive candidate. That this sentiment is not confined to California I learn from a prominent Federal official who is in close touch with affairs at Washington. He informs me that President Taft's intimate friends realize that Roosevelt is the man they have to beat for the nomination. He also says that the leaders of the Republican party are growing lukewarm toward the President because of his disposition to conciliate the insurgents, and that some of them are of the opinion that to save the party they will have to get behind the man who divided it for his own benefit.

Trivialities Make History

Political events appear to be shaping themselves according to prophecy. It will be remembered that when Roosevelt as President was employing all the machinery of the Federal government to nominate Taft as his successor it was said that it was his design to pave the way for his return to power in four years. And now it appears that the plans attributed to him were less chimerical than they seemed to those observers who have always been pleased to regard Roosevelt as a man without guile, craftless and undesigning. Those other observers who regard him as the most cunning politician of the age can see nothing but craft and strategy in any move that he makes. From one of them I learn that Roosevelt found occasion for being displeased with the President even before leaving for Africa. Many people believe that the coldness between them arose from a question of political policy. The story current among the intimates of both men is that Roosevelt flew into a transport of indignation on receiving a telegram from the President while sitting in his stateroom at the dock in New York just before the departure of his steamer. It was the telegram wishing him bon voyage and containing these words, "I owe more to you and my brother Charles P. Taft than to any other men in the world." The giving credit to brother Charles was the thing that riled the inflammable Teddy.

The Agility of Him

Colonel Roosevelt's attitude on the Arizona statehood question, if not deliberately designed, at any rate tends, to embarrass President Taft. It is known that the President regards the proposed application of the recall to the judiciary as revolutionary, contrary to public policy and inconsistent with the republican form of government created by the Founders. It is currently reported that on account of the recall provision he would not sanction the admission of Arizona to the Union. Naturally, therefore, it is embarrassing to him for the former President to insist in unequivocal terms on the right of Arizona under the Constitution to provide for the recall of judges. Of course Mr. Roosevelt may not have intended to embarrass the President, but on this recall question he has exhibited a curious and rather suspicious dexterity, taking several positions almost simultaneously, and in each one maintaining his equilibrium. He is against the principle of the recall because it tends to render the administration of justice precarious; he is for the admission of Arizona despite the recall provision because if the people of Arizona don't wish to recognize justice as the paramount policy of civil society it is their privilege to ignore it and the duty of the rest of the nation to indulge their crazy whim; finally, despite the abstract viciousness of the principle of the recall he is in favor of it in California because here by some mysterious process it becomes a virtue.

Hiram Launches His Boom

The launching of the Roosevelt Presidential boom was the big event of the evening at the Coliseum meeting presided over by Governor Johnson. That meeting was arranged for the mutual benefit of the Colonel and the Johnson-Spreckels political machine, and from the standpoint of all concerned it was a brilliant success. Governor Johnson extolled the Colonel and expressed the hope that he would again be the national leader; and the Colonel extolled the Governor and praised the Legislature that ate out of the Governor's hands. The mutual admiration of the occasion was beautiful to behold. To please the Spreckels band the Colonel revived recollections of the Graft Prosecution,, paying the tribute of his approval to his California touts and indicating how much he knew about the history of local events by quoting from the report of the Committee that was appointed by Mayor Taylor at the behest of his masters to give them a coat of whitewash. On the afternoon of the same day on which this illustrious idol of the masses talked with characteristic glibness of matters about which he is not informed he delivered a lecture at Berkeley on the subject of newspapers and magazines that poison the public mind.

Lawlor the Cynosure

The guests at the Commonwealth Club dinner at the Fairmont were keyed to a high pitch of excitement when seven o'clock came, for Colonel Roosevelt was expected to appear on the stroke of seven. When the great hour arrived there was a stir outside the banquet room and the expectant crowd arose as one to honor their guest. But instead of Colonel Roosevelt there came a messenger announcing that the Colonel was delayed and would not arrive for fifteen minutes. So the hungry enthusiasts sank into their chairs again. As they did so they all looked rather sadly toward the vacant seat of honor. A familiar sight caught all eyes.Among the dignitaries at the head of the banquet board was Judge Lawlor and as he resumed his seat he surreptitiously helped himself to an olive.

At the Golden Banquet Too

Judge Lawlor has a way of distinguishing himself at Roosevelt banquets. When the Colonel was here before, during his second term in the Presidency, he was honored with a "golden banquet" at the Palace. On that occasion also he was late in arriving at the festive spread. There was then the same high-keyed expectancy and when the sounds of approaching greatness were heard, the banqueters arose to greet Roosevelt and greeted instead—Judge Lawlor who was late himself. On that occasion, it will be remembered, Roosevelt apologized for his lateness by explaining that it was his daily practice while away from home to write a letter to his wife and that he had been detained in the performance of that domestic duty. Everybody thought that Teddy was a very devoted husband, which was probably what he wanted them to think. Otherwise why did he make the explanation?

A San Franciscan With Roosevelt

It has fallen to a former San Francisco newspaperman to accompany Colonel Roosevelt on

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his present tour. I refer to young Kirk Simpson, the brother of Ernest S. Simpson, the managing editor of the Call. Kirk Simpson has been a conspicuously successful reporter for the Associated Press and he was some time ago promoted from the local to the New York office. He was in line for a European berth, but his superiors changed their minds when San Francisco got the World's Fair. They sent him with Roosevelt when the Colonel started on his jaunt and the world of newspaper readers are depending on Simpson for the daily record of Teddy's achievements. He travels in Roosevelt's private car and has enjoyed every mile of the journey. Simpson will be in San Francisco for the Associated Press during the Fair.

"Charley's perfectly wild over his new motor car," remarked a man to a friend.

"Wild over it!" responded the latter. "You should see and hear him when he's under it."

"Tom" Williams

In every eulogy of "Tom" Williams that has been printed the statement appears that he was "loyal to his friends." "Tom" Williams was more than loyal to his friends. Loyalty to friendship is not such a noble trait as some people seem to believe. One may be loyal to his friends merely by not being disloyal to his friends. Now to abstain from disloyalty to friends is not the sign of superior excellence of character. "Tom" Williams was a man capable of self-sacrifice for a friend, a man in whom his friends could confide and whose opinion could be valued for its justness and its sincerity. When the news of "Tom" Williams' death was received in San Francisco a reporter bowed his head on his desk and wept. That reporter had had experience of "Tom" Williams' friendship, and his tribute to it was more eloquent than any eulogy that I ever heard or read. It was very easy for a man of "Tom" Williams' nature to be loyal to his friends; how easy, we may judge from his generosity to his enemies, and from performances actuated by sympathy with his fellow men. Williams went about at no little expense of time and trouble doing good for men who were not his friends, for men with whom he was not acquainted. A notable instance of this innate kindness was afforded in the case of William Buckley who was convicted of a murder which occurred in this city during the stablemen's strike. It was discovered that he was innocent, and it was "Tom" Williams that started the agitation for his pardon and that invoked every available influence to save the guiltless man's life. Among those whose influence he invoked was Judge Lawlor, the man who presided at Buckley's trial. Judge Lawlor, though he admitted that there was grave doubt of Buckley's guilt and professed to be willing to help save him, acted nevertheless with what Williams regarded as dissimulation, and years afterwards when the two met one day at the Family Club, (Lawlor as a member and Williams as a guest) Williams refused to take the judge's proffered hand. Williams was criticised for this act of discourtesy. There were sticklers for club etiquette who declared that he did wrong, but Williams was no slave to the conventional niceties of polite conduct. He had the courage of his moral convictions and despite all his innate generosity of character he would not dissemble his feelings even in what is regarded as so small a matter as to give outward manifestation of a respect that the heart does not feel.

A Tom Williams Story

There is a great deal of sorrow around town over the death of this lovable journalist. He had many friends here, most of whom looked forward eagerly to the day when he would return to The Examiner, the paper of his first love. A lot of anecdotes are being narrated of him. One of them has to do with those early days in his San Francisco career when he drove a Fourth street horse car. Williams was tooling his two horses over the cobbles one drowsy afternoon when a butcher's wagon got on the track. "Get that old cow of yours off the track or I'll run over you," cried Williams to the driver. The driver answered with a similar taunt, one word led to another and finally a race was decided on. Williams wrapped the reins around the handle of the brake, jumped off the platform and began pelting his two animals with rocks to make them travel. He won the race, but when the horses came to a curve they swerved so suddenly that the traces broke and the car hurtled on in a straight line, coming to a stop in the show window of a second-hand clothes dealer. Whereupon Williams handed his resignation to the conductor of the car and quit the street railway business.

Duelling in New York

Francis Wilson told some friends the other evening an interesting story in connection with his play "The Bachelor's Baby." It was first written, not as play but as a story, and was submitted to Scribner's for publication. The story as a whole met with the approval of the readers for Scribner's, but one incident was criticised. In the controversy over the baby the Bachelor insulted Colonel Calvert in a fashion which called for bloodshed and the Southern gentleman called out the New Yorker. Wilson represented the duel as taking place in a Sixth Avenue fencing school. It was pointed out to him that Scribner's could not publish a story containing an incident so palpably absurd. "Everybody knows," he was told, "that duels are not fought in New York nowadays." "But duels are fought in New York," was Wilson's answer. "I myself have seen many duels in which blood was shed at the Sixth Avenue fencing school. Cubans and Spaniards fight duels there quite frequently."

One on the Examiner

By the way, Francis Wilson "put one over" on the Examiner dramatic critic. When the Examiner critic went to interview Wilson in his dressing room he found the comedian giving "Baby" Davis a lesson. "What particular subject are we at work on just now, Stevey?" asked Wilson. "We are studying," answered the tyke, "the science of etymology, which is that special branch of philological science dealing with the origin and history of words, tracing their primitive significance and the changes that have taken place in their form and meaning." "Wow!" comments the critic, indicating his surprise. Then Stevey went on to dissect Latin and Greek roots. The critic says he "etymologized like a savant." The critic was amazed. He had never heard anything like it. Of course he hadn't. He wasn't "on to" Wilson's tricks. The fact is that that lesson in etymology is a joke which Francis Wilson, with the able cooperation of "Baby" Davis, springs whenever he gets a chance. It is said that "Baby" Davis, who is something of a humorist despite his tender age, enjoys the amazement of his auditors almost as much as Francis Wilson does.

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When the show is over and the visitor departs, Wilson gives the youngster his real lessons which are better suited to his eight years.

"Do you think the boy will say what he sees put in the sausages?"

"No, he's only too thankful he isn't put into them himself."

Such a Rebuke!

Attorneys who address the Court of Appeal of the Third Appellate District if they be not careful to avoid the use of language that might wound the feelings of the learned judges will incur the danger of most severe rebuke. This I learn from an opinion written by Judge Hart the other day in the case of Daly against Wedemeyer. Tom Geary and F. A. Meyers were the attorneys for the respondents. In their petition for a rehearing they said: "Consciously or unconsciously, by the decision of this court, rendered in the above entitled cause, the rules established by the Supreme Court seem to be reversed and set aside and a new rule not supported by any authority except this opinion declared in place thereof." To show to what degree the court had wandered from the rule they cited several authorities. Now it is clear enough that the attorneys intimated the possibility of the court's deliberately violating an established rule. Judge Hart made the punishment fit the crime. He administered an awful rebuke. He swatted them hip and thigh in this deadly sarcastic fashion: "An examination of the foregoing cases will show that either 'consciously or unconsciously,' counsel have permitted themselves to be led into what appears to us to be an inexcusable misapprehension of the nature of the question presented by a motion for a nonsuit, for, obviously, the cases cited have no more application to the question decided in this case than the code of Hammurabi would have to the solution of the much mooted question whether Peary or Cook was the first to discover the long lost North Pole." This appears to be a case of "You're another," and then some.

When Ballard Wrecked the Mine

I saw John Ballard on the street a few days ago and the sight of him revived many old memories. He is just as big and husky as of yore, but not so prosperous-looking. Fortune has not been as kind to him as it has been to his former associates in the mining business, W. H. Martin and Captain Nevills. It will be remembered by old-timers that Ballard and Martin built the Powell street cable road and afterwards embarked in the mining business with Nevills. Martin is a physical wreck now while Nevills and Ballard are still full of vitality. Of the three only Ballard has been flouted by the goddess of luck. The three men used to fight bitterly among themselves and one story of their triangular contest has never been told, so far as I know, although the papers were full of their doings. Ballard used to say that the reason he always kept his hands in his pockets (which was a characteristic of his) was that he was afraid that if he took them out he would assault Nevills. At the height of the trouble between the three men Ballard went up to Tuolumne county to the Rawhide Mine, which they owned, intent on revenging himself on Martin and Nevills. The mine had ceased paying dividends. "I'll blow the old hole out of the ground," Ballard declared. So he ordered all the workmen from the mine and set a charge of dynamite. When the charge exploded it blew a tremendous hole in the mine, but instead of destroying Rawhide, it uncovered the richest ore in its history. With the money they took out as a result of Ballard's action the three men were able to buy the great App mine.

The Office and the Man

C. C. Goodwin of Salt Lake has been reminiscing in his weekly about early Californians. He tells several stories about Congresmans Edward C. Marshall who was a candidate for the United States Senate in 1854. Throughout the campaign Marshall had insisted that the scramble for office was disgraceful and that the office should seek the man. But when the Legislature met, Marshall was in full evidence on the streets of Sacramento. A friend approached him and said, "Mr. Marshall, I thought it was your theory that the office should seek the man." "Certainly it is," Marshall replied, "but suppose the office is out looking for him, is it anything more than common courtesy for him to be where he can be found?"

A Tribute to Governor Bigler

When John Bigler was a candidate for governor, Marshall went up and down the State, debating the issues of the campaign with him. Bigler was short and very corpulent. After a tour of the mountain camps Bigler and Marshall held a debate in Marysville and Marshall paid Bigler this compliment: "You would not think it, but my friend Bigler is the toughest formation that ever an opponent tried to debate solemn political issues with. I never realized his charm until one morning in a mining camp I arose at dawn and started out for a walk. I found the governor out ahead of me. He was going from store to store. In every place he was first struck by the wonderful quality of goods the merchant exposed for sale. He had seen nothing of their quality in any of the stores of the lower cities. Then, the eulogy over, he was most glad to find such goods because he wanted to purchase a pair of trousers. He knew there was not a pair of pantaloons in all the mountains of California that would come within sixteen inches of going around him."

Jere Burke and the Chaplain

Up in Sacramento they told a good story about Jere Burke a few days ago. It had to do with the Legislature of 1897 when Rev. Charles L. Miel was chaplain of the Senate. Dr. Miel was noted for the brevity of his prayers which consisted every morning of the Our Father and a few extempore words, the entire invocation lasting from twenty-two to twenty-five seconds. One morning Jere Burke, who had been a schoolmate of Dr. Miel, met the chaplain in the lobby and with profuse apologies for the liberty he was taking, explained that some of the legislators thought the invocation was a little too brief. He suggested that the extempore portion be lengthened a little and assured the chaplain that if this was done, everybody would be satisfied. The chaplain accepted the suggestion in good part and promised to pray for a few seconds longer thereafter. "Begin this morning," advised Burke and again Dr. Miel acquiesced. It had been noted throughout the session that Senators Denison and Voorhies, who sat together, seemed very devout during the prayers. They inclined their heads very low and invariably, when the amen was spoken, one handed the other a cigar. A curious newspaperman investigated and found that the senators had stop watches and bet a cigar every

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morning on the length of the prayer. On the morning that Jere Burke spoke to the chaplain, Denison raised his head at the amen and it was noticed that his face was very pale. He had been winning cigars steadily from Voorhies, but this morning the prayer had lasted thirty-five seconds and Denison lost to Voorhies, not a cigar but a case of champagne, for they had decided to plunge. Senator Voorhies and Jere Burke enjoyed that wine, but Denison never bet again.

"Regulating" Slot Machines

It did not take the Senate long to pass the anti-slot machine bill after Senator Bell of Pasadena had read a few extracts from circulars issued to cigar men by the manufacturers of the gambling devices. "By touching the plug you can increase your earnings by fifty per cent," said one circular. "Push the lever two notches to the right and earn money fast," advised another. "With our machine full houses will never worry you. It's a winner, all polished up; and a sure bait for the sucker." From still another Bell read: "That last royal flush hurt, didn't it? They come so seldom you will be glad to see them on our big winning slot machine. It's a hummer and the tightest in the game. Just twist the plug, that's all." "No wonder I paid $5 and then had to buy my cigar," wailed Cutten of Eureka. "Who wants to be a senator when he can run a slot machine," mused Wright of San Diego. The machines were banned unanimously.

A Mart for Rare Books

It seems that San Francisco is becoming a good market for rare books, pamphlets, manuscripts and incunabula. Recently we had in our midst Bibliopole Brooks of Indianapolis; now we have with us Bibliopole Marlow of London. Mr. Marlow represents the great book house of Birdsall and Son of Northampton, a book house which has been under its present management for one hundred and twenty years. This is his first professional visit to the Pacific Coast and he brings with him some fifty thousand dollars' worth of books which are now on exhibition at Paul Elder's book shop. There are rarely beautiful bindings in the collection, bindings of the sort for which Birdsall and Son are famous; but the bibliophile turns naturally to the first editions and manuscripts which are the tidbits of Mr. Marlow's collection. Among other interesting items he has the manuscript of De Quincey's essay of Pope, written in a fine and regular hand, decidedly not the hand of an opium-wrecked man. There is a manuscript of Dumas pere which indicates that he drove a clerkly pen; an interesting letter of Shelley's; and a manuscript of George Meredith. There is an old-fashioned album with an acrostic to Emma Button in the delicate chirography of Charles Lamb. There is a poem by Byron, in the author's handwriting, which has never been in his published works. There is a copy of Izaak Walton's Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker and Herbert which derives immense value from the fact that it is a presentation copy from the old angler to his sister. He signed himself "Iz. Wa." There is the first edition of the Ingoldsby Legends which Barham presented to George Cruikshank and which the artist autographed. There is a copy of Mrs. Browning's "Greek Christian Poets," with an autographic presentation from Robert Browning to Lord Leighton. There is a first edition of Pickwick in "the green leaves;" a first edition of "Queen Mab;" a first edition of "Endymion:" of "The Poems by Two Brothers," a rare Tennysonian item; a first edition of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy and many other things well worth the inspection of a booklover.

Major Andre's Watch

Some time ago Mr. Marlow chanced upon some letters written by Major Andre after his arrest and submitted them to William Waldorf Astor. They were very interesting, containing Andre's expressions as to his unhappy condition and his last wishes as to the disposal of his personal effects. His watch was one of the things which he wished to fall into the hands of a friend. Waldorf Astor bought the letters. "I am particularly interested in these letters," he told Marlow, "because it is not very long since I added Major Andre's watch to my collection." Of such are the finds which delight the hearts of collectors.

Mary Austin Theorizes

The production of Mary Austin's "Arrow Maker" at the moribund New Theater has made her an object of interest to the indefatigable New York interviewers. Mary has been talking, talking in rather a queer strain. Listen to her on that difficult subject, inspiration: "Inspiration does not come by chewing a lead pencil. It is the result of a series of suggestions or impressions which gradually work upon the mind." These impressions, according to Mary, may be produced at will. She produces them by looking at and inhaling the fragrance of flowers. "There have been days," she says, "when I would go without lunch so as to be able to buy a bunch of flowers for my writing table." And she needs other stimulants. "I cannot write in a gloomy room shut in by high bleak walls. I must have light, more light! I cannot write well in a shirtwaist. I write with great fluency when I am dressed in something becoming, preferably something yellow." The interviewer noted that she was dressed in a charming yellow

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A Bookman's Paradise

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IT would not be possible within the limit of this announcement to do more than make a short summary of the remarkable exhibition of books now on view at our Store. The collection deals with all schools of literature and includes Poetry, Belle Lettres, Sport, Travel, Incunabula, Rare Missals, Authors' Presentation Volumes, MSS, Rare Letters, Original Drawings by Cruikshank, Burne-Jones, etc., etc. We can confidently say that a more remarkable and Catholic Collection has never before been on sale in San Francisco. Many of the volumes have come from great Historic Libraries and are known in the Auction Marts of Europe. There is also a very fine Exhibition of Modern Bindings principally from the Bindery of Birdsall, Northampton, the oldest established Bindery in England.

It is to be hoped that Booklovers and Collectors will avail themselves of the opportunity of inspecting this wonderful display.

The Exhibition will continue only until April 22d.

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organdie gown. Music also inspires Mary. "The moment I was able to go to the opera in a good seat, dressed like a human being, what was the result?" The interviewer was breathless with attention. "I wrote the libretto of an opera which one of the world's greatest composers is now setting to music." Which, I submit, was a stupendous result for one visit to the opera in a good gown and a good seat.

Mary is Optimistic

"I have come to the conclusion," continued Mary, "that America is teeming with art, literature and music. It is in the soil. I see the traces of it on every side. I don't know whether it will amount to anything yet, or whether it will be crushed in the struggle." This is optimism tempered, or clouded rather, by uncertainty. Mary thinks that a society for the capitalizing of genius should be organized. She doesn't approve of Upton Sinclair's scheme for the endowment of genius in the bud, but thinks that genius in the blossom should be hot-housed, so to speak. In other words, it should be provided with money to buy opera seats and flowers and yellow organdie gowns or whatever else it needs for the stimulation of its literary faculties. Authors whose genius does not need fetichistic stimulation would, of course, not seek assistance from the society. It is all interesting but rather hazy. More direct is Mary's view of the theater. "Why are there so many failures in the dramatic field?" she demanded. The interviewer hadn't the ghost of an idea why. "Because," dogmatized Mary, "theatrical managers are men and because most of our American authors are very young men and do not know women. Managers have not been following the changes which have taken place in American woman during the last few years. Until they reckon with her they will continue to produce plays that fail." The voice is the voice of Mary Austin, but the sentiment is the sentiment of any dweller at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

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Captain Slocum of the "Spray"

From a book note published Sunday in the "Call" I learned with real regret of the death of Captain Joshua Slocum whose book, "Sailing Alone Around the World" is one of the most fascinating sea yarns ever spun. It will be recalled that Captain Slocum circumnavigated the globe in a little boat called the "Spray" which he built with his own hands. The story of his cruise was first published serially in the Century, but has since gone into a second edition in book-form. I am a little late in learning of his death, for it seems that he sailed from Vineyard Haven, Mass., toward the end of 1908, bound for the West Indies and has never been heard of since the evening of his first day out when a passing fishing vessel reported the "Spray" making heavy weather. A kindly genial soul was Captain Slocum, beloved by all who knew him. When he was making his celebrated voyage he one day sighted the "Oregon" tearing along the horizon line. It was at the time of the Spanish war and Captain Clark was on the first leg of his celebrated race around the Horn. When the big battleship got within signalling distance Captain Slocum of the tiny "Spray" signalled to Captain Clark: "Let us keep company for mutual protection." Slocum was once describing his first voyage along the South American coast and recounting the perils of those waters to the navigator who is unfamiliar with them. "I suppose you hugged the shore," said one of his hearers. "No," answered Captain Slocum with a twinkle of the eye, "I had my wife with me."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Variation on an Old Tune

Frankness is usually admirable, though sometimes embarrassing. When a frank statement of the truth replaces one of those white lies sanctioned by usage, embarrassment for somebody is bound to ensue. And yet there may be palliating circumstances. For instance: Just before Miss Marian Newhall left for her tour abroad a prominent young bachelor who has for a long time been an ardent admirer of the charming girl, called to see her. It happens that his attentions have never been appreciated either by Mrs. Newhall or her daughter. On this occasion the maid bore to the expectant caller this message from Miss Newhall: "Tell him that I'm at home but do not care to see him."

The Tale of a Christening Robe

In these jejune days of Lent society is keen for any sort of gossip. So it is chattering about

Photo, Genthe.
MRS. EDWARD A. STURGES
The charming wife of Captain Sturges, U. S. A., of Honolulu who has been extensively entertained since her arrival in this city where she has been visiting her mother.

the christening robe. The christening robe, as might be inferred, was used at a christening, the youngst of a prominent matron wearing it. But it was not made for the christening; it was borrowed from another young matron who had occasion to use it for her first born some months ago. The matron who borrowed it neglected to return it when the christening was over, so the owner sent for it. What was her surprise to find that the baby of her friend was out for an airing in the prized christening robe? What was her amazement to learn from an indiscreet maid that the robe had been worn many times since the christening? For her surprise, for her amazement society which is not eloquent, lacks adequate phrases. So they must have been great. As the matron who borrowed the robe has a very wealthy husband, society wonders why she should have borrowed the robe in the first place; and having borrowed it, why she did not return it immediately after the ceremony. This being a jejune season, as I remarked before, a great deal of perfectly useless wonderment is being expended. Which shows how society amuses itself.

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Mrs. Darling's Symposium

Whenever the bavardes of the press have nothing else to write about they take up the subject of a salon, and after telling us that it is just the thing we need they speculate as to the person most qualified to play the part of a Maintenon or a Duchesse du Maine. I remember that Mrs. John A. Darling, the most illustrious member of the Hastings clan, has been more than once nominated for the difficult role, and now I wish to concur in all that has been said by those who pronounce her qualified for the distinction. I believe Mrs. Darling is the one woman in San Francisco possessing the tact, the courage and the power to pull off a symposium such as the one that she had at her home one night last week. Of this affair nothing has been said by the bavardes. For Mrs. Darling has no press agent. An unconventional woman is Mrs. Darling; so much so that she doesn't even entertain her friends in the limelight. The friends she entertained last week were among our most distinguished citizens. They were gentlemen who seldom have the pleasure of relaxation in one another's society, and for that if for no other reason the affair was unique. But there is another reason: it was a semi-stag affair; that is, the men possessing wives were separated from their wives for that occasion. No small achievement in itself. The only lady who assisted Mrs. Darling in leavening the masculinity of the occasion was that sprightly dowager Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Cooper and Dozier in Debate

The men who dined with Mr. and Mrs. Darling were William F. Herrin, Judge J. V. Coffey, Jere Coffey, Judge Cooper, Thomas Dozier, Peter F. Dunne and Louis Hoefler, Judge Thomas F. Graham was invited, I hear, but was unable to attend. Perhaps if he had been present he might have exhibited his talent for reconciling, since on this occasion Judge Cooper and Tom Dozier were given the floor on the Ruef case. This debate was the piece de resistance of the symposium. Judge Cooper was the man that wrote the opinion of the Court of Appeal and Tom Dozier was one of Ruef's attorneys. Dozier is convinced that his client didn't get a square deal. Moreover he is convinced that Judge Cooper wandered away from the record in order to find justification for the decision. Bringing Judge Cooper and Tom Dozier together at a dinner was like associating a lighted match with something combustible soaked in kerosene. The inevitable happened. Tom Dozier was loaded for bear and Judge Cooper was in an open country with no shelter in sight. Mr. Herrin and Mr. Dunne took a deep interest in the discussion, making suggestions here and there that served as prods whenever the controversy lagged. But at no stage of the controversy was there much need of a stimulant. The bars were down, Dozier went at it hammer and tongs fashion, and Judge Cooper was very much on the defensive. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Darling will continue to fan the flame of controversy with the wing of hospitality.

Mrs. Peter's Perennial Youth

Mrs. Peter Martin has a becoming new sunburnt tinge to her hair that is the result, no doubt of her life in the open air. She is wearing a moss green velvet gown with it and if possible is more strikingly handsome than ever in the combination. One of her admiring friends, and there are many of them, tells me that Mrs. Martin is the most tactful young woman in society. She has the social graces inborn, but in her family and family relations there is a great deal to praise. The elder Mrs. Martin is justly attached to her stunning daughter-in-law who relieves her of many responsibilities.

Photo, Bushnell.
MRS. H. B. GREGG
The charming aunt of those charming girls, Enid and Ethel Gregg.

Why She Lingers

From New York comes a characteristic slam at San Francisco and incidentally at the Peter Martins. The story goes that Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin are making an unusually long stay here because it is cheaper to live here than in New York and Newport. The inference is that the Martins have to economize; in fact the story as I have seen it in an eastern print states that "Peter hasn't so much, anyway." Now it is none of my business whether the Martins have much

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or little and I don't take any interest in their economies, if they do economize. But I don't like to see San Francisco slighted. The fact is that Mrs. Peter and her interesting hubby linger here because they enjoy this city. They have been having no end of a good time, as they will tell you if you ask them. And good times are not to be had so very cheaply in this neck of the woods.

Sister Theresa

Mrs. Adrian Von Behrens has just returned from a delightful trip abroad. It was she who took Therese Thompson, the sister of Mrs. Charles Norris, to England where the gifted girl became a postulant in the Carmelite Convent in St. Charles Square, London. Miss Thompson will not take her vows till July. At that time the Bishop and Prioress will decide as to her vocation, and also as to whether her health is robust enough to stand the rigorous requirements of the Carmelites. Mother Joseph who is Miss Thompson's superioress, was formerly Lady Minna Howard, sister of the Duke of Norfolk, the first lord of England.

An Imaginative Scribe

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller's luncheon and trolley party which she was to have given last Tuesday in honor of Gertrude Thomas was postponed owing to conflicting dates but this was no deterrent to the bavardes who described the affair in flamboyant language. One pictured the party at the moment of writing, enjoying mid-day repast at the Cliff House where the sound of the sea was accompaniment to their eating. It was an attractive picture the fancy of a conscientious scribe conjured.

Janet Going to Europe

Miss Janet Von Schroeder, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague in New Orleans, has decided not to return to San Francisco, where the Baron and Baroness have been living in the Stetson house since Miss Edith Von Schroeder's horseback accident, but will accompany Mr. and Mrs. Sprague and Isabel to Europe. The Spragues and the Von Schroeders are in a way related by marriage, for the Baroness was a Donahue, and Mrs. Sprague, who was the beautiful Belle Wallace, had a Donahue for her first husband.

The Yarn of Two Shirtwaists

This is another bit of wearing-apparel-gossip. It concerns a charming matron—in society all matrons are charming, as all maids are beautiful—whose pretty country home was burned down some time ago. She lost her entire wardrobe, a truly terrifying loss. Several of her friends were abroad at the time and wrote in a consolatory vein, promising to bring her pretty things to replace those that were gone beyond recall. One lady who was in Paris wrote about two wonderful shirtwaists which she had bought for her. When this traveler returned, the shirtwaists were not forthcoming. They were at the bottom of a trunk which had not been unpacked. They had been sent to the laundry, having been soiled in the long journey home. And so on. Finally those two shirtwaists got on the nerves of the matron for whom they had been bought. They haunted her—or perhaps obsessed is a better word. Instead of forgetting all about them, she told the returned traveler, "I'll not accept them unless you allow me to pay for them." This had the required effect. The shirtwaists were brought forth and sold to her for twenty-five dollars apiece. They are not worth more than five dollars apiece, but the lady considers them a bargain for they were beginning to cost her all the peace of mind she possessed. The two ladies, it may be said in passing, are still friends.

Like Abou Ben Adhem

In looking through the list of important books of 1910 in the World Almanac I was exceedingly interested to find that at the head of the "semi-standard authors" stood Gertrude Atherton with her "Tower of Ivory." To be set down as a "semi-standard author" by the World Almanac is quite an honor, an honor never attained by the mere fiction-mongers. A "semi-standard author," I take it, only becomes a standard author by shuffling off this mortal coil, a process which I piously hope Mrs. Atherton will postpone for many years. I was indeed greatly impressed to find that Mrs. Atherton's name, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, led all the rest, for among the rest were Henry James, Kipling, Hewlett, Selma Lagerlof, H. G. Wells, Sienkiewicz and Anthony Hope. "So the literary authority of the World Almanac considers Mrs. Atherton a greater novelist than any of these!" I exclaimed to myself. And I immediately thought of sending my felicitations to Mrs. Atherton. But on reperusing the list I decided to let the matter drop. The "semi-standard authors" are arranged alphabetically.

On the Links at Del Monte

The links at Del Monte is in superb condition and last week presented a gay appearance. Mr. J. C. Culbertson, a popular clubman of Chicago, came up from Coronado last week for an extended stay, and divides his time between golf and trolling for salmon. Among other golfers who are also expert fishermen are Mr. and Mrs. George R. Frost with their two daughters, and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Weeks, all of Boston. Dr. R. E. Allardyce, of Stanford, is at Del Monte and is doing splendid work on the links. Mrs. James L. Lowry, James Lowry, Jr., Miss Harriet Lowry, with their friend, Miss Alice Watson, all of Utica, are golfing with enthusiasm and skill and playing tennis. Mr. J. J. Crooks, the expert golfer of San Rafael, was down with a party of friends including Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Wallace, Lydia C. Wallace, H. M. Wallace, Jr., Mrs. P. C. Fuller, Miss Sarah Fuller, all of Racine, and Miss H. M. Reed of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas West of St. Louis go round the links every day. Mr. and Mrs. Trafford Huteson from Seattle are getting in some excellent work. Miss Elizabeth Baillee and Mrs. William Jones from Tacoma have had some jolly matches. Miss Lee Girvin and her mother are often seen on the links and Mr. Richard Girvin enjoys going around as often as possible during his week-end visits. Prominent among the local players who have taken up golf again after the winter rains are Mrs. James H. Parke, Mrs. George Eckhardt and Mrs. Brim. Mrs. Eckhardt is one of the best tennis players on the peninsula.

Queen Alexandra's Secret

Our girls who go to the coronation will see the Dowager Queen Alexandra and knowing her age, will doubtless be surprised at her youthful appearance. In order that they may be properly posted I shall give them the secret of this matter.

Queen Alexandra never touches red meat. She eats only chicken, turkey, duck and game. The vegetables she has served to her are cabbage, spinach, peas and beans. She does not eat pudding or pastry and for dessert has simply fruit cooked or uncooked and nuts and raisins. She is particularly fond of nuts and has been known to make an entire luncheon of almonds and walnuts dipped in salt. She eats toast rather than bread and very little butter, but quantities of cream. She drinks nothing but hot milk, having given up tea, coffee, cocoa and wines years ago. On this diet with a moderate amount of exercise Queen Alexandra keeps wonderfully well and preserves a girlish symmetry of figure and softness of skin which makes it difficult to realize that she is well past sixty.

Bridge in Honolulu

There is quite a difference after all between men and women and the way they do things, in spite of all the learned arguments of the suffragettes and the husbandettes concerning the equality of the sexes, says the Bystander of the Hawaiian Gazette. For example, the following: There is a lady in Honolulu, a recent arrival, who has been received with open arms by island Society—capital S—because she is a society woman and has been a leader among those who call themselves the Smart Set—more capitals—in larger cities than Honolulu. Recently, having accepted a daintily penned invitation to "lunch and bridge," she found herself, with three other ladies, shuffling and cutting and saying "May I play," and "Pray do," and the other things that distinguish bridge from such vulgar games as pinocle and draw. The game came to an end, as all things do, when one of the players passed a slip of paper over to the guest. From it she read: "You owe four dollars." Puzzled, she glanced at her vis-a-vis and asked: "Do you intend this for me?" "Oh, yes," was smiled back. "You owe four dollars. See, here is the score." "But there must be some mistake," said the

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newcomer. "Do you mean that I have played and lost four dollars?" "Yes, you owe four dollars." "Well, I'm sure there must be some mistake. I cannot owe you anything, because I never play for money." "Oh, but you do owe four dollars. That's what the score makes it." "I'm sorry. Will you kindly get the four dollars from my husband? He is in the next room. He'll be interested, I know, in learning that I have been playing for money." There the incident closed. Which shows the difference between the man who invites you to "take a hand" and the woman who invites another to "bridge." Both want your coin, but the man makes clear what the stakes are before the game begins and gives everyone a chance to see that there are no cold decks about. The woman frequently doesn't, because she is a lady.

English Women Boxers

One never knows how far a fad may travel. One is never sure of the ultimate consequences of one's unconsidered actions. Did Tommy Sears dream, for instance, when she put on a pair of boxing gloves at Burlingame and sparred for a couple of rounds with Walter Hobart, that the news of her exploit would cross a continent and an ocean and start a boxing fad among English women? I think it is safe to say that Eleonor, not being a girl of deep reflective character, never gave the matter a thought. But just the same English women have taken up boxing and if they did not get the idea from "Tommy," whence in the name of British imitativeness, did they derive it? British boxing instructors give lessons to many of the athletic maids in London society, which is not entirely surprising, for society maids must rout ennui at all costs. They also give lessons to British matrons, which must be at least a trifle disconcerting to the husbands who, naturally, cannot all be as handy in the Queensbury science as "Bobby" Beresford. One of the instructors deigned to talk on the subject recently. "The reckless way," he said, "in which some of my pupils risk black eyes and cut lips is astonishing. The married ladies are very apt. Nothing seems to please them more than a short bout with their husbands, and as most of them seem to have an innate idea that offense is the best defense the husbands usually have to be fully on their guard. In the matter of hitting straight from the shoulder I do not find women very apt pupils. When a woman has a man opposed to her she is inclined to give downward hammer blows precedence over all else." All this is calculated to produce an uncomfortable feeling among mere men. A wife with an "innate idea" about "hammer blows" does not inspire perfect confidence. One hopes the fashion will not take too strong a hold. But for the benefit of possible neophytes it may be explained that the proper costume consists of "five ounce gloves, blue serge shorts and longish loose coats."

In the Social Spotlight

The managers of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children which will have a pencil sale on April 6, 7 and 8 announce that they will take advance orders. Mrs. William Kaufmann has her headquarters at the St. Francis and will take charge of all orders.

Mrs. Alfred Roncovieri, wife of the Superintendent of Schools, and Mrs. W. E. Trefts, her daughter-in-law, have gone East for a few months. Mrs. Roncovieri will visit friends in New York and relatives in Harrisburg. The principal object of her trip East is to visit her sons Alfred and Louis Roncovieri who are both medical students in the University of Pennsylvania. She will remain in Philadelphia for some time in order to be present at the graduation of her son Dr. Alfred E. Roncovieri Jr., from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. J. Auburn Wiborn and Mrs. Wiborn have returned from a two months' visit in the Eastern States. They have taken apartments at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Thomas (formerly Mrs. Frank J. Gould) who are at the Fairmont en route to New York from the Orient on their honeymoon trip, are the guests of honor at many merry little luncheon and dinner parties.

Mrs. John Baker Jr. entertained half a hundred guests at a tea at the Palace on Saturday in honor of Mrs. J. C. Meyerstein and Miss May Sullivan.

H. B. Davenport, a mining man from Mexico, is registered at the Hotel Victoria.

George R. Atkinson, a business man of Rockford, Ill., is among the arrivals at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. David H. Patterson and Miss Marjorie Patterson of Cleveland and Mrs. L. L. Valentine of Chicago were among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Victoria.

One of the week's theater parties at the Savoy given by Mrs. Harold Bloom was followed by an informal tea at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Josiah Myrick of Portland accompanied by her two daughters, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Winifred, is at the Fairmont, coming from Los Angeles.

The first rehearsal of a society vaudeville, to be given in April, was held at the St. Francis this week. A score of young people were present under the chaperonage of Mrs. John Metcalfe. Among the clever amateurs who will take part are Mrs. Fred Kohl, Miss Edith Metcalfe, Miss Florence Braverman, Roy Folger and George de Long.

Miss Marie Louise Elkins has returned to the Fairmont after spending a short time out of town with friends. She entertained a group of young people at dinner on Friday.

The seventh anniversary of the Cap and Bells Club was celebrated at the St. Francis with an elaborate breakfast. Mrs. D. E. F. Easton acted as the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden entertained at dinner during the week at the Fairmont, among the dozen or more guests being Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Buckbee.

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Ladies Grill Music

As to "The Old Curiosity Shop"

By Edward F. O'Day

Max Figman's version of "The Old Curiosity Shop" is not entirely satisfactory. But that need not daunt Mr. Figman. No stage version of a Dickens story ever was entirely satisfactory; and no stage version ever will be entirely satisfactory to lovers of Charles Dickens. The lovers of Charles Dickens are an exacting legion. George Moore once said that the world was divided into two classes; those who did and those who did not read Balzac. Similarly the English-speaking world might be divided into those who love Charles Dickens and those who do not. Those of us who love Charles Dickens barely tolerate those who do not. We are apt to be dogmatic in the matter. We feel that not to love Charles Dickens argues a defect of character or an error in bringing-up. And knowing his men and women much more intimately than many living men and women with whom we constantly associate, we do not like to see them tampered with. The playwright has to tamper with them. No matter how reverent his treatment of the story and the dialogue he has to hack and cut to bring the text within the narrow limits of stage requirements. The playwright who can hack and cut Charles Dickens to the satisfaction of Dickensians has not been born. What lover of Dickens was ever satisfied with "Oliver Twist" or "The Only Way"? Yet these are better plays than Max Figman's "Old Curiosity Shop." Mr. Figman's intentions were of the best, I have no doubt. We have been told that he took all his lines from the text of the story and that seems to be true in the main. We are also told that he studied the Cruikshank pictures to insure fidelity of portraiture. Those Cruikshank pictures have been mentioned again and again. Even the critics have admired Figman's felicity in breathing stage life into those Cruikshank pictures Now this gives real sorrow to a lover of Dickens. It argues faulty knowledge on the part of Mr. Figman and the press agent and—shall I commit laesa majestas if I add?—on the part of the critics. For Cruikshank did not make the "Old Curiosity Shop" pictures. Cruikshank, as every lover of Dickens knows, made the pictures for the "Sketches by Boz" and "Oliver Twist." But the pictures for "The Old Curiosity Shop" were made by Cattermole and by "Phiz," the great, the inimitable Hablot Browne. This may seem a trivial slip, but all lovers of Dickens know that it is of transcendent importance. What would Dickens be without "Phiz"? No lover of Dickens can hear the question without emotion. It was "Phiz" who fixed for all ages the popular conception of Sam Weller, David Copperfield, Traddles, Steerforth, Newman Noggs, Mr. Mantalini, Captain Cuttle, Florence Dombey, Toots, Tom Pinch, Pecksniff and hundreds of others in that marvelous gallery which stands alone in literature. When you slight "Phiz" you anger not only the lovers of Charles Dickens but the lovers of Charles Lever as well, for "Phiz" gave us Charles O'Malley and Mickey Free, Lucy Dashwood, Harry Lorrequer and Jack Hinton. By all means let us not forget "Phiz" when we write of "The Old Curiosity Shop." When the first curtain goes up and we see the old man in the midst of his treasures, we immediately think of "Phiz." The bewildering wealth of old armor, old furniture, gewgaws, knicknacks, "infinite treasures in a little room" that we associate with the old curiosity shop of "Boz" and "Phiz" were imperfectly pictured by the carefully considered disarray on the Alcazar stage. But the old grandfather and the little Nell carried the illusion of Dickens and "Phiz"; there can be no doubt of that. And the Quilp of Wesner and the Swiveller of Figman were real, remarkably real. Sampson Brass was not so good and Kit was not my idea of Kit. In the second act we met Sally Brass, clever in makeup but lacking in the venom that makes Sally one of the most hateful of Dickens women. But we also met the Marchioness of imagination. Every time Bessie Barriscale snuffled we were in Dickensland. In the third act we were presented to another of the great characters, Mrs. Jarley, but Adele Belgarde was never meant to portray the great original of Madame Tussaud. The best scenes were the Swiveller and Marchioness scenes of course. The play was built for these two characters and for Quilp. But Quilp is too prominent. One who was unfamiliar with the story might think that Quilp's villainy dominated the book. It was far from doing that. Dickens did not engage Quilp in a senseless hounding of Kit and Swiveller. These were subsidiary incidents of the story, but they are very prominent in the play. What is supposed to be the big scene, the fight between Quilp and Swiveller, is quite inane. Why was it dragged in? Neither Figman nor Wesner is impressive in rough-and-tumble. The whole thing is very funny, although not meant that way. The last act is nearly all Swiveller and the Marchioness, so it is good. But the whole thing would have been more acceptable if it had been called "Dick Swiveller" instead of "The Old Curiosity Shop." A play of the latter name should have more of Little Nell in it. All of which probably indicates what I remarked in the beginning; that no lover of Dickens can be entirely satisfied with a Dickens play. Just the same I wouldn't have missed the Alcazar production for a great deal.

RUTH ST. DENIS

Who will appear in her series of Egyptian and Hindoo dances at the Columbia Theater

Gossip of the Theatre

Irresistible Marie Dressler

There is no laughter in the man who does not chortle at Marie Dressler. Cachinnation is her handmaiden and the loud guffaw pages her footsteps. Silent she is funny and funnier still when she opens her mouth. Her face is a scream and her figure a screech. When you are not laughing with her you are laughing at her. She is the assassin of dignity. The American stage has no woman more undignified, but she is never cheap, never vulgar. Her fun is wholesome beyond all other things. You are never for a moment

MARIE DRESSLER

As Tillie Blobbs in "Tillie's Nightmare" at the Savoy Theater.

sorry that you enjoyed it. A large body awkwardly handled is not always funny. In a woman it is apt to be the reverse of funny. But Marie Dressler is so large, so awkward and withal so naturally good natured about it, that she extracts the quintessence of physical fun. Seasickness is supposed to be funny, but rarely indeed do the jokes based upon it hit the funnybone. They are frequently quite disgusting. But Marie Dressler shows us the throes of the malady and never offends. And the most finicky cannot object to her exhibition of a "souse." I heard many criticisms of Cheridah Simpson's "souse"; I have yet to hear any of Miss Dressler's. Miss Dressler is saved by her personality which is healthy and exceedingly human. Her personality is all of "Tillie's Nightmare." Without her there would be no excuse for "Tillie's Nightmare"; with her in the cast there would have been an excuse even for "The Midnight Sons." She is bound to be the whole show wherever she appears. And physically as well as artistically she is a big show, a show to discourage the blues and to correct our overdrawn notions of personal dignity which, after all, is not the most important quality in human nature.

—E. F. O'D.

THE CHILDREN'S EASTER

Every kind of Easter Novelty for the children. Chicks, Bunnies and Egg-shaped Boxes filled with candies. To be had at Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores.

Ruth St. Denis at Columbia

The program of dances which Ruth St. Denis will give during her engagement at the Columbia beginning Monday night, is more elaborate than any in which this artist has ever before appeared. For her engagements in the East she gave only the Egyptian or Hindu dances, but for her engagement here she will do the most notable of all her creations. Miss St. Denis has in her large company a band of Hindus including a special orchestra of Hindu musicians. The dances in which she appears are very different from anything of the kind ever given in this city before. This engagement will probably afford the only opportunity for local theatregoers to see this American girl who has made a world name for herself, as at the conclusion of the present season she will go abroad.

Elman's Last Concert

Mischa Elman, the young Russian who makes his violin do everything but talk, will give his final program Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," Handel's "Sonata" D major, three transcriptions of old works by Elman, Franko and Kreisler, one of those entrancing old Vienese waltzes of Fritz Kreisler's, Schubert's "Ave Maria" transscribed by Wilhelmj and Paganini's difficult "I Palpiti" will comprise the offering.

Hotaling in "The Melting Pot"

Monday evening Richard M. Hotaling starts his third season with the Bishop Players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland. The opening play will be "The Melting Pot," the drama by Zangwill in which Walker Whiteside was seen here last winter and in which Hotaling will play David Quixano. It will be the first time the play has been presented by a stock company and Bishop promises an elaborate scenic production and a cast that will do the piece full justice. After one week of the Zangwill drama, Mr. Hotaling will be presented in "The House Next Door," J. E. Dodson's New York success of last season.

Von Warlich, Lieder Singer

Reinhold Von Warlich, the young Russian basso-cantante, will be introduced by Impressario Greenbaum next Thursday night at the Scottish Rite Hall. The program will consist of the complete cycle of sixteen beautiful songs known as "Dichterlibe," words by Heine and music by Robert Schumann; a group of early English songs and another of traditional Scotch and English ballads. The final group on the list will be four dramatic compositions of Loewe, including his setting of "The Erlking" which will be most interesting to hear, as Schubert's has been so often sung here. The second concert will be given Sunday afternoon, April 9, with an unusual and interesting program.

Claude Gillingwater at the Orpheum

Claude Gillingwater, recognized as one of the cleverest actors in vaudeville, will be at the Orpheum next week. His last engagement here was in the sketch "A Strenuous Rehearsal." His offering this time is a comedy sketch called "The Awakening of Minerva." Mademoiselle Bianci Froehlich and a company of dancers will appear. Mlle. Froehlich has contrived four new numbers. Burr McIntosh will appear in one of those burly western parts which made him famous before he deserted the stage. "The Ranchman" is a Wyoming tale which he presents with the aid of a good company. "Town Hall Minstrels" will be the contribution of Coakley, Hanvey and Dunlevy. The Four Konerz Brothers are called "The Boys with the Toys."

MISCHA ELMAN, THE VIOLIN GENIUS.

Music Festival by the Russian Orchestra

The programs for the big festival of music by the Russian Symphony Orchestra assisted by four eminent vocal artists, are now being prepared and new features are being secured daily. Manager Will Greenbaum who undertakes the responsibility shouldered in other cities by committees of citizens is now negotiating with one of the most popular pianists who ever played here to come out for these events. He has also received the promise of an orchestral number from the new opera "Natoma" by Victor Herbert and our own "Joe" Redding and the latter has promised to conduct the number. Seven fine programs will be given in this city and at one of them Richard Strauss' "Salome" music will be given for the first time here. Two special programs will be given at the Greek Theatre.

MLLE. BIANCI FROEHLICH

The celebrated classical danseuse who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

GREENBAUM'S ATTRACTIONS

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter

Mischa ELMAN

Violinist

THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AT 2:30

Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

Baldwin Piano

VON WARLICH

Russian Basso-Cantante

Uda Waldrop, at the Piano

NEXT THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 6th

Program of German, English and Scotch Songs

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 9th,

Folk Songs of Russia, Italy, France, Germany, Scotland, Ireland, England and Wales.

Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, ready Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co's. Mail orders to Will. L. Greenbaum.

Chickering Piano.

Coming—ALEXANDER HEINEMAN—"A Dr. Wullner with a beautiful voice."

Another Week of Dickens

"The Old Curiosity Shop" will be given for another week. It has scored one of the greatest hits in the history of the Alcazar. A crowded house has witnessed each performance and the advance sale of seats presages another big week.

Dockstader is Coming

Marie Dressler will begin the second and last week of her engagement in "Tillie's Nightmare" at the Savoy this Sunday evening. The last performances will be given next Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday, April 9, that laugh-genius Lew Dockstader, with his Twentieth Century Minstrels, will begin an engagement limited to eight nights.

Fred Warde in "Julius Caesar"

Frederick Warde, the Shakespearean actor, reader and scholar, comes to the Central Theater for a special engagement of one week beginning Sunday night during which he will present "Julius Caesar." Mr. Warde will give special matinees on Wednesday and Saturday and may be forced to give an extra matinee during the week to satisfy the public demand. Ernest C. Warde, his son, will appear as Cassius. Marc Antony will be played by Edward D'Oize. Miss Frederica Going will be Calphurnia and Miss Helen Hilton will play Portia.

Familiar but Hard to Trace

Every once in a while those whose vocation it is to answer questions from the reading public find themselves at a loss to trace some familiar quotation to its source. Year in and year out these puzzlers turn up anew, if not regularly, yet with an irregularity that might almost be called regular. One of them relates to "pouring oil on troubled waters." "The Bible!" one exclaims, onhand; but search the Scriptures ne'er so diligently, you do not find the phrase. Bartlett quotes from Herodotus a question about the soothing effect of oil poured on "the sea"; but, in a literary sense, there is all the difference in the world between the "sea" and "troubled waters." For one is a mere word; the other a phrase usually employed in a figurative sense. Another relates to the "depravity of inanimate objects." This ought not to be so hard to find; and unless we mistake, it originally appeared in an essay in the Atlantic Monthly. Query editors receive every few months an inquiry as to the origin of the following quotation: "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mouse-trap (some copies have "basket") than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

Everybody, with one accord, says "Emerson"; but ask them when and where Emerson said or wrote it, and they give it up. The question came to a query editor recently, and this time was referred to Mr. John H. Woods of Cambridge, Mass., who has indexed Emerson's writings, but even he could shed no light on the bothersome obscurity. Here is his confession:

"Dr. E. W. Emerson, son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and literary executor, and also editor of the Centenary Edition of Emerson's Works, writes me: "I do not think the quotation you ask about can be found in any one of my father's works. I presume it may have been used in a lecture, and reported in a paper, and some one who heard of it used it, I am told, as an advertisement. Hence the queries on the subject which come to me again and again. The index (made at my suggestion, and by me, for the Riverside Edition of Emerson's works, and used later in the Centenary Edition) gives no clue to the matter. So I presume we must relegate the quotation to the same limbo to which are already consigned such immortal utterances as Lincoln's "You may fool all the people," etc., and the evasive "Consistency is a jewel," "Beautiful Snow" and a lot more."

COLUMBIA THEATRE

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Two Weeks, Beginning Monday, April 3d, Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays

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In the Most Conspicuous Musical Comedy Success of a Decade, "TILLIE'S NIGHTMARE"

With the Original New York Cast of Eighty-seven Players

Nights and Saturday Matinee, $2.00 to 50c; Special Thursday Matinee, $1.50 to 50c.

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And the Alcazar Players in

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

A Dramatization of Charles Dickens' Famous Story

Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

Prices: Night, 25c to $1. Matinees, 25c to 50c.

Seats for Sale at Box Office and Emporium.

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CLAUDE GILLINGWATER & CO. in "The Awakening of Minerva"; MLLE. BIANCI FROEHLICH in Her Terpsichorean Repertoire; BURR McINTOSH & CO. in "The Ranchman"; COAKLEY, HANVEY and DUNLEVY; FOUR KONERZ BROTHERS; MULLEN and CORELLI; ALCIDE CAPITAINE; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES; BINNS, BINNS & BINNS.

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Special Engagement, One Week, Beginning Sunday, April 2

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JULIUS CAESAR

(Mr. Warde as Brutus)

Seats now. Nights, Saturday Matinee, 50c to $1.50. Wednesday Matinee, 50c to $1.50.

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OAKLAND. Direction H. W. Bishop.

Week of Monday, April 3, 1911, Every Evening

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Israel Zangwill's Celebrated Drama

Evenings, 25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees, 25c and 50c.

Next—"The House Next Door."

AFTER THE PLAY

THE FORUM CAFE

OAKLAND

Under the Management of GUSTAV MANN

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stocks market in the early part of the week was practically deadlocked with no business except traders' business on the floor of the exchange. This waiting attitude was broken later in the week when there was influential buying of some of the leading securities, such as Norfolk & Western, Atchison and Canadian Pacific in which accumulation has been in progress for some time. The movement in these issues spread to the rest of the list in rails and before the close of the week was a strong feature. There was absolutely no news in the financial district during the week, barring the worriment over Supreme Court decisions and the political uncertainty of the sold-out commission houses generally. Further improvement will be seen in the near future.

Wheat—The general situation in wheat continues to favor the bear side to a marked degree Developments which the bulls confidently expected have failed to materialize, while on the other hand the bearish features of the situation have in many instances become more pronounced than ever. As a result liquidation and a gradually declining price list have been the features of speculative trade the past week. Attempts to bull wheat have failed because the legitimate conditions governing prices have been against a higher range of quotations. Outside speculators have seen nothing in the outlook to warrant a belief in an appreciation of values and have refrained from making trades. Local sentiment in the main favors the selling side but speculators are cautious in pressing the declines as it is the general opinion that there is no extensive shortage outside of the hedges against cash wheat This makes the technical situation weak and the bulls, despairing of creating any active buying demand, have liquidated freely.

Corn—Bears in corn have been more aggressive, especially in the May option and have succeeded in making a much lower range of prices. Weakening factors were the declining prices in wheat, poor spot demand, a more bearish foreign outlook and continued fair receipts. The big discounts for cash corn form the most depressing feature and with No. 3 corn selling at a discount of 4 cents under May the prospects for bulling the futures are regarded as slim, despite the relative cheapness of corn from a feeding standpoint.

Cotton—Rain has fallen all through Texas and the eastern states. Planting of cotton will now become general all over Texas and will shortly begin east of the Mississippi River as a result of the recent breaking of the drouth. More rain is indicated for all sections of the cotton region and will be beneficial. The sustaining feature of the market in face of the more favorable prospects for the new crop, as the result of the breaking of the long dry spell, is the strong position of the staple in America. While the drouth scare was on, receipts were falling off. Exports continue large and stocks at all ports continue to decrease. Now the statistical position in the United States is so strong that the breaking of the drouth has little or no effect for the time being. There is no speculative interest in the market, however. This is due, most likely, to fear of adverse legislation, such as the revising downward of the tariff and the introduction of another anti-cotton future bill on the lines of the Scott bill. Another drawback to an active market is the indifference displayed in spots which are ruling quiet and featureless owing to consumers taking advantage of existing conditions by keeping out of the market

Speeding Up

There was a cow on the track. The shoe drummer, who had been cutting cards for the cigars, beckoned to the porter.

"Boy, is that cow still on the track?"

"Yeas, sah."

"How fast is the train moving?"

"'Bout fo' miles an houah while de cow am on de track."

"Well, here is a quarter. Take a few yards of rope up to the engineer and tell him to hitch the train to the cow. We might make better time."

Ignorance

Laura Jean Libbey, discussing in Brooklyn her appearance on the stage, said:

"I talk in my monologue about love, marriage and the other interests of the heart. On these subjects, women, especially young women, are strangely ignorant.

"They really make me think, you know, of the little girl who was asked by her teacher:

"What can you tell us of Solomon?"

"'Solomon,' replied the little girl, 'was very fond of animals.'

"'And how, my dear,' said the teacher, 'do you make that out?'

"'Because,' answered the little girl,' 'the Bible says he had five hundred porcupines.'"

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco is located at Nos. 626-628 and 630 Merchant's Exchange, where all business is transacted. The Free Labor Bureau of the Alliance in Oakland is at No. 700 Broadway. All classes of male help No charge to employed or employee.

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Savings (THE GERMAN BANK) Commercial

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Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,580,518.99
Employees' Pension Fund	$ 109,031.35
Deposits December 31, 1910	$42,039,580.06
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Rooseveltian Fact and Fable

(Continued from Page 8.)

connection therewith the tendency of which is to reflect much discredit on Mr. Roosevelt.

The most interesting chapters of the book are those dealing with affairs behind the scenes in Washington. Mrs. Hale tells of several governmental transactions by which the men known as the "court favorites" were greatly advantaged in a pecuniary sense. She also tells of Roosevelt's relations with the press, and affords an insight into the methods by which as President he obtained a maximum of acclaim and a minimum of censure. She says:

"After his establishment in the White House, he selected about 40 out of the 200 or more newspaper correspondents to be his special messengers to the public, and these are known in the popular parlance of the Capital, as 'White-House cuckoos.' These are the birds which roost close to the Executive chamber, and give out to their editors for the benefit of an expectant public, the internal workings of the Executive mind. By means of these, the public is kept closely informed as to the President's views, purposes and plans"

Mrs. Hale quotes a veteran Washington newspaperman as follows:

"After careful and extended observation, it can be truthfully asserted that scarcely a publication in the United States of broad circulation and influence, but has upon its staff in an important capacity, a Roosevelt cuckoo. He has invited to Washington, and entertained at the White House, a larger number of men who write than have any half dozen of his predecessors. The list of those he has singled out for this distinction is a long one, and includes cartoonists as well as writers."

Mrs. Hale continues:

"President Roosevelt has put into the public service more newspaper men and other writers than can be easily enumerated, but the following partial list will convey a general idea of this phase of Rooseveltian activity: Whitelaw Reid, ambassador to England; Robt. J. Wynne, correspondent of a New York paper, and president of a Dining Club in Washington, composed almost exclusively of newspaper men, was successively advanced to the post of Assistant-Postmaster-General, then to the head of the Department, and finally to be Consul-General to London, the best paying post in the consular service. Of the three D. C. Commissioners who govern Washington under the direction of Congress and the President, two were active newspaper men when appointed by Roosevelt. Maj. John M. Carson, of the New York Times, was made chief of the Bureau of Manufactures; Francis E. Leupp, a newspaper man, was made Indian Commissioner; George Horton, appointed consul-general at Athens; Albert Halstead, Consul at Birmingham, England; J. Martin Miller is Consul somewhere in Europe; and Jos. Rucklin Bishop was taken from the editorship of a New York paper, and made the secretary of the Panama Canal Commission at a salary of $10,000 a year.

"It has passed into a proverb in Washington: 'Write a biography of Roosevelt, and pull out a consulship.'

"President Roosevelt's method of dealing with the Washington correspondents is thus described by one of them: 'When President Roosevelt gets ready to lodge a fresh impression in the public mind, or to contradict something displeasing to him which appeared in the public press, he assembles the Washington representatives—usually his 'cuckoo' flock, tho' sometimes an outsider gets in, too—and addresses them after this fashion: 'While you are on no account to quote me personally, yet these are the facts, which you can make such use of as you think proper, and they will not

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be contradicted.' In communicating 'the facts' the President makes a great show of frankness, and of taking the press representatives into his confidence, so that a general feeling of good fellowship pervades the interview."

Terrible was the indignation of Mr. Roosevelt when any journalist wrote what displeased him. One woman reporter in Washington lost her position for mentioning a matter of slight importance that occurred at a White House reception. She was an amiable, well-mannered woman, who never did anybody an injury, and she was the support of an aged mother.

Mrs. Hale devotes a chapter to Mr. Roosevelt's preaching habit, and she quotes Mr. Drummond, "The religious life of a great many people consists entirely of religious phraseology." Of Roosevelt she says, "Wherever he goes he sets up an impromptu pulpit." During his term Congress voted an additional $25,000 a year for his traveling expenses, that the public might not be deprived of the privilege of listening to his inspired words. Representative Underwood objected on the ground that it was in violation of the Constitution to allow the President "any other emolument" than his salary fixed by law. Senator Foraker expressed the opinion that Roosevelt would veto the measure on account of its unconstitutionality, but he signed it as soon as it reached him.

The Storer incident, the Harriman incident and many less known incidents are discussed by Mrs. Hale, and she gives her readers documentary evidence and excerpts from official records that throw considerable light on Mr. Roosevelt's methods and motives; and it must be confessed that they constitute a very severe, nay a most cruel arraignment of this popular man. The book is written in a spirit that is at once cynical and sarcastic. It was obviously designed to shock the Roosevelt worshipers, and to that end it was well conceived and executed. It is of value inasmuch as it will serve as a guide to the kind of treasures that those writers must have who will undertake to inform posterity of the character of Theodore Roosevelt.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD CONVEY, Deceased—No. 11,299, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the Last Will of Edward Convey, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 25th day of March, 1911), to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, Room Number 1277 Flood Building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward Convey, Deceased.

EDWARD J. CONVEY,
ANNIE M. CONVEY,
Executors of the Last Will of Edward Convey, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 25, 1911.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Atty. for Executors,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM McCANN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of William McCann, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of John J. Barrett, 1255 Flood Building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William McCann, deceased. MARY A. McCANN,
Administratrix of the Estate of William McCann, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 25, 1911.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Atty. for Administratrix,
1255 Flood Building,
870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRIETTA GNECCO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Henrietta Gnecco, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, Esq., in the Schmiedell Building, No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

GIOVANNI GNECCO,
Administrator of the Estate of Henrietta Gnecco, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, ESQ., Atty. for Administrator,
Schmiedell Bldg., 604 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-4-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 9814, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of FREDERICK C. WINTERS, alias FREDERICK WINTERS, alias FRED C. WINTERS, alias F. C. WINTERS, Deceased.

William Horstmeyer, the administrator of the estate of Frederick C. Winters, alias Frederick Winters, alias Fred C. Winters, alias F. C. Winters, deceased, having presented and filed his petition herein, praying for an order for the sale of the whole of the real estate of said deceased, for the purposes therein set forth, and it appearing, that a sale as prayed for in said petition is necessary and that the same will be for the advantage, benefit and best interest of said estate, and those interested therein,

It is hereby Ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the above entitled Court, on Monday, the 17th day of April, 1911, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, Room 603 in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and then and there show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell said real estate at private sale. The said petition is hereby referred to for further particulars.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least one a week for four successive weeks prior to said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court, this 8th day of March, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed March 8, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By F. B. Lorigan, Deputy Clerk.

CARL W. MUELLER, Atty. for Administrator,
1046 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco. 3-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,310.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALBERT HANSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrixes of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Hansen, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrixes at the office of Aitken and Aitken, 957 Monadnock Building, 681 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Albert Hansen, deceased.

ANNA A. FEE,
EDNA C. WILSON,
Executrixes of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Hansen, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1911.

AITKEN and AITKEN, Attys. for Executrixes,
559 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK M. FLYNN, also known as P. M. FLYNN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Patrick M. Flynn, also known as P. M. Flynn, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the will annexed at the office of his attorney, Neal Power, Esq., Room 545 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Patrick M. Flynn, also known as P. M. Flynn, deceased. P. F. REILLY,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Patrick M. Flynn, also known as P. M. Flynn, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1911.

NEAL POWER,
Atty. for Administrator with the Will Annexed,
Room 545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5

NOTICE OF EXECUTORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

Notice is hereby given that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 28th day of March, 1911, in the matter of the estate of Julius Friedman, deceased, the undersigned, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, in Gold Coin of the United States of America, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Tuesday, the 18th day of April, 1911, all the right, title and interest of said estate in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street with the Northeasterly line of Beale Street; running thence Northeasterly and along said line of Harrison Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly thirty (30) feet to said line of Beale Street, and thence at right angles Northwesterly and along said last mentioned line eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement, being a portion of 100 Vara Block No. 333, together with the improvements thereon.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; balance on confirmation of sale: deeds and abstracts at the expense of purchaser. No McEnerney Decree.

All bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Edmund Tauszky, Room 316 Balboa Building, corner of Second and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned Executors, or either of them, personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice, and before the making of the sale.

Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1911.

I. M. FRIEDBERG,
EDWARD R. LANDE,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Julius Friedman, Deceased.

EDMUND TAUSZKY,
Atty. for I. M. Friedberg, Executor.

MARSHALL B. WOODWORTH,
Atty. for Edward R. Lande, Executor. 4-1-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,623, Department No. 10.

MAUD GRANGER, Plaintiff, vs. ALFRED GRANGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Alfred Granger, defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. A. DORN, Atty. for Plaintiff,
812 Phelan Building, San Francisco. 1-28-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLOTTA WILFORD, also known as CHARLOTTA C. WILFORD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotta Wilford, also known as Charlotta C. Wilford, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, Eugene W. Levy, Room 560, Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

ALBERT WILFORD,
ENOCH T. HOWES,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotta Wilford, also known as Charlotta C. Wilford, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 11, 1911.

EUGENE W. LEVY, Atty. for Executors,
Room 560, Mills Building,
No. 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. LONG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Susan C. Tate, Administratrix of the estate of Mary E. Long, deceased, with the will annexed, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix of the estate of Mary E. Long, deceased, with the will annexed, at the law office of S. C. Wright, Room 1007 Tenth Floor, Mutual Bank Building, Market Street near Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary E. Long, deceased.

SUSAN C. TATE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Mary E. Long, Deceased, with the Will Annexed.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 4, 1911.

S. C. WRIGHT, Atty. for Administratrix,
1007 Tenth Floor, Mutual Bank Bldg.,
Market St. near Kearny St., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISAAC ELIASER, Deceased—No. 11,167, N. S., Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Maurice Eliaser, Ezra Eliaser and Union Trust Company of San Francisco, Executors of the last will and testament of Isaac Eliaser, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Union Trust Company of San Francisco, at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Isaac Eliaser, deceased.

MAURICE ELIASER,
EZRA ELIASER,
UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
By H. VAN LUVEN, Secretary.
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Isaac Eliaser, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attys. for Said Executors,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORENCE ATWATER, Deceased—No. 11,215, Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Moetia Atwater, sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Moetia Atwater, sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, deceased, at the office of her attorneys, Lilienthal, McKinstry and Raymond, 1211 Flood Building, Northeast Corner of Powell and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Dorence Atwater, deceased.

MOETIA ATWATER,
Sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1911.

LILIENTHAL, McKINSTRY and RAYMOND,
1211 Flood Building, San Francisco, Attorneys for Moetia Atwater, sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, Deceased. 3-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,365.

HATTIE ELIZA POND, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. POND, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: William H. Pond, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, and on the ground of defendant's habitual intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY H. DAVIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
495-497 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of REGINA JOHANNISSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of Regina Johannissen, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Regina Johannissen, deceased.

FANNIE PRATT,
Executrix of the Estate of Regina Johannissen, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

J. J. LERMEN, Atty. for Executrix,
Room 504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA KENYON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ELLA KENYON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Wm. Hoff Cook, her attorney, at Room 1603 Chronicle Building, in San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ella Kenyon, deceased.

ADA HUDSON,
Administratrix of the Estate of Ella Kenyon, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

WM. HOFF COOK, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 1603 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTHONY DORRITY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Anthony Dorrity, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Cooper, Gray & Cooper, Room 439 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anthony Dorrity, deceased.

W. J. PALETHORPE,
Administrator of the Estate of Anthony Dorrity, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 4, 1911.

COOPER, GRAY & COOPER,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Room 439 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,681, Dept. No. 10.

PLINY E. RITNER, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE I. RITNER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Grace I. Ritner, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

AUSTIN LEWIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
504 to 508 Schmidt Bldg., 12 Geary St., S. F. 2-4-10

NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION OF ADMINISTRATRIX FOR AUTHORITY TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE

Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 10, Probate. No. 10,347, New Series.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE H. BUCKINGHAM, Deceased.

Order Appointing Time and Place for Hearing Petition Authorizing Administratrix to Convey Real Estate, and Directing Notice Thereof.

Mary G. Buckingham, the Administratrix of the estate of said George H. Buckingham, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein her duly verified Petition setting forth the facts upon which the claim of Winifred S. Bangs is predicated to be entitled to a conveyance from said Administratrix of said estate of all that certain lot or parcel of land situate in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Lot Three (3), in Block "D," that is to say: Beginning at a point in the Westerly line of Regent Street, (formerly Manoa Avenue), distant thereon One Hundred and Eleven and Seventy-five-one-hundredths (111.75) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Derby Street, and running thence Southerly along the said Westerly line of Regent Street Fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Forty (140) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly Fifty (50) feet; and thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and Forty (140) feet to the said Westerly line of Regent Street and the point of beginning, as the same is designated and delineated upon a certain map entitled "The Berry-Bangs Tract."

And it appearing to this Court that said George H. Buckingham, deceased, in his life time entered into a contract in writing with said Winifred S. Bangs to convey said real property described in said verified Petition and in this Order, and that said George H. Buckingham died before making said conveyance, and that said Winifred S. Bangs was before the death of said deceased, and is now, entitled to a conveyance of said hereinabove described real property upon her carrying out the provisions of said written contract, and making the payments therein provided, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is Hereby Ordered that the hearing of said Petition be set for Monday, the 24th day of April, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of this Court, Department No. 10, thereof, in the Grant Building, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and it is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published for four successive weeks before said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, March 20, 1911.

(Seal) THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
Endorsed: Filed March 20, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

SHELDON G. KELLOGG, Atty. for Administratrix,
801-805 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANCISCO L. FREITAS, also known as and called FRANK L. FREITAS and FRANK FRATES, Deceased—No. 11,250, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Francisco L. Freitas, also known and called Frank L. Freitas and Frank Frates, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of James B. Feehan, Room 407 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Francisco L. Freitas, also known as and called Frank L. Freitas and Frank Frates, deceased.

MARY FREITAS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Francisco L. Freitas, also known as and called Frank L. Freitas and Frank Frates, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1911.

JAMES B. FEEHAN, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 407 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NIOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PHILIP BRADY, Deceased.

Richard J. Brady, the Administrator of the estate of Philip Brady, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is Therefore Ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Friday, the 21st day of April, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Richard J. Brady to sell the real estate of the said deceased.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, March 15th, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
Endorsed: Filed March 15, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN G. WILLIAMS, Atty. for Administrator,
950 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. O'KANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned W. D. O'Kane, Administrator of the estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, John F. Hanlon, Room 618 Mechanics Building, Corner of Market and Mason Streets, City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased.

WILLIAM D. O'KANE,
Administrator of the estate of Mary E. O'Kane, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 11, 1911.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 618 Mechanics Bldg., San Francisco. 3-11-5

Auto Notes

A letter just received from George P. Moore, Pacific Coast representative for Monogram Oils, who is now in Salt Lake City, states that he attended the recent Denver Automobile Show and that it had the most extensive display of motor cars ever shown outside of the big national shows at New York and Chicago. Moore also states that increasing sales and the establishment of new agencies in Utah promise that the Mormon state will be among the big consumers of automobiles this season.

The Pioneer Automobile Co. reports the following sales in the last few days, of Hudson and Chalmers cars: J. D. Crock, Sperry Flour Co., C. A. Ludy, American Ever Ready Co., Oakland Tribune, Dr. Chas. Pinkham, A. E. Splivalo, D. S. Kyser, Santa Rosa Garage, S. N. Phillips, T. I. C. Barr, Edgar A. Yelton, W. S. Bamburg, E. J. Weimar, Chas. J. Wood, Mrs. Louise Enslen and W. H. Girvin.

The latest advices from the Haynes Automobile factory officials at Kokomo, Indiana, state that full plans for the new factory building, to replace the one recently burned, have been completed and that actual construction is already under way. The plant is to be much larger than the former one and is to be a modern steel and reinforced concrete structure. For the present the construction of Haynes cars is proceeding without interruption in temporary quarters and the first shipment of two car loads is scheduled to start for San Francisco before the end of this month. The local agency report a sufficient number of cars now on hand to tide them over to that time.

Armed with important information about motor car sales conditions in every nook and corner of the country, gathered in a fifteen-thousand-mile-round-the-continent trip, George M. Berry, asistant manager of The Thomas B. Jeffery Company, has returned to the factory at Kenosha. On this trip Mr. Berry visited such widely separated points as Dallas, Los Angeles and Boston. Mr. Berry now has at his fingers' ends acurate knowledge of sales prospects in every territory from Florida to Vancouver and from Mexico to Maine. "Everywhere I have gone the demand is for the better class of cars," said Mr. Berry. "Cheaper cars are gradually being replaced by those costing more and giving better service. The one-year car or low value car is rapidly being replaced even on the farms of the Middle West. In California the average price paid is constantly increasing and there the business is exceptionally good. In the Southwest the average is going up, while in the Northwest, where $400,000 worth of Rambler cars were sold last year, the buyers are rapidly being educated to the value of quality and service."

As an indication of the increasing interest in the American cars abroad, one of the Royal Chief Engineers of Berlin, Germany, has requested from the Lozier Motor Co. a description of the American built Lozier car, with details of materials used and factory practice. He states that there is an increasing tendency to the use of American motor cars in Germany and Austria, especially of the better grade and quality.

Nat Messer, of this city, has driven a Republic tire on his Franklin car for over two years, having travelled over 25,000 miles. This was a plain tread casing. He also has two Republic Staggard Treads that have been on his car for 15,000 miles and are still in fine condition. The tires that are the most economical, insure safety and give longer and better service, are bound to make mileage records, and as proved efficiency is better than mere demonstration, the Republic tire people are rapidly establishing new agencies in localities where Republic Tires have never heretofore been sold.

An indulgent use of brakes is one of the factors, according to C. E. Mathewson of the Diamond Rubber Company, which enters very largely into the increase of tire expense. "The habit," says Mathewson, "of going full speed and then coming to a stop by jamming the brakes on is obviously an extravagant one. This causes the tire treads to grate along the ground and if the road be at all rough or even only hard, the injury done the tire is terrific. One stop such as this may be more injurious than many miles of ordinary traveling."

After having tried every other means the Fresno Republican managed to reach Coalinga last Friday with eleven hundred papers and a Chalmers "30" turned the trick. Coalinga, owing to the continuous rain of the past two weeks, has been shut off from the outside world for four days and when the Chalmers with her heavy load started for the oil town it was freely predicted that she wouldn't get ten miles from Fresno. The feat was just part of a day's work for a car that daily makes a run of ninety miles and which carries on every trip from seven to fourteen hundred pounds of dead weight.

Bits About Our Bettys

A winsome miss is generally able to win some mister.

Some girls are taken at their face value and some at their pa value.

A good deal depends on the dressing when it comes to girls and salads.

It only takes a "he" to convert an "artless" girl into a "heartless" one.

Ask a girl for a lock of her hair nowadays and she won't require any scissors.

When a young man's attention is arested by a girl he is generally brought to court.

A pretty girl and a philosopher are both apt to be enamoured of their own reflections.

The Early Worm

A father had been lecturing his young hopeful upon the evils of staying out late at night and getting up late in the morning. "You will never amount to anything," he continued, "unless you turn over a new leaf. Remember that the early bird catches the worm."

"How about the worm, father?" inquired the young man. "Wasn't he rather foolish to get up so early?"

"My son," said the father solemnly, "that worm hadn't been to bed all night; he was on his way home."

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IN A FAVORITE PART OF BERKELEY

$7,000—Extremely choice, modern 10-room residence on boulevarded street in Claremont Park, near north gate, close to two Key Route stations and electric transportation; construction, conveniences and the artistic features were all given the most careful attention by owner and builder; the living-room (16x20) has high paneling in natural redwood, built-in window seats, and with beautiful art electroliers; library (12x14) is finished to correspond and has bookcases, etc.; the dining-room (15x20), which is unusually attractive, has both the walls and ceiling massively paneled, the latter in addition to heavy cross-beaming; floors of these rooms are double and finished in polished parquetted oak; the kitchen is large and well arranged, has fine pantry, also pass pantry to dining-room; the bedroom on this floor, intended for a servant's room, has commodious closet, also running hot and cold water; the five bedrooms are unusually large, the two in front of the house being respectively 13x17 and 13x14; the woodwork on this floor is in a finish of white enamel throughout and the walls are newly tinted in most attractive shades; a sleeping deck 10x32, linen closets and a bathroom 9x12 complete the appointments of this floor, which can be completely severed from downstairs by the closing of a large door; there is a cemented basement containing laundry, furnace-room equipped with a splendid furnace leading through registers to every room of the house, and ample space for storage and also the addition of servants' quarters. The lot, 50x132, faces south and is absolutely free to the sun on all sides. House is in perfect condition and has recently been under lease at $75 per month; terms of $1000 cash and monthly payments of about $75 can be arranged. DODGE VER MEHR CO., 2015 Shattuck Ave., "At Key Route Terminal," Berkeley, Cal.

EDLINGTON COURT

These admirably located apartments, designed with great care for the comfort and convenience of the occupants, are perhaps the most desirable renting accommodation on the east side of the bay. They consist of 4 rooms and bath. A number of the apartments have in addition a large sleeping porch facing east and south. One is shown in the left of the picture with the canvas drawn. The living rooms are large, and have fire-places, built-in-seats and bookcases. The dining rooms and kitchens are fitted in most convenient manner. All outside rooms with plenty of air and sunshine. Porches and large garden. Rents $40 to $60. Corner of Telegraph Avenue and Woolsey Street, a block from the new S. P. electric station and 5 minutes to Key Route. Apply to owner, 3100 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley, Cal. Phone Berkeley 5079.

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This grand and beautifully wooded acreage, for years the playground of nature lovers and Mecca of picnic parties, is being subdivided for home sites. The landscape engineer has supplemented nature's profusion in this wonderful place so that the general contour of the country may not be disturbed. Situated on the western slope of the Berkeley hills overlooking the bay of San Francisco it occupies an ideal position for a home. These properties can be bought for from $25 to $35 per foot, all street work done. Directly accessible by the Key Route or Southern Pacific electric when finished. Apply to Newell-Hendricks, Inc., 2037 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, Cal. Phone Berkeley 398. San Francisco office, Westband Bldg., 830 Market St.

A BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN HOME

$30,000—Situated on a 6-mile avenue. This complete residence cost the owner $50,000. Located midway between Oakland and Berkeley it has the educational advantages found in a college town while the city is but a short car ride away. From the rear of this home an unrivaled view of San Francisco Bay can be had while from the front of the house the Berkeley hills mark the sky line. The interior finish is mahogany, while every modern convenience is installed. A rare offering presenting a combination of delightful residential and speculative features. The draperies and hangings go with the place. Thirty-five minutes from San Francisco. Laymance Real Estate Co., 1214 and 1216 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. Phone Oakland 328.

Thirty-Five Minutes from Town

$7,000—This substantial 8-room house—built by the owner as a home—is offered for sale. The lower floor consists of 5 rooms, the living and dining room being paneled and finished in subdued tones of brown. The breakfast room, kitchen, servant's room and a large back porch that can be used as a conservatory complete this floor. The second floor has three large bed rooms, the two rear rooms opening to a large covered sun deck or sleeping porch 27x14. The never tiresome Berkeley hills are the view from this porch while a splendid view of San Francisco Bay by day or the city sparkling in the night can be had from the front of the house. Heated by 2 fire places and furnace, lawn back and front of house, berry arbor and stable with concrete floor. A splendid opportunity—very desirable terms. Owner, 6652 Dana street, Oakland, Cal.

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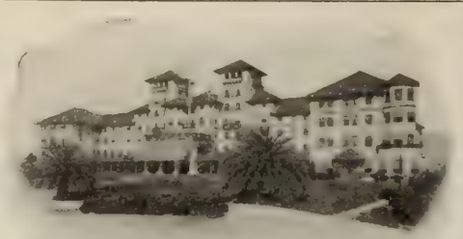

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, April 8, 1911 | No. 971

MISS LILLIAN LORRAINE

Who is the star of the largest musical entertainment in the world—Ziegfeld's Revue Follies of 1910 which begins a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theater Easter Sunday night.

TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Phone, Douglas 2612

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Optimistic Ripley

A most interesting and instructive interview was the one with Mr. E. P. Ripley, President of the Santa Fe railroad system, which appeared in the Examiner last Sunday. Mr. Ripley was questioned with respect to the immediate future of the transportation business. His discussion of the matter was characterized by an amiable optimism. From the standpoint of his self-interest there is not much to worry about. As a result of the widespread agitation against railroads and the adverse legislation that has been enacted the railroads have been crippled and they must reduce expenses and abandon contemplated extensions and improvements. But eventually there will be a reaction. Of this of course there is no doubt. Mr. Ripley talks like a philosopher. He knows that in this world all things react and that the very extremity of any force is the nucleus of a counter-agency. Mr. Ripley believes that popular antipathy is to be assauged by appealing directly to the people and that common sense will finally assert itself. But he is under no delusion respecting popular sentiment. He says nothing about the spirit of fair play asserting itself. The direct appeal to be made to the people is the appeal not to their conscience but the appeal to their pockets, and in this materialistic age it is the most powerful of all appeals. The reporter observed that "the people appear to support the policy of Federal control," and Mr. Ripley remarked "I have not the slightest doubt that a bill providing for free transportation for everybody and for everything would be still more popular than even the recent refusal of the Interstate Commerce Commission to allow the railroads to raise rates." And he added, "we must wait for the inevitable results of arbitrary regulation." These inevitable results are already appearing. Of the three thousand men employed in the Southern Pacific shops at Sacramento six hundred were laid off last week. Retrenchment is the rule in the transportation business throughout the West. And for the present nor for some time to come will there be any enterprise shown in the development of new territory. It will soon be found that the regulation of railroad rates has greatly increased the vast army of unemployed. And the mercantile interests that have been fighting the railroads will soon find when there are not cars enough to accomodate commerce that they have plunged themselves into a very unpleasant situation. This undoubtedly is what Mr. Ripley means when he says that the railroads will appeal directly to the people. They are already appealing directly to the people by adjusting their business in accordance with the requirements imposed by our demagogic politicians at the instigation of a greedy press whose principal complaint against the interests is that the interests have ceased to "put up." So Mr. Ripley has reason to believe that in time the people will right any wrong that has been done.

Rostand's Play

The question whether a blasphemous play offensive to the feelings of religious people should be tolerated has been brought home to us by the announcement that Sara Bernhardt is soon to appear at the Columbia Theatre in Rostand's "La Samaritaine." This is a question upon which honest, and even religious, people may differ. For this question cannot be considered apart from certain other questions, among them being the question of freedom of conscience and freedom of speech. Incidentally there is to be considered the question of justice as between playwrights and other authors, and between theatrical managers and book publishers. Why, it may be asked, should a play that is accessible to readers be inaccessible to play-goers. Blasphemous plays are not kept out of the hands of the reading public. Then why should they be inhibited to the senses of people who support the theatres? Theatre-goers are as little under compulsion to sit through a blasphemous play as are the lovers of fiction to read a blasphemous novel. But while this may be true enough there is after all a vast difference between reading and seeing, between mental recreation in private and mental recreation in public; between study in solitude and observation in groups. There is also a difference between the character vaguely outlined on the printed page and the character distinctly visualized on the lighted stage. What in a book may offend one's taste in a play may revolt one's whole being. The book is impersonal, the drama is palpitant, vital, employing as it does flesh and blood to create its illusions; and that is why the idea of profanity is inseparable from the drama that presents upon the stage whatever is sacred—the practices of religion no less than saintly figures of religious tradition. This idea of profanity is instinctive among people of refined sensibilities, and it may be raised by an undue familiarity not alone with what is religious but also with anything for which we have a profound reverence. Even the things that we hold sacred in our daily lives may be profaned by the too flippant imaging of them on the stage, and it is because they have been thus profaned far too often that we have in a measure ceased to appreciate them. In this connection the question suggests itself, have we come to hold too lightly the things that we ought to hold sacred? Some twenty years ago there was produced in Washington, D. C. a play called "The Ensign," one of the protagonists of which was Abraham Lincoln. The vivid apparition of the martyred President was startling to many people, and that he should be made to utter as though they were his own, through the mouth of an actor, the sentiments of a playwright, was so repugnant to the popular sense of reverence that indignant protest compelled the re-writing of the whole play. In the new version Lincoln merely appeared in a tableau, at the fall of a curtain. Does it not appear, now that Sara Bernhardt is touring the country in "La Samaritaine," that public feeling has become somewhat callous since the days when "The Ensign" was produced? A few years ago there was much indignation in New York at the proposal of the Lambs Club to produce Clay Greene's Passion Play, in the whole course of which the figure of Jesus is never seen. Yet here we have a play in which Jesus is impersonated, in which he is represented as a man capable of carnal thoughts, who is fascinated by the physical charms of an abandoned woman. What the effect of this play is on the emotions of clean-minded people one can judge only by witnessing a performance; what the effect may be on the emotions of the vulgar is of no importance. That it is blasphemous from the Catholic standpoint cannot be questioned; nor that from the standpoint of all sincere Christians it is in a sense a profanation of a sacred character. But it appears to be equally certain that it is a sincere work of art. This is conceded even by the Jesuit journal "America," which says of Rostand, "In telling the story of the woman of Samaria he meant well. He meant, we believe, to do homage to the Saviour of the world." But according to Father Francou, editor of the official organ of the Catholic archdiocese of New Orleans, "It is absolutely shocking and sickening," and the Monitor of this city, which demands its suppression "in the name of common decency," pronounces it "revolting, blasphemous and curse-invoking."

He Admires Restraint in Art

What a piece of work is Colonel Roosevelt! What a confused chaos! How infinite in his ideals! In action, how elusive! In principle, how unstable! In most everything, how incomprehensible! The Colonel, we learned during his sojourn in this city, includes among his numerous talents that of an art critic. He admired out loud a beautiful painting, because, as he said, it showed "restraint." In most conceptions of the same subject, he explained, blood was among the details, and as there was no blood in this particular picture, he admired it greatly. Now who in all the world would have thought that Colonel Roosevelt was an admirer of restraint in anything? He, the incarnation of strenuosity! One finds it difficult to believe that he was reported accurately. How improbable that the Mighty Hunter whose itinerary in Africa was marked by a trail of blood really objects to the employment of the red fluid

for realistic purposes in art! Perhaps the Colonel was really poking fun at the picture. Perhaps he considers the artist a mollycoddle. But you never can tell. The Colonel as we have said is infinite in his ideals, unstable in his principles. The fact is, however, that according to the popular concept of him, there is nothing that he so much disdains as restraint. He is famous for his impetuosity, his impulsiveness, his cross-grained ungentleness. So distinct is the impression that he gives of his being subject to the most wayward impulses, so at variance with his nature is serenity of aspect, that the figure of him might well serve as the symbol of impetuous energy. The man who has laid down so many precepts for the governing of our lives has yet to aspire to that greatest of all empires—command of self. If Colonel Roosevelt were to exemplify in himself the principle that he applies to art he might win the respect of men who now regard him with abhorrence. But the transformation while it would render him more acceptable to the few would alienate the affections of the many.

A Breach of Restraint

Mr. Roosevelt's want of restraint was evidenced quite often during his recent visit. Here, as everywhere, he assumed the role of spiritual director to the multitude, his conception of it being rather that of the scourge than of the indulgent guide. On several occasions he pointed with pride to his record for criminal prosecutions, and spoke exultingly of his success as betokened by "men in stripes." This is a curious record for a statesman, a former President of the United States, to preen himself on. Can anyone conceive of the divinely merciful Lincoln boasting of such triumphs as those that gladden the heart of the illustrious Rough Rider? No; the reason being that everybody's impression of the character of Lincoln is that it was marked by tenderness, by that matchless grace, "the gentleness of Christ." Restraint is the keynote of Lincoln's character. Now the subject of criminal prosecution is one that discretion would eschew. It is anything but an indication of restraint on Mr. Roosevelt's part that he exults at the misery of a man, however deserving a miserable man might be of his fate. Besides it is notorious that as implacable as Mr. Roosevelt was toward some men and some corporations he was fully as placable towards others, and while even guiltless men were prosecuted at his behest there were guilty ones shielded by him. But it is not with the question of his unfairness and his partiality that we now are dealing; it is with the question of his unrestraint, of the manifest indelicacy of his nature. Without a sense of delicacy there can be no restraint. That sense has been imperfectly developed in Mr. Roosevelt. It has been dwarfed by his egoism. Indelicacy exhibits itself most significantly in little things. Witness the exhibition of it that Mr. Roosevelt gave when he addressed the Spanish-American war veterans . "I've broken my rule as to accepting invitations in just one case," he said, "and that case was this case. You have a peculiar claim on me." Thus did Mr. Roosevelt assure the veterans that he was doing them a great favor in accepting their invitation to be received by them. Here we have egoism monumental, and delicacy not at all. It is this egoism that is chiefly responsible for Mr. Roosevelt's lack of restraint. From his egoism proceeds his habitual intolerance and his intolerable dogmatism. It is by reason of his egoism that nothing appears to him of any moment but the unrestrained indulgence of a domineering moral superiority. This moral superiority he postulates of himself because while he sets a high value on his virtues he is unconscious of the enormity of his vices. Greatly incensed against the immoral practices of unscrupulous business men by which the people are defrauded and the public service impaired, he lashes them incessantly, conceiving as he does that they are the ugliest of all sinners. Doubtless it would shock him greatly to learn that there are men not included among the objects of his execration who loathe his weaknesses much more than they loathe the weaknesses of malefactors of great wealth. Doubtless it would shock him greatly to be told that for his employment of the machinery of government to nominate his successor he is regarded as the greatest criminal that ever held office in this republic. These conceptions are probably incomprehensible to Mr. Roosevelt because of a contracted blear-eyed obliquity of mental vision by which he is denied the felicity of more than one viewpoint. He is one of those unfortunate individuals who regard fervor of purpose and passion as a sign of what is incontrovertible. Hence his headstrong manner when mounted on an abstract proposition, and his unrestrained hatred of the sins he is not inclined to.

Blind to the Beautiful

Mr. Roosevelt is really to be pitied. Every man is to pitied who is temperamentally inclined rather to lament the wickedness of the world than to rejoice at the world's goodness. A man has little of genuine sympathy in his heart who cannot see that there is much that is beautiful among the actions of mankind. And since there is none of us qualified to cast the first stone how greatly to be pitied is he who is so insensible to his own imperfections that he makes the lashing of sin a continuous performance! It is not to be disputed that the world is in need of reformers, or that militant righteousness is a good thing; but it is too bad that our greatest reformer loses sight of the fact that evil is immortal and necessary, that without it goodness would have no significance, life no meaning. It is too bad that Mr. Roosevelt has not that philosophic calm and mental serenity which are essential to clear thinking; for then he might realize that there are two ways of improving mankind, and that the less effective is the one he pursues. It is better to inspire appreciation of beautiful actions than to inveigh against ugly ones. It is better because it is more effective. Examples of heroism are beautiful and they induce emulation. And virtue has its heroes as well as war. Now if a man has any power of observation he cannot fail to perceive that virtue is everywhere. It consoles misery, it feeds the hungry, it comforts the sick. In the streets of every city the good Samaritan may be met every day. If there are women who abstain from the function of motherhood there are countless thousands that rejoice in its exquisite pangs. If there are malefactors of great wealth there are also philanthropists of little means. There are sublime exemplars of self-denial and devotion in every home, but nothing that Mr. Roosevelt has ever said would indicate that he was aware of their existence. He has been too busy quickening the civic conscience and keeping alive discord and distrust.

The Sedges

I whispered my great sorrow
To every listening sedge;
And they bent, bowed with my sorrow
Down to the water's edge.

But she stands and laughs lightly
To see me sorrow so,
Like the light winds that laughing
Across the water go.

If I could tell the bright ones
That quiet-hearted move,
They would bend down like the sedges
With the sorrow of love.

But she stands laughing lightly
Who all my sorrow knows,
Like the little wind that laughing
Across the water blows.

—Seumas O'Sullivan.

Varied Types

XVI—John D. Barry

By Edward F. O'Day

"You are also the author of 'The Confession of a Rebellious Wife?'"

It was a brutal question unkindly blurted, but I did not realize. I was not attuned to Mr. Barry. He was a stranger to me. His works were stranger still. His Bulletin essays I had not read; his novels I had never seen; his plays and playlets, quite naturally, I had never witnessed, for they are still virgin to the stage. Of his personality what could I know? I had just met him. And so, when I laid that ruthless question to his delicate soul, when I macerated his soft spirit with that uncouth query, I was shocked to see his pain. It was as though I had broken a butterfly on the wheel. Positively Mr. Barry's pinions drooped.

"How did you know that?" he gasped.

I grieved for Mr. Barry. It was patent that I had startled him. He stared at me, a blonde mask of misery. His soft yellow hair, his white brows, his eyes of discouraged blue, his close-cropped moustache, every feature of that fair face mirrored sudden uneasiness. A pearl baby-ribbon of smoke climbed upward from the cigarette in his hanging hand.

I was very uncomfortable. But what could I do? My cruel words were gone beyond recall. There was no plucking their barb from Mr. Barry's tender heart. So I refused to tell him how I knew. Sternly I resisted his coaxing—and he has a very coaxing way.

Finally, "It was a secret," he murmured in a voice that was almost sad. "Please don't give me away."

I was in a very embarrassing position. I didn't know what to say. Really and truly, I wouldn't give Mr. Barry away if he were in my possession, so to speak. But he isn't. His secret is out. It leaked through the pages of Town Talk several weeks ago. But I didn't dare tell Mr. Barry that. It would have been so awkward. In the first place it would have been tantamount to charging him with the heinous sin of not reading Town Talk and I wouldn't charge my worst enemy with that unpardonable omission. In the second place I knew that if I told him there would be a scene. He might have swooned at the news and then I would have had to dash water on his face or find smelling salts. Or his emotion might have expressed itself in tears. So I did not face the situation. I retreated and allowed Mr. Barry to suppose that the authorship of "The Confession of a Rebellious Wife" was a secret between us, instead of being known to the countless thousands who read Town Talk. If Mr. Barry had not been Mr. Barry but some rugged individual I might have told him the worst; as it was, I was cowardly and gentle. One cannot use the rake to a sensitive plant.

I intruded on Mr. Barry's domestic quietude because I had heard of his dramatic lectures and was interested. The spotlight is not merely for actors; it also beats upon dramatic lecturers and others. Mr. Barry accepts its radiance with becoming modesty. It is only when "The Confession of a Rebellious Wife" is mentioned that he dodges it. But there, there, Mr. Barry, we will try not to mention that again.

"I have always been interested in the stage," said Mr. Barry with a most engaging little hesitation of speech, a sort of stutter stunted in its growth. "Once I was dramatic critic for the Boston Post; and for Harper's Weekly and Collier's. I put on plays for a settlement in New York. I have made both professional and amateur Shakespearian productions. And I have written plays."

That last sentence seemed meaty to me. Playwrights are interesting folk—when their plays have been produced.' Very delicately I insinuated to Mr. Barry that it would please me to learn whether his plays had been produced. One must be careful in these matters. It is so easy to remain in ignorance of great playwrights on this edge of the continent.

"Mary Shaw once played my one-act drama 'The Preacher,'" replied Mr. Barry.

The accent was not placed on that word 'once,' but the word was there and it bothered me. Had not Mary Shaw played it twice or

JOHN D. BARRY

thrice? I dared not breathe the interrogation. But Mr. Barry saved the situation by talking on.

"It's bully to write plays," he trilled birdily; "especially on social and economic subjects. I am going to write a lot of plays on social and economic subjects. I have written a good many one-act plays and some longer ones. There's 'The Congressman;' it was founded on my novel 'The Congressman's Wife.' 'The Pharisee' is another of my plays. Really 'The Pharisee' is the best thing I've done, but it's on rather a terrible theme."

That intrigued my curiosity. I hardly associated terrible themes with Mr. Barry. Was it something socially or economically terrible? Mr. Barry could see that I was interested and being interested himself, he explained.

"You see, my Pharisee is supposed to be a great hero. He really isn't, you know, but everybody thinks he is. He is a vigorous man but his wife is passe and he has a secretary whom he seduces. Rather a terrible thing, isn't it? When the wife finds out about it she drops dead and that ends the first act. In the second act the Pharisee is tired of the secretary and he's after the hand of the rich widow whose acquaintance we made in the first act. When the secretary finds this out she's furious. 'If you try to marry her I'll tell all,' she says. 'Oh no, you wont,' he answers, 'because if you tell all you'll queer yourself.' He rather thinks he has her there. But in the third act she tells all."

There was a pause while we meditated the awkward position of the Pharisee.

"I don't look forward to an immediate production of 'The Pharisee,'" added Mr. Barry. Then he laughed musically. We both laughed.

"I have two lecture classes," continued Mr. Barry in answer to a question. "I have a class in stage managing with twenty pupils and a class in dramatic construction with fifteen pupils. Perhaps it is wrong to call them pupils. The class is really a sort of conference. We put our heads together, you know. We try to find out why the laws of the drama exist; why the spectators must see the significance of every scene. We try to understand the importance of keeping the play marching, of having a sound skeleton for it. It's bully work. It's bully to work with grown-ups. It's very stimulating to me. I get many suggestions. Really, some of the best things are said by the pupils."

Could modesty be more engaging than in Mr Barry? I would have liked to deprecate his self abasement, but I reminded myself that I had never attended the lectures.

"I like this lecturing because it will enable me to do a manual on playwriting," Mr. Barry explained. "I want to do a little book that will be easy to read."

"You know Price's Technique of the Drama?" I ventured.

"I read Price recently," Mr. Barry conceded, "and I liked the little book better than the big book. Hennequin is good too. I must say that Hennequin and Price have done very well. But I will try to get at the drama from a new angle when I do my manual."

What that angle will be one can only guess from Mr. Barry's obiter dicta.

"Men like Shaw are freeing the drama. We are getting away from the old ideas of form. Ibsen is splendid! And Sudermann! I like his 'Magda!' His 'Fires of St. John'—wonderful! bully! I don't like his 'Joy of Living.' And Hauptmann is splendid! His 'Hannele' and his 'Sunken Bell!' I don't know his 'Lonely Lives.' I can't say that I know much of Strindberg. Of course the Shakespearian tragedies are wonderful. But the comedies are marred by grossness, don't you think? Their humor is offensive, even the Falstaff humor."

I dared not disagree for fear of shocking Mr. Barry. I almost felt ashamed of my liking for the Shakespearian comedies. One does feel uncomfortable in the presence of a pure soul that refuses to sully itself with the Shakespearian humor. And yet, when Mr. Barry went to his book shelf to find one of his novels, I noticed a Boccaccio and a Rabelais.

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Man banquets on life; and the worms on him.

Bromide note: All the dramatic critics spoke of the "lean and hungry Cassius."

When a man with such a name as J. Stitt Wilson parts it in the middle the presumption is against him everywhere save in Berkeley.

"Systematic muckerism" sounds as though Doctor Jordan had been talking to Colonel Roosevelt.

Wanted: A man for Mayor with no entangling alliances, guaranteed to run in single harness, without blinders and to stand without tying.

The harem skirt is one of the means by which a slender woman may make her presence svelte.

If we proceed as leisurely with everything else as with the selection of a site the Canal may beat us to it.

President Jordan thinks that baseball is too rough for Stanford. He might recommend knitting.

"It was a great day for Chicago," says Mr. Hearst anent the victory of Carter Harrison. But after reading the front page of the Examiner one finds it difficult to get away from the impression that the illustrious journalist believes that it was a much greater day for William R.

There is no security against the arrogance of wealth except the acquisition of it.

Dave Stewart, the prize-fighter, has the distinction of having knocked out two men in one day. He knocked out his opponent in the mayoralty contest in La Salle, Colo., last Tuesday, and in the evening he knocked out Harry Smith in Omaha in the padded arena. It was a great day for La Salle and democracy.

Perhaps some of the people who voted for J. Stitt Wilson are of the opinion that as most of our politicians are practicing Socialism without having the courage to confess themselves Socialists it might be just as well to get behind one who disdains false colors.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The Plague of Locusts

According to the Bureau of Entomology of the Department of Agriculture, the United States will suffer this year from the worst plague of locusts since 1690. Nothing as bad in the insect line will be experienced again until 2132. The reason is that this year the seventeen and and thirteen year locusts will sweep over the land, a coincidence which takes place only every 221 years. The seventeen-year locust, or more properly cicada, is known in the North while the thirteen-year variety is indigenous to the South. The brood which is due to come forth this year was hatched from eggs deposited in 1894 and 1898 respectively. A few weeks after the eggs were laid in the twigs of trees they hatched, and the billions of baby cicadas dropped to the ground where they buried themselves. There they went through the transformations of growth and in due time began burrowing to the surface, the process in the North taking seventeen and in the South thirteen years. The plague is expected to be severest in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, the District of Columbia and the Mississippi Valley. Steps are being taken to combat the plague as soon as it appears.

Roasting the W. C. T. U. and the Preachers

Up in happy, wealthy Chico there is quite a tempest in a teapot over the lambasting which the wife of a wholesale and retail liquor dealer has administered to the W. C. T. U. and the preachers. The prohibition agitation has not unnaturally excited this woman's wrath. "Sift the matter down to a psychological basis," she writes, "and you will find that ignorance and agitators—ignorant agitators, if you will—are at the bottom of it." And again: "Attend the W. C. T. U. meeting of today and you will be struck by the paucity of likely working material." And still again: "We take exception to the present-day minister, not because he is often poor, but because he is a hypocrite. He sticks to his job, not because of loyalty, but because he doesn't know what else to do . After a man has put in even a few years at a business the chief requirements of which are soft hands, elegant manners and a gift with the ladies, he is necessarily a good deal handicapped when he steps out into the broad light of day and essays to measure up alongside of men. The average minister is not a man among men, but a diplomat among ladies." These are cruel words and have aroused great indignation among the ministers and the ladies of Chico.

Did the Doctor Slam "Chet?"

It is evident that Dr. Rowell and his nephew, Chester H. Rowell, do not agree on all things. The evidence is supplied by the Fresno Republican of which Chester H. is editor, in a report of a lecture given by the Doctor. In this lecture the Doctor said that as a result of his long legislative experience he had come to the conclusion that "all legislation is procured in three ways, by ignorance, accident or fraud." Now that is rather hard on "Chet" Rowell. "Chet" is one of the brightest lights of the Johnsonian dispensation and all the Johnsonians agree that the recent session of the Legislature was the greatest in the history, not only of California legislation but of the whole world's legislation. Does the Doctor mean to say that all the reform legislation recently enacted was procured "by ignorance, accident or fraud?" What does "Chet" think of the Doctor for talking like that? And especially after Governor Johnson gave the Doctor a ten thousand dollar a year plum! Was the legislation providing for the State World's Fair Commission procured "by ignorance, accident or fraud?"

Russia and the Jews

No less than 120,000 Jews were driven out of Russia during 1910 by systematic official persecution, according to the annual report of the Central German Jewish Relief Association, which acts in co-operation with the leading Jews of America and Great Britian in ameliorating the lot of their oppressed co-religionists in Russia .

Of the total mentioned, 93,107 emigrated to the United States, or 25 per cent more than during 1909. These figures, the report states, are more complete than the official American immigration statistics, because the latter are made up for the fiscal year ending with June, 1910.

The German association declares that the anti-Jewish propaganda in Russia is becoming more heartless, tyrannical, and widespread from hour to hour. The Czar's Government has now adopted the principle of limiting educational opportunities for Jewish children as the most practical and surest way of driving the Jews out of the country. The previous regulations by which Jewish children might attend the public schools at a ratio of 3 per cent of the total attendance in cities, 5 per cent in the smaller towns, and 10 per cent in various "Jewish settlement" regions, have now been extended so as to embrace private schools and business colleges.

A Promising Girl

Mere children have lately been discovered at the head of predatory gangs of Paris, and now the wilful conduct of a girl of fourteen is the topic of considerable comment. This promising child left her home recently to live with a group of apaches, and, as funds became low, she called on her mother. When the latter refused to give her money she pulled a revolver out of her pocket and threatened her parent with it. Happily, several neighbors interfered, and a policeman was sent for, but the girl showed fight, and injured his hand with a hat-pin before he could lead her off to the station, at the head of a procession in which many of her apache friends figured. When questioned by the inspector this unnatural juvenile coolly declared her determination to finish her parents off as soon as she was free.

"Sir," tartly says the lady of uncertain age to the floorwalker, "is there any way of getting one of these salemen to pay me some attention?" "Well, says the floorwalker, confidentially, "I'll introduce you to any one of them you fancy; but I'll tell you now that all of them have their 'steadies.' "

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An Obsession

By Bernardo Couto Castillo (From the Spanish)

In a small piece of Louis XV furniture that I recently bought, I found, in the bottom of a drawer, the letter which you may here read:

My Dear Friend:

What I write you is going to move you profoundly; but you have no idea of the state of excitement and grief in which I find myself. You, the best comrade of my earlier days, who knew all my joys and all my sorrows—you are the only one who can hear and console me in my desolation. Come, come and live by my side, and be the same companion as you were in times past; only, now I shall not laugh, nor shall I be the noisy devil I then was. Come, my friend, I fear for my reason, which is even now trembling.

You will remember that, a little time after you had abandoned the wild and riotous life we lived together so long, to shut yourself up wisely in a den of peace and labor—you will remember I wrote you, saying:

"Friend, at last I have found what I wanted; the submissive and silent creature at whose side I can shelter myself, the being made for love, tolerant of my caprices, humble to my desires, who, from today, is going to be my companion." I spoke to you of her, of her peaceful face, of her look serene and receptive, of her hair parted in the center of the forehead and flowing straight over her temples, like that of a pre-Raphaelite virgin. I explained to you the "problem of conscience" in which I found myself involved, for, being an honest girl, duty demanded of me to give her my name, while my convictions, or should I say my stupid pre-occupations, opposed any kind of official and definite bond. I knew well that she asked nothing but to obey me; her mother, her house, all would be sacrificed to my least desire; with the same pleasure—what do I say?—with the same enthusiasm, she would have gone to the church as to the poorest of places designated by me. In her poor woman's life I was the hope, the unquestionable love, the welcome that she had awaited, soon to be delivered. With my habitual egoism and carelessness, I said: "Time enough yet!" and I made her mine.

Her mother died, and I had to bring her to live with me, without thinking to give her a position, preoccupied solely with the enchantment that emanated from the whole of her small body.

You cannat figure to yourself the two years of complete felicity that I passed by her side. I never before had believed in happiness, I had never believed that a man in any way refined could, without a great struggle, stand the same caresses, the same features, and the same things for two long years. Very well! I, the skeptical egoist you have known, even I have been happy by the side of one woman, happy as only a man can be who is destined to pay very dearly for it, as now happens to me.

During the two years' life of my passion I never dreamed of deceiving her. Do not be astonished, for you never knew her; she never had the same kiss twice, nor repeated a caress; never from her small lips came vulgar phrases; she engendered every seduction and every goodness; she was indulgent, and you know there is most desire to deceive, when the demon of perversity moves most, and when contrarieties and inopportune jealousies are aroused. While terrors awoke in her for the honor given, as with the true lover, while she did not know, while no one came to instill doubts in her conscience, there never passed through her mind the idea that I could be false; I was for her all that was loving, as she was for me all that was adorable.

You remember Charles? Well, to him and to him alone I owe my misfortune. He, the hidden black hand that wounds forever; he, the false friend born to sting like a viper, mortally, traitorously; he, the miserable Iago, entered into my house to torment me, to envenom my blood, and to bring down the night on our happiness. You know that I sought him, to provoke him to a duel, in which he had the good fortune to wound me; he whom I should have annihilated with the sheer force of my hatred.

One day, on arriving home, I found Julia all in tears. You can imagine my grief, when to my caresses she answered only with reproaches. I wanted to know, I demanded—and I knew. The wretch who had been seated daily at my table, smiling, had spoken to her of me; of my past; of the women that I had known, and of all that I had ever done. He had cited dates, given proofs, and had told her that my intention was to act in the like way with her. If I had not married, if up till now I had denied her my name, it was in order to be able to abandon her with impunity, once I got tired of her. The poor, loving creature was trembling with grief when, between her sobs, she murmured this declaration.

In vain I endeavored to console her. After the tears came angry reproaches; the fury of the woman who, confiding until then, beheld herself utterly deceived, had awakened in her. I was not what she had believed, nor he whom she loved. Then came the despair that wishes to wound, to avenge itself, and a new being was revealed before me; the weak, submissive, the good and loving creature was turned into the raging lioness that wished only to tear and destroy.

"You shall marry me," she kept saying. "I will not be as the others, no, you shall not deceive me. Oh, no, no! You shall marry me! You shall marry me!" And this cry burst continually from her rage, like froth from agitated water.

In her kindled look there was hatred and disdain; and my pride, my stupid man's pride, rose up against what I had loved most, against what I felt I loved still even in that moment in which I did not know her.

"Marry!" I cried. "And who shall oblige me? You, who came of your pleasure?"

On my words there followed a period of silence; I saw her terrified on her part at seeing my anger rise against hers, a force against her own just resentment. Then, after a brief pause, and taking some aimless steps, she moved to the nighttable at her side, and taking a revolver, she cried mechanically:

"You shall marry me—you shall; or I——"

I laughed, I made an effort to throw my irony into it, and pallid, without saying a word, she placed the muzzle against her forehead. She looked at me one instant, with a look that I have since been unable to forget, with an indescribable look that follows me in the shadows of the nights, and haunts me in my evil dreams. In the expression of that look there were determination and reproaches, but reproaches still full of love. I did not move a step; I did not make a gesture; I did not raise an arm to detain her—on the contrary, with a perverse curiosity, I waited, and even seemed to defy her with my attitude.

A report, and I threw myself forward; just in time to receive her in my arms—one last convulsive tremor, then a gush of blood covering her face and bathing her body.

Who can describe exactly and analyze all that I felt that night, watching over her who had loved me so tenderly, her whom I clearly felt I loved more and more, now that she was no more! I have only vague recollections. Her body, the lines of her perfect body, stood out against the blackness of the funeral pall spread upon the bed beneath her. The white of her hands, the corpse-like lividness of her face leaped up like life against the black, like the marbles of lacquer work. The wound in her forehead was bandaged, and only a small red point stained the silk scarf that bound it; her loose hair served as a pillow. On her small lips, so smiling before, a very nest of caresses, and now cold, insensible as those of a marble statue, there was a slight pitiful curve. The closed eyelids shut out her glance from me forever. Then I do not remember anything more. Gusts of air entered and flickered the flame of the candles, causing yellow splendors to pass over the face of the dead. I heard wailing notes, organ notes ironically joyous, the buzzing of flies and the strokes of the succeeding hours, resounding abruptly, heavily, inexorably in the silence of the night; and many thoughts, a great whirling in my head of fancies and memories.

I relived the scenes and the caresses of these two years and I saw her, unvarying, impassive, sunken in the depths of her sleep of death; I took her cold hand, I called to her, unable to admit that she was dead. Dead—and why? What had she done, and what had we done? She remained impassive, and the serious look on her face told me all that separated us; she was very far away; for her I existed no more! The thought of the solitude of the following day, and the certainty of her death, made me crazy; I was desperate against my powerlessness and the fate that creates beings only to annihilate them so swiftly.

I thought of my fault, of my criminal pride. One movement, one word, one request would have sufficed and she would have been living, prodigal in her caresses, and murmuring in my ear her loving words. I turned to look at her—the same curves in her face, the eyes always closed, the large candles shedding luminous splendors upon her and yellowing the long strands of her loosened hair.

I repented, I loathed myself, but all in vain, Absolutely no power could give sweetness to her smiles or light to her eyes. Days would follow days, and I would await her in vain. The world would continue its usual course, nothing would be changed, only she, she who ought to feel and move like the rest, would remain forever buried beneath the ground, and all through my silence, my pride. For me there was nothing but constant desolation. For her——

I saw her go forth, and I had not the strength to accompany her; strange hands sealed her up forever in her new habitation; the last words that were spoken to her issued from lips that had never kissed her; I remained stupified, a nonenity, as we are after irretrievable catastrophes.

When I grew resigned to the inevitability of her death, and began my long lone journey, the

(Continued on Page 23.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Correspondence

The Mighty Hunter

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Charter Day in the Greek Theater was the occasion for mixed emotions in me. The glorious sight of those young people; the speech of President Wheeler when for once at least he spoke truth of the necessity of rich people in perpetuating and making possible the great institutions and enterprises of the present time everywhere over the earth. Then I heard Theodore Roosevelt try to be funny. On my way home on the ferry I wrote these enclosed verses. They are but a poor expression of my feelings for this man. If you can see your way clear to publish them in your valuable paper there may be merit enough in them to start a thought in the minds of your readers toward a proper estimation of this mountebank made possible by a hysteric people.

Who I am is of no moment—
Let me be in this but an impersonal thought.

Very truly yours,
—E. L. W.

Is it because the blood of the beasts
Is pumped by that thing you call your heart,
That to take the lives of the things you see
In your base perceptions you deem an Art.

When you were chosen to rule o'er men
Because in their error they deemed you wise,
You saw but the chance to paint blood red
The star of your fate that rose in the skies.

What did you do with your power? we ask.
Alas 'tis a grim review—
Prosperity's death; uncertainty; strife
And financial panics—all due to you.

Your actions attracted the jackals;
They followed along in your train,
But what you did for self glory
They readily turned to gain.

Your sight is along a gun barrel
And sees but the thing it would slay,
Can't you look with a wider vision
Can't you build for a future day?

Can you not let a live thing live
And crush your desire to slay
Or are you so festered in self-conceit
That you try to hasten decay?

Your name is great to your self-loved self,
Great to your perverse band,
But when time dims your fakir lights
Then men will understand.

Wherever you go, disasters spring
Alike for beasts and men,
And a mother's grief is fun to you
In houses, nest or den.

What of the man who is given to reign
And turns it into a curse,
Endowed by nature to know the right
Yet always choses the worse?

You have gone forth into foreign lands
Simply that you might kill;
Can you not joy in the things of the wild
Unless their blood you spill?

Your name is known to all our boys
And to them that name is great;
But what of the million lives they take
When your ways they imitate?

I pity you, sir, from my inmost soul,
From the depths of my dear heart's core.
Would heaven fulfill my prayer in you
Then go and sin no more.

The Spectator

Sly's Non-Union Project

In labor union circles there was much agitation early this week when the report was received that L. H. Sly, the non-union building contractor, had purchased the Stanford property on Nob Hill and proposed erecting on the site of the old Leland Stanford home a large Class A apartment house. Sly is the most active building contractor in the city. He has built several large apartment houses on the open shop plan, and he has fought organized labor to a standstill. But he has yet to enter the field of steel construction, and hence the agitation in labor circles when it was reported that he would soon employ non-union men to handle steel for his next building. What organized labor will do about it remains to be seen. In all probability Sly will follow the example of that ardent friend of the unions, Mr. William R. Hearst, whose building at Third and Market streets is built of what is known as "scab" steel. I have heard that President McCarthy of the Building Trades Council was inclined at first to boycott that big job, but that he changed his mind when Charles Schwab who supplied the steel threatened to give the Mayor the fight of his life. The probability is that the Mayor is in a conciliatory mood these days. A campaign is approaching, and besides the supply of labor at present exceeds the demand; so much so that work is divided up in some lines with a view of giving each man a share each week. So employers are becoming somewhat independent. This week ground was broken on Sutter street between Mason and Taylor for a big bachelor apartment house, which is to be built on the open-shop principle, and apparently nothing is to be done about it. Yet so many union men are out of work that delinquent union dues are accumulating and the treasury of the Building Trades Council is not so swollen as formerly. But good times are coming. The Fair will soon be a-building, and between the Mayor and the Governor good care will be taken of union men and organized labor will be flourishing once more.

American vs. Foreign Champagne

The Italian-Swiss Colony's choice white sparkling ASTI SPECIAL, SEC, which is naturally fermented in the bottle and not carbonated, was substituted for a foreign champagne at the Washington Hotel on Thursday when Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was Seattle's honored guest.

Trouble in Oakland

Over in Oakland the industrial situation is quite different from that which exists in this city. Mayor Mott has trouble on his hands, and the political prospect gives him uneasiness. The lumber men are defying the unions, and the unions are concentrating all their efforts against one firm which is believed to be the weakest. This firm employs a guard of seventy armed men, from which circumstance it is argued that violence is anticipated, as though the unions sanctioned violence! Doubtless the armed guard is maintained merely to create the impression that when union men are on a strike they are regarded as dangerous. Mayor Mott also has the strike of the milk drivers on his hands. Recently the non-union drivers provided themselves with clubs and revolvers as if to protect themselves from the strikers and it was said that they could not get the necessary protection from the police department. Under orders from the Chief of Police the wagons were searched and every driver with a weapon under his seat was arrested. Fifteen of them were thrown into jail. Thereupon the Milk Dealers' Association whined that it was being discriminated against by the authorities. It was charged that the strikers instigated the arrest that they might attack the "scabs" without danger to themselves. All nonsense, of course. The Oakland strikers are the most mild mannered of mortals. It would grieve them beyond expression if a "scab" driver were maimed by their militant sympathizers. The probability is that they are opposed to the disarming of the "scabs" knowing that there is danger of one of them being beaten by his employer just to provoke sentiment against the strikers. As to Mayor Mott he is by no means a disinterested looker-on in Oakland. It is no easy matter for a Mayor to keep his fences in repair during a strike.

The Silent Press

With two strikes on in Oakland it is evident that the model city across the bay bears something of the aspect of a storm-centre these days. Oakland is really passing through a very exciting period of her history, but you wouldn't think so from anything that you read in our parochial dailies. It's ticklish business, publishing strike news. Something might get into print offensive to the delicate sensibilities of the unions, and so it's deemed advisable to print as little as possible. This cautiousness on the part of the palladiums

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of our liberties would be truly admirable were it exhibited toward all persons as it is exhibited toward the hosts of labor.

The Demoralizing Masculine Garter

In an eastern paper I read: "Two hundred signers of a petition circulated at the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., say a picture of a man's leg incased in a patented garter is demoralizing to the girl students." When I showed this to the Poetaster he dashed off the following:

Two hundred girls at college,
  Bespectacled and grim,
Have frowned upon the garter
  On the masculine nether limb.
But don't misunderstand me—
  Their modest soulful eyes
Have only seen this garter
  Where its makers advertise.
They are very proper coeds,
  So don't believe, I beg,
They ever set their eyes on
  The undraped manly leg.
Oh no! They saw the picture
  Of a snugly gartered shin
In the ad. part of a magazine
  And it gave them thoughts of sin.
Shall man in all the beauty
  Of his curved and fatted calf,
Be allowed to tempt these maidens
  From their virtue? Not by half!
As well allow the rah-rahs
  To attend a college dance
With stockings nicely gartered
  But without their proper pants.
As well permit the statues
  In a virtuous college town
To shed their modest fig leaves
  Or let their drap'ries down.
As well permit fair Venus,
  Fresh risen from the sea,
To attend a college lecture
  In her native nudity.
These things are very sinful,
  They repel the pure mind;
And gartered hose and manly calves
  Shock female souls refined.
So let's insure virtue
  By the very simple means
Of banishing the gartered leg
  From all the magazines.

Mrs. Scrappington—You provoke me till I am absolutely beside myself!

Mr. Scrappington—Then stand off a little way from yourself and see how ridiculous you look!

Apologia pro Joe

That interesting gossip, "The Knave" of the Oakland Tribune, has thrown himself gallantly between Joe Redding and the critics of Joe's "Natoma" libretto. "Will we ever get over the delightful habit of knocking our own men and their best work?" demands The Knave. Far be it from me to rise up on behalf of San Francisco and attempt to answer so broad a question. But timidly and in all humility I will venture the statement that this town never will go into ecstacies over bad work simply because it was done by one of us. Heaven knows we are still carrying many ear-marks of provincialism, but I do not think we possess that particularly irritating one. We realize that genius knows no geography and that stupidity is limited by no residence qualification. Out in this neck of the woods we have always been pretty ready to admit that our poets, our musicians, our orators, our playwrights and so on are neither better nor worse for being San Franciscans or Californians. We are proud of the talent that springs here but not absurd enough to prefer our mediocrity to the excellence of aliens. If our Joe had written a good libretto we should have been proud of him. But because the author of a very bad libretto happens to be our Joe we are by no means blind to his bad work. We are magnanimous enough to gore our own ox when he deserves goring, even though his stable be the Bohemian or the Family Clubs out of which perchance may come less than genius.

Something Like Satire

On reflection I find myself in a quandary. I don't know whether my esteemed contemporary is sincere or satirical. For after analyzing what he has said I find that he doesn't defend Joe's libretto at all. One New York critic said that the libretto was a hack horse to carry a load of precious music, and it seems to be the opinion of The Knave that nothing more is expected of a libretto. He points out that the librettists of some of the popular operas are unknown to fame. So if we accept The Knave's premise and concur in his argument the conclusion is that Joe should not be criticised for writing a bad libretto. The same argument is advanced with reference to the lyrics. He says that lyrics never do amount to anything. If this is a defense and Joe can extract comfort from it then it is to be said of him that the celebrated versatility for which he is worshipped in Bohemia is crowned by genuine good nature.

The Knave on Shakespeare

In the course of his argument The Knave adverts to Shakespeare, thus becoming irrelevant and thereby doubly interesting. "When Shakespeare has a character burst into song," expounds The Knave, "it is not in the soliloquy of Hamlet, the address of Marc Antony or Falstaff's cynicism on honor." Which need not be denied. Only a stuttering Hamlet would think of singing "To be or not to be" and Falstaff only sang when he was drunk. But The Knave complains that when the fool in "Lear" sings he sings nonsense, thereby showing that he is a hard Knave to please. Should a fool sing like a wise man? Furthermore The Knave holds that "Under the Greenwood Tree" is not a lyric "to win the world's applause." I cannot agree with The Knave. Distrusting my own judgment I appeal to the anthologists. Most of them, not excepting Palgrave, the king of them all, have included this lyric in their compilations. Perhaps The Knave was thinking of the parody by melancholy Jacques. Even that is better than our Joe's serious efforts.

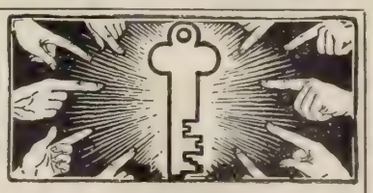
Roosevelt's Money Making

Colonel Roosevelt's engagement in California was the most profitable that he has had anywhere, and he went away with a feeling for us akin to that of the prima donna whose wallet tells her that we greatly appreciated her art. The Colonel's bank account was far more dropsical when he left us than before he came, and the Colonel is a benefactor of great wealth, of such great wealth indeed that we never need worry about the future of this particular ex-President. No other statesman in the history of this country ever made so much money honestly as Colonel Roosevelt has made. Out of his writings alone he has made a fortune. No other American worker in the literary art ever made so much money out of his books as Colonel Roosevelt has made, though the Colonel is far from being an artist. His books have sold for the same reason that any well advertised soap or hair restorer sells. Today our only ex-President ranks as a millionaire. The probability is that some day he will rank as a multi-millionaire, for while he is not to be tracked by the nickels he drops, being as thrifty as he is virtuous, he is constantly and rapidly increasing his income. Colonel Bryan made a large fortune as a lecturer. Consider the potentialities of the lecture platform for Teddy.

His California Engagement

As I have said the Colonel's engagement in California was the most profitable that he has had anywhere. Just how profitable it was we may never know. The average man probably takes it for granted that the Colonel goes about admonishing us to be good with no other incentive than that which inspired the voice in the wilderness. Indeed it might be painful for the average man who is something of an idealist to look upon the former President as a partisan political talker for hire; especially as he doesn't need the money. The idea of an ex-President acting as a guide for the public from sordid motives is one not in harmony with tradition. It was shocking to the sensibilities of some men to learn that on his previous tour the Colonel's traveling expenses were paid by the weekly paper from which he is drawing a very large salary. Of course from this circumstance it was inferred that though the Colonel was ostensibly actuated by concern for the public good in reality he was actuated by concern for his own purse. But it should be remembered that the Colonel is versed in all the principles of ethical conduct, and it is but just to him to assume that his conscience suffers none of the twinges that might afflict a man less sure of his ground. His critics however do not neglect their opportunity to cavil at his conduct. They are doing a lot of talking about the profits of his California engagement, which they say, amounted to $8,000. It is somewhat difficult to account for

$4.00 per annum



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this sum. For his Charter Day address, I learn, he received $500, and for the Earl lectures, $2,400. Where did the balance of the money come from and what was it for? Perhaps Mr. Earl felt that so distinguished a lecturer as the former President was entitled to more than the ordinary stipend provided for by his very worthy Foundation. If so it is nobody's business.

His Comprehensive Praise

During his stay Mr. Roosevelt showed his appreciation of the Earl-Lissner machine by the several occasions which he took to boost all hands and the cook. He dispensed his tributes of approval with a most lavish tongue. It was regarded as remarkable that he knew of so many things that from the standpoint of his friends were in need of boosting. I have heard it suggested that perhaps they gave him a list of them as soon as he came over the Arizona border. By the time he reached San Francisco he was chock full of his main subject, and when he unloaded at the Coliseum nothing was omitted from the Legislature to Jimmy Phelan. He congratulated Jimmy on his wonderful administration of the Relief Fund. Now by whom do you suppose was he put wise on that subject? Not Jimmy of course. Nobody would suspect that shrinking violet of requesting helpful laudation from anybody.

With No Reporters Present

One speech delivered by Mr. Roosevelt in this city was not reported in the press. It was his speech at the Harvard Club. This was in the nature of a heart-to-heart-talk and was not at all characteristic. Perhaps this was because Mr. Roosevelt knew that he was not being reported for publication. Before beginning his talk he looked about furtively and asked if there were any reporters present. The candid impulsive moralist who is popularly believed to be absolutely free from restraint, ready to speak his mind on all occasions, was as cautious at the Harvard Club as a darkey approaching a chicken-house. Assured that no agents of publicity were present he unlimbered his tongue and behold! the rampageous Tribune of the people, the fearless, strenuous flamboyant idol of the masses, was bubbling over with the counsel of caution. For fully half an hour he exuded the precepts of temperance and prudence, he dangled before the eyes of his hearers "the silken string of moderation that runs through the pearl chain of all virtues." Many of those present were inclined to doubt their ears. The Colonel talked as though he had just been brooding over that precious line of Shakespeare's: "To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first." Fervently he warned the Harvard alumni against the folly of impetuous progressiveness. He pointed out the danger of reaction. He said that one must not try to accomplish too many reforms in a day, and above all we should refrain from inflicting hardship on those whose methods we wish to change. In his elaboration of this sentiment he talked as though he did not approve our Administration at Sacramento which on another occasion he warmly acclaimed. But the most astonishing part of his address was that in which he discussed the subject of prosecution. He said it should be remembered that the practices against which there had been so much complaint were the result of a system which the people had tacitly approved. Before punishing a man, he said, we should first make it clear that "the rules of the game" have been changed. If a man continues playing under the old rules then he should suffer the consequences. A just sentiment this, but how remarkable that it should emanate from the Colonel!

The Branding of Hodghead

At the close of the political campaign of last year the results of the election seemed to argue that a Roosevelt boost was in the nature of a knock. In several States the men whose cause had been most warmly espoused by the Colonel were beaten. And now in view of what happened in Berkeley last week it appears that the Roosevelt hoodoo has lost none of its vitality. Colonel Roosevelt took occasion while here to put his brand on Beverly Hodghead, Mayor of the College town, and the voters of Berkeley decided last Saturday to have a new deal, retiring Mr. Hodghead to private life and electing Mr. J. Stitt Wilson to the mayoralty job. Mr. Hodghead is very much incensed against the voters of Berkeley from whom he expected keen appreciation. Mr. Hodghead is a distinguished civic patriot, one of the founders of the Commonwealth Club of this city which gave Mr. Roosevelt a fine reception. As a resident of Berkeley naturally he sympathized greatly with the people of this city because of their inability to govern themselves properly, and he has spent much of his time over here nobly striving with disinterested zeal to correct public sentiment and to set right the disjointed times. Partly because of his neglect of his own home affairs the sly Socialists were able to sow the seeds of their faith among the intellectuals of our great university.

Self-Righteousness Rebuked

But let not the defeat of Beverly Hodghead be interpreted as a signal triumph of the principles of Socialism. As a matter of fact there are not many Socialists in Berkeley. Of the seven thousand Berkeley voters there were only six hundred last November when J. Stitt Wilson was a candidate for Governor. Wilson's election therefore is hardly to be accounted for on the hypothesis that he suddenly converted the town to Socialism. Equally untenable is the theory of Mr. Hodghead's friend of the Commonwealth Club who writes editorials for the Chronicle. This amiable gentleman is of the opinion that Wilson's election was a triumph of "the rankest kind of graft." This is most unkind. The sacrosanct town of Berkeley dominated by grafters! As well might it be said that the faculty of the university is composed of old women and libertines. No, the election of J. Stitt Wilson was not a triumph of graft. It was chiefly a rebuke to self-righteousness. Berkeley has long been governed by the goo-goos of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, the holier-than-thou brand of reformers. The psychology of the Berkeley election affords a very interesting study, for it is a fact of considerable significance that the cultured, moral town of Berkeley is the first in the State to revolt against the machine that now has control of the State government. The pendulum is swinging back.

Wheeler's Glad Hand

The first congratulations received by J. Stitt Wilson on his election were received from President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California, who made haste to get in touch with the distinguished Socialist over the telephone. But President Wheeler was not in sympathy with Mr. Wilson's candidacy. Several of the college professors were for the Socialist, but President Wheeler was the avowed supporter of Mr. Hodghead. No significance therefore is to be attached to the fact that the President felicitated the winner. Dr. Wheeler emulates the Apostle of the Gentiles. He is all things to all men. Even Ruef and Schmitz in the days of their ascendancy were not excluded from the comforts of Dr. Wheeler's society. He took a deep interest in their affairs, either out of curiosity or as a student of machine politics.

"What is it," asked the teacher, "that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?"

"Corsets, sir," piped a wise little girl of eight.

The Carmelites and the Mayor

The denizens of Carmel-by-the-Sea have nearly all a decided leaning toward Socialism, so it was natural that they should rejoice in the election of J. Stitt Wilson to the mayoralty of Berk-

N. F. Wilson R. P. Boyer Frank N. Fish Sinclair McLean

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cley. Their rejoicing took the form of a celebration in the Latin Quarter on Monday night at which the new mayor of the college community played the host. It was a hilarious affair and Italy's red wine of wizardry flowed like a Pierian gusher. Toasts were drained many a time and oft to the cause of universal brotherhood and quotations from the prophetic periods of "Locksley Hall" were mingled with quotations from the works of the poets present. Among those who took part in this nox ambrosiana were George Sterling, sometimes irreverently dubbed "Kid Dante," Henry Anderson Lafler, occasionally called "Young Ibsen" and Porter Garnett who has earned the sobriquet of "Shakespeare the Second," all of these nicknames having their inspiration not so much in literary as in physical resemblances.

He's Tired of Carmel

There is a backslider among the Carmelites. One of the coterie has deserted the literary settlement by the sounding surf and vows he'll never return. In sorrow, not in anger, Fred Bechdolt, the short story writer, has moved his Smith Premier and his copy paper from Carmel-by-the-Sea to the classic town of Berkeley, declaring that the atmosphere of the settlement was bad for his literary health. Bechdolt was one of the "producers" at Carmel; that is to say, he was among those Carmelites who got their literary efforts into print. He collaborated with Jimmy Hopper on "9009" and has written a number of short stories and sketches for the Saturday Evening Post. So he was an asset of the place. He was pointed out to visitors. But Fred tired of intensive literary farming. He found it depressing to associate with men and women who sighed out their souls in aspirations toward immortality but never put pen to paper or finger to typewriter. He listened to manuscript poems and manuscript novels and manuscript plays till he lost his nerve. He exhausted his capacity for discreet laudation of impossible efforts. So he up and left. He is a Carmelite no more.

Sinclair's Shocker

Mr. Upton Sinclair has written another shocker. This is one way of attaining celebrity. Apparently none of the other ways in the Republic of Letters is open to the author of "The Jungle." His new shocker is a novel called "Love's Pilgrimage." I have not read it, but I have read a review of it by William Marion Reedy, who was favored with an advance copy, and from him I learn that there is a possibility of its being denied the mails because of the manner in which it discusses the sex question. He describes the novel as a plea for subordination of sex. The hero of it is a literary genius who marries but does not for a time consummate the marriage so absorbed is he in his literary labors. According to Sinclair love is a trap for genius. His heroine starves for love and finally gets it, the hero sacrificing himself to his wife's passion. "And here," says Reedy, "the book wins place among the erotica." I judge from the review that the novel also wins place among books that are coarse and brutal, and that Mr. Sinclair in emulating his model, Zola, shows, as that writer did in La Terre that he has no taste, which, according to Anatole France, is that mysterious sin of which the Scripture speaks, the greatest of sins, the only one which will not be forgiven.

Our Fair President

The selection of Mr. Charles C. Moore as president of our World's Fair Corporation ought to receive the unanimous indorsement of all San Franciscans. To those who know him it gave instant satisfaction; to those who have yet to savor the quality of the man it will undoubtedly bring the same pleasant sentiment. Mr. Moore is at the head of a large and thriving engineering concern and in his field no man is better known up and down California. To the general business and professional world of the State he commended himself when he was made president of our Chamber of Commerce, then in a moribund condition, and started that policy of cooperation with other Chambers of Commerce throughout the State which has been carried on by James McNab, Will Gerstle, and William Matson, his successors in the presidency. Under Moore's administration the Chamber of Commerce became a vital force which brought the interests of the State together, dispelled misunderstandings, dissipated jealousies and inaugurated a cordial entente which has continued ever since. The same policy has followed Mr. Moore's activities in other fields. He helped to make the Portola celebration the most successful public fete ever held in the West. The social graces are his and a personality that wins quickly. No man was more enthusiastic in the hard work of the early Fair campaign and in the hard work to come he will command the sympathy of the men who have placed him at the head of the corporation and of the citizens to whom he must make accounting. The director-general of the Fair, whoever he may be, will find in Mr. Moore a hearty helper.

Jordan the Transcendentalist

As a theorist David Starr Jordan is delightful. Like all transcendentalists the President of Sanford founds his theories rather on consciousness than on experience. He never gets out of himself. If he were a poet or historian we should find in his writings a series of portraits of himself. Thinking that he perceives the thoughts that float around him he perceives none but his own, and these he regards as unimpeachable as the multiplication table. To which reflection I was impelled when the other day I came across these utterances that articulate the wisdom of our distinguished pedant:

"The genius of our people is all for peace, the peace of strength and self-control, not that of cowardice or indifference. . . . It is for us to say we will not threaten, we will not fight, we will not prepare to fight. We will not load ourselves with weapons that tend to provoke a fight. We will not mortgage our future to the Invisible Empire which owns and controls militant Europe. We will leave all disputes to a tribunal of just men. The word war shall be erased from our national speech."

So, the genius of our people is all for peace! How strange then that we should have done so much fighting! Was the genius of our people for peace when we rushed into war with Spain? And what an easy way to avoid war! All we have to do, says Jordan, is to throw away our guns. How long, think you, would the principle of the Monroe Doctrine be respected on the continent to the south of us were we to assure Europe that we had determined not to fight? Dr. Jordan is as practical a man today as when he solved the seal problem in Behring Sea by cleaning an island and fencing it with barbed wire. He thought he knew what the seals thought. If he really did the seals suddenly changed their minds.

A Marie Dressler Story

Ivo Bogan who is now sedately engaged in the insurance business with Barr Hook and Noble Eaton used to sow wild oats in company with Charley Clark of Burlingame before that scion of wealth became a married man. One night several years ago the two young men were dining with two ladies at the Havlin Hotel in Cincinnati. The two ladies were members of Miss Marie Dressler's company and Miss Marie Dressler herself happened to be dining at the next

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Blossom Day, Saturday, April 8, 1911

An Automobile Trip over the Good Roads of Santa Clara Valley, including a stay at the Hotel Vendome is particularly delightful, especially at this time of the year, owing to the balmy Spring atmosphere and the wondrous beauty of blossoming fruit trees.

Hotel Vendome, San Jose H. W. Lake, Manager

table. As the party of four arose after dinner Clark's sleeve brushed a wine glass from the table and it was shattered to bits on the marble floor. With a twinkle in her expressive eyes Miss Dressler leaned toward him and said: "I beg your pardon, you've dropped the stone out of your ring."

Mrs. Highup—Your husband has changed so that I did not recognize him.

Mrs. Blase—It isn't that. I've changed husbands.

Ed Price Goes to Brummagem

Whom do you think I have just heard from? None other than our old friend Ed Price, who used to preside over the destinies of the Alcazar. It is a long time since I have heard from E. D. Price, a longer time still since I have seen his suave countenance. In the larger sphere of New York theatrical activity he has made good and acquired a wife. No doubt he has the same insinuating way with the public in general and dramatic critics in particular which distinguished him in the good old days. The communication which has reached me from Price will tell some of his later story. It is worth quoting in full: "My dear old father," he writes, "was a native of England, who came to this country in a sailing ship when six years of age. I had always promised myself that during some one of my trips abroad I would visit the city of his birth. Last year while in Scotland with Cathrine Countiss we looked over the railway guides and found that by making a slight detour on our way to Stratford-upon-Avon we could pass through Birmingham, famed for its cutlery and of sentimental interest to me as father's birthplace. To sweep away the slightest suspicion of scandal it should be explained that it was perfectly all right for Miss Countiss to be traveling with me unchaperoned. I had previously seen to that, and had bestowed a portion of my hard earnings upon a regularly ordained clergyman of Mount Vernon, who had performed a very binding ceremony, guaranteed to be unassailable, legally or morally. In fact I was so delighted with his work that I enclosed in his envelope a sum considerably in excess of what I had been in the custom of paying for similar service. Later, with one foot upon the step of the bridal automobile, I had turned back and handed him another gold certificate, explaining that the first payment was to be regarded in the light of a retainer. Altogether it proved to be a good investment—the wisest I had ever made."

Father Was a Doctor

"I do not think that Miss Countiss was very keen about going to Birmingham," Price rattles on. "You see she had never known father. He had rounded out his eighty years of usefulness as a country doctor—the most philanthropic and self-sacrificing of professions—and had gone to his reward before her term of administration began. But, like a dutiful wife and exceedingly gifted actress, she successfully simulated the most sympathetic interest in my pilgrimage and declared that we must, by all means, pass through Birmingham. There was no need to do more. The family archives of almost a century ago are vague and uncertain. We could not seek any specific site in Birmingham. The obligation of filial regard would be quite fulfilled if we merely passed through the city. Indeed we could not attempt more and reach Stratford that night. Miss Countiss naturally felt more interest in Shakespeare's birthplace than in father's. She had played Juliet in the immortal bard's most popular melodrama. Father was not a dramatist, and, being simply a man of strong religious sentiments he had slight interest in the stage. His mission in life was to heal the sick for slender compensation in a small town. Doctors in his day did not operate for appendicitis and were not much on the specializing or fancy cutting, but were strong on general practice. Father charged his patients two dollars a visit and some times he would ride half the night over a treacherous corduroy road (rough-hewn logs thrown into the mire) to reach a poor sufferer. But there was one peculiarity about father's patients—they usually got well. If overwhelmed with gatitude they might, in time, bring in a load of green cordwood or a bag of specked apples. There was not much real money in circulation in rural Michigan in the pioneer days at the beginning of the Civil War when father doctored the widows and orphans, and I was a very small legislative page in the old frame Statehouse at Lansing."

A Sad Discovery

"It needed sharp work to pass through Birmingham and make the Stratford connection," continues Ed. "The railway stations were on opposite sides of the city and there was but a quarter of an hour in which to effect the transfer. Of course we pulled in eight minutes late, and that cut the time to seven minutes. His avarice aroused by the tender of five shillings, and stirred to unwonted excitement, a cabman undertook the contract. Providence had intended him to be a taxi driver in New York. Unkind fate had made him a Birmingham cabbie. But he rose magnificently to the emergency. Lashing his horses into a frenzy of surprise and indignation, we dashed through the cabble-paved streets at a gallop in utter defiance of the speed limit. We couldn't have done much better if we had had a 100-horsepower Bleriot biplane. At the outgoing station there were six seconds to spare. A humane guard, for and in consideration of the sum of one shilling in hand paid, hastily unlocked the door of a vacant compartment. I violently hurled Miss Countiss inside and fired a gatling-gun volley of hand luggage on top of her. A silly whistle shrieked and we steamed away for Stratford, cool, composed, triumphant, but somewhat disheveled in appearance. Our recollections of Birmingham were fleeting and obscure, as one might remember the scenery while falling off the top of the Call Building. But we had been there. A great duty had been performed and we had given the pop-eyed populace of Birmingham an object lesson in the fine art of American hustling. Frequently on the homeward ocean voyage I thrilled a little with the consciousness of well doing. I wondered if my boy would ever take the same trouble to visit my birthplace. When we reached home in New York it occurred to me to look over some old family papers. I was positively annoyed to find that father was born in Manchester. Miss Countiss was quite put out about it. She manifested a disposition to hold me responsible. Of course that was wholly absurd. I had nothing to do with where father was born."

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NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Miller Graham Puzzle

There are interesting but bewildering doings in the domestic circle of William Miller Graham and his wife. Rumors of disagreement between the celebrated hostess and her hubby float up from Santa Barbara, but they are elusive, tenuous and incomplete. The Chronicle tried to capture one of them and translate it to black and white, but with indifferent success. The story only pricked curiosity. Evidently the purveyors of news are groping in the dark of this Miller Graham mystery and are fearful of making a misstep. Below the Tehachapi the rumors have more body and are repeated with more circumstance, but are still a puzzle to the bavardes. Five important personages figure in the affair, but it is impossible at this time to rate them according to their influence upon the drama that seems still to be in process of enactment. From the Los Angeles Times I have obtained a detailed but guarded scenario which I may as well place before my readers.

Photo, Genthe MISS MOLLIE MERLE

The charming and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Merle whose engagement to Mr. William Regan of Boise was made known last week.

Discords and a Note of Joy

The irrepressible Puck, I read in the Times, has cast a large-sized pebble into the placid waters of the social colony at classy Montecito, adjoining Santa Barbara, and produced a condition bordering on chaos. And it is stirring society on the other side of the world. The immediate and concrete results total two lawsuits, and the transfer of over $1,500,000 worth of property. The lawsuits are between Mrs. Louise M. Timson, a dashing young widow from Paris, and William Brownell, a wealthy resident of Santa Barbara, and the transfer of property was from William Miller Graham, the multi-millionaire oil magnate to his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Lee Graham, the social leader who was presented at King Edward's court about a year and a half ago, and whose beauty has often made a sensation in San Francisco. In the midst of the discords which are emanating from Montecito there is but one note of joy heard, and that comes faintly from across the Atlantic in Lunnon town, where a gentleman known as Lord Henry Charles Keith Petty-Fitzmaurice, Marquis of Lansdowne, twenty-sixth Baron of Kerry and Lixnaw, throws his hat in the air and gives three cheers for Montecito and its mix-up.

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The European Campaign

The incidents leading up to the chaotic condition date back to the memorable campaign which Mrs. Graham conducted in Paris and London, when she met and conquered French and English society, and succeeded in winning her way to the very Court of St. James, where she was presented to the King. During this dashing campaign, perhaps the most brilliant ever conducted by an American against the social circles of the Old World, the person of Lord Lansdowne appeared constantly, at first in the background, and finally at the side of Mrs. Graham, to whom he was very attentive. Also a dashing widow by the name of Mrs. Louise Timson, whose beauty was remarkable, was a frequent visitor to the salon which Mrs. Graham conducted along the old French idea in Paris. Mr. Graham, bluff and hearty, had his oil and land schemes to work out, and dropped around only long enough to write checks and say "Go it, My Dear, and do not mind expenses." Then there was William Brownell of Santa Barbara, who is well known in Paris, London and New York. He was a regular patron at the Graham salon, and there met Mrs. Timson, the irresistible. When Mrs. Graham moved her entourage to London, of course Brownell and Mrs. Timson went along, and the leaders of the country social set of London are still gasping and speaking in awed voices of the splendor of Mrs. Graham's campaign against their bulwarks. Mrs. Graham subdued them in time, and with Lord Lansdowne at her beck and call continued her triumphal march straight up to the zenith. This was the culmination of the social campaign, and wearing her laurels modestly, and with her bluff husband beaming on all the world, Mrs. Graham returned to rest at Santa Barbara.

The Coming of the Widow

Brownell, continues my authority, remained a short time in London, and then came to Santa Barbara. Shortly afterward, lo and behold, a dainty, dashing young thing stepped off the Southern Pacific train at Santa Barbara, and the social lions of Montecito growled a welcome to Mrs. Louise Timson, sometime of Paris, and more recently of London and New York. Mrs. Timson was welcomed with open arms and Brownell only smiled in a superior sort of way and seemed not to be surprised at all. The placid ways of Montecito society became slightly agitated by the addition of Mrs. Timson, the charming young widow. There were tears, luncheons, dinners and suppers galore at the Country Club. Mrs. Timson was voted quite an addition to the set, as things had livened up materially. Mrs. Timson, with her Parisian training, instituted a salon, which became the rage. She kept open house to a certain extent and everyone dropped in to tea, luncheon or dinner as it might be and always or nearly always, Brownell was present and smiling in a sort of proprietary manner. One day, so the story runs, Mrs. Timson confidentially informed her knight Brownell that she was temporarily short of ready money and hinted that a trifle like $8,000 would be very handy. Brownell rushed home to his mother, who holds the purse strings, obtained the $8,000, went swiftly back to Mrs. Timson and dropped it in her lap. After this there was little doubt that Brownell and Mrs. Timson had an understanding, if they were not actually engaged, as rumor insists they were. William Miller Graham, who as a rule has deals on which require the greater part of his time in New York, suddenly found that he could remain in Santa Barbara without injuring his business to any great extent. He was seen quite often at the

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salon conducted by Mrs. Timson, and also occasionally at the Country Club.

Knuckles and Clouds

Several months ago, the story continues, Brownell met Graham at the club and words passed between the two. Brownell evidently accused Graham of something that the latter resented. The result was, according to witnesses of the affair, a one-round contest with bare knuckles which required four waiters and the steward to stop. Right here the clouds began to gather. Brownell walked on the other side of the street when he passed Mrs. Timson's house. He stormed around and theatened dire things. Suddenly he appeared before the Superior Court of Santa Barbara county and entered suit against Mrs. Timson for $8,000, which he had loaned her. The doughty little widow rushed into the breach without a moment's hesitation. She secured a lawyer herself and entered suit against Brownell, in which she asked that an automobile, a baby grand piano, and some household furniture be returned to her. She asserts that she bought it, and that Brownell had possession of it, and that it was to have been used to furnish a cosy little nest for herself and Brownell. Neither of the cases has ever come to trial. They have been continued on one pretext or another, and it is expected that they never will come up, but will be allowed to die out. At this juncture, Mrs. Graham, who had fully recovered from her fatiguing social campaign in England, arose and shook herself. She listened to the echoes of Montecito, forthwith walked up to Mr. Graham, took him by the ear, in a figurative sense, and led him into the library, where he would have privacy and lots of time to explain himself.

Deeds and Conferences

The next day, so runs the tale, the Recorder of Santa Barbara county put on record three deeds of property from William Miller Graham to Mrs. Eleanor Lee Graham. They covered valuable property at Montecito and a tract of thirty-three acres fronting on the ocean and running back to the Southern Pacific Company's right of way, a piece of perhaps the most valuable land in Santa Barbara county for residence purposes. Then the white marble palace, Belasgardo, one of the most sumptuous residences in California, exceeded in magnificence only by the recently completed home of H. E. Huntington at Oak Knoll, Pasadena, was deeded over to Mrs. Graham. The recording of the deeds made society sit up and take notice. Graham leaped aboard the first train leaving Santa Barbara and went to New York on urgent business matters. He is supposedly still there. Mrs. Graham went to Los Angeles last week to see her mother, Mrs. Thomas H. Pollock of Franklin avenue, Hollywood, where she held a length family conference. At the same time William Brownell went to Hollywood and registered at the Hotel Hollywood. He went to see Mrs. Graham when he was sent for, and joined in the conference. Mrs. Graham denied herself to reporters. After a week's stay with her mother, Mrs. Graham returned to Santa Barbara with her mind made up. So I get the news. But made up to what? We can only guess. A number of foreign-looking letters and a number of long cablegrams from London were received by Mrs. Graham during the past week. Now Santa Barbara society, London society and Paris society are sitting up at night with every nerve tense awaiting the explosion. What explosion? We will know when it detonates; meanwhile we must sit and puzzle over it.

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Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt possesses a manner of easy and assured graciousness which should serve as a rebuke to some of our ladies who wear their toplofty dignity with too obviously labored an air. Extreme form and solemn ceremony are obnoxious to Mrs. Roosevelt. She manifests in her social intercourse an independence which speaks of perfect poise. While visiting her son in Pacific avenue she seemed thoroughly to enjoy herself. She was much taken with the garden that her charming young daughter-in-law tends with her own fair hands. On the occasion of a recent tea Mrs. Roosevelt was seen to accompany several of her guests from the door to the gate where she lingered, chatting in animated tones. Miss Ethel shares the informality of her mother. She has frequently been seen, unhatted, tripping across the lawn from her brother's home to that of Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels which adjoins.

Mrs. Wheeler Annoyed

According to the Sacramento Weekly Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler suffered great annoyance when Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and her daughter Ethel failed to attend the Wheeler reception which followed the Charter Day address. It seems that the Wheelers had sent out a thousand invitations and there were few regrets, everybody been keenly anxious to meet the distinguished guests. But when they decided that they were too fatigued from travel to attend there was much disappointment. "Mrs. Wheeler managed to look fairly pleasant," I read, "but the smile has since come off and whenever the subject is mentioned a tiny frown puckers her brow. Mrs. Roosevelt has since had luncheon with the Wheelers en famille, which would mollify most hostesses."

Mrs. Atherton's Plans

Gertrude Atherton is comfortably established in London in the fashionable St. James' Park section, but does not intend to wait for the coronation. Mrs. Atherton is always subjected to the lionizing process in London, but this time has resisted it more or less successfully and spends most of her time with some choice literary spirits, among them the Baroness von Hindenberg who writes under the pseudonym of Marie Hay, Mrs. W. K. Clifford whose latest novel, "Sir George's Objection" has quite a vogue and others whom she finds more interesting than the women of purely social achievement. Mrs. Atherton writes me that she is about to shut herself up in Germany, probably at Frankfort, where her friend Miss Marcia Van Dresser is, for the purpose of writing a novel. As usual she is reticent about the subject, but the fact that she has been devoting a great deal of attention to the suffragettes and has met Miss Sylvia Pankhurst may be significant in this connection. Mrs. Atherton will reach Chicago at the end of October to superintend rehearsals of her play in conjunction with Mrs. Fiske who is to appear in the principal role.

D. M. Carman, who returned recently from Manila, is a guest at the Hotel Victoria.

An Exchange of Secrets

There is an interesting story being told apropos the engagement of pretty Mollie Merle to William Regan, the former football star of Santa Clara College who is now a banker in Boise, Idaho. Last November Miss Merle went East with her brother Martin Merle, the playwright, stopping at Boise to visit the Regans. Merle and Regan were pals at college but their friendship was speedily transcended by the romantic attachment which sprang up between the youth and the maid. Before the Merles left Boise to continue on to New York Miss Merle and Mr. Regan were engaged. They arrived in New York on Thanksgiving Day and among the first friends they met there were Ernest Glendenning, formerly of the Alcazar but now of Broadway, and Theodore Murphy, the son of Mrs. Eugene Murphy of this city. The four dined together, attended the theater and afterwards supped at Jack's. Over their midnight demitasses Merle and Glendenning fell a-talking shop while Miss Merle and young Murphy put their heads together and waxed confidential. "I have a secret to tell you, Mollie," confessed Murphy; "I am engaged to Marie Garneau of St. Louis and we're going to be married in June." "And I have a secret to tell you, Theo," was the girl's reply; "I am engaged to Will Regan of Boise and we're going to be married in June too." Then they vowed to keep each other's secret and preserved their vows inviolate till the two engagements were announced recently.

In Honor of Mrs. Boalt

Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler has been entertaining Mrs. John H. Boalt, the widow of Judge Boalt with whom Mr. Wheeler was formerly associated in the practice of law. Mrs. Boalt has made her home in Paris for a number of years and will only remain here for a month or so. There has been a great deal of entertaining in her honor by members of the old exclusive set which practices hospitality in a quiet way. Many of these attended an informal tea and musicale which Mrs. Wheeler gave for her guest. It will be remembered that the first wife of Hugh Tevis was beautiful Alice Boalt who died when her baby was born. Judge and Mrs. Boalt took the child and devoted themselves passionately to it. During a visit to the East they left it with the Tevis family and in their absence the baby took sick and died. It is said that Judge Boalt never recovered from the shock. After the Judge's death Mrs. Boalt went abroad to live.

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A Lenten Retreat

Very different from the glittering functions of society was the affair to which a number of well known women were invited during the week. This was a spiritual retreat given by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. It began on Monday and lasted till Friday. Only those who received the engraved cards were permitted to participate in this Lenten exercise. These included Mrs. A. H Loughborough, Mrs. Frances McKinstry, Mrs Eleanor Martin, Mrs. J. J. Driscoll, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Augustus Bray, Miss Casserly, Mrs Jack Casserly and Mrs. Adrian Von Behrens.

He Passed the Cigarettes

Major Ned Carrington of Providence, Rhode Island, is at the St. Francis with his wife and his two charming daughters. In Providence Major Carrington is a very great man, on account of his wealth and his entertainments, and in San Francisco he has many friends. These will not be surprised to hear that the Major and his family approve of the European custom which allows women to smoke in public. A few evenings ago the Major dined with his family in the electric grill of the St. Francis and when the coffee was served he very nonchalantly passed his cigarette case around the table, the ladies with equal nonchalance helping themselves to the weed. In contrast with the perfect serenity of the Major and his family was the amazement of a fair diner who sat nearby and who was so shocked that knife and fork dropped from her nerveless fingers.

A Transbay Recital

Mr. G. C. Buehner who is in charge of the musical department at Stanford and is also organist at the university, gave an evening of song at the Home Club across the bay on Thursday.

MR. G. C. BUEHNER

Mr. Buehner was assisted by Milo Jouillin, the son of the artist Amedee Jouillin, who is a talented young violinist. Music lovers from both sides of the bay were delighted with the opportunity to hear these two artists who have appeared but a few times since their return from Europe.

The Peninsula Opens

On April 19 the Peninsula Hotel at San Mateo opens to the public for the season 1911. This hostelry is one of the most delightful places between San Francisco and San Jose and is so recognized by the great number of San Francisco people who make the Peninsula their summer home. Mr. Jas. H. Doolittle, as in the past, will have full management of the hotel the coming season. During the few months past, many improvements have been made about the house and grounds. The appointments are splendid, the service unsurpassed and the cuisine leaves nothing to be desired. With San Francisco but a few minutes' ride away, it will be a favorite place for many families to spend their summer days. Business man can easily reach their families by wire or telephone. Train and trolley service are the best in the State.

Ivancovich on the Stage

When John Ivancovich created the role of Judas in the Passion Play Ashton Stevens was so taken with his theatrical talent that he offered to help him in securing a professional opening At that time Ivancovich was still a student at Santa Clara College and had not made up his mind that he wanted to become an actor. But

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PALACE HOTEL
Entirely rebuilt since the fire
FAIRMONT HOTEL
The finest residence hotel in the world. Overlooking San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate.
THE TWO GREAT HOTELS THAT HAVE MADE SAN FRANCISCO FAMOUS AMONG TRAVELESR THE WORLD OVER.
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RESTAURANT, CAFE AND LADIES' GRILL
Have secured
SIGNOR GINO SEVERI
the talented Italian Artist, conductor of orchestra, ably assisted by gentlemen of genius, each a soloist.
Concerts Daily during Luncheon, Shopping Hours, Dinner and After Theatre
Special Luncheon Served during Shopping Hours
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LUNCH 75c REGULAR DINNER $1.00
Short orders at all hours. Music every evening.
Banquet Hall. Seating Capacity 800.

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Jules Restaurant
Service as perfect as expert management can produce
MONADNOCK BUILDING
Next to Palace Hotel
Banquet Conveniences Lunches a la Carte
Ladies Grill Music

HOTEL NORMANDIE
SUTTER AND GOUGH STS.
San Francisco, California
High order Hotel. Fine Air, Elevation, Location. Five minutes from San Francisco's Lively Centre. Well liked by Ladies.
American Plan: $3.00 and up, per day
European Plan: $1.50 and up, per day
THO'S H. SHEDDEN, Manager

now the lure of the footlights has conquered him. He slipped East very quietly a short time ago and joined a company at Rochester headed by Evelyn Vaughan and Bertram Lytell. He is playing what is technically known as "third leads" and doing very well. His first part was that of Captain Spicer in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and the Rochester papers gave him fine notices.

GREENBAUM'S ATTRACTIONS

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
Van Ness at Sutter—Phone Franklin 5434

VON WARLICH
Russian Basso-Cantante
Uda Waldrop, at the Piano
FOLK SONGS OF FIVE NATIONS
This Sunday Afternoon, April 9th at 2:30
Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co's. On Sunday at the Hall.
Chickering Piano Used

EXTRA!! EXTRA!!

Mischa ELMAN
Violinist
ONE MORE CONCERT
Easter Sunday Afternoon, April 16th at 2:30
Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co's. Mail orders to Will. L. Greenbaum.
The Baldwin Piano Used
Coming, April 23d—ALEXANDER HEINEMANN, "a Dr. Wullner with a Beautiful Voice."

Phones, Oakland 550 and Home A 3553
Residence Phone, Merritt 2714

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INSURANCE
Fire, Automobile, Plate Glass, Rental, Liability, Sick and Accident, Burglary, etc.
Manager Insurance Dept. Holcomb Realty Co., Inc.
306 San Pablo Ave. Oakland, Cal.

ORDER DIRECTING PUBLICATION OF NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR CONVEYANCE OF REAL PROPERTY BY ADMINISTRATOR

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2710, New Series; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of DAVID B. ALEXANDER, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of David B. Alexander, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition praying for an order and decree of this Court authorizing and directing him to convey to Christie Barricklow and Addie Barricklow certain real property situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Elsie Street, distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet southerly from the point of intersection of the said westerly line of Elsie Street with the southerly line of Santa Marina Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Elsie Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Elsie Street and point of commencement; being Lot Number 47 of Block Number 2 of Fair's Subdivision of Holly Park Tract.

which said real property the said deceased agreed to convey to said Christie Barricklow and Addie Barricklow by a written contract set forth in said petition;

It is hereby ordered, that Thursday, the 11th day of May, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are hereby fixed as the time and place of hearing said petition;

It is further ordered that notice of such hearing be given by publishing a copy of this order once a week for four successive weeks before said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which publication is hereby ordered to be sufficient notice of said hearing.

Dated, April 3, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

E. J. LYNCH, Atty. for Administrator,
1013 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-8-5

In the Social Spotlight

Dubois' sublime Oratorio, "The Seven Words of Christ," will be sung at St. Dominic's Church on the evening of Palm Sunday, April 9, at 7:30 o'clock. The choir has been augmented for the occasion. The soloists are Miss Hortense Gilmore, Mrs. Charles F. Fletter, Mr. Chester Rosekranz and Mr. J. Hillman. For the Offertory, a new "Ave Verum," specially composed for the occasion by Dr. H. J. Stewart will be sung.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Gray of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Catton of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Usina of Boston are guests at the Hotel Victoria during a visit to San Francisco.

Society and many hotel guests took advantage of the concert of Mischa Elman at the St. Francis to break the monotony of the Lenten season. The affair was made the motive for a number of dinners. Mrs. Eleanor Martin shared her box with Baron and Baroness von Schroeder and Mrs. Garret McEnerney. Mrs. Frederick Tillman chaperoned her daughter Agnes, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Lillian van Vorst, Melville Brown, Joe King and William Hough. Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott took their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Mayre and Miss Moreland, to dinner in the white and gold room.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: Lieutenant and Mrs. Bruce B. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Berendsen, Edwin M. Eddy, Mrs. J. R. Clark, Alfred T. Brock, Mr. and Mrs. L. Greenwood, Miss Kate Webster, H. W. Finch, W. A. Kolmar, Mr. and Mrs. Percy L. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. S. Knight, Mrs. J. L. Watson, Miss Wells, Mrs. Selby Hanna, G. A. Malcolm and F. H. Gaulter.

Mrs. Arthur Cornwall entertained Mrs. Lee Gates of Los Angeles at luncheon at the St. Francis during the week. Among the guests was Mrs. Willim Kent.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels motored down to Del Monte Saturday, taking with them a party of guests which included Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and her daughter Miss Ethel.

Miss Jeanne Gallois was hostess at a luncheon party recently at the Fairmont in honor of M'ss Eliza McMullin.

Miss Claire Phinney of Sacramento is a guest at the Hotel Victoria. Miss Phinney is one of the most attractive of the younger girls hereabouts, where her frequent visits are always made the occasions for much entertaining.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Sherwood are visiting in San Francisco from their home at Los Molinos and are stopping at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Ackerman have engaged apartments at Del Monte for a month. They had as their guests for the week-end Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ehrman.

Miss Ila Sonntag was the guest of honor at an informal tea given recently at the Palace by Miss Maye Colburn.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Rueger and Miss E. L. Rueger are registered at the Hotel Victoria during a short visit to town from their home in Benicia.

Mrs. John E. Whitney was the guest at a luncheon given at the Palace recently by Mrs. N. T. Mason.

Baron d' Estournelles de Constant spent last week at Del Monte resting after a strenuous lecture tour. The Baron is a member of the French Senate and Judge of the Hague Court and has also written many brilliant and scholarly books.

Mrs. David Powell and her daughter Miss Margaret Powell are down from their home in Marysville for a few days in town. They are guests at the Hotel Victoria. Mrs. Devlin is registered from Sacramento during a short stay here.

One of the smartest affairs given in honor of Miss Erna St. Goar during the season was the tea party at which Miss Marcia Fee was hostess at the Palace. A score of girls and young matrons were present to bid farewell to Miss St. Goar.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Bean of Tacoma have returned to Del Monte after a short visit in the South and are again devoting themselves to golf.

COLUMBIA THEATRE
The Leading Playhouse
Cor. Geary and Mason Sts. Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgrs.
Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5785
Monday, April 10th Second and Last Week
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
RUTH ST. DENIS
In Her Dances of the Orient. Hindo and Egyptian
Magnificent Stage Effects—Enlarged Orchestra
Sunday Night, April 16th—Ziegfeld Revue Follies of 1910

SAVOY THEATRE
McAllister Street near Market
Phones, Market 130 and Home J 2822
This Saturday Afternoon and Evening—Last Times of Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Nightmare."
Starting Sunday Eight Nights Only
LEW DOCKSTADER
(Laugh Genius)
And His Twentieth Century Minstrels
A Company of 70 Singers, Dancers and Comedians
Prices from $1.50 to 50c. Special Matinee Thursday, $1.00 to 50c.
Coming, Monday Evening, April 17th—Olga Nethersole.

ALCAZAR THEATRE
Sutter and Steiner Sts. Belasco & Mayer, Owners-Mgrs.
Phones, West 1400 and Home S 4242
Week Commencing Monday, April 10th,
Farewell Appearances of America's Foremost Comedian
MAX FIGMAN
Supported by the Alcazar Players in
THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY
Its First Presentation Here
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.
Prices: Night, 25c to $1. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Seats for Sale at Box Office and Emporium.

NEW ORPHEUM
O'Farrell St. bet. Stockton and Powell
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon—Matinee Every Day
THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE
MR. and MRS. SIDNEY DREW in "THE YELLOW DRAGON"; DICK, THE CANINE PENMAN; IRENE ROMAIN; ELSIE FAYE, Assisted by Joe Miller and Sam Weston (One Week Only); MLLE. BIANCI FROEHLICH in her terpsichorean repertoire; COAKLEY, HANVEY and DUNLEVY; FOUR KONERZ BROTHERS; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week—Great Hit, CLAUDE GILLINGWATER and CO. in "THE AWAKENING OF MINERVA."
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE
OAKLAND. Direction H. W. Bishop.
Week of Monday, April 10th, Every Evening,
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Second Week of the RICHARD HOTALING SEASON
The Bishop Players Present for the First Time in the West
THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR
J. E. Dodson's Comedy Success of Last Season
Evenings, 25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees, 25c and 50c.
Next—Mr. Hotaling in "Mr. Hopkinson."

AFTER THE PLAY
THE FORUM CAFE
OAKLAND
Under the Management of GUSTAV MANN

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD HUGHES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Edward Hughes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of T. J. Sheridan, her attorney, at No. 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward Hughes, deceased.

ALICE HUGHES,
Administratrix of the Estate of Edward Hughes, Deceased
Dated, San Francisco, April 8, 1911.
T. J. SHERIDAN, Atty. for Administratrix,
No. 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-8-4

Gossip of the Theatre

Ruth St. Denis' Dancing

Far be it from me to attempt to dogmatize or theorize about any member of the new school of dancing. It is too early in the game to lay down rules and make measurements. If the new school lasts long enough, a debatable proposition, some scientist may come along to reduce the various exponents of this art, if it is an art, to a common denominator or to extract the cube root of their importance. Then we will either acquiesce in his findings and range the dancers in the order of their merit or refuse to acquiesce and judge them, as we judge them now, according to purely individual likes and dislikes. Examining my conscience concerning Miss St. Denis I find that I have no particular desire to see her again unless

MRS. SIDNEY DREW

The famous authoress and comedian who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

she transfers her activities to the vaudeville stage and shares the evening's entertainment with other "artists" of that entrancing milieu. A very bad vaudeville program which contained Miss St. Denis' cobra dance I should unhesitatingly consider good, for there is enough merit in that cobra dance to lift the average of a show weighted with prosy monologists, poor singers and stupid skits. But to watch Miss St. Denis contorting through an entire evening would cease to be a diversion after a single experience. Miss St. Denis is painstaking, elaborate, picturesque, but she lacks spirit. Ginger is not in her. She doesn't pepper her feast and next to the salt that preserves the pepper that spices is the most important of all theatrical condiments. This deficiency, it seemed to me, was least lacking in the cobra dance. The cobra dance was an intelligible interlude in a rather mystifying evening. It carried an illusion of what those of us who have never been east of Suez sometimes dream that the East is like. It was fugitive, tantalizing, an episode of the bazaars, long enough to delight and short enough to leave the craving for more. There was no symbolism to be deciphered, as in the other dances. One needed no reference to the program to ease the interpretation of its movements. There stood the snake charmer and there were the snakes, writhing, sliding, darting their evil heads this way and that. There is no hidden meaning in snake charming—or if there is, it is unimportant to the mere spectator; but there is fascination in its suggestion of danger and in the repugnance which the reptiles excite. The fact that Miss St. Denis made her arms do duty for the snakes accentuated the interest of the dance. They are the most wonderful part of her, those arms, sinuous, supple and full of grace. Yes, that cobra dance is fine. The other offerings bewildered; all except the nautch which disappointed. Miss St. Denis is the soul of propriety, so she expurgated her nautch. She could give it at a Sunday school entertainment without scandal. Not that she ever scandalizes the most shockable. Her undress is a most discreet undress. There is no danger of her catching cold She bares only her beautiful arms and her sturdy legs. Maud Allen or Athmore Grey or Thamara de Swirsky would sniff at the abundant clothing on the rest of her. The scenic investiture is like nothing we have seen for a long time. It is beyond carping. Every dance is set in a beautiful picture and it would be less than justice to ignore the charm of face, figure and attire which Miss St. Denis adds to every picture. Too bad, however, that she does not dispense with the picture man who takes the audience on little journeys to Egypt and India. His eloquence is of a peculiar kind. "Egypt's columns have crumbled —almost; her temples are half-gone, I may say," was a characteristic flight. A very conservative man, even in his broodings on antiquity. His only valuable contribution to the evening's program was the pronunciation of the dancer's name. He made it rhyme to Pendennis. One wondered whether he was sure, even on that point. —Edward F. O'Day.

Henri Bataille's Latest Play

Paris is eagerly discussing the merits of Henri Bataille's latest play, "L'enfante de l'Amour," in which Rejane and Brule are appearing. Even by "adaptation" it could hardly be fitted for England or the United States, say the critics. A correspondent sends me this racy account of the plot:

Liane Orland is a demi-mondaine who once lived as "they" all live; but for the last seventeen years she has been faithful to a certain Pierre Rantz, a political personage who has by his influence placed Liane on a semi-honourable footing in the "milieu" that lies between society and —Bohemia. Liane has a son, a boy of twenty, who adores his mother, and when Pierre Rantz, after seventeen years of menage, decides to abandon her (with a cheque for 500,000 francs, s'il vous plait, as a parting gift,) the boy is revolted (and so are we by his revolt) at the sight of his mother's distress. He blackmails Rantz, making him not only return to Liane, but marry her! You see, it is rather an unpleasant play, isn't it? You can imagine how we squirmed in our seats and grew hot internally when Liane poured forth in a torrent of abject words her hatred of man. . . . You can understand how loathely it was to hear the boy first blackmail Rantz and then beg him to return to his mother! You know I can stand a good deal when it is written in French, but this was a little too crude, a little too real . . too utterly horrible. I really am not over-sensitive or thin-skinned, but I was glad when the curtain fell on the last act. The audience stood and yelled for Bataille, but he wouldn't appear. The enthusiasm was great, for it is a magnificently written play, even if it does make one feel that there are very terrible things that happen in this world. In the second act, when young Maurice, the son, remarkably acted by Brule, speaks of his mother, he says: "I'm not the only one who is lonely; there's a crowd of us. . . There's Jack, Diane de Changy's son, and Gustave. . . When we go to see our mothers we creep into the house by the trademen's entrance, and the butler gives us stolen cigars. But we're proud of our mothers; we like to see their names in the papers, we admire them from afar at the races, and sometimes, when they notice us, even bow discreetly, and they know how glad we are that they are happy." Well, everyone nearly cried then, and suddenly a slight, fair-haired boy got up from his seat and rushed out of the theatre. I recognized him,

LEW DOCKSTADER

The "Laugh Genius" who will appear with his Twentieth Century Minstrels at the Savoy.

but I can't tell you his name. His mother is one of the most beautiful women that ever lived, and a year ago she married a prince, a mere boy, only a year or so older than her own son. Do you wonder that we were glad when the play ended? It ends sadly! Diane is about to be married to Rantz, but he cannot forgive the boy for having forced his hand, and so he sends him to America as overseer in some mines. Diane protests, and begs that he shall be allowed to remain in France. Rantz is inflexible, and Diane gives way. The curtain falls as Maurice leaves the room; on the threshold he stands aside a moment to let Rantz's own son enter, a schoolboy who comes to visit his future stepmother, and Maurice understands that his place is taken for ever. I cried like a silly idiot! And yet I say I enjoyed myself. Well, I did, really. I was glad to be there, for it was one of the smartest "first nights" we've had for ages, barring Bernstein's "Apres-Moi" at the Comedie Francaise

TOKENS FOR EASTERTIDE

Unique, hand-painted, silk or satin egg-shaped boxes, and Easter novelty boxes at all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' Candy Stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

Lew Dockstader Coming

This Saturday afternoon and evening Marie Dressler will make her farewell appearances at the Savoy in "Tillie's Nightmare" and commencing on Sunday evening, Lew Dockstader and his "Twentieth Century Minstrels" will begin an engagement limited to eight nights. Lew is introducing a real aeroplane in the playhouse. He uses it in connection with his latest monologue, during the course of which he sings three new songs. Among the large numbers may be mentioned "Louisiana," introduced by Carroll Johnson, "The Shanticlair" and a spectacular burlesque on the comic opera "Pinafore."

REINHOLD VON WARLICH

The Russian basso-cantante who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon.

Last Week of Figman

A brilliant comedy, "The Marriage of Kitty," is to be given its first presentation here at the Alcazar next week, with Max Figman in the leading role. It was adapted from the French for Marie Tempest, the famous English comedienne and so closely did the principal character fit Figman's personality that he added it to his repertoire. In the cast will be the principal members of the Alcazar company. A costly and artistic scenic production is promised. As these will be the farewell appearances of Mr. Figman at the Alcazar a series of crowded audiences may be looked for.

The Follies Are Coming

The second and final week of the Ruth St. Denis engagement at the Columbia will commence Monday night. She will offer a program comprising the best numbers seen during the past week and others not as yet seen here. Musical director Meyrowitz and the orchestra under his baton will be heard in two big orchestral numbers. They will be played during the intermission. The Ziegfeld Revue Follies of 1910 is to open on Easter Sunday night, April 16, instead of Monday, April 17, as first announced. This will be the first presentation of a Ziegfeld Revue in the West. So massive are these productions and so much in demand by theatergoers of the East that Ziegfeld has heretofore refused all offers to come West. Bickel and Watson, Bert Williams, Bobby North, Lillian Lorraine, Shirley Kellogg, Fanny Grice, numerous others and seventy-five Anna Held girls will be in the Revue.

Elman to Play Once More

Manager Greenbaum has arranged to have Mischa Elman return from the South and give one more concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Easter Sunday afternoon, April 16. He will play an entirely new program which will include Bruch's rare "Concerto" in D minor, Saint-Saens' "Rondo Capriccioso," Wieniawski's "Souvenir de Moscow" and a Mozart "Sonata."

The Hotaling Season at Ye Liberty

Richard M. Hotaling's third season with the Bishop Players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, was launched with "The Melting Pot" this week, and judging from the interest and enthusiasm displayed it will be the most successful he has had. "The Melting Pot" will be given for the final times this Saturday and Sunday and on Monday evening "The House Next Door" will be staged. It is the comedy by J. Hartley Manners in which J. E. Dodson all last season in New York and has never been presented in the West. Hotaling has an excellent role and will be surrounded by a strong cast that will include all of the Oakland stock favorites. For Easter week Mr. Hotaling will be presented in a farce-comedy, "Mr. Hopkinson," which will be followed by revivals of "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice."

The Von Warlich Concert

An interesting program of songs will be given by Reinhold Von Warlich, the young Russian basso, at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon with the assistance of the talented pianist, Uda Waldrop. It will consist of folk-songs of five nations sung in their respective languages. The first part will be devoted to old German, Russian and Italian classics; part two will include old French and Breton chansons with Welsh, Scotch, English and Irish ballads; part three will consist of four modern songs by Emanuel Moor whose works for orchestra are now attracting the attention of the musical world.

Sidney Drew at the Orpheum

Sidney Drew and his charming wife, "George Cameron," will present a one-act play entitled "The Yellow Dragon" at the Orpheum next week. Dick, the penman, said to be the most marvelous dog in the world, will make his first appearance here. Miss Irene Romain's pianologue should be a fascinating offering. Elsie Faye assisted by Joe Miller and Sam Weston will present "The Act Dainty." They are immense favorites in this city. Next week will be the last of Mlle. Bianci Froehlich, Coakley, Hanvey and Dunlevy, The Four Konerz Brothers and Claude Gillingwater.

The Russian Symphony Festival

The Russian Symphony Orchestra which is to give a festival of seven concerts in this city and two at the Greek Theater, will number fifty-one instrumental artists, many of whom are famous soloists. Mr. Modest Altschuler will wield the baton and three splendid vocal artists will add variety and charm to the programs. These are Mme. Joel-Hulse, Mr. Frank Ormsby and Mr. Bertram Schwahn. Some beautiful Russian vocal quartettes and duets will be heard for the first time in this city. As many requests are being made for the list of symphonies to be given, we print the list: Beethoven's Number 5, Schumann's Number 1, Schubert's "Unfinished," Rachmaninoff's Number 2, Tschaikowsky's Number 4 and Number 6 and Dvorak's "The New World."

UDA WALDROP

Pianist with Von Warlich, the Russian singer at Scottish Rite Hall next Thursdays evening and Sunday afternoon.

In the Limelight

Having achieved success with his "The Deep Purple," which is a dramatization of the "badger game," Wilson Mizner is now writing another thriller entitled "Gordon Laylock, Killer" in which Emmett Corrigan will star.

The latest hit in New York vaudeville is a serious sketch called "The Doctor" which is being given by our old townsman Hall McAllister.

Having shelled out to Edna Goodrich, Nat Goodwin is now very appropriately appearing in "Lend Me Five Shillings."

Miss Smith—"Now Madge, tell me, which would you rather be—pretty or good?"

Madge (promtply)—"I would rather be pretty, Miss Smith; I can easily be good whenever I try."

It's an Educator in the value of purity —in the effect of best materials upon comfort and complexions—to use the inexpensive soap, the soap without a blemish

Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—In view of the reassembling of the Supreme Court early next week it is generally believed that one or more opinions in the big trust suits have been prepared and will be given to the public soon. A general relaxation in commerical lines has occurred throughout the country in anticipation of these important events and Wall Street has been in a condition of stagnation. Inflation in most commodity prices has disappeared and heavy exports of staples and securities from this country to Europe have left us with a tremendous trade balance in our favor. As a result of these conditions banks are glutted with idle money. Hence we find ourselves in the strongest position as concerns fundamentals to meet tariff and corporation adjustments.

Wheat—Impending May deliveries and the prospect of the ratification of the Canadian treaty are at present the main factors deterring purchases of wheat on the part of millers, investors, warehousemen or speculators. Pending the discovery of sound resting places for present available supplies of cash wheat there is little ground for hope of a material improvement in values. Speculators or others will be called upon to take the wheat that will be delivered next month on May contract. It is to be hoped that the long deferred milling demand will have developed by that time and that May will see a rapid eating into the surplus so that warehouse room may be provided for the new crop that will be harvested a month later. Nature's factory will be ready with her winter wheat output in about ninety days and it will require almost a calamity to reduce the acreage to as small a total as was harvested last year.

Corn—Owners of corn have shown some indications of tiring during the past week. Cash corn prices have not changed much but futures have shown a disposition to get down to the neighborhood of the actual property value. There is a big supply of corn afloat, mostly unsold, and there is a liberal stock in the elevators. In fact, about all the sales of cash corn made in the last two or three weeks have been at sacrifice prices and mainly to make room in the elevators.

Cotton—Trading in cotton the past week has been in a narrow range and the market is beginning to come under the influence of the usual dull Easter period when business is generally unfavorably affected, particularly in England and on the coast of Europe. Therefore it is natural to find operators gradually wedging from the market pending further developments, especially as Congress has convened in extra session and the reciprocity and tariff questions will be taken up for consideration, particularly in their relations to the import duty on cotton goods. Spinners' takings last week for the first time in many months were below the same week a year ago, indicating that the great disparity between raw cotton and manufactured goods is at last beginning to have its effect. On account of the nearness to maturity we would not sell May cotton except against actual cotton but we favor sales of July and distant months on all advances.

An Amazing Discovery

To Newbury Steeplechases on Saturday a certain Knight of the Burning Pestle esquired a lovely little chick of a Chorus Kid, whose main desire was to absorb sport thoroughly in a single afternoon, says the London Sporting Times.

"Now," she said, "I wish to learn how to back a horse without having to get it done for me. How should I proceed?"

The gallant knight drew a brace of thick 'uns from his case, and dropped them in her palm.

"Do you see a good-looking man in gold spectacles just down by those railings? He is crying out, "Seven to one, bar three."

"Oh, yes!"

"Go to him and say, 'Fourteen to two, Wavespray, Mr. Schlesinger,' give him the money, take the ticket which he gives you, and—return to me."

Promptly the little lady did as she was told. Then a field of nine horses contested the United Services Hurdle Handicap and—Major Erward's Wavespray lobbed in.

"Now," said the knight to his punting pupil, "go to Mr. Schlesinger, give him back his ticket, draw sixteen of the very best, and—put 'em in your pocket!"

But alas! for the inordinate cupidity of women! When she returned with three fivers and a quidlet gripped in her little fist, it was not gratitude but resentment over missed opportunities that possessed her soul.

"Gee-whittaker-whizz!" she exclaimed, quite angrily. "How long has this sort of thing been going on?"

Grocer—Little pays his bills, now that his boys are working. Cashier—Yes; every Little helps.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco is located at Nos. 626-628 and 630 Merchant's Exchange, where all business is transacted. The Free Labor Bureau of the Alliance in Oakland is at No. 700 Broadway. All classes of male help No charge to employed or employee.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS

Savings 108 SUTTER STREET Commercial

(Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

Capital Authorized	$1,000,000.00
Capital Paid In	750,000.00
Reserve and Surplus	220,331.45
Total Resources	5,613,737.73

Officers—A. Legallet, Pres.; Leon Bocqueraz, V.-Pres.; J. M. Dupas, V.-Pres.; A. Bousquet, Secty.; John Ginty, Cashier; M. Girard, Asst. Cashier; P. Bellemans, Asst. Cashier; P. A. Bergerot, Attorney.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

No. 4 MONTGOMERY STREET

March 7, 1911

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$11,033,637.75
Cash and Sight Exchange	10,779,900.43
Deposits	23,938,906.68

Officers—Isaias W. Hellman, Pres.; I. W. Hellman Jr., V.-Pres.; F. L. Lipman, V.-Pres.; James K. Wilson, V.-Pres.; Frank B. King, Cashier; W. McGavin, Asst. Cashier; E. L. Jacobs, Asst. Cashier; V. H. Rossetti, Asst. Cashier; C. L. Davis, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Isaias W. Hellman, Leon Sloss, C. De Guigne, Percy T. Morgan, James K. Wilson, I. W. Hellman Jr., Wm. Haas, Wm. F. Herrin, F. W. Van Sicklen, James L. Flood, Hartland Law, J. Henry Meyer, Chas. J. Deering, John C. Kirkpatrick, F. L. Lipman, Henry Rosenfeld and William Sproule.

Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.

Anglo & London Paris National Bank

Sutter and Sansome Sts., San Francisco

March 7, 1911

Paid Up Capital	$ 4,000,000.00
Reserve and Undivided Profits	1,381,800.41
Deposits	23,939,522.61
Cash and Sight Exchange	9,747,534.71

Sig. Greenebaum, Pres.; H. Fleishhacker, V.-Pres. and Mgr.; Joseph Friedlander, V.-Pres.; C. F. Hunt, V.-Pres.; R. Altschul, Cashier; A. Hochstein, Asst. Cashier; C. R. Parker, Asst. Cashier; William H. High, Asst. Cashier; H. Choynski, Asst. Cashier; G. R. Burdick, Asst. Cashier; A. L. Langerman, Secretary.

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Accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations, Firms and Individuals Invited

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Savings (THE GERMAN BANK) Commercial

526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Guaranteed Capital	$ 1,200,000.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,580,518.99
Employees' Pension Fund	$ 109,031.35
Deposits December 31, 1910	$42,039,580.06
Total Assets	$44,775,559.56

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells Fargo & Co.'s Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Officers—Pres., N. Ohlandt; First V.-Pres., Daniel Meyer; Second V.-Pres. and Mgr., George Tourny; Third V.-Pres., J. W. Van Bergen; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Asst. Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Asst. Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodellow, Eells & Orrick, Gen. Attys.

Board of Directors—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, George Tourny, J. W. Van Bergen, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

Mission Branch, 2572 Mission St., between 21st and 22nd Sts. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Manager.

Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement St., between 5th and 6th Aves. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

NEW SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest from Date of Deposit

On account of its prominent central location and convenience to the daily shoppers on Market street, who desire to avail themselves of a strong bank to deposit their savings, the City and County Bank at Fifth and Market streets has requested and been granted a new certificate by the Superintendent of Banks to conduct both a commercial and savings business. In order to introduce its new savings department the bank will allow interest from date of deposit on all accounts opened between March 27, 1911, and May 1, 1911, at the rate of 4 per cent per annum. The City and County Bank was incorporated April 23, 1902. Its assets are over $1,500,000.00. The directors are: Matthew Nunan, president, Hibernia Brewery; L. V. Merle, capitalist; C. A. Malm, C. A. Malm & Co., mfgrs. trunks and valises; Otto A. Jungblut, president August Jungblut Co., mfgrs. billiard and pool tables; A. J. Lowenberg, president; Joseph L. Goldsmith, cashier.

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Broadway and 13th St., Oakland.

An Obsession

(Continued from Page 10.)

sight of the objects that she had gathered together and lived familiarly with became frightful to me. Then began my long agony, in which I reconstructed detail by detail, the whole of my former happiness. Everything reminded me of her; I met her in everything, and all was still full of her presence. The looking glasses had not forgotten her image, the gloves had not yet lost the mould of her hands, there were pillows that retained the hollowed impress of her head, and the stain, the fatal darkened stain, presented itself to me at every moment, bringing up the scene afresh.

Unable to fight against all this, I abandoned the house where we had known so many joys together, and where, alone, I had passed such bitter moments. Then began long tedious days of continuous wandering, fleeing from her memory like an ingrate; days in which I struggled against revisiting the reliquary wherein her image floats. I came to the house, I saw the closed doors, the empty balconies, everything speaking of abandonment and death; and feeling myself weak, I went and drank, to drive away my sorrow. But the vision of her body as it fell into my arms, and that expression of loving reproach which came from her eyes as she retreated from life, the blood covering her, so tormented me that I suffered the most frightful grief.

After some time I returned, determined to work. I passed many days and many nights bent over the table, nervously filling page after page, endeavoring by my imagination and labor to draw myself out of my thought. Frequently the very words that I wrote touched and lacerated my wound; and at times, forgetting for a moment, I turned and sought her at my side, as I had done when she used to sit by me at my work. Not finding her, I would hurl the pen away and sink again more deeply into my sorrow.

But it is here that darkest part of my story begins, and fills me, always egoistical, more than the whole of this drama with grief. Do not smile!

One night, after several hours of work,I felt a light noise behind me. I was nervous and turned abruptly. You will forgive my saying that I saw nobody. I continued working, somewhat troubled, and mistrusting the shadows that flocked outside the luminous radius of my lamp. In a little whileI felt, or seemed to feel, a light touch on my shoulder; I sat rigid, remembering that she used to call me in this way when she wished to interrupt me in my work; and I experienced a horrible, anxious feeling. I did not dare to turn my face, I almost stopped breathing, dreading to find something behind me. After a moment of effort I at last turned my face, slowly, making a noise in my effort. Nothing—only the half shadows, and the gilded glittering of the picture frames. I took long breaths, feeling consoled; but still frightened. I let the pen fall, and without turning again, with a clamminess on my brow, I went straight to my bed.

It is needless to say to you that I could not sleep. The least noise, the strokes of the hours, the creak of a piece of furniture, the scurry of a rat, all produced in me cold sweats and sudden starts, in spite of all my stern reasoning.

But since then, my friend, it is always the same; I start at every sound; I work always with my ear alert, anxious to catch each noise. In a word, I am afraid, afraid, of the poor suicide whom I loved so much. I am afraid that she may return; afraid, above all, of the expression in her last look, which I cannot, nor ever shall be able to forget. I am not mad, no, but I feel her wandering invisibly around me, and I am afraid, afraid of her; but in such a way that never, not for anything, would I have dared to write this by night, fearful of feeling her touch on my

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shoulder, or her silent steps advancing cautiously – I am afraid!

I am afraid, yes, and of her. Come, come and free me from this terror, from this constant, insupportable anguish. Feeling someone at my side, I shall be strong. I have thought of marrying to bring to my side someone who would shield me from her, but no! She would be jealous, and I could never kiss my wife or clasp her without feeling her coming invisibly between us two.

It is not that I have ceased to love her. No; I love her and I long for her, for my days would not be so black, were she at my side. But, you see, I loved her greatly; she loved me greatly; I was very happy,and now it is fated that I pay the price by this worst of punishments—fearing her, desiring to hide myself from her.

You see! Now, at this moment, as I write to you, the creaking sound of a door being moved inwards by the wind—is it by the wind?—has made me tremble and my brow is clammy, and I cannot, I dare not turn my face.

I am afraid! I am afraid! Come, my friend, come, or I do not know what will become of me!

The Monterey Packing Company

Monterey's largest and most important manufacturing enterprise—the fish cannery of the Monterey Packing Co.,—is now at the height of its busy season, and from present indications the pack this year will amount to 50,000 cases of sardines, valued at $300,000. During the busy season—from August to December—the cannery handles about 40,000 pounds of sardines a day, and employes 175 people, whose wages range from $2.25 to $3.00 a day. In addition a crew of 24 fishermen are employed to catch the fish, and they receive about $6,000 a month for the fish they bring in. Four launches, with tenders, are kept in commission for this work. The payroll of the cannery (exclusive of the fishermen) runs from $10,000 to $12,000 a month, and about $1,000 a month more is spent for miscellaneous supplies. Fifteen thousand dollars was spent this year in remodeling and enlarging the plant and buildings, and the cannery is now one of the most up-to-date in the country. Eight years ago the cannery was started, and the initial pack amounted to but 200 cases. By making every effort to put out an extra good product, and by means of extensive (and expensive) advertising, a market was created, and now Booth's Crescent Brand Sardines are known throughout the length and breadth of the country. California is the largest purchaser. New York and Chicago buy much of the product, and the eastern, central and Pacific Coast states absorb the balance of the pack. F. E. Booth who organized the Monterey Packing Company, is president of the concern, and general agent for its output. K. Hovden, an expert in the handling and packing of fish, is the manager of the cannery.

Norah—Oim sorry to say, sorr, that Miss Giddy isn't in.

Mr. Caller (facetiously)—Why are you sorry, Norah.

Norah—Because, sorr, it's the biggest sthory Oi ever told.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM McCANN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of William McCann, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of John J. Barrett, 1255 Flood Building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William McCann, deceased. MARY A. McCANN, Administratrix of the Estate of William McCann, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 25, 1911.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Atty. for Administratrix, 1255 Flood Building, 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-25-5

An Education in Motor Car Construction

The Chalmers Cut Out Chassis

Which created the big sensation at the Chicago, New York and Philadelphia Automobile Shows this season will be displayed for the coming few days in the salesroom of The Pioneer Automobile Co. on the corner of Locust and Van Ness Avenues.

This Chassis is so cut out as to give a complete view of the car's mechanical workings.

The Chalmers represents the highest development in motor car design. Consequently a study of the chassis will be of highest educational value to those interested in automobile construction.

The entire public is invited to inspect this cut out Chalmers chassis.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,365.

HATTIE ELIZA POND, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. POND, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: William H. Pond, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, and on the ground of defendant's habitual intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY H. DAVIS, Atty. for Plaintiff, 495-497 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given, that I, CHARLES H. GREENE, the Administrator of the estate of Lena G. Greene, deceased, under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 18th day of April, 1911, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon of said day, in front of the door of the Grant Building, Seventh and Market Streets, San Francisco, being the entrance to the building in which the said Superior Court, Department No. 10 thereof, is situated, will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder, all of the following described personal property, to-wit:

One pistol; one yellow metal ring, three white and one green stones; one yellow metal ring, one white stone; one unset stone,—white; one yellow metal chain; one nickel watch; one yellow metal bracelet; one hand bag; and one hand satchel. belonging to the estate of Lena G. Greene, deceased.

Said property will be sold for cash, lawful money of the United States, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court.

Dated: San Francisco, California, April 4, 1911.

CHARLES H. GREENE, Administrator of the Estate of Lena G. Greene, Deceased.

WILLIAM H. SCHOOLER, Atty. for Administrator, Rooms 1101-1108 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco. 4-8-2

Auto Notes

R. C. Hupp of the Hupp-Yeats Electric Car Company while on a pleasure jaunt to California, decided to "try out" the Hupp-Yeats on Los Angeles' steep hills, and he was far from disappointed with its showing. For four days Mr. Hupp's party, which included Mrs. Hupp and sister and Mr. Harris of the Hupp-Yeats Company, visited the various towns surrounding Los Angeles, Pasadena, Santa Monica, San Pedro and other points of interest. In the four days the car covered 200 miles over the picturesque but steep hills, and the car averaged 60 miles to one charge of the batteries.

The S. and A. Film Company of this city have just removed a Republic Staggard Tread Tire from the rear wheel of their seventy horsepower Thomas Flyer which has done 8,000 miles of service. The Thomas Flyer is used for visiting the moving picture theatres throughout the country, and has traveled 8,000 miles over all sorts of roads, summer and winter, regardless of weather conditions. When the Thomas car was ordered it was equipped with Republic Tires and these have given absolute satisfaction during their use.

Expert engineers in the leading universities of the country frequently draw upon the Rambler factory organization for ideas in the instruction of students in advanced automobile engineering methods. Sixty students of the University of Wisconsin and a body of men from the Central Y. M. C. A. of Chicago visited the big Rambler factory, at Kenosha, last week to study those methods of accuracy, precision and skill by which Rambler cars are made. The students were the guests of Charles T. Jeffery, President of The Thomas B. Jeffery Company.

C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of the Diamond Rubber Company, declares that Wyoming is fast coming into prominence as an automobile touring ground. The mountains are difficult but the motor car has proven its ability to negotiate their grades. An interesting tour was made last season by Elmer Lovejoy of Laramie, Wyoming, during which the snowy range with an elevation of 12,000 feet was topped in a Franklin car. The machine wore Diamond tires.

A good deal has been said recently about a switch in automobile manufacturing affairs whereby we find the European looking to the American engineers for ideas, rather than the American looking to the European, as was formerly the case. An illustration of this is given in a report recently received by E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Co. from the Lozier factory. One of the Royal engineers of Berlin has requested from the Lozier Motor Co. a description of the American built Lozier car, with details of materials used and factory practice. He states that there is an increasing tendency to the use of American motor cars in Germany and Austria, especially of the better grade and quality.

A letter received by the Pioneer Automobile Company from the Chalmers factory claims that the champion miniature automobile driver of this country is Master Gabriel who operates a Chalmers "30" car. Master Gabriel is also America's greatest midget actor and stage creator of "Buster Brown," "Little Nemo" and "Tommy Tucker." Although scarcely four feet in height he controls the Chalmers "30" with greatest ease. He has already placed his order for a 1912 Chalmers car.

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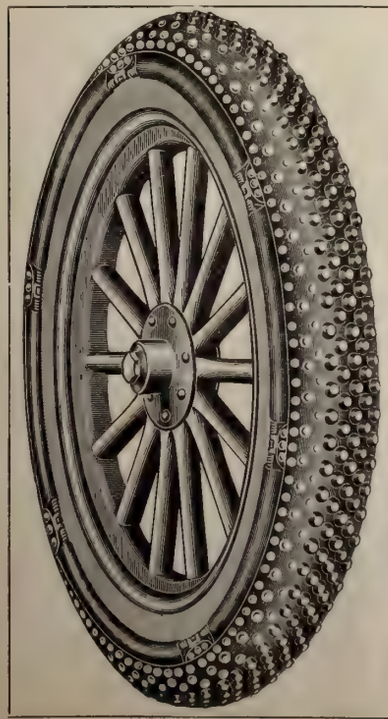

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 9814, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of FREDERICK C. WINTERS, alias FREDERICK WINTERS, alias FRED C. WINTERS, alias F. C. WINTERS, Deceased.

William Horstmeyer, the administrator of the estate of Frederick C. Winters, alias Frederick Winters, alias Fred C. Winters, alias F. C. Winters, deceased, having presented and filed his petition herein, praying for an order for the sale of the whole of the real estate of said deceased, for the purposes therein set forth, and it appearing, that a sale as prayed for in said petition is necessary and that the same will be for the advantage, benefit and best interest of said estate, and those interested therein,

It is hereby Ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the above entitled Court, on Monday, the 17th day of April, 1911, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, Room 603 in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and then and there show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell said real estate at private sale. The said petition is hereby referred to for further particulars.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least one a week for four successive weeks prior to said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court, this 8th day of March, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed March 8, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By F. B. Lorigan, Deputy Clerk.

CARL W. MUELLER, Atty. for Administrator, 1046 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco. 3-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD CONVEY, Deceased—No. 11,299, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the Last Will of Edward Convey, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 25th day of March, 1911), to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, Room Number 1277 Flood Building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward Convey, Deceased.

EDWARD J. CONVEY,
ANNIE M. CONVEY,
Executors of the Last Will of Edward Convey, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 25, 1911.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Atty. for Executors, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY KELLY, Deceased—No. 11,352, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Henry Kelly, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wallace A. Wise, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, at Room 1402, in The Western Metropolis National Bank Building, number 625 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Henry Kelly, deceased.

EDWARD H. KELLY,
As Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Henry Kelly, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 4, 1911.

WALLACE A. WISE, Esq., Atty. for Executor, Rooms 1402 to 1404, The Western Metropolis Nat. Bank Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-8-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLOTTA WILFORD, also known as CHARLOTTA C. WILFORD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotta Wilford, also known as Charlotta C. Wilford, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, Eugene W. Levy, Room 560, Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

ALBERT WILFORD,
ENOCH T. HOWES,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotta Wilford, also known as Charlotta C. Wilford, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 11, 1911.

EUGENE W. LEVY, Atty. for Executors,
Room 560, Mills Building,
No. 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,310.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALBERT HANSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrixes of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Hansen, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrixes at the office of Aitken and Aitken, 957 Monadnock Building, 681 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Albert Hansen, deceased.

ANNA A. FEE,
EDNA C. WILSON,
Executrixes of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Hansen, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1911.

AITKEN and AITKEN, Attys. for Executrixes,
559 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 33,681, Dept. No. 10.

PLINY E. RITNER, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE I. RITNER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Grace I. Ritner, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of January, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

AUSTIN LEWIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
504 to 508 Schmidt Bldg., 12 Geary St., S. F. 2-4-10

NOTICE OF EXECUTORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

Notice is hereby given that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 28th day of March, 1911, in the matter of the estate of Julius Friedman, deceased, the undersigned, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, in Gold Coin of the United States of America, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Tuesday, the 18th day of April, 1911, all the right, title and interest of said estate in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street with the Northeasterly line of Beale Street; running thence Northeasterly and along said line of Harrison Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly thirty (30) feet to said line of Beale Street, and thence at right angles Northwesterly and along said last mentioned line eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement, being a portion of 100 Vara Block No. 333, together with the improvements thereon.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; balance on confirmation of sale; deeds and abstracts at the expense of purchaser. No McEnerney Decree.

All bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Edmund Tauszky, Room 316 Balboa Building, corner of Second and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned Executors, or either of them, personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice, and before the making of the sale.

Dated, San Francisco, March 30, 1911.

I. M. FRIEDBERG,
EDWARD R. LANDE,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Julius Friedman, Deceased.

EDMUND TAUSZKY,
Atty. for I. M. Friedberg, Executor.

MARSHALL B. WOODWORTH,
Atty. for Edward R. Lande, Executor. 4-1-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 11,342. Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE F. WHITCOMB, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Emeline M. North Whitcomb, Executrix of the estate of George F. Whitcomb, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Corbet & Selby, 1201 First National Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George F. Whitcomb, deceased.

EMELINE M. NORTH WHITCOMB,
Executrix of the Estate of George F. Whitcomb, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 8, 1911.

CORBET & SELBY, Attys. for Executrix,
1201 First National Bank Building, San Francisco. 4-8-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. O'KANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned W. D. O'Kane, Administrator of the estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, John F. Hanlon, Room 618 Mechanics Building, Corner of Market and Mason Streets, City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased.

WILLIAM D. O'KANE,
Administrator of the estate of Mary E. O'Kane, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 11, 1911.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 618 Mechanics Bldg., San Francisco. 3-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK M. FLYNN, also known as P. M. FLYNN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Patrick M. Flynn, also known as P. M. Flynn, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the will annexed at the office of his attorney, Neal Power, Esq., Room 545 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Patrick M. Flynn, also known as P. M. Flynn, deceased.

P. F. REILLY,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Patrick M. Flynn, also known as P. M. Flynn, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1911.

NEAL POWER,
Atty. for Administrator with the Will Annexed,
Room 545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NIOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PHILIP BRADY, Deceased.

Richard J. Brady, the Administrator of the estate of Philip Brady, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is Therefore Ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Friday, the 21st day of April, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Richard J. Brady to sell the real estate of the said deceased.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, March 15th, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
Endorsed: Filed March 15, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN G. WILLIAMS, Atty. for Administrator,
950 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 34,748. Dept. No. 3.

ALMA McWILLIAMS, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L. WILLIAMS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Joseph L. McWilliams, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten (10) days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty (30) days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By I. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Plaintiff,
233 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-8-10

NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION OF ADMINISTRATRIX FOR AUTHORITY TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 10, Probate. No. 10,347, New Series.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE H. BUCKINGHAM, Deceased.

Order Appointing Time and Place for Hearing Petition Authorizing Administratrix to Convey Real Estate, and Directing Notice Thereof.

Mary G. Buckingham, the Administratrix of the estate of said George H. Buckingham, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein her duly verified Petition setting forth the facts upon which the claim of Winifred S. Bangs is predicated to be entitled to a conveyance from said Administratrix of said estate of all that certain lot or parcel of land situate in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Lot Three (3), in Block "D," that is to say: Beginning at a point in the Westerly line of Regent Street, (formerly Manoa Avenue), distant thereon One Hundred and Eleven and Seventy-five-one-hundredths (111.75) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Derby Street, and running thence Southerly along the said Westerly line of Regent Street Fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Forty (140) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly Fifty (50) feet; and thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and Forty (140) feet to the said Westerly line of Regent Street and the point of beginning, as the same is designated and delineated upon a certain map entitled "The Berry-Bangs Tract."

And it appearing to this Court that said George H. Buckingham, deceased, in his life time entered into a contract in writing with said Winifred S. Bangs to convey said real property described in said verified Petition and in this Order, and that said George H. Buckingham died before making said conveyance, and that said Winifred S. Bangs was before the death of said deceased, and is now, entitled to a conveyance of said hereinabove described real property upon her carrying out the provisions of said written contract, and making the payments therein provided, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is Hereby Ordered that the hearing of said Petition be set for Monday, the 24th day of April, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of this Court, Department No. 10, thereof, in the Grant Building, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and it is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published for four successive weeks before said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, March 20, 1911.

(Seal) THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
Endorsed: Filed March 20, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

SHELDON G. KELLOGG, Atty. for Administratrix,
801-805 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANCISCO L. FREITAS, also known as and called FRANK L. FREITAS and FRANK FRATES, Deceased—No. 11,250, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Francisco L. Freitas, also known and called Frank L. Freitas and Frank Frates, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of James B. Feehan, Room 407 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Francisco L. Freitas, also known as and called Frank L. Freitas and Frank Frates, deceased.

MARY FREITAS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Francisco L. Freitas, also known as and called Frank L. Freitas and Frank Frates, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1911.

JAMES B. FEEHAN, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 407 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORENCE ATWATER, Deceased—No. 11,215, Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Moetia Atwater, sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Moetia Atwater, sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, deceased, at the office of her attorneys, Lilienthal, McKinstry and Raymond, 1211 Flood Building, Northeast Corner of Powell and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Dorence Atwater, deceased.

MOETIA ATWATER,
Sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1911.

LILIENTHAL, McKINSTRY and RAYMOND,
1211 Flood Building, San Francisco, Attorneys for Moetia Atwater, sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, Deceased. 3-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES WARNOCK, Deceased—No. 11,327. Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will of James Warnock, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, (which said first publication occurs on the 8th day of April, 1911), to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James Warnock, deceased.

LAWRENCE F. WALSH,
Executor of the Last Will of James Warnock, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 8, 1911.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Atty. for Executor,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-8-5

Letters

A Louis XI Romance

Here is another historical novel, "The Justice of the King." Historical romances are, as a matter of course, more romantic than historical, but Hamilton Drummond has succeeded in subordinating the love-making, leaving the chief interest to center upon the political plotting. The scenes are laid in the later years of the reign of Louis XI and the action moves between the royal chateau at Valmy, and Amboise where the Dauphin was in residence. The plot concerns the abnormal suspicion of Louis who was distrustful alike of friends and foes and jealous of his own power. It suited his purpose to assume, now that Charles was nearing his thirteenth year, at which age he could have ascended the throne, that the child was the center of a plot to depose his majesty, and Philip de Comines, his chamberlain, was dispatched to Amboise ostensibly to investigate but actually to create the semblance of a conspiracy which would provide an excuse for the king to punish with due severity the thirteen-year-old traitor and thus pose to all the world as the ruler so just that in him the father could forget the son. Mr. Drummond has chosen to represent Charles as a naturally frank, bright boy, but owing to the neglect and unnatural suspicion of his father, the boy's good qualities were overlaid with a sullen distrustfulness. While history presents him as a backward youth, given to childish amusements, we now have a picture of a healthy, normal lad, fond of playing at siege and battle and personating the great characters of history and romance. There are plots within plots, escapes by the narrowest of margins, quick thinking and quicker action which keep the reader interested and excited from the first page, where the decrpit king receives the dispatuch which sets the wheels in motion to the last where, with a quick changing of his whims and plans, he presides over a marriage. One does not go to romances for history, or at least one should not. The best that can be asked or expected is that they present a fairly correct background and that the characters are not entirely at variance with the probabilities. Judged by this standard "The Justice of the King" belongs well up towards the head of the list. From the Macmillan Co.

An Old Fashioned Thriller

Robert Louis Stevenson used to say of a certain class of books that if they were only bad enough they were good. "Dropped from the Fast Express," a product of the pen of one Fred M. White, just misses the badness which would have proved its salvation. Most of the old stock characters, Beauty in Distress, the Wicked Villain, the Avenging Nemesis, and Unfortunate-Suitor-True-and-Tried, are present, with a background of Dishonorable Father, Weak Brother and Titled Ladies and Gentlemen, as plentiful as the traditional June blackberries. There are crime and mystery and escapes by half-hair-bredths. The infamous intrigues concern race course frauds and bridge gambling, so the che-ild, the mutilated marriage certificate, the graveyard scene and the stor-r-rm have been eliminated per force. Yarns of this brand, it used to be assumed, found popularity in the servant's hall and amongst factory hands. If it ever were so, the "best-seller" has long since displaced them, and where "Dropped from the Fast Express" is to find readers passes power of conjecture unless, to refer again to Stevenson, it falls into the hands of those who will find it bad enough to be at least passably good. More surprising than the yarn itself is the discovery that it bears the imprint of that old publishing firm, Laird and Lee of Chicago.

A Wholesome Story

For "The Honor of the Big Snows" James Oliver Curwood has taken us once more into the far north, to the trading posts up under the Arctic Circle where life is rough and primitive, but the few conventions are rigidly observed and the Ten Commandments are kept literally, as the practical working rule of life. The special question of honor is the respect with which womankind is regarded and every man constitutes himself the guardian of every woman who requites the service by conducting herself in seemly fashion. Amongst these Indians and mixed breeds, where the man of pure white blood is the rare exception and the woman of pure white blood virtually unknown, the so-called "unwritten law" is the only law, but in order to have it invoked on her behalf the woman must be innocent of offence. Amongst the men of the posts, whatever their station, the code is so well defined and so universally accepted that it needs no advertisement, but when men from "civilization" penetrate into the big snows for sport they are apt to bring with them their civilized idea that anything is fair game for the hunter, and then there is trouble. Knowing nothing of the institution of divorce, whereby wives and husbands are disposed of at the dictation of any trifling whim, the child born out of lawful wedlock becomes a pariah, a literal outcast. "If the winds had whispered the secret nothing would have come near him—the Indian women would sooner have touched the plague—he would have been an outcast, despised as he grew older, pointed at and taunted, called names which are worse than those called to the lowest and meanest dogs. That is what it means to be born under that curse—up here," said Jan Thoreau, dissuading a man from "the South" from his purpose of deserting an uncongenial wife in the United States to unite himself to a girl at one of the posts, abandoning everything for her but keeping the secret of his bondage. Jan is the hero of the story, a moral as well as a physical hero and one of the few leading characters in bookland to whom we cannot grudge the title. We are indebted to Mr. Curwood for a clean, wholesome story, a healthy contrast to the sex-problems in which the edges of morality are nibbled at until they are consumed and for a good dog which is never transformed into a "lamb-person" or any other hybrid monstrosity. Bobbs-Merrill are the publishers. Illustrations in color by Charles Livingstone Bull.

When shall I take the sleeping draught, Doc? About fifteen minutes before you go to sleep.

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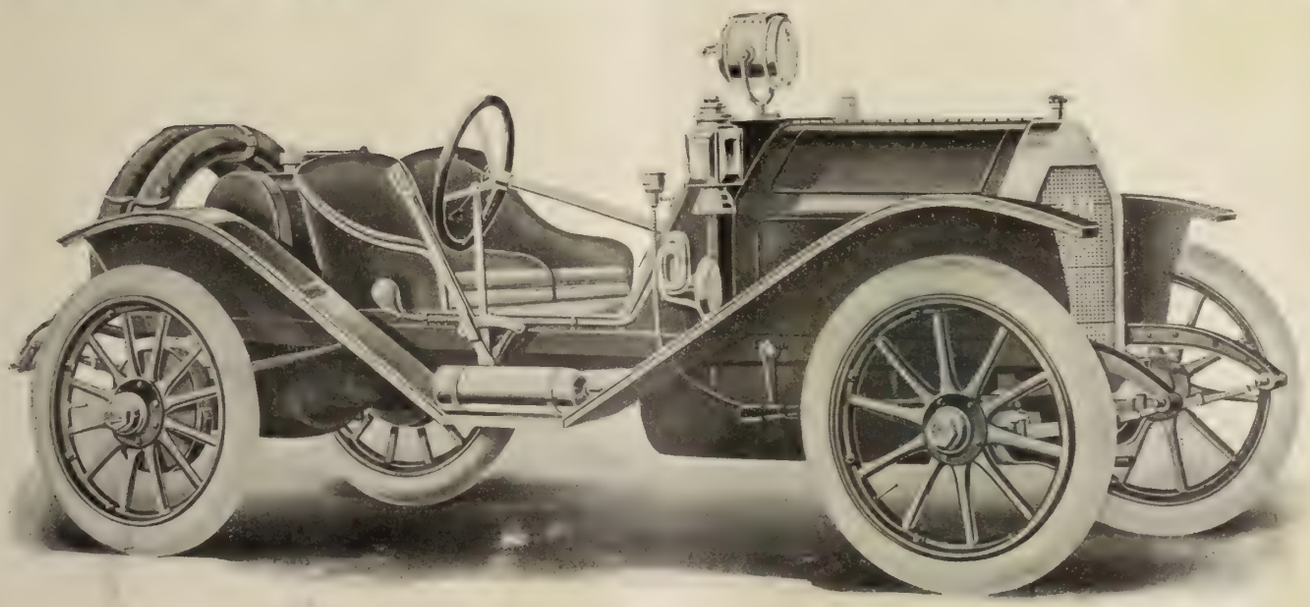

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POWER CONTROL — Spark and throttle levers on steering wheel. Foot accelerator on toe board.
CLUTCH—Multiple disc, five plate, running in bath of oil.
TRANSMISSION—Selective, 3 speeds forward and reverse. Material, 3½ per cent nickel steel with 4 heat-treatments. Shafts run on F and S imported annular bearings.
STEERING—Screw and Nut, irreversible, 1¾-inch column with 18-inch Circassian walnut wheel on aluminum spider.
PROPELLER SHAFT—Straight line drive, with 2 universal joints, thoroughly housed.
GASOLINE TANK—18 gallons. Tank seated on bumpers with spring connections.
FRAME—Pressed steel, channel section, side members reinforced, cross members gussetted.
AXLES—Front, I beam, with tapered roller bearings and ball thrust in yokes.
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SPRINGS—Front, semi-elliptic, 40x2¼ inches, rear semi-elliptic, 54x2¼ inches.
WHEEL BASE—115 inches.
TREAD—56 inches; 60 inches furnished at extra cost.
WHEELS—Artillery pattern, 10-spoke front, 12 spoke rear.
BRAKES—On rear drums, foot brakes 15x2¼ inches, internal expanding, emergecy lever 16x2¼ inches, external contracting.
TIRES—34x4 inches, quick detachable, Goodyear, Kelly-Springfield or Republic make.
HOOD—Blind hinge pattern on corners.
FENDERS—Full enclosed, reinforced, with visors and running-board shields, attached by full forged irons.
MUD PAN—One piece, protecting entire unit power plant, attached by quick detachable spring fasteners.
EQUIPMENT—Fine cape top, Stewart speedometer, automatic wind shield, foot and robe rails, horn with tube, gas generator and large searchlights, 3 crowned dash lamps and tail lamp. Tool kit, jack, pump, tire repair outfit.
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OAKLAND, APRIL 9, 1911

The public auction of sixty-eight lots in Piedmont Terrace-by-the-Lake, one of the most exclusive residence tracts in Oakland, which was held on the property yesterday afternoon, was the most complete success of any public sale of residence property ever held in this city. The sale was held under the auspices of the Laymance Real Estate Company. Although the auction had been advertised only two weeks in advance of the day of sale, there were present on the grounds a large gathering of buyers from San Francisco and other counties, as well as residents of Oakland and outside districts in Alameda County. $69,510.00 worth of property was sold up to the time of the suspension of the auction which had to be called at 7:15 p. m., owing to the lateness of the hour. Subsequently, several of the lots remaining unsold when the auctioneer stopped the public offering, were disposed of on private terms to buyers who had not secured the desired opportunity of bidding.

The buyers included builders, physicians, judges and high-class homesite seekers, many of whom are planning to make improvements on the lots bought without delay. Inasmuch as well-defined restrictions on the value of improvements to be made on the lots sold are included in every deed, the high-class residential character of the tract is perpetually assured.

The results of the sale are significant, because they establish positively the high appreciation under which first class residence property in Oakland is held, not only by its own people, but by the shrewdest outside realty investors. The bidding for the property was lively and the buyers expressed the most perfect satisfaction with the bargains they secured.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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FANNY BRICE

Leading comedienne in Ziegfeld's Revue Follies of 1910 at the Columbia Theater for two weeks commencing April 16.

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The Lorimer Case

Because Senator Lorimer was elected by bribery we are told that his case affords an illustration of the peril of the Constitutional method of electing Senators. The illustration might be of some value if we knew that any other method could be devised to prevent men from getting into the Senate by corruption. We know that an electorate may be debauched as well as a legislature. We know there are men in the House as well as in the Senate who were elected by direct vote of the people not because of their fitness but because of the money corruptly employed to procure their election. The case of Lorimer, if it illustrates anything, illustrates the futility of trying to purify politics by machinery; for some of the members of the Illinois legislature who were bribed to vote for Lorimer were re-elected notwithstanding their record for dishonesty. But it is not the purification of the Senate that is sought by the leading agitators of the direct method of election. Take William R. Hearst for example. He is under no delusion respecting the consequences of abandoning the Constitutional method of electing Senators. Honest Senators capable of doing their own thinking and courageous enough to follow the dictates of their own conscience and their own common sense are not the kind of statesmen that Mr. Hearst is in favor of electing. His ideal Senator is the man with his ear to the ground on the alert for tips from the Hearst papers. And nearly every man so far elected by direct vote approximates the Hearst ideal.

Political Metaphysics

Mr. Hearst has such a fine sense of metaphysical distinctions that he does a great deal of his talking in what appear to be pardoxes. As, for example, when he explains the difference between a man who purchases a seat in the Senate and one who has his seat purchased for him. It is better, according to Mr. Hearst, to have a bribe-giver in the Senate than to have there a man whose election was procured by bribery without the use of his money. In two well remembered instances of men who purchased their seats, says Mr. Hearst, the offense was grave only "in a personal sense," because the act of corruption sprang "from personal vanity, the desire to win political distinction." These men, Mr. Hearst argues, were "not very dangerous because they owned themselves" and it was "at least possible that they would act in freedom." Vastly different is the case of Mr. Lorimer, says our distinguished authority on ethics and the metaphysics of politics: "everything he touches in the Senate is smeared by the taint of bribe money" because he didn't put up his own cash, and because he votes for private interests. Presumably in Mr. Hearst's philosophy if the Senate were composed exclusively of men who paid for their seats with their own checks no act of that body would be "smeared by the taint of bribe money," the members being their own masters. Apparently it hasn't occurred to Mr. Hearst that the bribe-giver though he own himself may not be the owner of anything worth boasting about. The man who bribes his way to the Senate is a criminal, and it is hard to perceive how any of his official acts can be free from the taint of criminality. There can be no question as to whether he is dangerous. If he corrupted a Legislature to gratify his vanity he might corrupt the whole Senate from the same motive. Being vain enough to buy honor at the sacrifice of decency the principal element of danger in him is self-ownership. Greater mischiefs have followed from vanity than from avarice. It is under the disguises of vanity that the worst deceptions are practiced on mankind. Now it does not follow that the man whose seat in the Senate has been bought for him is dangerous. He may be an honest man. The politicians of this State know of the case of a Senator elected without his knowledge by bribery from motives of hostility to his principal opponent. Not infrequently men have been elected to office in this country with the aid of money put up not from love of them but from fear that some less desirable man might be clothed with authority. Not all of them have been the tools of the interests that financed their campaigns. Now it is not to be contended that Lorimer was unconscious of the wrongdoing by which he profited, or that he does not believe himself to be under obligations to special interests. His political past and present affiliations argue to the contrary, but so far as Mr. Hearst knows Lorimer is not to be controlled by anybody. So far as Mr. Hearst knows Lorimer may be just as independent as the former candidate of the Independence League would have been in the event of his election to the gubernatorial office in New York after conciliating Tammany and spending a fortune to conciliate voters. It is not to be gainsaid, however, that it would have been better for Lorimer and his friends and the whole country had he resigned from the Senate when the fact that his election was tainted with bribery was first made public.

The Geary Street Road

The Examiner complains that there's "nothing doing" on Geary street though one year and three months have elapsed since the people voted two million dollars for the building of the municipal road. "The prediction made a year ago," says the Examiner, "that we should see no men working on the Geary street road till the next municipal campaign became hot is in a fair way to be realized." And the Examiner adds, "And this is one more reason why the people are reconciled to frequent elections; while the campaign is on they get something done." It is interesting to learn from so high and unimpeachable authority that the people are reconciled to frequent elections. If this be the case then one of the objections to government ownership is eliminated. For one of the objections is that public servants are not inclined to render good service, and of course this inherent defect in public servants may be cured by holding an election once a month or so. But the objection on the score of service is really a minor objection. The graver ones will be recognized very shortly after we build the Geary street road, and the Examiner will complain about them just as it now complains about dilatoriness. One of the grave objections is that government ownership is conducive to the centralizing and perpetuating of political power. How this comes to be so we may perceive if we apprehend the reason why the Examiner's prophecy is to be fulfilled. Work is to be started on the Geary street road not because the Administration fears the consequences of dilatoriness but because many voters will be given employment.

The Bryan Policy

The perennial incubus of the Democracy, the Hon. William J. Bryan, is again asserting himself in the role of dictator. He is taking a hand in affairs in Washington, and he is telling the Democracy what must be done by way of preparation for the campaign of 1912. Above all things, says the Peerless One, the party must be progressive; that is it must prevent the ascendancy of the Harmon faction in national politics. Mr. Bryan will never consent to the nomination of Judson Harmon of Ohio. Indeed it is very unlikely that Mr. Bryan will ever consent to the nomination of anybody but himself. It has never been his policy to do so. It has always been his policy in the year preceding that of a national campaign to designate as unfit for party leadership the men whose qualifications for leadership were attracting to them more than ordinary attention. By persistently following this policy of elimination Mr. Bryan has succeeded in keeping himself well to the front and rendering competition negligible. This is the policy that has brought repeated disaster on the Democratic party and great pecuniary benefit to the most successful of all our political agitators. But it must be admitted that Mr. Bryan in opposing Judson Harmon is true to the principles of his political creed. The Governor of Ohio does not stand for the principles that were once peculiar to Bryanism but which are now the principles of all statesmen who have become dissatisfied with the fundamentals of our government. The line of cleavage between Harmon and Bryan is well defined. It is the eternal line of demarcation between conservatives and radicals, between states-

men and demagogues. Of the leaders of Democracy whose ideas are akin to those of Mr. Bryan the most conspicuous at this moment is Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, once upon a time a conservative college professor but as a politician very susceptible to the emotions of the multitude. If not fertile in new-fangled notions of government Governor Wilson is not prejudiced against any that find favor with the crowd. Though once an educator he is not disposed to teach. Apparently since emerging from the atmosphere of Princeton he has locked his apprehensions up that he might not discover anything to deter him from acquiescing in the absurdities of the hour. And this seems to be characteristic of the man. Read his "History of the American People" in five volumes and you will find that it is the work of a literary drudge who read authorities built on authorities with his senses, his heart and his understanding under lock and key. It may remind you of what Hazlitt said: that you may hear more good things on the outside of a stagecoach from London to Oxford than if you were to pass a twelvemonth with the heads of colleges of that famous university. There are not many good things to be found on the inside of Wilson's history. However, as Governor of New Jersey Woodrow Wilson by conscientiously striving to do what the people in their present mood wish him to do, is achieving great popularity. He is an obedient servant. If the people were to change their mind and decide upon abandoning all the principles to which they are now wedded, which, of course, they are quite likely to do, they could find no man so quick to fall in with the complexion of their impulses as the ex-President of Princeton. Nor need they ever fear that he will bore them with homilies on the folly of their prepossessions. An ideal man for President is Wilson if the nation be committed to Progressiveness. But let this notion become widespread, and the Hon. William J. Bryan in all probability will turn against him with the same earnestness which now characterizes his opposition to Harmon.

A Tirade Against Hamilton

Some men are so constituted that they seldom get hold of a truth with scientific precision. They get hold of one side of it, and never think of bringing all sides into their due relation. When men thus constituted unite their defect with the spirit of intolerance they become bitter partisans, thorough-paced sticklers for their passions and prejudices. A man of this character has been brought to our notice by the Neale Publishing Company of Washington, D. C., from whose press has emanated "A Study in Alexander Hamilton," by Fontaine T. Fox "of the Louisville bar." By this book Mr. Fox affords us a more interesting study of himself than of Hamilton. It is an interesting study that Mr. Fox affords because in him we have the type of man who is incapable of getting hold of more than one side of a truth. Even through the perspective of years he cannot view Hamilton's activities from more than one viewpoint, and he can account for them on none but the same hypothesis on which they were accounted for by his most bitter enemies. He tells us that all men read with their eyes and only a few men read with their mind. Mr. Fox, it is evident, reads chiefly with his heart which is rather a curious organ since there appears to be cherished therein an inveterate hatred of a man who has been dead more than one hundred years. Here is a hater for whom old Sam Johnson would have had prodigious respect. Mr. Fox's hatred is a passion grounded rather in pastisan zeal than any personal grievance that might have been inherited from an ancestor. Indeed, he tells us that from his earliest years he was taught by his father to idealize Alexander Hamilton. It was only after he studied Hamilton's life that his admiration was changed to "contempt for his life, for his conduct and for his motives." And now at this late day Mr. Fox has taken up the old quarrel of the anti-Federalists against the Federalists, the noise of which sounded through the early years of the nation's history, when the debates of the Congress were embittered by factional differences that produced discord in domestic life and bequeathed prejudices to the minds of posterity. Into that ancient quarrel he has thrown himself with all the passion and fury that characterized some of the adherents of Thomas Jefferson when the question of State rights was first raised, and his arraignment of Hamilton could not be more spirited, more envenomed were the "monarchist in disguise" again on life's stage fighting for the principles which were once regarded as evidence of a desire to strangle the infant liberties of his country in the cradle and to restore the emancipated colonies to their dependence upon Great Britain. But Attorney Fox does not confine himself to the discussion of political questions. He scrutinizes Hamilton's private life, and tells the story of the Reynold's scandal which grew out of the malicious charge that the great statesman and soldier had been speculating in treasury warrants. Attorney Fox is terribly incensed against Hamilton for having confessed his relations with a woman who blackmailed him, and he asks, "Is the charge of speculation in Treasury warrants a more heinous charge than treachery to his conjugal vow?" Also he asks, "Suppose his wife had been false to her conjugal vow would he have considered her offense less heinous than that charged against him?" And he adds, "Taking his own estimate of his honor as a man, a husband and as a father you have the clew to this creature's despicable character." From all of which we get Mr. Fox's viewpoint. Alexander Hamilton had one weakness. He was susceptible to the fascinations of women. He was trapped by a blackmailer. To prove his innocence of an infamous crime, to prove that he had not robbed the government which he had fought to establish, he told the story of his adulterous intrigue to a committee of three men appointed by Congress. They proclaimed his innocence of the crime against the government and promised to keep secret the story of his relations with Mrs. Reynolds. One of the members of that committee, Monroe, to revenge himself on Hamilton, divulged the secret, and now Attorney Fox argues that Hamilton was a monster who did not scruple at bringing shame on his wife or telling of a disgraceful intrigue. "Even Aaron Burr," he says, "was never accused by his bitterest enemy of kissing and then telling." Apparently Attorney Fox is oblivious of the fact that the woman kissed by Hamilton was a blackmailer who had no reputation to lose and who made capital out of her relations with him and caused him to be involved in a scandal that threatened his family with disgrace and himself with eternal infamy, and from which he could not extrcate himself without telling the truth, which he did, believing that it would never be divulged to the world. And seeing only one side of this affair Attorney Fox is unable to see anything good in Hamilton's career as a soldier and statesman. He regards him as a man of talent who applied his talent to nothing but political trickery. He fails utterly to appreciate Hamilton's extraordinary genius or the inestimable services that he rendered to his country. The temperament of the man who guided Washington, who directed all the policies of the country in its infancy and whose principles are imbedded in the very groundwork of the government is absolutely beyond his comprehension. Mr. Fox is a very harsh judge of men. He has yet to learn that there are too many anomalies, too many defects, too many redeeming qualities in human nature to arrive at any just estimate of any individual. All character is made up of innumerable qualities, and when judging of the worst of men if we pronounce on one act a hundred others rise up to contradict it. Alexander Hamilton was a statesman of the Edmund Burke school of philosophy. The horrors of the French Revolution, which, by the way, he predicted in a letter to his friend Lafayette, were ever before his eyes, and he was obsessed with the importance of the principles of stability. Trained in camps, distrustful of the vacillating masses, keenly appreciative of the fundamentals of Anglo-Saxon liberty, and accustomed to the rigor of military rule, he was disposed to insure stability by strengthening the arm of government. In temperament he was the antithesis of the wavering Jefferson who had lived and been feted in Paris and who came back to this country with great enthusiasm for the principles of democracy. Thus there was a pressure of tendencies separating the two men, the same pressure of tendencies that separate political leaders today. In their day both were regarded as dangerous. Undoubtedly each was sincere in his distrust of the other, but as to their devotion to the interests of the government there is no longer any doubt in the minds of men of intelligence. And today Alexander Hamilton is regarded by many impartial and learned students as the most brilliant patriot, the most remarkable man in American history. Of one thing we can be certain, he was one of the few men of his day who were able to dispense with favor and scorn popularity. He accepted the odium of unpopular laws knowing that posterity would reap the fruit of those rude days of conflict, of hatreds and resentments.

Varied Types

XVII—GEORGE STERLING

By Edward F. O'Day

He told me many arresting things about Carmel-by-the-Sea, heightening its natural charms by the vividness of his descriptions and glamoring its commonplaces with the magic of his poetic phrases. He deprecated the growing Carmel Myth which makes the little seaside settlement the abode of "weird and wonderful creatures of crankishness" who go about with their hair hanging down their backs, gushing out their souls and demanding admiration. He thinks that Carmel's "writers have been overrated and its scenery underrated," yet he points out that most of Carmel's writers are veteran writers "who are making good money and who seldom talk shop." He mentioned Michael Williams, John Fleming Wilson, Grace MacGowan Cook, Alice MacGowan, Mary Austin and Jimmy Hopper as Carmelites who find a ready market for all they write.

"Outside of these there are not more than three in Carmel who try to write," he told me, "and Carmel is a town of a thousand or so."

Characteristically enough, George Sterling did not mention himself in this list of Carmel writers and yet I inferred that he was the pioneer of the place, or almost so. I believe that Mary Austin was already there when Charles Rollo Peters pointed out the beauty of the place to Sterling and inspired him with the idea of making it his permanent abode.

There could be no doubt about his desire to discourage the popular notion of Carmel as a high-brow community.

"There is no reading of manuscripts," he said; "our sense of humor is too strong for that. I think the only thing of the sort was when Jimmy Hopper read us his '9009.' Perhaps it would be better if we got together oftener, provided of course that we had the courage for destructive criticism as well as for the other kind."

I wish I could reproduce the poetry of his references to the natural beauty of the place, but I am not a poet. One expression, however, sticks in my mind.

"You get so used to this pea soup bay," he said with a glance toward the window, "that you forget what blue water is like."

But I would much rather hear George Sterling talk about his poetry and himself. The two themes are not interchangeable and they are by no means the readiest to his tongue. Yet he can be induced to discuss them. He can be induced, for instance, to tell the story of how he nailed the Irish flag to the steeple of the Presbyterian Church in Sag Harbor.

At the age of fifteen Sterling became a Catholic and developed a prejudice against Presbyterianism. To give this prejudice visible form he and another boy who is today a prominent citizen of San Francisco, climbed at midnight to the top of the steeple of the Presbyterian Church, one hundred and fifteen feet in the air, and fastened an Irish flag to the lightning rod above the weather vane. In the morning however the flag had blown away.

Nothing daunted the lads tried again, this time with a pirate flag. It was a piece of bunting nine feet by twelve with the skull and cross bones on one side and the cross on the other.

"When we were two blocks away from the church," said Sterling, "we could still hear that flag flapping in the wind."

Next morning Sag Harbor was in an uproar.

"There wasn't a member of the church who would dare to go up to the top of that steeple and take the flag down. It stayed there for three days and then they had to bring a steeple jack from Brooklyn who charged them two hundred dollars for taking it down. The New York papers were full of the affair and I was a hero. But the Presbyterians got ahead of me. They made a crazy quilt out of the flag and raffled it for five hundred dollars. I saw I couldn't beat Presbyterian commercialism, so I left Sag Harbor."

About his poetry Sterling is simply, unaffectedly modest.

"There was a time when I had the big head," he confesses; "the time that Ambrose Bierce praised my 'Wine of Wizardry'; but I got over it."

And then, in answer to a direct question:

"'The Testimony of the Suns' is incomparably the best thing I've written. Compared to it all

GEORGE STERLING

the rest is nowhere. In it I laid down a cosmic philosophy which I don't think can be refuted. If any of my poetry should have the good fortune to live it will be that. The poem says something and the world seems to demand poems which say something."

But Sterling is not over-enthusiastic about the world's demand for poetry.

"I do very well with the magazines, but I have never tried to make a cent out of my books. However I have an income and don't expect to live by my poetry. Perhaps the reason why poetry is not profitable is because the publishers don't have to pay much for it. There is competition for short stories, but not for poetry."

Then he told of the recently organized Poetry Society of America of which he is a charter member, one of fifty.

"Every poet of importance in America belongs," he said. "Its object is to awaken a more general interest in poetry."

But quite frankly he admitted that he didn't know how this was to be done.

I asked him how he ranked the living poets of America and he named the four whom he considers at the top: Edwin Markham, Anna Hempstead Branch, Bliss Carman and Cale Young Rice.

"I am speaking now of poets' poetry," he explained. "I measure a poet by his greatest height, not by his average. I put Markham first for his 'Wharf of Dreams' and his 'Semiramis,' not for his 'Man with the Hoe' which is great in individual lines but not as a whole."

He talked of these poets in a detached way, as though neither himself nor anyone else would think of naming George Sterling among them. Perhaps poetry does not entirely satisfy his ambition.

"Now that I have got what has been called 'the poison of art' out of my system," he confessed, "I shall try some prose, some short stories. I have tried the drama, but while I can do poetry without its being excessively rotten, I don't think I can write a play. I finished one act of a medieval drama called 'Lilith,' but I don't think I'll go on with it. All my characters talk alike; they talk like me."

It was not said out of compliment to the characters; but it must be recorded that George Sterling talks uncommonly well, alternating flashes of poetry with colloquialisms and never getting too far from the saving presence of humor.

And let me not forget his enthusiasm. It flamed out suddenly when he thought of an eighteen-year old boy in Auburn who had sent him some verses for criticism. Poets, it has always seemed to me, are not often enamored of another's muse; they are more anxious to carp than to appreciate. I must either revise that judgment or count Sterling an exception, for he displayed an interest in Clark Ashton Smith of Auburn which he had not shown when his own verses, his own ambitions were under discussion. And when it was suggested that I give the readers of Town Talk an opportunity to savor this youngster's poetry, he was sincerely delighted.

"I owe a great deal to one man," he said; "to Ambrose Bierce; and I would be glad to do something for a youngster who is worth while. This boy has a wonderful gift, if I know anything about such things."

And as George Sterling handed me these verses by eighteen-year old Clark Ashton Smith of Auburn, I realized that there was at least one member of the Poetry Society of America who was trying unselfishly to do something for the future of poetry in America:

The Last Night

I dreamed a dream: I stood upon a height,
A mountain's utmost eminence of snow,
Whence I beheld the plain outstretched below
To a far sea-horizon, dim and white.
Beneath the sun's expiring, ghastly light
The dead world lay, phantasmally aglow;
Its last fear-stricken voice, a wind, came low;
The distant sea lay hushed, as with affright.

I watched, and lo! the pale and flickering sun,
In agony and fierce despair, flamed high,
And shadow-slain, went out upon the gloom.
Then Night, that grim, gigantic struggle won,
Impended for a breath on wings of doom
And through the air fell like a falling sky.

Real Sparkling Wines

The sparkling wines of the Italian-Swiss Colony are naturally fermented in the bottle and NOT CARBONATED. Try ASTI SPECIAL, SEC (white) and ASTI ROUGE (Sparkling Burgundy).

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

German View of New York Fire

The terrible loss of life in the shirtwaist factory fire in New York has been made the subject of severe censure by the newspapers of Berlin. Our skyscrapers or "cloud scratchers," as they are called in Berlin, come in for a good deal of hostile criticism. The tartest comment is made by a writer for the Lokal-Anzeiger who was for many years in New York as a correspondent. He swings a prejudiced pen in this fashion:

"In view of the incessant, murderous catastrophes in America, people with sound common sense may well ask why Messrs. Taft, Roosevelt, and Carnegie are wasting their love for humanity on Europe. They are chiefly concerned for our lives. It is us they would preserve from the horrors and savagery of war, while their railway Moloch alone kills annually three times as many people as fell at Mukden. How would it be if these philanthropists turned their attention to an amelioration of the horrors of the struggle for existence before their own doors. Some scheme of pensioning the dependents of the victims or the cripples of American catastrophes would perhaps satisfy humanity more than the erection of a peace temple at The Hague."

A Cure for Peritonitis?

Dr. Eugene Doyen of Paris claims to have discovered a new remedy for peritonitis, and, in a lecture delivered at a meeting of the Academy of Medicine, explained the beneficial effects of his new method, at the same time giving illustrations of many cases treated and cured by him during the last few months. According to Dr. Doyen's statement an injection of a few cubic centimetres of his new solution twenty-four hours before performing laparotomy is enough to prevent any danger of subsequent peritonitis. An intravenous injection can be made in the case of immediate danger. Another advantage claimed by the doctor for his preparation, and perhaps the most interesting, is that the solution, when mixed with isotonic saltwater, becomes a sort of artificial serum, which has the double quality of assuring immunity against practically all infectious diseases, and, at the same time, providing hyperdermically complete nutrition for the whole system. In the course of his experiments, Dr. Doyen said that he had achieved immediate and complete results where infections had not advanced very far and had found it the best remedy in all cases of advanced infection and even in some reputed cases such as rheumatism and gout.

No World's Fair for Paris

There is to be no World's Fair in Paris in 1920. After a good deal of agitation and discussion the project has been definitely abandoned by the Municipal Council. Although no reason has been officially announced the explanation offered by the president of the Chamber of Commerce of Paris is accepted. It is a significant explanation. Says this official: "It is the common experience of Paris to see laborers in general and navvies in particular suddenly stop work, with the result that contractors can neither tell how much a job will cost nor how long they may be kept waiting before it is finished. This state of uncertainty is so pronounced that employers of labor, whose co-operation would be indispensable, are unanimous in stating that they could not undertake to have any building grounds ready at any given date."

"Chickens Who Have Missed Their Way"

Those of us who delight in slang have long been used to the designation "chicken" as applied to certain youthful feminines. A "chicken" is a little older, though not necessarily more sophisticated than the girl who is variously called a "squab," a "broiler," a "cluck-cluck," or a "flapper," but obviously much younger than an "old hen." It remains, however, for a distinguished and serious French prelate to apply the word "chicken" to young women in a scientific spirit. According to Mgr. Henry Bolo, a well known Parisian pulpit orator, the girl author or the girl student is a "chicken who has missed her way." Apparently the girl who does not devote herself to study or authorship is a "chicken who has not missed her way," and the "chickens" of American slang do not always miss their way. But perhaps the Parisian pulpiteer was making a subtle reference to "Chantecler." That he is an optimist may be inferred from his statement that the girl of today is avid of mental cultivation. He also said that some modern girls know altogether too much. That has frequently been said of the San Francisco "chicken."

Socialists Beaten

Just as the Socialists of this State were in the midst of their felicitations over the election of J. Stitt Wilson came the news from Milwaukee, where a year ago, the Socialists carried practically every city office. After one year's experience of Socialist government the people revolted and on Tuesday of last week the Socialists were defeated all along the line. An issue was raised between the Socialists and the Catholics, the former objecting to the participation of the Catholics in politics. The Catholics elected every one of their candidates, and their candidates were representatives of all creeds. One of them was Mrs. S. M. Cantrovity, a Jewess, who was supported by the Catholic women with great enthusiasm. She was elected to the school board. People who regard the Socialist victory in Berkeley as significant should consider the Socialist defeat in Milwaukee, the great American hotbed of Socialism

Birth Figures for France

France is once more worrying about the declining birth rate. Figures presented by a member of the Chamber of Deputies have caused widespread discussion. In 1870 the number of births was 1,000,000, in 1895 they amounted to only 850,000, and since that year a rapid fall has set in, until in 1909 they numbered only 770,000, of which 393,000 were males. In the meantime the population of the German empire has risen from 40,000,000 to 60,000,000 inhabitants. France would find it easier to be reconciled to the decline of births in the republic if her enemy Germany did not show such a wonderful increase.

Correspondence

Rhymes Wanted

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Do you know of a series of verses that rhyme with "Tipperary?" If not will you please permit me the use of your columns to inquire whether the "poem" is known to any of your readers? My recollection of it is that it was written by way of retort to a versifier who said that the Town of Tipperary could not be celebrated to any great extent in song because of the impossibility of finding rhymes for its name. Yours truly,

—"Tipperary."

The Conversion of Harvard

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I enjoyed very much your paragraph about the Roosevelt speech at the Harvard Club because I have found several members of that club who heard the speech and were converted. Yes, strange as it may seem, there are graduates of Harvard who changed their estimate of Roosevelt after hearing that speech. They concluded that they had been doing him injustice in regarding him as a wild-eyed purveyor of firebrands. He was so mild, so moderate, so conservative, so rational in his exposition of his attitude toward public affairs that several above-the-average men were convinced that he was a very much misunderstood man. How easy it is to soft-soap the educated! My Harvard friends flatter themselves that they are intelligent men and are not to be hoodwinked. Yet they turned their minds over completely to Teddy on this occasion and even after the spell had been withdrawn they did not reflect that they had been listening to the flamboyant politician who for years has been sowing dragons' teeth all over the country. They took him at his word (which he was afraid to utter until he received the assurance that no reporters were present) that he was really conservative and didn't believe in revolutionizing things all of a sudden or in punishing men who had been following rules that had been universally accepted as in accordance with prevailing principle. Yet this is the man, who, everybody knows, has been going about with the loud pedal on wholesale denunciation and the soft pedal on the plea for honest discrimination in favor of the good in all classes. This is the man who, while professing to love the Constitution, has undermined it with mischievous precedents; who enforced laws against capitalistic trusts and winked at violations of them by the labor trusts; who has abused the courts in the language of a blatherskite, and when censured had the impudence to assert that he only had been indulging in criticism after the manner of Lincoln; who has gone about expressing his disapproval of muckraking one day and on the next supplying the muckrakers with material by the yard. Yes, this is the man who, while preaching conservatism behind doors barred against the press made a tremendous hit with the representatives of Harvard of his alma mater. Very truly yours,

—Old Eli.

The Ingenious Reporter

By Pontsevrez (From the French)

"You see, gentlemen, this office is American; this typewriter, near me, is American, as well as the stand that holds it; this system of electric lighting is imported from America; even the pens that we use are of American make, and I propose to deal with politics and with advertising in the American manner. Yes, gentlemen, the sole method of being original, today, in Parisian journalism, is to run a paper on the American plan! No articles of literary value! The public does not understand literature, and it becomes irritated when we offer it material that it cannot comprehend and could never have conceived. It wishes to be informed of facts, of positive facts, gentlemen, for it has nerves and sentiments, and upon them we must play. Each day bring me a sensational fact! Let us be Americans!"

A group of editors sat in a large and beautifully appointed office, listening to the directions which fell from the lips of the proprietor of the Voice of the People, the most up-to-date and best informed journal of the day—'Special telephone connection with all parts of the world!'—'Special telephone connection with all parts of the world!' —this assertion appeared and reappeared in all its advertisements.

And when the proprietor had voiced his sentiments, standing erect at the corner of his American desk, his elbow posed on the top, he smiled in self-approval. He was proud of his powers of oratory, and thought to himself, "Bonaparte, at the foot of the Pyramids, may possibly have been more laconic, he cannot have been more eloquent, for true eloquence is the power of putting truths convincingly."

A few days later, one of his most modest reporters, Gaston Longouy by name, sent in a request to see the proprietor on urgent business. Monsieur Longouy was a young fellow neither handsome nor ugly, neither tall nor short, neither fat nor thin, neither dark nor fair, neither clever nor stupid: in another office where he had worked previous to this, a colleague who passed as a wit nicknamed him "The Midway."

In the eyes of the American proprietor of the Voice of the People, Longouy had one great merit. It was he who, at the time of the massacre in Belgrade, had conceived these thrilling headlines, which so impressed the populace:

SENSATIONAL INTERVIEW
WITH PRINCE KARA-
GEORGEVICH!

He Refuses to Say Anything.

"He is capable of exhibiting real American genius," said the proprietor.

Consequently, he prepared himself to listen with interest and curiosity to the communication of his reporter. Assuming what he considered a very American air—hurried, cold and brusk, he greeted the reporter with:

"Well, you idiot, let us have it at once! Nothing but facts, if you please!"

"Sir," replied the reporter, copying the manner as nearly as possible; "at the entrance of Courgeville, principal town of Oise-et-Somme, thirty-eight miles from Paris, near the railway station in a little woods, a crime has just been committed."

"Crimes are committed every day," observed the proprietor phlegmatically.

"But this is not an ordinary crime. We can find material in it for a great sensation which will keep the public stirred up for many days and increase the sale of your paper ten-fold. It has points particularly favorable to a plan which I have conceived."

"And what is your plan? Let us get to the point!"

"The victim is naked and mutilated beyond the possibility of recognition; the hands, the feet and the head have disappeared. Up to now, it has been impossible to establish the identity. The only thing that can be definitely known is that it is a woman, probably a young one. There is not the faintest clue to the assassin, and the police either can't find him, or don't want to."

"And your idea?"

"I will go to Courgeville; I will act suspiciously. I will make compromising remarks, as though they escaped me accidentally. They will suspect me, arrest me, imprison me and put me on trial. I will allow myself to be taken for the murderer, and each day, thanks to a fee paid to my keeper, I shall send to the Voice of the People an article on the impressions of a man accused of murder, without allowing the mystery to be cleared up. And you can open a great contest in the paper—a hundred thousand frances in prizes to those who will guess whether I am guilty or innocent, giving sensible reasons for their conclusions. Of course, it is understood that the prize-winners will be a half-dozen of our own people who will undertake the work for a few dollars apiece. That is American enough, don't you think so?"

"Longouy," cried the proprietor, "you are an ingenious reporter! Go to your adventure. During your detention, prior to the trial, the office will assume the expenses necessary for a private room and all the comforts that can be procured for you. Good luck to the scheme!"

Longouy was not an entire stranger to the country around Courgeville; he was in love with a young and pretty woman of the middle class, who had originally come from there.

The preceding summer she had passed several weeks in her native town and had permitted him to visit her there several times, all in the most honorable way. Her husband had deserted her two years before, and none knew whether he was living or dead; and she had promised Longouy to be his wife when either a decree of divorce or a certainty of widowhood should make her free.

Less than a day after his arrival the reporter carried out his plans so well that he was seized by two detectives and dragged before the justice of the peace, who had been summoned in great haste.

Longouy was so delighted at this speedy success that he appeared before the magistrate with a malicious smile on his lips. The only thing that was really important was to prevent the mistake being manifested too soon, so that he should not quickly be discharged and sent back to the duties of a commonplace reporter. Accordingly, he assumed before the justice the English attitude—that every man is innocent until he is proven guilty.

"Monsieur," said he, "I shall not attempt to clear myself. You accuse me, and it is for you to prove your accusations."

"Still," insinuated the judge, "you would aid me very much with your explanations in discovering whether the accusations are true or false."

"Not an explanation!" said Longouy firmly. "When you have collected all your information and all your proofs, I shall see what I have to say. If you have accused me rightly, I shall have nothing to reply. But if you are unable to find sufficient evidence to convict me, I should be very clever, shouldn't I, to furnish you with it?"

"That is equivalent to a confession!" said the judge.

"Not in the least," returned Longouy. "It is a simple precaution. Often perfectly innocent people may be harassed and worried under the strain of an examination until they let fall a remark which may cost them their lives. I shall be silent.

For three consecutive days Longouy preserved a stubborn silence in the face of all questioning. During this time the inquest had been in progress.

The moment he glanced at the judge, on the fourth day, Longouy felt sure that something new had transpired. "The judge looks very much pleased," he thought. "He has discovered my trick and is going to discharge me. It is too soon! What a nuisance!"

"Today, Longouy," began the judge, "speak or not, just as you please; it no longer matters We have now all our information in regard to you, the proofs are ready and I am about to propose your transfer in the court of assizes."

"You see," continued the judge, "one point alone has been holding me back, and that is the identity of the victim. It is difficult to accuse a man of killing a person when you don't know who that person was."

"It must be," smiled Longouy.

"And the identity of the victim is now known to us for the first time."

"So much the better. Would you be willing to confide it to me?"

"Presently; first I want to describe to you exactly what passed."

"I am extremely anxious to know," replied Longouy, assured and convinced that, at any moment, he could knock over this elaborate structure of evidence with the simple declaration: "This is all farce; I have never killed anyone. If you don't believe me, ask the proprietor of the Voice of the People."

"The unfortunate woman who found death where she looked for love—a guilty love, for which she was cruelly punished——"

"Ah," interrupted Longouy, "it was her lover, then, who murdered her?"

"Yes, Longouy, her lover. She was murdered on the evening of the tenth of October."

"I thought it was the evening of the twelfth."

"The body was discovered on the twelfth. The crime had been committed forty-eight hours earlier."

"And how do you know all this?" asked the accused man in the light inconsequent tone of one who interests himself in a matter from pure dilettanteism.

"Because on the night of the tenth you disappeared secretly from Paris, and since that same night no one has ever seen the woman who was your victim. The coincidence is convincing and insurmountable."

Longouy seemed to be thinking of something that had not hitherto occurred to him. Suddenly the judge asked him:

"What did you do on the night of the tenth of October?"

Apparently the question embarrassed the accused man.

(Continued on Page 23.)

Private Wire—New York, Chicago. Western Union Code

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Perspective Impressions

Joe Cannon is said to be thinking of writing a book. How would "The Acts of the Apostates" go for a title?

How appropriate that those two impartial jurists, Frank H. Dunne and William P. Lawlor, should have been among Rudolph Spreckels' guests at the luncheon given to Joe Folk!

An individual of the name of Taylor says that he and fifteen other Taylors will move to this city from across the bay if A. W. Scott Jr. is nominated for mayor. They all probably belong in Tooley Street.

Mr. J. Lawrence Toole of the Examiner complains that the minstrels are telling old stories. Does Mr. Toole know of a modern story the prototype of which cannot be found in Homer, Herodotus or the Bible?

King George wants to become popular.—Examiner headline. Nothing easier. Anybody can become popular by hitting the Chautauqua circuit in this country and espousing the recall, the initiative, the referendum, government ownership, the direct primary for everything from poundkeeper to President and denouncing at the same time everybody who has more money than he needs.

"Among American parents," says Prexy Wheeler, "there is an intense, although unformulated, aversion to any crystallization of local population into castes." The prexy is talking sesquipedalian nonsense through his mortarboard.

The common laborer today knows more about social justice than did the immortal Socrates.—Professor Reed, formerly of Berkeley, now Secretary to Governor Johnson. The common laborer today also has more common sense than the average college professor.

That profound thinker and distinctly modern philosopher, Mr. John D. Barry, who scintillates on the Boughten Bulletin's editorial page every day, tells us that the Socialist victories in Berkeley, Cal., and Butte, Mont., are chiefly significant as a sign of the times. Let us now await with feverish anxiety the news from Agnews, for it will be fat with fate that all men must needs abide.

President Taft's traducers are no longer intimating that he sent the troops to the border to intimidate the oppressed people and give left-handed aid to Diaz the tyrant. Neither are they humbly apologizing. They are merely directing the flighty perversity of a disordered imagination into other channels.

Asked at a suffrage meeting in this city why French mothers kept their daughters off the boulevards Baron de Constant answered that it was because the French mothers were afraid of the cosmopolitan mobs one meets on the boulevards. Which was a pertinent answer to an impertinent question.

The Washington correspondent of the Hearst papers tells us that La Follette made a mistake in not putting O'Gorman on his committee of Lorimer investigators and adds, "but it is a mistake that may be repaired." It is by taking note of such items that one is enabled to discover the independent statesmen in the Senate who scorn all the interests with the exception of those personal interests that may be advanced by servile deference to the tyrants of the press.

The Hill tribe of Sausalito hanged Justice of the Peace Renner in effigy to express its sense of the injustice done when the man who swore that he bribed him was sent to the penitentiary while he, the recipient of the bribe, was not even indicted. How confused in their ethics are the members of the Hill tribe! Was it not decided for all time by the divinely appointed regenerators of San Francisco that stripes must be the portion of the bribe-giver and immunity with the swag for him that was tempted?

The Spectator

The Fair Site

At this writing the Fair site problem appears to be as far from solution as it was a month ago. The men by whom the question is to be solved have been able to approximate agreement on only one of the several sites which they have had under consideration, and that is the Harbor View site. This site the majority would have selected long ago had the property owners been able to agree on a proposition at once feasible and reasonable. The Magees have been trying to put through this deal, and they have been conducting negotiations with Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Vanderbilt who inherited several blocks of property near Harbor View from their father James G. Fair. This is property which Fair was reclaiming at the time of his death when he was looking forward to the realization of his fondest dream, that of inducing Eastern capital to join with him in building a transcontinental road with a terminal on the shores of Marin and a ferry service across the bay to his North Beach holdings. The development of this section of the city is a matter of but a short time. The transport docks are to be built at North Beach and also a big Federal warehouse, and it is believed that in the very near future there will be greater demand for dockage facilities along the shore than along the present water front. All North Beach property owners are of course eager to have the Fair at their doors, not that it may be easy of access but that it may hasten the expected boom and long projected improvements. The building of the Fair at North Beach would necessitate the increase of street railroad facilities, and the probability is that both Fillmore and California street hills would be bored by tunnels.

Hearst's Star Rises

One of William R. Hearst's intimate friends recently returned from the East informs me that the illustrious Proteus of politics is at present filled with great expectations anent the roseate prospect that has unfolded for the Democracy. After turning flip-flops at random for several years Mr. Hearst has dropped into the very centre of the middle ring, and his self-applause is deafening. He is right in the midst of the party leaders, and they are much elated at his presence. The other day Senator McLean printed a whole column about Hearst in the Washington Post, the burden of which was that the prodigal son had returned to the paternal roof-tree and that the happy event should be signalized by a barbecue with the fatted calf as the piece de resistance. This article was reprinted in all the Hearst papers. And of course the average reader of the Hearst papers doesn't dream that this was a case of reciprocity. The average reader of the Hearst papers doesn't know that Senator McLean is the owner of the Washington Post, or that McLean is under obligations to Hearst and that each has been patting the other on the back at brief intervals. It was but a short time ago that the McLeans gave a great social function in Washington in honor of the Hearsts. It is only such persons as know all these things and kindred matters that apprehend the significance of the trivial phenomena of public life.

The Coddling of Clark

Mr. Hearst is now in a more advantageous position than he has enjoyed for many years. He is now admitted to the councils of the party. He is on friendly terms with the new Senator from New York, and he is coddling Speaker J. Beauchamp Clark to beat the band, making him think that he is for him for President. According to my informant Hearst's friends are saying that he will be content with a Cabinet job, but the wise politicians are saying that he is booming Clark because he knows that Beauchamp is impossible. The theory of the wise politicians is that Hearst's plan is to put Clark and all his friends under obligations which he will be able to capitalize at the psychological moment when the man from Missouri learns that the plum is just beyond his reach. Apropos of Clark's ambition a story is told that illustrates his temperament. During a debate at New Albany, Ind., on

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August 13, 1904, Clark declared that former Governor Taylor of Kentucky was "a murderer who ought to be hanged." A man near the platform challenged the statement and Clark walked to the edge of the platform and shouted to the man, "If you will walk outside the tent and call me a liar I will cut your throat." The logic of this irrefutable argument ended the controversy.

Why Kent Opposes Mann

The Hon. Bill Kent of Marin has taken considerable credit to himself for opposing Congressman Mann, the Republican minority leader of the House of Representatives. Kent has let it be known that he scorns the light of Mann's leading because Mann is an "obstructionist," a reactionary, one of those lost souls who see less than millennial possibilities in the program of the progressives. This is all very fine, but some of the Washington correspondents with good memories and much political erudition pretend to know another reason for Kent's opposition to the Illinois congressman. According to these scoffers the Hon. Bill Kent formerly lived in Mann's congressional district and coveted his seat in the House. That was before Bill came West to grow up with the progressive movement in California. The designs which Kent had upon Mann's constituency engendered an unfriendly feeling, 'tis said, and that feeling still persists. So it would seem, say these cynical Washington correspondents, that Kent can expect nothing from Mann and is therefore risking nothing by openly opposing and denouncing him.

The Sulking of Older

Colonel Roosevelt left behind him when he departed from San Francisco one very sore progressive. I refer to Fremont Older, chieftain of the Boughten Bulletin forces of reform. No editor was more enthusiastic than Older in acclaiming the coming of the prophet of strenuosity. No man in this city felt that he had a better right to bask in the sunshine of the colonel's presence and absorb the reflected rays of his glory. So Older preened himself when the colonel appeared on the horizon. The colonel's days in San Francisco were to be great days for Older and for the Bulletin. But alas for fond hopes! Older's great expectations were disappointed. To put the truth coldly and brutally, the colonel passed Older up. He did not seek his counsel; he did not summon him to his side; he did not insist that wherever he went thither Older should accompany him. And Older waxed sore. Like Achilles of old he sulked in his tent; but his situation differed from that of the Greek hero because nobody was trying to coax Older out. 'Tis said that for two days Older was terrible in his wrath and horrible in his peevishness, also that none dared approach him for fear of being made a vicarious victim of his rage against the colonel. However, Older smoothed his ruffled front a bit when Governor Johnson invited him to the luncheon with which he regaled the colonel in Sacramento. Thus at the fag-end of the Roosevelt festivitity Older was partially appeased.

Teddy Jr. Conservative

In this connection it is interesting to learn that Teddy Junior, the heir apparent of the colonel, who is engaged here in the respectable business of carpet selling, shows signs of waxing conservative. When the younger Roosevelt arrived here with his charming bride he was taken at once to the bosom of the graft prosecution. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels and Mr. Fremont Older thoroughly approved of the people whom he met socially. His salvation was assured when he took a house in Pacific avenue right next door to the Rudolph Spreckels' home. It was natural that young Roosevelt's stock of brand new ideas should assume the color of the mind from which they were borrowed. He showed an enthusiastic admiration for the men with whom he associated, as well as for their local achievements. But now that enthusiasm seems to be waning. Young Roosevelt has discovered that there may be two sides to the graft prosecution, as to every other story. He has been studying the other side. He has been cultivating the men who could assist him in these studies. In consequence his intimates have noticed a decided change in his tone. His erstwhile progressive sympathies have been sicklied o'er by the pale cast of conservatism. He is learning to take many of the things he regarded as gospel with a grain of salt.

A Little Speculation

Which inevitably suggests an interrogation to the mind inclined to speculate. Did Teddy Junior put a flea in the ear of Teddy Senior and thereby cool the latter's ardor toward Fremont Older? Was the conservatism of the colonel's speech at the Harvard Club dinner prompted by the same filial counsels? It would be interesting to know. If our ex-President was robbed of his enthusiasm for Older and the extremes of progressiveness as those extremes are Bulletined in San Francisco by the data quietly gathered by Teddy Junior, then indeed has Older cause for bitterness of spirit. It may be, however, that the colonel absorbed his prejudice before he arrived in this city. It has been rumored more than once that that sterling progressive, the Hon. Bill Kent, cherishes no kindlier feeling toward Older than Older toward Kent. When Governor Johnson was banqueted by the patriots after his election, Kent raised a mighty roar when somebody suggested that Older should be among the speakers. That was the outward sign of a mutual antipathy which had developed during the campaign. It would not be surprising if Kent told Roosevelt what he thought about Older, for these reformers are wondrous frank in talking behind one another's backs. So it may have been Kent who caused the colonel to neglect Older.

'O'Rourke (down the well)—Shure, an' throw me down the ind av a rope.

O'Rafferty—There yez are. Can yez reach it?

O'Rourke—'Tis too short entirely. Pull it up an' throw me down the other ind.

Two Dramas

Henri Stuart, the aged and penniless minstrel, now figuring in the Fox divorce suit has played more prominent parts in real life than ever he was permitted to play in his professional capacity. The dailies have told the story of the revenge wreaked on Anna Kellar Fox, the "champion woman banjoist," by this old-time minstrel; how he transported himself with vengeance because of a fancied wrong, telling a lie to blacken a woman's character, and then repenting and recanting on the advice of a priest to whom he had made confession. Here we have the minstrel playing the part of the heavy villain in a Sardou drama. Years ago before we made the acquaintance of Ibsen we had Henri Stuart as the central figure in a drama that might have been written by the great Norwegian. This drama was played before Judge Coffey. In substance it was a will contest. An estate valued at about one hundred thousand dollars left by a Scotchman by the name of MacDonald, a drill master, was the subject of the contest. The principal claimant was a boy whose mother swore that he was MacDonald's son. This woman was Claude Lee, once upon a time a song-and-dance performer, famous for her beauty in the days when the Pioneers were gay young blades and the old town was wide open and not only glad of it but proud of it. The difficulty of establishing the claim of Claude's son was due to the circumstance that when he was born his mother was married but not to MacDonald. Her husband was Henri Stuart. Now Henri was not less eager than Claude for the boy to inherit the estate, and he was a witness for the claimant. The complications which had to be straightened out are apparent enough. As the presumption is that a child born in wedlock is the offspring of the mother's husband, if she has one, it was necessary to convince the court that in this par-

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ticular case the presumption was not to be justly indulged. Almost any lawyer would consider such a job a tough one; but the lawyer for the claimant in this case was Colonel Henry Kowalsky, a gentleman to whom proof of anything is possible in a court of justice. If an ourang-outang should die intestate tomorrow with a clear title to a cocoanut grove and no heirs-at-law in sight the Colonel would like nothing better than the job of establishing the claim of an illegitimate son newly arrived from the heart of Africa. Kowalsky proved to the satisfaction of Judge Coffey that Henri Stuart was a husband only in name; that even with the best intention and the greatest enthusiasm for the Roosevelt propaganda his most conscientious endeavor would be in vain. And Claude's boy got the bank-roll—all that the Colonel didn't want.

The Patter of the Prophets

The itinerant prophets of reform who come to us from foreign parts appear to be laboring under the delusion that we are both purblind and ungrateful. In some mysterious way they get the impression that we are unable to perceive the merits of our best citizens and that we are insensible of our profoundest obligations. So at every opportunity they tell us of all that has been done for us and by whom it has been done. The echoes of T. R's patter had hardly died away when along came Joe Folk of Missouri, and speaking under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. he said: "You have done a great work here in battling against graft. Mr. Phelan was a mighty soldier in the cause. Rudolph Spreckels gave encouragement to lovers of good government everywhere. Fremont Older rendered invaluable service in the cause of civic righteousness, and Francis J. Heney is entitled to the thanks of all good citizens." Just as if we didn't know! Joe Folk talks as if he knew more about us than we know about ourselves. If Joe were in Alaska he wouldn't hesitate to indict a whole community in South Africa on a vagrant wireless telegram. Because we haven't erected the statues of our most beloved heroes in public places Joe fancies that we don't appreciate them. Come to think of it St. Louis hasn't been showing much enthusiasm for her erstwhile foremost citizen. Can it be that prosecutors don't wear well?

The Embarrassment of Jimmy

Joe Folk's patter at the Y. M. C. A. caused great embarrassment to our most distinguished, pure and popular citizen. Having thus described him it is hardly necessary to add that I allude to the Hon. James Duval Phelan. Mr. Phelan was performing one of his most agreeable functions, that of chairman of the occasion, and we are told by his longest leased journal the Boughten Bulletin that the applause which "greeted his appearance" before the assembled members of the Y. M. C. A. "lasted for over a minute." He introduced Mr. Folk "as one of the most fearless and public spirited of the men who have opposed graft." And immediately up spoke Mr. Folk, telling the people how great a man was Phelan. The modest Phelan's whiskers were at once threatened with combustion, his face being aglow with the blushes of conscious merit.

A Police Reporter's Mot

In the room sacred to the police reporters at the Hall of Justice the newsgatherers were discussing the action of Judge Treadwell in sending Jack Johnson, the conqueror of Jeffries, to the county jail for speeding. All the police reporters with one exception had expressed their approval of the jail sentence. The silent man was Frank Sheridan, the veteran police reporter of the Bulletin. "What do you think about it, Frank?" queried one of the scribes. "It makes me very sad," answered Sheridan, "to be compelled to admit that the hope of the white race is an Indian!"

A Judge on the War Path

"However," continued Sheridan, "it must be admitted that Judge Treadwell is a worthy opponent for the hero of the Battle of Reno. The judge cannot be daunted. Nothing terrifies him. Just before he sentenced Jack Johnson a well meaning friend went to him to register a warning. 'Better be careful, Judge,' cautioned this amicus curiae, 'for if you make a misstep and give the black man a legal opening he is very likely to sue you.' 'Sioux! Sioux! Sioux be darned!' shouted the jurist. 'I can lick a thousand Sioux! I'm an Apache!'"

His Ancehtral Drop

There is great demand for Upton Sinclair's novel "Loves Pilgrimage," not because it is believed to possess great literary value but because of the report that the author displays great enthusiasm for obstetrics. I am told that Sinclair did not describe the most sacred of all human functions for the vulgar purpose of being sensational, but for the reason that for him childbirth has had a morbid fascination ever since he indulged his brutual curiosity on the occasion of the birth of his son. Sinclair is a morbid individual. This is due in a great measure to the fact that he is a man of a rather weak constitution, and that he worries a great deal about his health. In this connection an amusing story is told about an incident that occured on his last visit to this city. He was out riding with some friends in an automobile one day, and there appeared on the tip of his nose a globule, which, by the way, is one of the signs by which usually he may be distinguished in a crowd. On this occasion he had a very charming woman for his vis-a-vis. She was made nervous as all Sinclair's friends are whenever what it pleases them to call his "ancestral drop" makes its appearance. It had for her all the fascination of something mysteriously portentous. She tried to think of something else, but its spell was irresistible. She tried to get interested in the fleeting landscape, but the "ancestral drop" would not be denied. The lady was in thrall. It was as though some gorgon horror had her transfixed. Presently the plot thickened, that is, the drop was joined by a mate, and then yielding to an implse imperative the lady drew forth her embroidered handkerchief and gracefully applied it to the author's nose. The spectators roared. Sinclair collapsed.

The News and the Fact

One of our labor leaders recently returned from Los Angeles reported at a meeting of the Labor Council the other night that the unions were making great headway in the metropolis of the citrus belt and that it was in a fair way to be thoroughly unionized in the near future. The glad news was kindly disseminated by the local dailies which thus accomplished the purpose of its author who probably feels that it is advis-

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able to create the impression that San Francisco is not singular in its devotion to organized labor. As a matter of fact the unions are not making any headway in Los Angeles. At a largely attended meeting of the Master Builders' Association of that city held on the evening of the 2nd inst., it was resolved to maintain forever the open-shop principle. This association, I learn from the Times, includes nearly every contractor in Los Angeles, and in preparation for threatened trouble on May 1 the ranks have been strengthened and every employer has agreed to stand fast.

"Your daughter's brain, madam, appears to be normal."

"Dear, dear, we've never had anything of that kind in the family before, I'm sure."

The Muckraker at Monterey

Comes now the high-brow muckraker in the distinguished person of Professor Willis Lynn Jepson of the University of California and announces that the Monterey cypresses, acclaimed for years in Sunday supplements and far-flung advertising booklets as contemporaneous with the cedars of Lebanon and the Temple of Solomon, are mere sylvan youngsters operating under false pretenses. In the volume "Sylva of California" Professor Jepson administers the chloroform to this popular belief in the following language: "The age of the Monterey Cypress in the native groves is not readily determinable since the trees, on account of their rarity and interest, are not cut either for fuel or for lumber. One fallen tree, sawn through to remove it from a roadway, was ninety-eight years old and had a trunk two feet in diameter. Since the tree grows rapidly it would seem fair to hazard that two hundred to three hundred years represents the extreme age of the older trees. The advertisement of them in sea side literature as one thousand to two thousand years old does not, as far as the writer is able to determine, rest upon any actual data and probably represents a desire to minister to a popular craving for bigness and extremes." The pictorial representation of the various stages of civilization while the Big Trees were attaining their growth Professor Jepson likewise discredits with ruthless facts and figures. The age of the standing trees is calculated on the strength of statistics gathered from the stumps and the growth indicated by trees that have been felled for timber. The stump of one tree twelve and a half feet in diameter showed fourteen hundred and eighty-five rings, an average of twenty to the inch, but the stump of the Father of the Forest, twenty-seven feet in diameter, which would have been six thousand eight hundred and forty years old if the proportion of growth were the same, showed actually only thirteen hundred rings. Another, eleven feet seven and one-half inches in diameter, was determined to be two thousand and seventeen years old, while one of twenty-four feet, which should have been about twice that age, proved to be only one thousand three hundred and forty-six years old. The professor does not believe the average age of the adult tree to exceed fifteen hundred years, though there are a few which may be twenty or twenty-three hundred, and John Muir has discovered one exceedingly large specimen which he believes to be four thousand.

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The Crew Went Out

John D. Spreckels has to assemble a new crew for his fine steam yacht which is swinging at anchor in these waters after a tour of the world. The crew which worked the yacht around the Horn quit when the Golden Gate had been passed. There were thirty-five of them and they complained that they had not been fed properly. I believe that sixty cents a day was allowed for the food of each man and whether that is sufficient to furnish a sailor with three meals I am not sufficiently posted to say. The sailors, however, did not think so and they emphasized their position by quitting. It was a great surprise to Mr. Spreckels. He had had them newly outfitted at a local dealer's, but they never donned their natty garments. They were so displeased with the character of their grub that just before they walked out they tore up the new clothes and trampled on them.

The Apartment House Craze

Of the building of apartment houses there is no end. Of which I am reminded by the report that E. J. Burns has obtained a lease from the Board of Education of the lot at Bush and Taylor that was occupied by the historic Denman School for forty years and that he is to build thereon an apartment house at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars. What is the fascination that the apartment house holds? Whatever it is the spread of it is a phenomenon that excites curiosity. It seems as though the gregarious instinct were becoming more pronounced and imperative. The disposition to huddle together under one roof and in narrow quarters is becoming infectious. What's the explanation? Assuredly not the high cost of living, for quarters in apartment houses are not cheap. Perhaps the service which reduces the volume of housework has something to do with the growing popularity of apartment houses. The servant problem is becoming more vexatious every day. It is responsible for the disruption of home life. The servant girl is becoming a rara avis, and now that Japanese and Chinese are becoming scarcer wages are going up at such a rate that it is infinitely cheaper and less bothersome to live in a hotel and eat in a restaurant than to keep house. As a result of our profound concern for the welfare of wage earners our consequent prejudice against Orientals, our passion for ease and luxury, we are rapidly undergoing vital changes in our mode of living that must inevitable affect not only our manners but our morals.

The Nurse of the Muses

I have received from the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, of which Ina Coolbrith is president, a circular informing me that "the literature-loving public will be pleased to learn" that W. C. Morrow is to deliver under its auspices a series of lectures on authorship. I hope that this is so. I hope the literature-loving public is able to distinguish the man who is competent to instruct from the man who is not. Lecturers on literature are not rare hereabouts. There are several who have a prodigious reputation for what they might have done; whose pretensions are impressive and not to be challenged because their deficiencies are not to be discovered in specimens of genius. And there are others who point with pride to books they have written which nobody has the courage to read. Mr. Morrow is a master of the literary art, acknowledged to be such by competent critics the world over. And Mr. Morrow has the rare faculty of awakening the latent powers of the inexperienced. The power of creation is not so uncommon as is generally believed. There are "mute inglorious Miltons," poets who have never been conscious of their kinship with the Muses because they have never attempted to articulate. All that they stood in need of were a few hints as to the principles of the literary art and the encouragement

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that the bird must receive before it ventures to wing its flight from the nest. Mr. Morrow has evoked the latent powers of authorship in many persons. Many writers now following literature as a profession are indebted to Mr. Morrow for the discovery and the ripening of their faculties. As Miss Coolbrith says in her circular "he has long since come to be recognized as the commanding guide and inspiring force of the remarkable literary movement of the Pacific Coast." In his lectures which are to be given in Sequoia Hall he will give practical instruction to writers and he will discuss the underlying principles of fiction and the drama. Each lecture of the six will be given twice weekly in the evening.

Frank Drew, Booster

A little thought to the welfare of California and of San Francisco sometimes accomplishes more than spectacular deeds. Witness the happy thought which came to Frank Drew, the attorney, when he saw in a shop window a photograph of Tetrazzini singing to the city at Lotta's Fountain. He purchased the photograph and sent it with a letter to a friend of his who has an important position with the Bureau of American Republics in Washington. The result of this little action is interesting. The photograph has been reproduced in full page size in the latest issue of the Bulletin of the Bureau and in this form will be circulated far and wide in Spanish America. It will advertise San Francisco in a fashion that will appeal strongly to the Latins of our hemisphere and will do us a world of good.

A Diamond of Mythical Ill Luck

Once more the story of the Hope diamond has been dished up for the consumption of the credulous. Last Sunday's Chronicle recounted the catalogue of disasters which are supposed to have punished the individuals who dared to possess it. These mythical tales have been in circulation so long that no doubt most people accept them as true. As a matter of fact the Hope diamond has not a sinister history. The fact that it passed from the possesion of Madame de Montespan, the mistress of Louis XIV, to the jewel cases of Marie Antoinette and the Princess de Lamballe, both of whom perished during the Terror, is the groundwork of truth upon which the other legends of ill luck have been fabricated. From 1792 to 1830 the diamond was unheard of. Then it came into the hands of Daniel Eliason, a London jeweler, who sold it to Henry Thomas Hope, a London banker for $65,000. From this banker it received the name of the Hope diamond. Hope gave it to his daughter when she married the sixth Duke of Newcastle in 1861. It was held by the heirs of Hope and was in the hands of the present Duke of Newcastle from 1884 till 1901. Then it was sold at auction, brought to this country by Joseph Frankel's Sons and then went back to London. It was next sold to one Habib in Paris and though it was rumored that he bought it for the Sultan of Turkey, it was again put on the market when the Habib collection was sold at auction about two years ago. Since then it has passed into the possession of the Edward McLeans of Washington. There is no record of any misfortune befalling Eliason, the Frankels, Hope or Habib while it was in their hands. As a matter of fact the stories of ill luck first appeared in connection with Lord Francis Hope and his wife May Yohe, but as Lord Francis Hope never owned the stone and May Yohe very probably never even saw it, these yarns are not important, except as romance.

A Chance for the Supp. Writer

Here is a chance for the industrious scribe who contributes to the Sunday supplements of the local dailies. There is living in San Francisco a member of the crew of the wooden cruiser Kearsarge who took part in the destruction of the Confederate privateer Alabama on June 19, 1864, off the port of Cherbourg, France. The crew of the Kearsage numbered one hundred and sixty-three men and of these just twenty-two are known to be living, most of them in the New England states. So far as known none of the officers survive. The member of the crew who lives here is James Kerrigan. Why doesn't some Sunday supp. writer look up James Kerrigan and get his story of the famous fight?

The Judge From Sonoma

Judge Emmett Seawell, the man presiding at the Wilson murder trial, is a representative of the rural judiciary who is very likely to figure in the running when justices of the Supreme Court are again to be elected. Judge Seawell is from Sonoma county. He is the man by whom Dr. Burke was tried for murder in Santa Rosa a few months ago. He is an able jurist, held in high esteem by the legal profession, and beloved by the people of Sonoma for his qualities of mind and heart.

Who Swore?

Pat Healy, the old-time book seller, had Stanley Curtis auction a fine collection of Californiana last week and among the items was a copy of the novel "I Swear," written by Frank Powers, the well known lawyer. Powers sent Florence McAuliffe, a young lawyer who is associated with him, to bid the novel in. But McAuliffe found that the item would not be reached till very late in the session so he asked Dick O'Connor, another young lawyer who is a good deal of a collector, to bid it in for him and departed. When "I Swear" was put up Dick O'Connor bid ten cents for it whereupon Curtis raised him to twenty-five. O'Connor bid fifty and Curtis raised him again. The competition continued briskly till Curtis bid two dollars and sixty-five cents whereupon O'Connor withdrew, thinking that Powers would not care to pay more for the book. Curtis promptly knocked the item down to himself with the explanation: "I have bid this in for the author at his personal request."

T. T. WILLIAMS

By Val

There must be life again—You were not born
To live and mark a day indelibly
And then pass into nothingness—The mark
You made will always be a sign to men—
A sign of faith, of charity, of hope—
A fossil writ with prophecy of strength.

There must be life hereafter—Chemistry
May weigh your ponderable quarterings
And find no loss in Matter's balances—
Reaction and equation are the law:
But who will weigh the spirit that you breathed?
Our tears are not made heavier by our grief.

There must be life again—The love we shared,
While you were here and showing us the way,
Cannot be sliced by Science; it will live—
If not remembered, still 't'will surely live.
Eternal films will reproduce your work
To future eyes: Your life was not in vain.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

He Will Have to Hurry

W. P. Hammon is in New York chafing at the slowness of capitalists in closing a ten million dollar oil deal. Not that W. P. Hammon promotes so many ten million dollar deals that they have become part of the daily routine and thereby lost their novelty and importance. Large as are his dealings, he has not yet reached that point. But W. P. Hammon is chafing just the same. The fact is, he is extremely anxious to get home. Deep as is his interest in the transfer to London and Boston capitalists of ten million dollars worth of oil properties in California, Hammon is more deeply interested in a transfer shortly to take place in this city. The transfer which distracts his attention from his present business in the East is not of a financial description. It is the transfer of his charming daughter

MISS LOUISE MILDRED SAHLSTROM

Daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Sahlstrom of Lyle, Washington, engaged to George Cedric Wright.

Georgia to Mr. Scott Hendricks, the talented young lawyer. This transaction involving the heart and hand of a very estimable young lady is to take place at Trinity Church on April 25 and W. P. Hammon is not unnaturally eager to be on hand for the affair. That is why he chafes at the necessary delays in the consummation of a ten million dollar oil deal. Just as soon as the last signature is affixed to the last document Hammon will hurl himself into a train and start for home and all thoughts of ten million dollar deals will be banished in favor of thoughts about his daughter who is so soon to change her name. Speaking of changes in names, why do the papers persist in calling W. P. Hammon "William"? His name is not William, though it must be admitted that some of his acquaintances refer to him familiarly as "Bill." The whole thing is a misconception. W. P. Hammon's name is Wendell P. Hammon and he should be so called. This is offered in a spirit of gentle correction to the bavardes who of course cannot always be right.

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About the Martins

Mrs. Peter Martin is going to New York in the near future. Her departure has been announced weekly for several months, but this time I am told she is actually to turn her shapely back on San Francisco for six months, some of them to be passed at Newport. Young Charles Oelrichs Martin will accompany his parents. Mrs. Martin will take with her a salmon pink kimono covered with gold butterflies which she has just purchased. The Walter Martins, I hear, are to rent their place at Burlingame this summer and hie them to a quiet retreat in Napa county.

The Keeney-Walker Romance

Talbot Walker is receiving congratulations on all sides, for he has captured the heart of one of the most fascinating and beautiful girls that has queened it over belledom in many a season. Miss Mary Keeney possesses charms of the striking sort that compel attention wherever she appears. Many a time I have seen a perfect battery of lorgnettes and opera glasses trained on her when she occupied a box at the theater. To be the cynosure of neighboring eyes is sometimes a trying situation, but Miss Keeney's poise is perfect and she has always emerged triumphant from the ordeal. Many admirers have worshiped at the shrine of her beauty and vivacity and there must be many a masculine heart wearing crepe, so to speak, in mourning for the death of fond romantic hopes. But that is always the case when a favorite belle publishes her preference.

Society Approves

The engagement is pronounced eminently suitable by society. Both young people are in the same set and the two families have been identified with San Francisco for many years. Judge O. C. Pratt, the step-grandfather of Miss Keeney, was a noted jurist. His widow and second wife died a few weeks ago and the Keeney family is in mourning. Miss Keeney is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney. Talbot Walker is a grand-son of the millionaire lumber-man who with William Pope founded the firm of Pope and Talbot. The Talbot mansion in Jackson street is still one of the handsomest houses in the neighborhood. Mrs. Earle Brownell who was a Miss Pierce is the young man's cousin. Her mother and Mrs. Walker were both daughters of old Talbot. I hear that Mrs. Templeton Crocker may act as matron of honor at the wedding of these young people. Miss Keeney was bridesmaid when the Crocker-Irwin nuptials were celebrated.

A Viennese Romance

There is a very pretty romance summarized in the announcement by Mr. and Mrs. George T. Wright of Alameda that their only son George Cedric Wright is to marry in Vienna, before the end of this month, Miss Louise Mildred Sahlstrom, the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Sahlstrom of Lyle, Washington. Cedric Wright has always been regarded as a musical prodigy and three years ago, when he had not yet reached his eighteenth year, he went to Vienna to study with Professor Sevcek, the teacher of Kubelik. At Professor Sevcek's studio he met Miss Sahlstrom who was also a pupil, having taken up her residence in the Austrian capital with her mother for the cultivation of an unusual musical gift. When Wright became acquainted with the young woman he divided his thoughts between music and her, the result being the engagement now announced. When the Wrights heard the news of their son's romantic attachment they were very much surprised. They thought at first that he was too young to marry, but speedily concluded that they would not interfere with his happiness. So he was told that he might look

GEORGE CEDRIC WRIGHT

Son of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Wright of Alameda, word of whose engagement comes from Vienna.

to his parents for whatever assistance was needed in finishing the musical education of himself and his young wife. The marriage would have taken place before this, were it not for the strict laws of Austria. Both the young people are under age and despite the consent given by the parents on both sides, the marriage could not take place without the forwarding of a lot of documents, including copies of the baptismal records. As young Wright's baptismal papers were destroyed in the fire, this halted the ceremony. But both will attain their majorities before the end of the month and then the marriage will take place. Young Wright belongs to one of our oldest and most prominent families. His mother was Miss Sophie Lansberger while his father is the son of the late Judge Selden S. Wright. Miss Sahlstrom's father was formerly professor of Greek at the University of Minnesota but is now pre-

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siding over a Congregational church in the northern state. The couple will live in Vienna for several years.

Can Such Things Be?

A shocking piece of gossip is going the rounds concerning two of the most exclusive belles in society who are accused of smoking pipes. One of them owns a briar wood which she smokes in the privacy of her own boudoir and she says she has now lost all taste for cigarettes. The other girl secured one of her brother's pipes and has joined her friend in post-prandial smokes. They have tried to initiate others but most of the fair smokers of society cling to their mild cigarettes.

Miss Bull's Good Luck

Margery Bull who is one of the lucky California girls who will be presented at the English court this year is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. William Bull who were stationed on Goat Island a few years ago. Mrs. Bull is a handsome woman who made friends readily and her receptions at the navy station were largely attended. Mrs. Kate Voorhies Henry was her most intimate friend in San Francisco. When Captain Bull retired they went to Santa Barbara to live but there was not enough excitement there for the vivacious navy matron. The family packed up and went to Europe a few years ago and Margery was placed in one of the schools at Vevey where the Hobart children are being educated. She is a very pretty girl of nineteen and her presentation at court will be her first appearance in society. The Bulls are touring the world and arrived in Vancouver the other day on their way to England. They had intended opening their Santa Barbara home for the summer out the invitation to court changed their plans and they will not visit California.

An Embarrassing Encounter

A well known man and his wife stayed in town to attend the theater a few nights ago and afterwards motored down the peninsula to their home. On the way they stopped at a popular roadhouse for refreshments. When they entered the tavern they immediately espied a prominent young man with an equally prominent young woman, enjoying the hospitality of the place. The matron called the young man aside and said to him: "I think you had better take Miss Soandso home to her mother. Where do you suppose her mother thinks she is?" To which the young man very frankly replied: "Her mother thinks she is spending the night with you."

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Miss Simpson's Engagement

The announcement of Amalia Simpson's engagement to Billy Hough was a surprise to some people who thought Joe King was the happy man. He has been so frequently seen at the theaters and at dances with this attractive maid that their names were coupled more than once by rumor. Now comes the explanation. Joe King is Billy Hough's most intimate friend and when young Hough's business interests took him out of town he would commission Joe to act as escort for his fiancee. The engagement was known however to their intimates who always included Joe King in their parties when Billy Hough was not available. It was intended to announce the betrothal at a tea next week and I am told Miss Simpson spent a morning in tears over the premature publication of her secret. She is a very talented girl and will be one of a singing trio in the Polyclinic Vaudeville. In the Kirmess her dancing was admired and she has appeared in various amateur entertainments. The Simpsons sold their home in Green street a few years ago and are living at the Regilius in Pacific avenue. The young lady's father was Consul for Denmark at this port for many years. Her sister is Mrs. Sydney Patridge, wife of the Episcopal Bishop of Japan. She was Agnes Simpson. Another married sister lives in Europe.

Premature Announcement

These premature announcements are very trying for the young people concerned. I am told there was no foundation for the one coupling the names of Natalie Hunt and Harry Rolfe. Miss Hunt's friend Miss Dorothy Chapman has just become engaged to B. S. Foss, son of the Governor of Massachusetts, and the day following the announcement it was stated Miss Hunt and young Rolfe were engaged. The statement greatly embarrassed the young lady who avers there is no truth in it and has returned engagement cups sent to her in proof of her denial. If it is not Natalie Hunt the gossips declare it must be Floride and they are looking for a formal acknowledgment in the near future. The Misses Hunt are daughters of Mrs. Randell Hunt and are well liked in society. They live in Pacific avenue.

There Is Nothing Like Being Frank

For interesting exhibitions of frankness in repartee commend me to the women's clubs where bridge is played for high stakes. Not that you will not find the same quality in the men's clubs where poker is played for much higher stakes, but masculine frankness never possesses that piquant flavor which attaches to the feminine variety. There was recently a little interchange at a bridge party which has been much talked about. One of the players is a woman of considerable wealth who has climbed very successfully in our social fastnesses. She is a very poor player and invariably tries the tempers of her associates in the game. After she had twice failed to play the right card one of the other women at the table essayed a suggestion, whereupon our climber replied with asperity: "My husband has never presumed to dictate to me and I'll not allow anybody else to do so." The retort silenced the other. Shortly afterwards our climber progressed to another table where she made another misplay. Again a player offered to advise her, but she interrupted with the remark which had been so successful a few minutes before. "My husband—," she began, but not no further. "I don't care one cent about your husband," snapped the other, "but I'll tell you one thing. Everybody hates to play at the same table with you because you are forever making mistakes." All very sweet and womanly, n'est ce pas?

A Beautiful Picture of the Currans

I joy to find a scribe who becomes intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity; and when such a scribe happens to be describing something of a social nature, my joy is well nigh too deep for words. Such a one is the pensmith who wrote for the Pasadena Star a recent article about the plans of the newly wedded Ross Ambler Curran and Mrs. Postley. This scribe wanted to say that the new Mrs. Curran would motor with her husband from Pasadena to the north. So he evolved this: "The fairy feet, from the dancing slipper of which a Russian grand duke drank the wine of France, will on this occasion of joy press the clutch in the fast flying automobile when Ross Ambler Curran goes the pace a little too quickly." Mr. and Mrs. Curran spent their bridal night together, not an unusual arrangement, though the scribe dilates upon it thus: "Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran returned to Pasadena last night. This time they did not have to seek separate hotels. The New Yorker was not obliged to go off to the Maryland after taking a Romeo farewell of his love; nay, far was it from being so, for the radiant couple were shown the bridal chamber." I submit that "nay, far was it from being so" is a gem of bavardistic ray serene. Hurrying on past the bridal chamber with the discreet scribe I read: "They had passed the time since Justice H. H. Klamroth made them man and wife in Cupid's very own preserve." What is Cupid's very own

BLANC MANGE

and other desserts, to be Rich and Delicious, should be prepared with

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preserve? The scribe loses no time in telling us: "Namely, amid the orange blossoms of the orchards of Riverside and Redlands." It is interesting to follow them further: "They returned, redolent with the fragrance of those blossoms, and went to the Hotel Alexandria in Los Angeles. There they had a delightful meal, all in the privacy of their suite." Then they motored to Pasadena and the bridal chamber:

OLGA NETHERSOLE

The favorite emotional actress who will begin a brief engagement at the Savoy Theater Monday evening.

"The Currans made a remarkable picture as they entered the hotel. Behind came Mr. Curran's valet, while in the rear were two bellmen with four gripsacks." A valet and four gripsacks! I can only exclaim with Iago, "Oh, most impotent conclusion!" for indeed the scribe tells us no more.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Meyers announce the engagement of their daughter, Ailleen to Mr. Chas. David. The young couple will be at home to their friends on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 26, at 2310 Bryant street near Twenty-first.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Harmon are visitors from Medford, Oregon, who are registered at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. B. N. Rowley has given up her apartment at the Hotel Victoria and is en route to New York, where she will remain for six weeks before sailing for London. Mrs. Rowley will spend the summer on the continent.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Mrs. C. D. Pierce and Miss Florence Block and Dr. Raymond Russ had a merry party of friends from the Hotel Victoria to bid them farewell when they left on Sunday morning last for New York, en route to Europe. They will be abroad for six months or so.

The guests at the Hotel Victoria enjoyed an informal evening at bridge on Wednesday. Several tables arranged for cards furnished a delightful evening's diversion.

Mrs. W. E. Lawrence and Miss Lawrence of Vacaville are guests at the Hotel Victoria during a visit in town.

C. H. Welden of Portland is registered at the Victoria. He is in town on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Smith of Binghamton, New York, are at the Victoria for a short stay.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria include: F. J. Donovan, a lumber man from Aberdeen, Washington, James Porteus, Fresno, A. W. Drummond, Metropole, E. L. Starr, Chicago, R. R. Chandler, Vacaville.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: John A. McGee, Christian Bauer, Mrs. E. F. Ladd, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Hyman, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Baxter, H. I. Solomon, Miss Solomon, Miss E. Laux, Miss Ester Merriman, Mrs. Charles Hartigan, Mrs. J. Williams and son and Charles R. McCormick.

Saturday Lieutenant Thomas Duncan of the Presidio of San Francisco went to Pacific Grove to visit his aunt Mrs. Lillian Duncan Baxter, bringing with him Lieutenant G. S. Gillis. Mrs. Baxter, with her daughter Miss Lillian, is awaiting the arrival of the troops from the Philippines this summer. Sunday they drove out for luncheon at the Lodge and in the evening dined at Del Monte, remaining for the concert afterward.

Mrs. E. M. Love, Mr. and Mrs. Crotty of Victoria were among last week's arrivals at Pacific Grove.

Wednesday's arrivals at the Pacific Grove Hotel included Mrs. J. Bellick of Butte, and Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Button and their daughter of Chicago. Mr. Button is perhaps the finest landscape gardener in Chicago and at present is completing wonderful designs for the gardens of Mr. E. V. Price, the multi-millionaire who with Mrs. Price spends so much of the year at Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Campbell of Fargo, South Dakota, spent some very delightful days at Pacific Grove last week. They were accompanied by their daughters.

Among those registering Friday at Pacific Grove were Mr. and Mrs. Elliott L. Caldwell of Boston, Mrs. D. D. Carothers, Miss Dora Carothers of Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Boland, Miss Boland of Chicago, Mrs. E. J. Murphy, John Kelley, Santa Cruz, Mr. and Mrs. George Sully of Monte Rio.

Paymaster Victor S. Jackson, U. S. N., with Mrs. Jackson arrived Monday for a week or two at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McKendrick who are touring extensively were at Del Monte last week, spending most of their time on the scenic boulevards with which they were much delighted.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Garlich of St. Louis have taken apartments for a long stay at Del Monte. Mr. Garlich is one of the prominent bankers of St. Louis and he and Mrs. Garlichs are very popular socially.

One of the many interesting touring parties of the week at Del Monte included Mr. and Mrs. D. Straus, Miss Nettie Straus, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Straus of Chicago, Miss Elsa and Miss Louise Straus of St. Louis, Miss Bertha Feltheimer of Kentucky, who are spending the winter most delightfully in travel.

Mrs. Charles A. Ault and the Misses Brownell of Cincinnati are spending a month at Del Monte and are accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Wilson of Los Angeles and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. George of Santa Clara.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent of Seattle have joined the golfing contingent from the northwest who have been distinguishing themselves on the Del Monte links this season.

Mrs. Wm. F. Vilas of Madison, Wisconsin, and Mrs. William Fox of Milwaukee, are at Del Monte for a week's stay before going on farther south, after which they will start on their return trip to the middle west.

"You are building a very handsome house," said the admiring friend.

"Yes," replied Dustin Stax. "but you ought to see the one the contractor is going to build with the profits."

Paso Robles Hot Springs

Only 5 hours from San Francisco. The new Golf Course is one of the most attractive in the west. All other outdoor and indoor amusements. Excellent Hotel and Club House. Baths and waters unexcelled.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 62 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations.

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GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.

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Removes Superfluous Hair. Price $1.00, by Mail

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NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of Maricopa Producers' Oil Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 302, in the Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the 9th day of May, 1911, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day for the following purposes, to-wit:

First.—To elect five directors to serve for the ensuing year.

Second.—To receive financial reports and statements of operations and conditions and to transact all such other business as may legally come before the meeting, including the approval and ratification of all action of the Board of Directors since the last meeting of the stockholders of the company.

For the purposes of the meeting the transfer books shall be closed at three o'clock p. m. Wednesday, May 3, 1911, and will be re-opened at ten o'clock a. m. Wednesday, May 10, 1911.

THOS. S. ROBINSON, Secretary.

Cherryland

A sea of blossoms resembling the most beautiful section of Japan.

(Formerly the famous Meek cherry orchard, a "show place" of the State.)

See Cherryland Today!

¶ Think of the beautiful setting for a home.
¶ Think of the location—one hour from your work in San Francisco, and only five minutes from the center of Hayward, with its libraries, schools and bountiful markets.
¶ Think of the price—

From $1,000 up (in easy payments) for a whole acre.

¶ That's over 16 city lots, 25x100, and I'll build you a bungalow on easy payments, too.
¶ Think of the chance to subdivide and make money.
¶ Property on railroad lines and on the edge of a city cannot fail to advance rapidly in value.
¶ Think this over and you will come to the conclusion that there is no better investment for your money—no better insurance for your family—than to buy and build among the blossoms of Cherryland.

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Mr. Hotaling in Oakland

By Edward F. O'Day

After a visit to Ye Liberty Playhouse for the purpose of seeing Mr. Richard Hotaling in "The House Next Door," I can offer no good reason why the "unfortified city of Oakland" should erect ramparts. Despite the clever jibe of Henry Miller, Oakland is in no need of defending itself against the dramaturgic assaults of Mr. Hotaling. Mr. Hotaling is in no wise dangerous to Oakland's peace of mind. Far from it. Judging from the crowd which attended the performance of "The House Next Door" on a night of the poorest theatrical week during the year, Mr. Hotaling is a popular favorite who has been presented with the freedom of the city of Oakland. The audience was with him and his smiles during curtain calls indicated how much he enjoyed his audience. Out in the foyer a large

ALEXANDER HEINEMANN

Lieder singer and his pianist John Mandelbrod.

floral offering with the words "Our Guest Star" empurpled upon it testified to the attitude which Oakland assumes toward Mr. Hotaling. Decidedly, as far as the public of Oakland is concerned, Mr. Hotaling has had the sweetest sort of revenge on Henry Miller. In adverting to the acting attainments of Mr. Hotaling, Miller made use of the weapon which most actors think should be forbidden the critic; he ridiculed him. But it seems to me that even so exacting a critic as Henry Miller would find little to ridicule in Mr. Hotaling's presentation of the character of Sir John Cotswold in "The House Next Door." It is the part of an exceedingly irascible old man who has ruined his family by extravagance and is now breaking the hearts of his wife and daughter by his senile temper. In the parlance of the regions behind the scenes it is an "actor-proof" part; that is to say, a part so constructed that an actor of respectable attainments could not fail in it, the reason being that all other parts in the play are rigorously subordinated to it, that it is full of good speeches and teeming with the sort of "business" that always pleases an audience. It would be far from just, however, to say that Mr. Hotaling succeeds in this part merely because it is "actor-proof." His is an exceptional characterization, carefully thought out and vigorously executed. In his facial expressions alone Mr. Hotaling vindicates his claim to serious consideration. His make-up would do credit to a veteran actor and the play of emotions over his mobile features created an illusion of age which was irresistible. He has a good carrying voice that only once or twice forgot the husk of age and the squeak of querulousness which go with the part. In his carriage he was pretty consistently old, walking with stiff rheumatic legs, putting a touch of palsy in his hands, rounding his shoulders and thrusting forward his head; in a word, submerging his personality in that of the old man. Taken altogether, the rendition of the part was of such merit that a stranger would readily believe the actor a professional of good training and long experience. Perhaps in the interpretation there were a few flaws—or it may be that they should be charged to the author, J. Hartley Manners. The old baronet does not impress as one to the manor born. He assumes at times the airs that one would expect in an upstart; he is too cocky, too much worried about his dignity, too conscious of the advantages of good birth, for a gentleman. All this makes for laughter, but it detracts from the delicacy of comedy and approximates farce. Whether the author or the actor is to be held accountable for this, it is hard to say offhand. Perhaps Mr. Hotaling has the weakness common to amateurs, however clever, the weakness which cannot resist temptation when the chance of a laugh presents itself. Another tendency which Mr. Hotaling should guard against is manifested in his pronunciation. "You fling me poverty in me face" is an offense against pure diction. "Me" for "my" is no more permissible than the vulgar "muh." In his almost constant use of this mispronunciation Mr. Hotaling suggests the influence of the old rip-roaring Shakespearian ranters. However, these are minor imperfections. Mr. Hotaling must be judged by and large and so judged he measures up to many good actors who do not act for the pure love of acting, as he does. I think that Henry Miller would have to admit as much if he could forget that rankling incident of three years ago.

AN EXPRESSION OF "FAIR" ENTHUSIASM

When a man is happy, he wants to give away something. Every man in San Francisco is happy because we got the Fair. Let every man make every woman happy with a present of a box of Geo. Haas & Sons' supremely good candies. Four stores.

Dockstader Minstrelsy

The minstrel show of other days is being absorbed into musical comedy. There is proof of this in the Savoy program which describes Lew Dockstader's offering as "a minstrel musical comedy with a plot." But while minstrelsy seems to be losing its identity, many of its salient features remain and will remain as long as any of the old-time blackface stars continue to present an entertainment in which women play no part. That is one of the charms of minstrelsy; it is exclusively masculine. And until somebody presents "a minstrel musical comedy" with a chorus of women, minstrelsy to all intents and purposes will be its old self. It is quite safe to say that there will be minstrel shows as long as Lew Dockstader continues in the business. He is a minstrel show all by himself and he seems to get as much delight out of the entertainment as the audience does. Why shouldn't he? Minstrel shows have always been distinguished from other varieties of theatrical entertainment by the spirit of comradeship that unites the performers to one another and to the audience. Perhaps the use of the real names of the singers and end-men has something to do with this. The interlocutor is on easy terms with everybody and everybody is on easy terms with the interlocutor. It is the same sort of bond which united the revelers with the chairman of the "Cave of Harmony" to which Colonel Newcome took Clive. No old-timer ever feels toward Lew Dockstader or Carroll Johnson or any of the other old-time minstrels the way one feels toward the popular actor. There was a warmth of real affection in the greeting which these men received on Sunday night. Perhaps to the exacting taste of the minute the entertainment lacked spice. It moved a little slowly. But the minstrel show is a leisurely form of entertainment. The old-time olio went

HENRY HALL

The new leading man with the Bishop Players at Ye Liberty, Playhouse, Oakland.

at a slap-stick pace, but the olio has been made over in the modern "minstrel musical comedy with a plot" and its exuberance has been spread over a broader surface. Its best moments were larded with the fat humor of Lew Dockstader's foolishness. With the singing which was all good, that foolishness of Lew's made up a crackerjack show.

—The First Nighter.

Olga Nethersole at the Savoy

Lew Dockstader and his minstrels will hold forth for the last times at the Savoy this Saturday and Sunday nights and commencing Monday evening Olga Nethersole will begin a brief engagement in a new play from the pen of Henri Bernstein entitled "The Redemption of Evelyn Vaudray." She will present it for six nights only. "The Redemption of Evelyn Vaudray" has been staged by Ben Greet, the well-known Shakespearian producer, under the supervisions of Louis N. Parker, the adapter, and the cast will be a strong one. During the second and last week of her engagement Miss Nethersole will make her first appearance in "Sister Beatrice." This miracle play by Maurice Maeterlink was a great success when it was first presented in this country at the New Theater.

The Follies at the Columbia

That great musical comedy entertainment, Ziegfeld's Revue, The Follies of 1910, begins a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Easter Sunday night, with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Ziegfeld is bringing his original players, chorus and production. The work which is by Harry B. Smith, Gus Edwards, Maurice Levi, Julian Mitchell and numerous others, is in three acts and sixteen scenes. The cast includes Bickel and Watson, Bert Williams, Bobby North, Billy Reeves, W. Wania, the imperial Russian dancer, William C. Schrode, Quigg and Nickerson, Peter Swift, Charles Hessong, Miss Lillian Lorraine, Fanny Brice, Shirley Kellogg, Evelyn Carleton, Florence Gardner, Arline Boley, Margaret Morris, Vera Maxwell, Fawn Conway, Lottie Vernon, Daisy Virginia and seventy-five Anna Held girls.

New Faces at the Alcazar

Izetta Jewell and Thurston Hall will assume leadership of the Alcazar players next Monday evening, appearing in "Wildfire," a racing comedy written by Broadhurst and Hobart for Lillian Russell. Viola Leach, Bessie Barriscale, Burt Wesner, Howard Hickman, Charles E. Gunn, Will Walling, Louis Bennison, Roy Neill, Walter Belasco and Clarence Elmer will be seen in well-fitting roles.

Alexander Heinemann, German Court Singer

Alexander Heinemann, the royal German court lieder singer, will be Manager Greenbaum's next attraction, giving a series of three concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Heinemann is not only a beautiful singer and most interesting interpreter but he is also one of the most famous singing-masters of Europe and no vocal student can afford to miss hearing him. The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, April 23, with groups of "lieder" by Schumann, Schubert, Loewe and Hans Hermann. The second will be given Wednesday night, April 26, with works of Beethoven, Brahms, Loewe, Schubert, Hermann and Hugo Kaun. The last program will be given Thursday night, April 27, with a list of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Franz Loewe, Schumann and Mendelssohn songs.

Mischa Elman's Farewell

Mischa Elman's special farewell concert will be given this Sunday afternoon at half past two. The young violinist will render a most comprehensive program. It will open with the "Sonata" for piano and violin in B flat by Mozart. This will be followed by the rarely played "Concerto" in D minor by Bruch. Saint-Saens, Dussek, Bach, Gretry, Gossec, Tschaikowsky and Wieniawsky will also be represented.

Next Week's Fare at the Orpheum

An original feature of next week's Orpheum bill will be a one-act play "The Suspect" which has a record of over three thousand performances in England. W. A. Brady, the theatrical manager who presents the drama has given it an adequate cast. Spirit Paintings will be produced by P. T. Selbit on behalf of Dr. Wilmar, the discoverer of the process. Taylor, Kranzman and White are three clever soloists and comedians who will appear in a skit called "Musical Foolishness." Bedini and Arthur style themselves "The Jovial Jugglers." The Five Satsudas are the latest quintette imported from Japan. A feature of their act will be K. Mankicki, the Japanese comedian. For their farewell week Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew will present for the first time in this city a dramatic episode entitled "The Still Voice" by George Cameron which is the pen name of Mrs. Drew.

Hotaling in Farce

The third week of Richard Hotaling's engagement at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will be devoted to "Mr. Hopkinson," the farce-comedy in which Dallas Welford was seen at the Valencia Theater the season before last. It will mark Hotaling's second appearance on the professional stage in a modern comedy. Henry Hall, the new leading man of the company, Elizabeth Stewart and all the regular Ye Liberty favorites will assist. "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" are to be given for the last two weeks of Hotaling's stay with the company.

The Russian Orchestra Festival

The programs for the entire week's festival of music by the Russian Symphony Orchestra under Modest Altschuler and the assisting soloists have been completed and Manager Greenbaum promises the finest series of orchestral concerts this city has ever known. The Russian Symphony is one of the important musical organizations in America and its conductor is one of the world's best. The concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium will commence on Sunday afternoon, April 30. Seven different programs will be given. The other afternoon concerts will be on the following Saturday and Sunday. Evening concerts will be given Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday. Mr. Greenbaum has issued complete books for the week's offerings which can be obtained at any music store.

Elks Minstrels at the Valencia

San Francisco's Elks have long been famous for their minstrel shows under the direction of "Billy" Hynes, but it is seldom that this lodge permits its fun-making to be inspected by the general public. However on next Friday and Saturday nights, at the Valencia, one of the mammoth efforts of fun and frolic will be staged with much eclat. The names of the assisting artists is a guarantee of the performance, among the singers being W. J. O'Brien, M. D. Sullivan and Leo Baldwin; and among the funsters, Ed. Healey, M. J. Donigan, George Murphy and Billy Webster. "Billy" Hynes has trained a chorus of seventy-five voices.A beautiful tableau has been arranged in which Miss Thelma Fennell will pose as the Goddess of Liberty unveiling the exposition in San Francisco in 1915. Select vaudeville follows the minstrels and among the volunteers are Charles Bullotti, the tenor, Alma Tuchler, the petite danseuse, "A few moments with Roy Folger," the new California quartette, and a drill by the dapper California Grays.

GREENBAUM'S ATTRACTIONS

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Mischa ELMAN
Farewell
"The Greatest Program of Violin Music"
THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 16th, at 2:30
Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co's. Sunday at Hall.
Baldwin Piano

ALEXANDER
HEINEMANN
The Great Lieder Singer
John Mandelbrod, Accompanist
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, April 23d
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY EVENINGS, April 26th and 27th
Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co's, ready next Wednesday. Programs at all music stores.
HEINEMANN IN OAKLAND
Ye Liberty—Friday Afternoon, April 28th at 3:30
Steinway Piano

ALL ABOUT THE MUSIC FESTIVAL BY
The Russian Symphony Orchestra
IN NEXT WEEK'S PAPER
TWO CONCERTS EXTRA IN GREEK THEATER
SEVEN IN SAN FRANCISCO

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The Leading Playhouse
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Two Weeks Beginning Sunday Night, April 16th
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
First and Only Presentation West of Chicago of a Real Revue
ZIEGFELD REVUE FOLLIES OF 1910
Cast and Production from the Jardin de Paris, N. Y.
Positively the Largest and Most Diverting Musical Attraction in the World.

SAVOY THEATRE
Home of the Leading Attractions
McAllister Street near Market
Phones, Market 130 and Home J 2822
This Saturday and Sunday Nights—Last Times of Lew Dockstader's Minstrels
Starting Monday Evening, April 17th—6 Nights Only
The Greatest Emotional Actress,
OLGA NETHERSOLE
(Liebler & Co., Managers)
In a New Drama
"THE REDEMPTION OF EVELYN VAUDRAY"
By Henri Bernstein, Author of "The Thief."
Special Matinee Thursday, $1.50 to 50c.
Commencing Monday Evening, April 24th—Last Week of Miss Nethersole, in "Sister Beatrice."

ALCAZAR THEATRE
Sutter and Steiner Sts. Belasco & Mayer, Owners-Mgrs.
Phones, West 1400 and Home S 4242
Week Commencing Monday, April 17th,
Opens a Limited Engagement of
IZETTA JEWEL and THURSTON HALL,
Supported by the Alcazar Players in
WILDFIRE
A Comedy of the Turf by George H. Broadhurst
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.
Prices: Night, 25c to $1. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Seats for Sale at Box Office and Emporium.

NEW ORPHEUM
O'Farrell St. bet. Stockton and Powell
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon—Matinee Every Day
A GREAT NEW SHOW
THE SUSPECT, under the direction of W. A. Brady with a complete company of notable excellence; SELBIT'S SPIRIT PAINTINGS; TAYLOR, KRANZMAN and WHITE; BEDINI and ARTHUR; FIVE SATSUDAS; DICK, the Canine Penman; ELSIE FAYE, assisted by Joe Muller and Sam Weston; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of MR. and MRS. SIDNEY DREW, presenting for the first time here a dramatic episode entitled "THE STILL VOICE."
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE
OAKLAND. Direction H. W. Bishop.
Week of Monday, April 17th, Every Evening, Matinees Saturday and Sunday
RICHARD HOTALING and the BISHOP PLAYERS
In the First Oakland Presentation of
MR. HOPKINSON
The Celebrated Farce-Comedy Success
Entire House, 25c and 50c—All Performances
Next—Mr. Hotaling as "Hamlet."

AFTER THE PLAY
THE FORUM CAFE
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Under the Management of GUSTAV MANN

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Finding their efforts to depress the stock market futile, traders covered their shorts at the end of the week and this buying brought about a moderate rally in the leading issues. Still the market could not be called active at any time. Selling of Missouri Pacific was the chief incident of the week and was said to be due to the dissatisfaction over the choice of a new president. There has been no striking change in the general situation during the week but improvement in business is expected to set in before long, as a result of good crop prospects in the west and south. Conditions warrant an advance in the stock market as soon as the trust decisions are out of the way and we continue to favor the purchase of the standard shares around present levels.

Wheat—A decline of 3½ cents in the price of wheat the past week confirmed the judgment of market observers, and was justified by the statistical position and the generally fair promise of the winter sowings. Nothing developed in the past week to suggest that the bottom has been reached in the market. Flour trade is very quiet and will continue so until there is some evidence of a price recovery. The technical position of the market forced a rally the latter part of the week, but encouraged very little buying for a rise, operations on the long side being almost wholly covering of short accounts. Europe continues to back away from any possibility of exports from the Atlantic coast beyond those which usually occur regardless of the difference in market values. Liverpool remains the same distance below Chicago. The European supply situation is very comfortable and sales continue to press from the exporting countries. Crop conditions in the southern hemisphere, on the whole, are slightly better than last year. Australia will increase her yield 15,000,000 bushels, harvesting now being under way. India has had excellent rains which assure a harvest next month, larger than the big yield of last year. Winter sowings on the continent are in good shape, and the French shortage in acreage is being made up by spring seeding. We can see nothing in the world's situation to cause an immediate advance.

Corn—Unsettled weather the greater part of last week over the corn belt resulted in very disappointing receipts at all markets and helped the prices of cash grain. Holders were firmer in their views and eastern buyers displayed more anxiety for strictly fresh shelled corn. Nevertheless the shipments out were again short of the arrival, the eastern call being unimportant. The fleet that has been loaded to make room for corn and other grain in the elevators will move east in about a week. Only a part of this corn afloat has been sold and it is likely to affect eastern values when it arrives.

Cotton—The season for the planting of cotton is now on in all sections of the belt and while there has been a diversion in crop planting in the south during the past few years, cotton remains the money crop, although a great deal of attention has been paid of late to the growing of corn in the southern states for home consumption and export. However the prevailing high price for cotton is an inducement to grow a large crop this year, weather permitting. The average price of last season's crop was $14.37 per pound or $73.41 per bale. This season, although the crop promises to be about twelve million bales or nearly 1,500,000 bales more than last year, the average price promises to be as large as last season's high average of 14.37, as the bulk of the crop was marketed when prices were at the highest level. In other words farmers reaped the benefit of the high prices this season, having unloaded on spinners and speculators at the top of the market, and are now at work in the endeavor to grow another cotton crop. Thus far sales of mules, fertilizers and farm implements are reported to be of record-breaking proportions, and it is said that the increase in the cotton acreage will be immense, especially in the southwest, notably in Texas and Oklahoma. In the meantime the weather has turned off very favorably for the planting of the new crop, the rains coming after the soil had been thoroughly prepared, and it is stated that there is a good season in the ground; in west Texas the best in many years. Nevertheless the making of the new crop lies in the hands of Providence and the elements will be more of a factor than the increase in acreage, early estimates of which are placed at 5 per cent.

Very Considerate

"I suppose, Jennie, you wouldn't want to go to the concert Wednesday in your old hat?"

"You dear thing—I couldn't possibly think of showing myself in it."

"That's what I thought, so I—"

"What?"

"Bought only one ticket to the concert."

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Total Resources	5,613,737.73

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

No. 4 MONTGOMERY STREET

March 7, 1911

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$11,033,637.75
Cash and Sight Exchange	10,779,900.43
Deposits	23,938,906.68

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March 7, 1911

Paid Up Capital	$ 4,000,000.00
Reserve and Undivided Profits	1,381,800.41
Deposits	23,939,522.61
Cash and Sight Exchange	9,747,534.71

Sig. Greenebaum, Pres.; H. Fleishhacker, V.-Pres. and Mgr.; Joseph Friedlander, V.-Pres.; C. F. Hunt, V.-Pres.; R. Altschul, Cashier; A. Hochstein, Asst. Cashier; C. R. Parker, Asst. Cashier; William H. High, Asst. Cashier; H. Choynski, Asst. Cashier; G. R. Burdick, Asst. Cashier; A. L. Langerman, Secretary.

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Employees' Pension Fund	$ 109,031.35
Deposits December 31, 1910	$42,039,580.06
Total Assets	$44,775,559.56

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Officers—Pres., N. Ohlandt; First V.-Pres., Daniel Meyer; Second V.-Pres. and Mgr., George Tourny; Third V.-Pres., J. W. Van Bergen; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Asst. Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Asst. Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodellow, Eells & Orrick, Gen. Attys.

Board of Directors—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, George Tourny, J. W. Van Bergen, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

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On account of its prominent central location and convenience to the daily shoppers on Market street, who desire to avail themselves of a strong bank to deposit their savings, the City and County Bank at Fifth and Market streets has requested and been granted a new certificate by the Superintendent of Banks to conduct both a commercial and savings business. In order to introduce its new savings department the bank will allow interest from date of deposit on all accounts opened between March 27, 1911, and May 1, 1911, at the rate of 4 per cent per annum. The City and County Bank was incorporated April 23, 1902. Its assets are over $1,500,000.00. The directors are: Matthew Nunan, president, Hibernia Brewery; L. V. Merle, capitalist; C. A. Malm, C. A. Malm & Co., mfgrs. trunks and valises; Otto A. Jungblut, president August Jungblut Co., mfgrs. billiard and pool tables; A. J. Lowenberg, president; Joseph L. Goldsmith, cashier.

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The Ingenious Reporter

(Continued from Page 10.)

"I have nothing to reply," he answered, resorting to his former plan; "it is for you to tell me what you claim that I did."

"Very well," said the judge. "Listen! You started from Paris at seven o'clock in the evening and arrived at Courgeville at nine o'clock; returning you took an express for Paris at half-past eleven and reached Paris at half-past one, but you did not get to your home until half-past seven in the morning."

"Who saw me take this trip? No one."

"Because you disguised yourself—probably made yourself up in some way—and this precaution proves your guilt. When a man travels honestly he doesn't care who sees and recognizes him. Two hours and a half would have been quite sufficient for you to kill and dismember your victim, who left Paris by the same train as you."

"It is prodigious what the police can gather in the way of positive information," said Longouy sarcastically. The magistrate's narration seemed to him absolutely grotesque.

But suddenly his irony gave way to an almost overpowering anxiety; the judge had continued:

"If you did not return to your house until half-past seven in the morning it was because you decided, on leaving the train, to finish the night at the hotel near the station." There the judge named the hotel. "And why this maneuver? It was to create an alibi. During the preceding day you had telegraphed to this hotel, under an assumed name, and reserved a room. In the evening you took possession of this room, when you came in company with a woman—the woman who is now missing. At one o'clock in the morning you allowed yourself to be seen around the hotel, as you had allowed yourself to be seen four hours earlier. You thought that in the interval no one would have remarked your departure; and you could thus deny the journey to Courgeville. And that was very well conceived, but your expenditure of imagination comes back upon you as proof of your guilt. An innocent traveler who has no necessity for wishing to be thought elsewhere than where he is, does not take such pains to make his presence noticed at certain hours, in a hotel. Now give me your own account of how you employed your time on the night of the tenth of October."

Longouy had turned very pale; it was impossible for him to explain his actions on the date in question. As a matter of fact, the information the judge possessed was largely correct. It was true that he had reserved and occupied a room in the hotel the judge had named; true, also, that he had gone there with a companion and dined with her, and it was with the sole idea of avoiding a scandal that she had not wished to show herself with him in the public dining-room or in a restaurant. And this was precisely what he could not tell. His reputation as a man of honour also precluded his telling the name of his companion. It was that of the lady whom he had visited at Courgeville in the summer.

She had accorded him this meeting, the most innocent in the world, in order to talk over with him the increasing probabilities of their early marriage, but her prudence had made her hesitate either to go to his house or to receive him at hers. Hence the room at the hotel. Let this woman now come forward and say: "From eight o'clock till eleven o'clock, on the night of the tenth of October, Gaston Longouy was with me in a room of such and such a hotel," and the accusation against him would melt into air, but this was neither possible nor necessary. Would it not be all-sufficient for the reporter to pronounce the word which would terminate what he still regarded as a comedy? Nothing was needed but that he should confess the fantastic plan which he had made and carried through in order to advertise the paper. He was about to have recourse to this method of ending the affair, when the judge, noticing his emotion, delivered the blow which he had been preparing in order to overwhelm the man and force from him an avowal of his guilt.

"This woman whom you turned from the path of duty, this woman you led first to a hotel in Paris and then to Courgeville to assassinate her, is now known to us. We have discovered her name, her position, everything pertaining to her. In spite of the horrible state of mutilation in which she was found, she has been recognized as Madame Ballestin, nee Henriette Cardevache, of Trumot-les-Courgeville."

"Henriette! Madame Ballestin!" cried Longouy, "Impossible! Impossible! Henriette is not dead!"

"Come, no more of this comedy! You know that she is dead, since it was you who killed her.

"Ah, no, no! There is some mistake! It is too frightful! To imagine that I—I who loved her—could be her assassin! Ah, your honor, I was only pretending to be a murderer—experience of a reporter, and that sort of thing. The proprietor of the Voice of the People knows all about it; I told him of my scheme and arranged it all with him."

"There, there, that will do! You may tell all this wonderful fable to the jury."

"But assure me, your honor, that it is not true. Madame Ballestin is not really dead!"

"There is her death-certificate, made out after her disappearance was established. Her relations and her friends have been able to identify the sad remains."

"But, then," cried the unhappy reporter, "it was later that she was struck down, the poor unfortunate! Find out if she did not take the midnight train for Courgeville instead of returning to her home!"

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SOME DATES

May 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31
June 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 28, 29, 30
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7

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The judge shrugged his shoulders.

The next day the Voice of the People was able to publish an exceptionally sensational interview with the supposed murderer of Madame Ballestin. The sale was enormous and the proprietor delighted. Rarely, even in America, had the press been able to put up a better "bluff."

"My friend, you hold some excellent trumps in this game," said Longouy's lawyer to him before the opening of the case in the court of assizes. "The prosecuting attorney is unable to produce any material proof; his whole case is built upon moral presumptions alone. It is a little chain of suppositions; I shall blow upon it and it will fall to pieces. But do not attempt to repeat to the court and the jury your ridiculous tale of simulated guilt, or you will turn them all against you. After such a recital I should not answer for anything."

The ingenious reporter was not willing to give up.

"But it is the truth," he cried, "and furthermore, it is this brilliant invention which is going to establish my reputation as a successful journalist on the American plan. But it is impossible to describe to you my sorrow! Henriette dead! And I adored her! I wish I could torture the miserable being who murdered her!"

No sooner had he announced, for his line of defense, the plan which he had elaborated with a view of furnishing such sensational reports for his paper than the presiding judge admonished him. "Don't attempt to play with the law," he said, "or you will be guilty of contempt of court."

"There, what did I tell you?" murmured his lawyer. "You will spoil the whole affair. You will prejudice the jury against you, and they will give you the maximum punishment."

On the judge's bench and all through the court-room could be noticed the same incredulity.

The proprietor of the Voice of the People was sent for, came, and testified according to Longouy's expectations.

"Now, you see!" cried the latter exultingly.

"Monsieur," said the prosecuting attorney to the proprietor, "is it possible that a man of your perspicacity, a man with an American penetration, did not immediately discern that this exceedingly ingenious reporter was laying a pitfall for you by his very candor, and with an infernal astuteness, a diabolical audacity, planned to commit his crime with impunity and to invalidate the proofs which might be brought against him, by simply saying: 'They are fictitious; it was I, myself, who voluntarily assumed these fetters and forged them in order to do a good turn for justice and prove to the public how easy it is for magistrates to deceive themselves?'"

The genial proprietor was rather taken aback by this view of the case; nothing was farther from his wishes than to look like a man who could be easily duped, and in order to prove his insight he replied quickly: "Oh, yes, certainly! I saw at once that there was something suspicious about this artifice of Longouy's, but I said to myself 'If he chooses to throw himself into the jaws of the wolf——' Pardon me, I meant no disrespect to the law by this metaphor!"

"That is quite right, quite right. You may sit down now," said the prosecuting attorney.

In the court-room indignation against the accused man was increasing every moment. His perverse audacity only inflamed it the more.

"Heavens, what a scoundrel!"—"Ah! these journalists!"—"Capable of anything!"—"To have cut and hacked that poor Henriette!"—"You knew her, didn't you?"—"Such a little thing—nothing but a charming child!"—"What a miserable brute!"—"Oh, the wretch!"—"And the effrontery of this ruse, to pretend to be playing at being a criminal!"—"To think that it is pos-

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July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28.
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30.
September 1, 2, 3, 4.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4260, New Series; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GIACOMO BRUSCO, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of Giacomo Brusco, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 16th day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator authorizing and directing him to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed April 6, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Atty. for Administrator.
1013 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given, that I, CHARLES H. GREENE, the Administrator of the estate of Lena G. Greene, deceased, under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 18th day of April, 1911, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon of said day, in front of the door of the Grant Building, Seventh and Market Streets, San Francisco, being the entrance to the building in which the said Superior Court, Department No. 10 thereof, is situated, will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder, all of the following described personal property, to-wit:

One pistol; one yellow metal ring, three white and one green stones; one yellow metal ring, one white stone; one unset stone,—white; one yellow metal chain; one nickel watch; one yellow metal bracelet; one hand bag; and one hand satchel. belonging to the estate of Lena G. Greene, deceased.

Said property will be sold for cash, lawful money of the United States, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court.

Dated: San Francisco, California, April 4, 1911.

CHARLES H. GREENE.
Administrator of the Estate of Lena G. Greene, Deceased.

WILLIAM H. SCHOOLER, Atty. for Administrator, Rooms 1101-1108 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco. 4-8-2

Caller—Are you positive that Miss Cutter is not in?

Maid—Yes, sir. I'd lose my job if I wasn't.

sible to behead such a man only once!"—"Even if they do condemn him to death"—"Why, is there a chance of his not being condemned to death? He may escape the guillotine?"

At this idea the popular fury mounted higher and higher, ready to go to any lengths in order to administer justice.

The hearing was over, the prosecution and the defense were deferred until the next day. When Longouy, surrounded by four guards, crossed the prison-yard in order to reenter his cell, an enormous crowd pressed around him and suddenly a cry was heard: "Hang him!" Twenty cries, a hundred, a thousand, repeated "Hang him, yes, hang him!"

A howling mob of men and women threw themselves on the guards, surrounded them, forced them apart and seized the miserable Longouy. In an instant they had bound his hands and feet; a rope was put around his neck; a street gamin of sixteen years climbed a lamp-post, drew up the rope and knotted it firmly; the rest loosed their hold of the unfortunate reporter, who now was left dangling in mid-air, his eyes protuding and his tongue hanging from his mouth.

"They have lynched him!" cried the proprietor of the Voice of the People, turning pale at the horrible sight. "Well, at least that is quite American!"

The next day a woman dressed in black presented herself before the district attorney of the province of Courgeville: "Monsieur," she said, "I am Madame Ballestin, and I was never murdered. Five weeks ago, on the night of the tenth of October, on entering my house a little after midnight, I found a cablegram from my husband, calling me immediately to New York, where he lay ill. Without losing a moment, without telling anyone—I had given my servant permission to go out, and she had not yet returned—I rushed to the Saint Lazarre station, leaped into a train for Havre and sailed for America the next morning.

"On arriving in America I was informed of the death of my husband; as soon as the necessary formalities would permit, I sailed again, in return. Newly widowed, I freely offer my testimony to save the life of Monsieur Longouy."

"In the name of heaven, madame," cried the district attorney angrily, "why could you not have managed to arrive twenty-four hours earlier? You put a very unsavory affair on our hands!"

Madame Ballestin fainted dead away on hearing that she was twice a widow, once actually, and again prospectively!

Who was the victim? And who was the assassin? Justice, that blind goddess, knows the answer to the riddle, but she will never reveal it.

He Agreed

Jones and Smith were two old bachelors who lived on the most intimate terms, constantly dined together and smoked the peaceful pipe, and occasionally went off together for a week's holiday by the sea. But a change came over the spirit of Smith's dream. Well on in the fifties he got married, and on his return from the honeymoon invited Jones to come and dine with him and be a witness of his happiness.

The dinner over, the old friends sat down in front of the fire after Mrs. Smith had gone upstairs.

"Well, my dear Jones," said Benedick, "now tell me, quite candidly, what you think of my dear wife."

Jones hesitated for a moment, then replied:

"Well, Smith, if I must speak quite candidly, I don't think much of her."

Smith patted him on the knee as he replied, confidentially:

"Neither do I, my dear Jones—neither do I."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,342, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE F. WHITCOMB, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Emeline M. North Whitcomb, Executrix of the estate of George F. Whitcomb, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Corbet & Selby, 1201 First National Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George F. Whitcomb, deceased.

EMELINE M. NORTH WHITCOMB,
Executrix of the Estate of George F. Whitcomb, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 8, 1911.

CORBET & SELBY, Attys. for Executrix,
1201 First National Bank Building, San Francisco. 4-8-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD HUGHES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Edward Hughes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of T. J. Sheridan, her attorney, at No. 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward Hughes, deceased.

ALICE HUGHES,
Administratrix of the Estate of Edward Hughes, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 8, 1911.

T. J. SHERIDAN, Atty. for Administratrix,
No. 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-8-4

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2997, New Series; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of BRIDGET MARTIN, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of Bridget Martin, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 16th day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator authorizing and directing him to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed April 6, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Atty. for Administrator,
1013 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-5

ORDER DIRECTING PUBLICATION OF NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR CONVEYANCE OF REAL PROPERTY BY ADMINISTRATOR

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2710, New Series; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of DAVID B. ALEXANDER, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of David B. Alexander, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition praying for an order and decree of this Court authorizing and directing him to convey to Christie Barricklow and Addie Barricklow certain real property situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Elsie Street, distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet southerly from the point of intersection of the said westerly line of Elsie Street with the southerly line of Santa Marina Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Elsie Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Elsie Street and point of commencement; being Lot Number 47 of Block Number 2 of Fair's Subdivision of Holly Park Tract.

which said real property the said deceased agreed to convey to said Christie Barricklow and Addie Barricklow by a written contract set forth in said petition;

It is hereby ordered, that Thursday, the 11th day of May, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are hereby fixed as the time and place of hearing said petition;

It is further ordered that notice of such hearing be given by publishing a copy of this order once a week for four successive weeks before said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which publication is hereby ordered to be sufficient notice of said hearing.

Dated, April 3, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed April 3, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. G. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

E. J. LYNCH, Atty. for Administrator,
1013 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-8-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY KELLY, Deceased—No. 11,352, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Henry Kelly, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wallace A. Wise, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, at Room 1402, in The Western Metropolis National Bank Building, number 625 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Henry Kelly, deceased.

EDWARD H. KELLY,
As Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Henry Kelly, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, April 4, 1911.
WALLACE A. WISE, Esq., Atty. for Executor,
Rooms 1402 to 1404, The Western Metropolis Nat. Bank Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-8-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,365.

HATTIE ELIZA POND, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. POND, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: William H. Pond, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, and on the ground of defendant's habitual intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
HENRY H. DAVIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
495 497 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD CONVEY, Deceased—No. 11,299, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the Last Will of Edward Convey, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 25th day of March, 1911), to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, Room Number 1277 Flood Building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward Convey, Deceased.

EDWARD J. CONVEY,
ANNIE M. CONVEY,
Executors of the Last Will of Edward Convey, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 25, 1911.
GARRET W. McENERNEY, Atty. for Executors,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-25-5

NOTICE OF EXECUTORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

Notice is hereby given that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 28th day of March, 1911, in the matter of the estate of Julius Friedman, deceased, the undersigned, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, in Gold Coin of the United States of America, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Tuesday, the 18th day of April, 1911, all the right, title and interest of said estate in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street with the Northeasterly line of Beale Street; running thence Northeasterly and along said line of Harrison Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly thirty (30) feet to said line of Beale Street, and thence at right angles Northwesterly and along said last mentioned line eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement, being a portion of 100 Vara Block No. 333, together with the improvements thereon.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; balance on confirmation of sale: deeds and abstracts at the expense of purchaser. No McEnerney Decree.

All bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Edmund Tauszky, Room 316 Balboa Building, corner of Second and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned Executors, or either of them, personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice, and before the making of the sale.

Dated, San Francisco, March 30, 1911.

I. M. FRIEDBERG,
EDWARD R. LANDE,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Julius Friedman, Deceased.
EDMUND TAUSZKY,
Atty. for I. M. Friedberg, Executor.
MARSHALL B. WOODWORTH,
Atty. for Edward R. Lande, Executor 4-1-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,310.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALBERT HANSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrixes of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Hansen, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrixes at the office of Aitken and Aitken, 957 Monadnock Building, 681 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Albert Hansen, deceased.

ANNA A. FEE,
EDNA C. WILSON,
Executrixes of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Hansen, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1911.
AITKEN and AITKEN, Attys. for Executrixes,
559 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM McCANN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of William McCann, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of John J. Barrett, 1255 Flood Building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William McCann, deceased. MARY A. McCANN,
Administratrix of the Estate of William McCann, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 25, 1911.
JOHN J. BARRETT, Atty. for Administratrix,
1255 Flood Building,
870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK M. FLYNN, also known as P. M. FLYNN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Patrick M. Flynn, also known as P. M. Flynn, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the will annexed at the office of his attorney, Neal Power, Esq., Room 545 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Patrick M. Flynn, also known as P. M. Flynn, deceased. P. F. REILLY,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Patrick M. Flynn, also known as P. M. Flynn, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1911.
NEAL POWER,
Atty. for Administrator with the Will Annexed,
Room 545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NIOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PHILIP BRADY, Deceased.

Richard J. Brady, the Administrator of the estate of Philip Brady, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is Therefore Ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Friday, the 21st day of April, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Richard J. Brady to sell the real estate of the said deceased.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, March 15th, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
Endorsed: Filed March 15, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
JOHN G. WILLIAMS, Atty. for Administrator,
950 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,748, Dept. No. 3.

ALMA McWILLIAMS, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L. McWILLIAMS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Joseph L. McWilliams, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten (10) days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty (30) days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Plaintiff,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-10

NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION OF ADMINISTRATRIX FOR AUTHORITY TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 10, Probate. No. 10,347, New Series.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE H. BUCKINGHAM, Deceased.

Order Appointing Time and Place for Hearing Petition Authorizing Administratrix to Convey Real Estate, and Directing Notice Thereof.

Mary G. Buckingham, the Administratrix of the estate of said George H. Buckingham, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein her duly verified Petition setting forth the facts upon which the claim of Winifred S. Bangs is predicated to be entitled to a conveyance from said Administratrix of said estate of all that certain lot or parcel of land situate in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Lot Three (3), in Block "D," that is to say: Beginning at a point in the Westerly line of Regent Street, (formerly Manoa Avenue), distant thereon One Hundred and Eleven and Seventy-five-one-hundredths (111.75) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Derby Street, and running thence Southerly along the said Westerly line of Regent Street Fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Forty (140) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly Fifty (50) feet; and thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and Forty (140) feet to the said Westerly line of Regent Street and the point of beginning, as the same is designated and delineated upon a certain map entitled "The Berry-Bangs Tract."

And it appearing to this Court that said George H. Buckingham, deceased, in his life time entered into a contract in writing with said Winifred S. Bangs to convey said real property described in said verified Petition and in this Order, and that said George H. Buckingham died before making said conveyance, and that said Winifred S. Bangs was before the death of said deceased, and is now, entitled to a conveyance of said hereinabove described real property upon her carrying out the provisions of said written contract, and making the payments therein provided, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is Hereby Ordered that the hearing of said Petition be set for Monday, the 24th day of April, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of this Court, Department No. 10, thereof, in the Grant Building, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and it is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published for four successive weeks before said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, March 20, 1911.

(Seal) THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
Endorsed: Filed March 20, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
SHELDON G. KELLOGG, Atty. for Administratrix,
801-805 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANCISCO L. FREITAS, also known as and called FRANK L. FREITAS and FRANK FRATES, Deceased—No. 11,250, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Francisco L. Freitas, also known and called Frank L. Freitas and Frank Frates, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of James B. Feehan, Room 407 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Francisco L. Freitas, also known as and called Frank L. Freitas and Frank Frates, deceased.

MARY FREITAS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Francisco L. Freitas, also known as and called Frank L. Freitas and Frank Frates, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1911.
JAMES B. FEEHAN, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 407 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORENCE ATWATER, Deceased—No. 11,215, Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Moetia Atwater, sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Moetia Atwater, sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, deceased, at the office of her attorneys, Lilienthal, McKinstry and Raymond, 1211 Flood Building, Northeast Corner of Powell and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Dorence Atwater, deceased.

MOETIA ATWATER,
Sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 18, 1911.
LILIENTHAL, McKINSTRY and RAYMOND,
1211 Flood Building, San Francisco, Attorneys for Moetia Atwater, sometimes known as Ariiinoore Moetia Salmon Atwater, Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Dorence Atwater, Deceased. 3-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES WARNOCK, Deceased—No. 11,327, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will of James Warnock, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, (which said first publication occurs on the 8th day of April, 1911), to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James Warnock, deceased. LAWRENCE F. WALSH,
Executor of the Last Will of James Warnock, Deceased
Dated, San Francisco, April 8, 1911.
GARRET W. McENERNEY, Atty. for Executor,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-8-5

Auto Notes

The raising of the American flag on the administration building of the new plant of the Lozier Motor Company in Detroit marked the completion and formal opening of the newest of Detroit's already large number of automobile enterprises. This factory which has been under construction since last May, commenced operations with a force of 450 men which will be increased as rapidly as possible until all departments are in full operation.

C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of the Diamond Rubber Co., has just returned from Salt Lake City where he completed details for the establishment of a Diamond factory branch. This new branch, which is to conform to the generally high standards set by Diamond Rubber houses, is to be located in the heart of the Mormon city's automobile trade district. Under the management of E. L. Hiteman the new establishment is to be the center of Diamond tire distribution for south Idaho, west Wyoming and east Nevada as well as for the entire state of Utah.

Among the most recent purchasers of Haynes cars are Leon Carrau, the wholesale jeweler, and A. Davies of the Davies Box and Lumber Co. Mr. Davies also owns a Haynes of 1910 model.

Carl H. Page, New York representative of the Chalmers Motor Company, has been elected vice-president of the Licensed Automobile Dealers of New York. John F. Plummer will succeed H. J. Budlong as president. The Licensed Automobile Dealers of New York is one of the strongest dealers' organizations in the country. Its members probably sell more cars annually than are sold in any other city in the world. Mr. Page is one of the most prominent automobile dealers in New York and sells an average of 1,000 Chalmers cars a year.

The local branch of the Haynes Auto Sales Co. has just been advised by factory authorities that 18 car-loads of machinery were recently unloaded at Kokomo, Indiana, for the equipment of the new Haynes factory which is being rushed to completion there. In order that the manufacture of cars may continue with little interruption a temporary wooden building is being erected to shelter this machinery which is to be permanently installed at once.

Seven deliveries of Oakland and Hupmobile cars is the record made by S. G. Chapman on Saturday of last week. This would indicate that Spring has brought prosperity to the local motor car trade. Among deliveries reported by Chapman are Oakland cars to Dr. C. Razor and A. C. Huston of Woodland, Wm. Shwarz of Napa and Stewart Nester of Arcata. J. L. Harlan, the Woodland sub-agent also made further delivery of three cars. Hupmobiles have been delivered to Dr. H. G. Plymire of South San Francisco, W. J. Johnson of Martinez, Frank B. Anderson and Philip Weinman of San Francisco and Steiger Bros. of Petaluma. In addition to these Chapman recently shipped two of the Hupps to the Von Ramm-Young Co. of Honolulu. The Chico Construction Company have just taken an Abbott-Detroit.

A. E. Morrison, sales manager for the Pacific Motor Car Company, and Col. H. W. Bradbury left recently on the steamship Harvard for Los Angeles to attend the twenty-four hour automobile race on the Los Angeles Motordrome. Just previous to starting Morrison received a telegram from the Southern California metropolis stating the Cole racing team had arrived there from Jacksonville where the cars had been competing in the Florida Beach races. Edmunds and Jenkins are the two drivers who have been piloting the Cole with much success in recent meets. The Cole entry in the twenty-four hour contest created unusual interest in Southern California motoring circles largely because of the sensational victories won there last year on the same motordrome by Endicott's Cole car.

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Letters

"The Prodigal Judge"

Vaughan Kester always takes plenty of space in which to move his characters and "The Prodigal Judge" is no exception to his rule, for there are four hundred and fifty pages in which Judge Slocum Price and his associates play their parts, and though the Judge is the nominal hero of the narrative, nearly one-fourth of the story is told before he makes his appearance. The scenes are laid in North Carolina and Tennessee when Andrew Jackson was President, the Mississippi river a frontier, most of the Pacific Coast still foreign territory and Texas a refuge for undesirables. Though there are no historical characters introduced as actors in the drama, "The Prodigal Judge," is a historical novel of the better sort, one which seeks to give a picture of the times and manners and the common people of its epoch, a background for history. Bobbs Merrill are the publishers.

"The Imprudence of Prue"

"The Imprudence of Prue" is Sophie Fisher's second venture at novel writing—her first independent work, since "It Happened This Way" was written in collaboration with Rose Eytinge, the actress. This is a lively story of romantic adventure set back in the days of "Good Queen Anne," when Stuart plots were still factors in English politics and conventions were more or less elastic. Never was a damsel less auspiciously named than this heroine, for the only prudence connected with her was her name. It is a lively and readable book making no pretensions that it does not live up to, though one does wonder a bit what would be found in the chapter after the last one—whether the irrepressible Prue really did settle down or whether she merely carried her imprudence across the channel to the French court. Bobbs Merrill are the publishers.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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ART POSTER OF THE DIVINE SARAH.

Bernhardt is to appear at the Columbia Theatre commencing May 1st.

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Revolutions in Their Variety

The more we learn of the revolution in Mexico the more it appears to be an affair between the Maderos and Diaz. While the Maderos profess to be animated by the humane desire to emancipate the people from tyrannical dictatorship they are to be appeased rather by concessions to themselves than by guarantees of civil rights to the people. The circumstances that seem to justify this view of the situation have diminished the enthusiasm of some American editors who hitherto warmly espoused the cause of the revolutionists believing them to be intent upon establishing in Mexico the institutions of a true republic. They supposed that the masses had risen up in their might to overthrow the government of a despot and secure for themselves the blessings of liberty. This is the mistake usually made with respect to the character of revolutions and with respect to all the historic triumphs over arbitrary and despotic power. The masses never rise spontaneously to right their wrongs. It wasn't the masses but the barons who induced the signing of Magna Charta. Whenever the masses revolt it is at the instigation of a few men, and they have revolted unwisely more frequently than otherwise. And the fruits of a revolution usually depend on the character of the leaders. It was so in the case of our own revolution which is now popularly supposed to have been animated by a sentiment of hostility to the monarchical form of government and to have been precipitated by a king. As a matter of fact the thing that caused the revolution was more popular than the resentment that it inspired. Like most historic evils, such as witch trials, the stake of Smithfield and the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the proposal to coerce the colonies was extremely popular in England. It was carried by 304 to 105 in the House of Commons and by 104 to 29 in the House of Lords. Assuredly a popular measure if we may judge from the vote. And to provoke resentment of that act of oppression on this side of the water required much agitation. Also it required much perseverance and patience to persuade the people to fight it out after the war was started. The fruits of that revolution might have been very different from what they were had the leaders been disposed to take advantage of the ingratitude of the masses toward the army not only during the trying vicissitudes of the heart-breaking struggle but even after independence was gained. The masses hardly had sufficient patriotism to take an interest in the work of forming a nation. Hardly any more apathetic than our colonies in the days of the great crisis are the masses in Mexico today. They will abide by the decision of their leaders, and they will be satisfied, their ignorance being proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they are accustomed to live. And because of this ignorance the revolution cannot be of much benefit to the masses. A revolution to be a success must first be achieved in the moral sphere. Then only can it be a triumph rather of principles than of bullets.

The Bully in Politics

One of the characteristic elements of the progressive type of statesmanship is bullyism which seems to be regarded as a sign of force of character. The political bully is a man whose symbol of force is the big stick. It is his policy to overcome opposition by the bludgeon method. He achieves the mastery of men by brutality. The argument ad auditores is his favorite in every controversy, and he indulges in gratuitous assertion without scruple, without restraint, preferring always to be victorious than a gentleman. Much success is to be attained in politics by following this principle of conduct, but the man who adopts this principle does not possess force of character, nor does he attain permanently a position in life which belongs to real merit. No man can have lasting influence who is not disposed to be fair and honest in dealing with his antagonists. The unfair, the dishonest, the brutal, are despised and they must in time succumb to the resentment of their enemies, for they have not the force of character to resist powerful, unterrified opposition. Fairness and honesty are essential elements of force of character, and when combined with self-reliance, common sense and courage they are irresistible. Now the bully is never a man of courage. Courage connotes magnanimity. The bully is good in attack but not in defence. He cannot fight an up-hill battle. He cannot stand punishment. The only game that he can play is the one in which he lays all the blows and takes none. A few smart thrusts takes all the fight out of him. He is easily flustered and routed, for it is only the courageous man who remains cool in the presence of danger, the self-reliant man who has confidence in himself, whereas the coward grows excited and becomes loud-mouthed to conceal his feelings. The arbitrary, dictatorial individual, accustomed to force his views on others and to win by bluster and brutality quickly loses confidence in and control of himself when he fails to make his usual impression. It is in critical emergencies that force of character asserts itself. Perhaps the finest type of forceful character in all history is Julius Caesar, who was not only brave and magnanimous but tender and conciliatory. He showed forbearance even toward the followers of Cataline. He never lost his temper. He was calm even when the virtue of his wife was in question. The antithesis of Caesar in statesmanship was William Cobbett who was known as the Big Ben in politics, who was accustomed to crush his opponents with his weight, and who, when set upon, slunk out of the controversy. It is well that we should be sensible of the consideration of what is the true and what is the false sign of force of character lest we follow in the train of a bully instead of a brave man.

A Mother's Love

Man's inhumanity to man can never equal man's inhumanity to woman. For man may deprive woman of her children, and this is a species of inhumanity which surpasseth all others. It is beyond the power of man to invent any torture more horrible, more exquisite. And this torture we inflict in the name of justice! We conceive it to be just to separate the unfaithful wife from her children, but what is done to the unfaithful husband? He may be separated from his children too. How vastly different though are the feelings of the bereaved father from those of the mother made desolate with loneliness and grief! No fondest father's fondest attachment approximates the essence of real human love—a mother's yearning. It is this which surpasses in sublimity all human deed or word or thought. On all this cold and selfish sublunary sphere there is but one imperishable fount of love and that is in a mother's heart. No language can express the power of that love, or image its intensity, its heroism, its majesty. The strongest love in man is only an episode in his life. Maternal love to a woman's sensitive soul is not a mere part of her existence but the very life breath of her heart. A sacred thing to trifle with is this image of God wrapped in the fine spun threads of a mother's affections. Yet with what brutal carelessness is it dealt with! How often is it mocked at by the undiscerning who regard an erring woman, a wife who has been disloyal to her husband, as something inferior to a human being? A woman may sin against her marriage vows and yet be not devoid of sensibility. A woman may not be a good wife and yet be not a bad mother. The only justification for separating a mother from her children is grounded in consideration of the children's welfare. The fact is not to be blinked that there are unnatural mothers in this world who have no sense of decency or shame and whose example children must be safeguarded against, but it should be always remembered that the first duty to children is to make them happy and that there is no happiness for them like that which flows from the tender caresses of a loving mother. To these observations we have been impelled by consideration of the case of Mrs. Henry, the unfortunate woman who seems inclined to cling both to her affinity and her children. She may not be deserving of the care of her children, but she is certainly more deserving of compassion than of the brutal attentions she has been receiving from the reporters of an evening paper who

participated in the pursuit of her and seem to be quite proud of having keyholed her with all the artistry of a Gumshoe Burns.

Our New Preacher

Enthusiasm, the inspiration of everything great, the genius of sincerity, the virtue that rouses men to deeds of renown, that moves stones and charms brutes: it is this that has come to us in President Lovett's luxurious private car, across mountains and arid acres, through smiling valleys and populous cities. It is incarnated in the person of the Rev. Charles F. Aked, a distinguished preacher, who believes that here where meet and mingle the East and West, is an engaging field worthy of his best and noblest efforts. A man of imagination with a sense of beauty and a feeling for nature, is Dr. Aked; lured to us by the things that appeal to the spiritual instinct. He comes to us in much the same spirit in which St. Paul journeyed to Macedonia. Having been told, so he informed the reporters, that we were in need of a moral leader, he abandoned the fleshpots of Gotham and their votaries, and taking President Lovett's upholstered car he was whirled into our midst fledged for action. Having instinctive prescience of the future greatness of a city which reminds him of the Florence of the Medici he is glad to be with us, glad to be on hand to give direction to our moral forces. We, too, are glad to have this talented Englishman enter with his enthusiasm into the life of our community, to assist in augmenting the excellence of our nature. We can never have too much effort toward removing human error, clearing human confusion and diminishing human misery. We felicitate Dr. Aked on his coming, and ourselves also; but we would have a few words with him apropos of his assertion that "there are many people who are afraid that the forces of evil are getting the best of it in the foundations of this empire." We suspect that the purveyors of calumny have been whispering in Dr. Aked's unsophisticated ear, and we would warn him against these busybodies, we would assure him that their words ride upon poisoned arrows. Nobody need be alarmed about the forces of evil hereabouts. The proportion of evil to virtue in San Francisco is no greater than in any other large city. There is vice here as there is everywhere; evil there must be in every community, for there is evil in every man be he ever so good; but we judge a man not by his imperfections but by the degree in which they are redeemed by his virtues, and so also should we judge a community. Let us hope that on this principle we are to be judged by Dr. Aked. For while he is right in his conjecture that "there is an opportunity for great work here," to accomplish great work a clergyman must command respect, confidence and affection. Many clergymen have come to this city to accomplish great work, and they have failed because they sought not the salvation of others but their own vainglory. The pulpit was to them "the clergyman's parade"; they loved to preach; not those to whom they preached, and while there was much good preaching there was very little good hearing. Now as to Dr. Aked we have no misgivings other than those which are inspired by the average preacher who concerns himself with worldly affairs more than with spiritual affairs. He tells us that in England he was pro-Boer and made himself unpopular. from which we infer despite his professed desire to lead people into the way of living prescribed by Christ that he takes a hand in politics. If there was one thing that Christ let severely alone it was politics. He never bothered himself about the wars of the Romans. We believe with Webster that "the preaching of the Gospel is the form in which human agency has been and still is most efficaciously employed for the spiritual improvement of men." There was a time when preachers supplied popular enlightenment on the questions of the hour. The abbott then was a greater man than the mayor. Ecclesiasticism regulated international affairs. But long since the spread of education reduced to their original elements the duties and the influence of the clerical office. It is no longer necessary for the minister to qualify for the village orator and the social oracle. He is at liberty to imitate the apostles of Christianity, to exercise all his power to awaken devotion and faith, and devote all his learning to the quickening of immortal hope. The fact is however that many learned and sincere preachers do not consider that their commission confines them strictly to the business of inculcating what they believe to be the truths of religion. They do not regard the church as "the vestibule to an immortal life." And it is not to be denied that in their own way some of them accomplish much good. Dr. Aked is probably of their number. He says he wishes "to join movements," and what is better still he "wants to go with them for awhile and learn." Which argues that Dr. Aked is a man of discretion who doesn't jump to his conclusions. And because it does argue so we refrain from drawing any inference from his observation, "Your city wears a Parisian smile day and night." This observation may be variously interpreted. We hope that Dr. Aked would not prefer to see our city wearing a Parisian frown night and day.

A Lesson From Hartford

The initiative and the referendum were recently tried out in Hartford, Conn., and although some questions of vital interest were before the people about one-half the electorate either from apathy or preoccupation with their personal affairs did not go to the polls. And as a consequence the results of the election represent the sentiment of a small minority of the people. Nevertheless the people of Hartford are enjoying the inestimable blessing of self-government. What occurred in Hartford is precisely what has always occurred wherever a people has been deluded into the notion that self-government means government by the people sitting in committee of the whole. Self-government is of course something vastly different from government by direct primary, initiative and referendum. Government by these devices is what is technically known as absolutism. Its advocates at this day call themselves Progressives as though they were introducing something new under the sun, whereas they are merely reviving a form of government that has been frequently tried and always found wanting. It has been found wanting for two reasons: because it causes the people to take alternately too much and too little interest in civic affairs. When they take too much interest in civic affairs their action is the result of an accidental or momentary general opinion, which is vastly different from the organically produced opinion contemplated by institutional self-government. When they take too little interest in civic affairs and they are not protected by institutions such as our Progressives are seeking to destroy they drift into chaos and anarchy. Now this tendency to take too little interest in civic affairs is inevitable whenever elections are held frequently. This is a fact about which there is no dispute among philosophers who have discussed the science of government. They don't dispute it because history establishes it beyond peradventure. It is supported by tables of statistics dealing with elections from the time of the market democracy of Athens to Colonial rule in our own country. From these statistics is drawn this maxim: "The more exclusive the privilege of voting the smaller is the number of qualified voters who abstain from voting, and the largest number of abstainers occurs where there is universal suffrage and frequent elections." But what are the maxims, the precepts and the principles of any science to the modernists of American politics? Or what do they care for the lesson that has been afforded them by the election in Hartford or any other election?

The Hammers

Noise of hammers once I heard,
Many hammers, busy hammers,
Beating, shaping, night and day,
Shaping, beating dust and clay
To a palace; saw it reared;
Saw the hammers laid away.

And I listened, and I heard
Hammers beating, night and day,
In the palace newly reared,
Beating it to dust and clay,
Other hammers, muffled hammers,
Silent hammers of decay.

—Ralph Hodgson.

Perspective Impressions

The man who enjoys his natural gifts in silence has never tried a press agent.

Some of the things that come to him who waits are damaged in transit.

Santa Clara wants to unite with San Jose and call the result Santa Clara. This is a case of Jonah desiring to swallow the whale.

Dr. Aked says that his work in this city will make his work in New York "look silly." Well every man has a right to do what he pleases with his own work.

The man who marries with the expectation of getting nothing but a wife is not so rare as the woman who marries with the hope of getting everything but a husband.

The motto of modern American statesmanship: Nothing is morally wrong which is politically expedient

---

That coy citizen, James Rolph, vowing that he would ne'er consent has consented and once more the redemption of San Francisco is prefigured.

By their wine riots the French people reminded us that life in France is a romantic representation of existence gratuitously offered for the edification or amusement of the world at large.

Democrats in Washington are considering not What's best to be done for the country, but What's best to be done for the party. The solution of this latter question is regarded by Speaker Clark and his followers as the quintessence of statesmanship.

Senator La Follette is the author of a bill granting permission to civil service employees to unionize. Thus does the Progressive candidate for President betray his disinterested love of the humble wage-earner.

The Duchess de Sagan (formerly Anna Gould) says that her eldest son shall never get a sou of her estate because he looks like her first husband. This is a case of visiting on the son the indiscretion of both parents.

One bid of fifteen thousand dollars was all that was received last Monday when the Supervisors offered for sale bonds in the sum of $1,250,000 to raise money for a municipal water system. And that bid was not made by James D. Phelan or E. P. E. Troy or any of the other public spirited citizens who have been talking their heads off about Hetch-Hetchy.

Correspondence

"Tipperary"

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: It affords me great pleasure to bring forth from my precious scrap-book the "verses that rhyme with Tipperary" which your correspondent "Tipperary" called for last week. The author of these nonsense verses is unknown. They were written by way of retort to a poem by a Dr. Fitzgerald, a native of Tipperary, in which appeared these lines:

"And thou! dear village, loveliest of the clime,
Fain would I name thee but I scant in rhyme."

In the fire of 1906 I lost a scrap-book filled with nonsense verse. It contained a very valuable collection. I'd like to recover some of them. May I not, now that I have responded to the call of "Tipperary," beg other readers of Town Talk to "come through"?

Yours truly,
—Hibernian.

"A poet there was in sad quandary,
To find a rhyme for Tipperary.
Long labored he through January,
Yet found no rhyme for Tipperary;
Toiled every day in February,
But toiled in vain for Tipperary;
Searched Hebrew text and commentary,
But searched in vain for Tipperary;
Bored all his friends in Inverary,
To find a rhyme for Tipperary;
Implored the aid of 'Paddy Cary,"
Yet still no rhyme for Tipperary;
He next besought his mother Mary
To tell him rhyme for Tipperary;
But she, good woman, was no fairy,
Nor witch,—though born in Tipperary;
Knew everything about her dairy,
But not the rhyme for Tipperary;
The stubborn muse he could not vary,
For still the lines would run contrary
Whene'er he thought on Tipperary.
And though of time he was not chary,
'Twas thrown away on Tipperary.
Till of his wild-goose chase most weary,
He vowed he'd leave out Tipperary.
But, no—the theme he might not vary,
His longing was not temporary,
To find meet rhyme for Tipperary.
He sought among the gay and airy,
He pestered all the military,
Committed many a strange vagary,
Bewitched, it seemed, by Tipperary.
He wrote, post-haste, to Darby Leary,
Besought with tears his Aunty Sairie;
But sought he far, or sought he near, he
Ne'er found a rhyme for Tipperary.
He traveled sad through Cork and Kerry,
He drove like mad through sweet Dunleary,
Kicked up a precious tantar-ara,
But found no rhyme for Tipperary;
Lived fourteen weeks at Stan-ar-ara,
Was well-nigh lost in Glenegary,
Then started slick for Demerara,
In search of rhyme for Tipperary.
Through Yankee-land, sick, solitary,
He roamed by forest, lake, and prairie,
He went per terram et per mare,
But found no rhyme for Tipperary.
Through orient climes on dromedary,
On camel's back through great Sahara;
His travels were extraordinary
In search of rhyme for Tipperary.
Fierce as a gorgon or chimaera,
Fierce as Alecto or Magaera,
Fiercer than e'er a love-sick bear, he
Ranged through the 'londe' of Tipperary.
His cheeks grew thin and wondrous hairy,
His visage long, his aspect 'eerie,'
His tout ensemble, faith, would scare ye,
Amidst the wilds of Tipperary.
Becoming hypochon-dri-ary,
He sent for his apothecary,
Who ordered 'balm' and 'saponary,'
Herbs rare to find in Tipperary.
In his potations ever wary,
His choicest drink was 'home goosebery.'
On swipes, skim-milk, and smallest beer, he
Scanted rhyme for his Tipperary.
Had he imbibed good old Madeira,
Drank pottle-deep of golden sherry,
Of Falstaff's sack, or ripe Canary,
No rhyme had lacked for Tipperary.
Or had his tastes been literary,
He might have found extemporary
Without the aid of dictionary,
Some fitting rhyme for Tipperary.
Or had he been an antiquary,
Burnt midnight oil in his library,
Or been of temper less 'camstary,'
Rhymes had not lacked for Tipperary.
He paced about his aviary,
Blew up, sky-high, his secretary,
And then in wrath and anger sware he,
There was no rhyme for Tipperary."

A Recall Resolution

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: The Legislature left its work incomplete. It failed to act on a joint resolution which I sent to one of the senators but which, as far as I can ascertain, was never introduced. That was too bad. It would have crowned the labors of our reformers. If you care to publish it, here it is:

Whereas, It is reported that owing to the recent heavy rains, the reservoirs of the Spring Valley Water Co., a corporation, now contain one billion gallons more than at any previous time;

And Whereas, The eight hour day was not observed in filling the said reservoirs, making the water unfair;

And Whereas, What is favorable to a corporation is looked upon by the people with grave distrust and recognized as an unfriendly act against the people as well as against organized labor;

And Whereas, This was an Act of God;

Therefore

Be it enacted by the people of California,

That the said offending party is hereby recalled, and Governor Hiram Johnson be requested, (the Senate and Labor Council of San Francisco concurring), to name three citizens of San Francisco, to-wit: M. I. Sullivan, Francis J. Heney and Fremont Older, as a board to supercede the said offending party in all matters that concern the regulation of public and private affairs in and around San Francisco.

Sincerely,
—A San Franciscan.

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Varied Types

XVIII—RICHARD HOTALING

By Edward F. O'Day

"Why am I on the stage?"

Richard Hotaling smiled as he repeated the question. It was quite apparent that he liked the question. I doubt whether the interviewer could frame any question which Hotaling would like quite as much. It gave him a chance to talk about himself. It is a subject in which he is frankly and enthusiastically interested. And because he is an exceptionally good talker who carries you along easily by his swift volubility of well chosen phrases, it is a subject in which you speedily become interested too.

"It is a hard question to answer," he went on without any trace of hesitation, "unless one answers it from the standpoint of what amuses one. Being on the stage amuses me. Some men, Colonel Roosevelt for instance, like to hunt. I don't. My repugnance for killing any living thing is almost as great as Mrs. Fiske's and Mrs. Fiske once said to me, 'Oh that I had the courage of Charlotte Corday, so that I might kill that horrible man Roosevelt!'

"I dislike all kinds of waste. I couldn't bear to sit around here sucking tobacco into my mouth and blowing out smoke. It would bore me to play billiards, as those chaps are doing. I'd rather take a walk with crumbs in my pocket and feed the birds or stand at this window and watch the passing show."

Ample gesticulation accompanied the hurried sentences. We were sitting in the card room of the Athenian Club and my eye followed the direction of Mr. Hotaling's outstretched arm, first to the billiard room across the hall where Oakland's leisured men were cuing and miscuing, and then to the window through which Oakland's leisured street activities were on view. But my eye went quickly back to Mr. Hotaling's eager, smiling face. Baldness is pushing its way over the top of his head and his hair is graying perceptibly, as if in terror of its approach. Many wrinkles have cut their parallels across his forehead and there are vertical lines on either side of his mouth. But his blue eyes shine and the features are firm. Evidently his face has been marked not by the fullness of time but by the fullness of life, by that enthusiasm of existence which shows in all he says. And he kept right on saying.

"Too many Americans want to cut themselves to the usual stamp and are inclined to think that all who do not are fools. But I am never afraid to do the unconventional thing; and as long as I keep within bounds why should I not do the thing which is the expression of what is in me? I am younger today than when I was a boy. Acting is my gambol.

"And is it so strange that I should act? Joe Redding tells me that the late Lord Salisbury loved ivory carving and that Mr. Balfour is a fine violinist. Then too, the president of the Elevated Road in Chicago is an art blacksmith. Our own Willis Davis is an excellent wood carver."

Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, the president of the Chicago L, Willis Davis and Mr. Hotaling—somehow the list lacks cohesion; but when one remembers the ivory carving, the wood carving, the art blacksmithing, the violin and the buskin, all superimposed upon inartistic pursuits, it carries a certain measure of conviction. I do not know how Mr. Balfour, the Chicago man and Willis Davis regard their business activities, but Mr. Hotaling enlightened me about his.

"You might ask me," he said, (and so I might), "how I keep business obligations while I am acting in Oakland. I can only account for it by a wonderful adaptability that gives me a certain measure of success in all I attempt."

Which, I should hazard, may also apply to Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, the Chicago man and Mr. Willis Davis. But I did not pursue the subject, being much more keenly interested in Mr. Hotaling's dramatic diversions.

"It all goes back," he explained, "to the cellar circuses of my boyhood days. We were four brothers and we gave the usual performances for a bottle or a sack at our old home in Howard street between Twelfth and Thirteenth. When I left Andover at nineteen I played Richelieu for a church in which my mother was interested. I was just a youngster then, trying to give an imitation of Edwin Booth. Of course my performance of Richelieu today is far away from that early one. Then I acted in amateur affairs

MR. RICHARD HOTALING

with Judge Murasky and Blanche Bates and Olive Oliver and Hal Blinn. Hal and I—Holbrooke Blinn, you know—used to be great friends and for days we would do nothing but imitate a Portuguese or a Frenchman or a German talking English."

And Mr. Hotaling fell at once into mimicry, giving me samples from his dialect repertoire. It suggested a question.

"Why do you play Shylock with an accent?"

"I play Shylock with a strong Yiddish accent," he answered, "because I can't play him any other way. It's simply the character inside of me coming out. Acting, you know, is an obsession. The body, the individuality is set aside and the personality is so tinctured and flavored by the character the actor is trying to portray that all the physical attributes of the actor are absolutely under the control of the role. In Shylock I can't give up the dialect. Besides, I've visited the Jewish quarters in Prague and other European cities. But to keep right at home, go and talk to Daniel Meyer—as soon as he drops all his Jewish attributes I'll play Shylock straight."

That sounding quite conclusive I asked him why he didn't go on the stage as a professional performer receiving compensation for his efforts. At Ye Liberty, you know, Mr. Hotaling is not on the payroll. No ghost walks for him.

"If I received any compensation for what I did, it would take me out of my class. As to becoming a professional actor——." He considered for a moment.

"Well, I suppose as youngsters we have all thought of driving the great ones into continuous. But I'm old. I'm forty-two. Besides I'm both lazy and timid. I'm very easily disheartened. Then again, I take so much joy in other things. No one thing is so very important to me that I want to strive for it. And I like to get out in the country. I love to be alone in the woods and commune with the pixies. When I'm fussing with my chickens and my pigeons I want to do nothing else. The fact that chickens and pigeons have to be killed for food disturbs me; but at least we kill them quickly and don't let them breathe out their poor lives in the pocket of a hunting coat.

"I suppose if some of the fellows at the Bohemian Club heard me talking like this they'd say I was posing. Which reminds me," he rattled on ,"that after a recent minstrel show at the Bohemian Club in which I was one of the end-men, I was accused of being vulgar. I admit that sometimes I approach near the realm of the vulgar, but I can say for myself that I have never indulged in anything indecent that wasn't disinfected by a certain cleverness that gave it raison d'etre. One of the Bohemians who objected most to my end-man jokes is most lascivious in his private life. Personally, I am willing to admit that all my purity is in my private life."

It all came very suddenly. Evidently it was on his mind and had to come off. But I switched the conversation back to the stage.

"I love to play Hamlet," he said. "I love to play it despite the fact that I have seen Forbes Robertson try to play it. Forbes Robertson is a very tiresome person. When you see his Hamlet you feel that it should have been announced beforehand that 'the Rev. Doctor Forbes Robertson on next Sunday night will give a reading of Shakespeare's Hamlet and during the reading he will walk up and down.'

I was breathless at his iconoclasm and to convince me he gave an imitation of Forbes Robertson's Hamlet. At the conclusion he threw up his hands in disgust.

"Besides all that," he said, "Forbes Robertson's shoes squeaked."

"As for Bernhardt," he continued, "I can't see her. She's a very dear old soul, of course. But she does everything from the throat."

And he gave me an imitation of Bernhardt.

"I am sensitive to malicious criticism like that of Acton Davies," he went on, "but I like sincere criticism. An adverse point of view is all right, but all I ask is that if the critic shows me where I'm wrong let him tell me the reason why.

"I like my role in 'The House Next Door.' I love anything that will cause the audience to drop a sweet tear. I like the part of the bounder in 'Mr. Hopkinson.' After that I'm to play Shylock. Then I'll alternate in Othello and Iago. After that I'd like to alternate in Uncle Tom and Little Eva; then play Abigail in 'The County Fair' and finish with Lear. I'd be content then to go back to the country.

"But——," and there was a yearning note in his voice as he spoke, "I would like to play somewhere else than in Oakland."

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The Muckraker Abroad

Charley McClatchy, of the Sacramento Bee, is not altogether pleased with Europe, as a few excerpts from his travel letters will show:

It is a mistake to make a visit to Vesuvius. There is absolutely nothing to see when you get there. You cannot approach near enough to the mouth of the crater to give you any better idea of the volcano than you can obtain at a distance . The trip is tiresome and is not worth the trouble.

There is a great deal in a name. The British matron and the American citizen will flock into the churches and galleries here, armed with their Baedeker. He is their brains, as well as their guide. They look upon him as infallible. And they will sit—Baedeker in hand—in intense admiration over some "old master" that Baedeker has marked with the sign of his apostolic approval—probably some female figure with the arm of an infant, the leg of a cornfed Amazon, a brewery bust and the face of a cherub. And there they will rhapsodize and think they admire it, because Baedeker has recognized it.

The Corso would scarcely make a good alley in Sacramento.

If one-tenth you hear about them on every hand be true, the usual Roman nobleman is a despicable scoundrel, as well as a nasty libertine. I have heard it from the lips of more than one man of family in Rome—men who have lived all their lives in Rome, Romans who love Rome—that if the American millionaire knew the average Roman aristocrat as the people of Rome know him, he would prefer to see his daughter dead at his feet than married to one of them. However, no one should have the slightest shadow of sympathy for any American girl who comes over here to sell herself for a title, and then finds she has bought a deadbeat, a libertine, a drunkard, and a wife-beater. She baited for what she got. Let her put up with her diseased fish and keep silent.

In Italy so far the barbers have been just about as bad as the wine has been good. They shave here by main strength and awkwardness And after they are through they take the shaving brush and use it to slop a lot of cold water over the face from a basin which has been cut on one side so as to fit in the neck.

Automatic German Citizenship

A bill of great interest to all Germans living in the United States will soon be introduced in the German Reichstag by the Pan-German League and the Association for the Preservation of German Nationality in Foreign Countries. This instrument provides that loss of German citizenship cannot take place without the knowledge or against the wish of the German subject in question. In particular, German citizenship will not be forfeited when a German subject becomes the subject of another country, although the German citizenship will be suspended in relation to that country of which the German subject has become a citizen. The moment he leaves foreign territory his German citizenship will revive automatically. The children of a German emigrant who has lost his German citizenship will be entitled to become German subjects on making application to the proper German authorities. Women of German birth who have ceased to be German subjects owing to marriage with the subjects of other countries will, on making application, if their marriage has been terminated by the death of the husband or by divorce, again become German subjects. In this case, those of their children not yet of age likewise will become German citizens.

Making Soap Out of Mustangs

Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay is not dedicated to more inglorious use than the wild mustangs of the Mojave Desert. While Caesar stops a hole to keep the wind away the mustangs are made into soap. Just what the process is has not been explained, but according to the San Bernardino Sun, a sober journal, the thrifty Los Angeles soapmakers have discovered a good lathery article of suds and buy him off the desert at five dollars a head. This is surprising, but only less surprising is the fact that the Mojave has its bands of wild horses. The progenitors of the bands were turned loose years ago and besides increasing after their kind, were joined by many strays which got away from prospectors in obedience to the call of the wild. The bands are very large and exceedingly wild.

The Case of Andrew Toth

In 1891 in Allegheny county, Pa., Andrew Toth, an Austrian, was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. The other day he was pardoned by Governor Tener and given his liberty after serving for nearly twenty years. It turns out that he was wholly innocent of the crime with which he was charged, that, in fact, he had no connection whatever with it, and that an injustice was inflicted upon him for which now there can be no adequate redress or reparation. The chief witness against him at his trial, the man who positively designated Toth as the murderer of Michael Quinn, and on whose testimony Toth was convicted, lately died in Austria, and on his deathbed confessed that he swore falsely and he piteously begged that the victim of his devilish perjury might be set at liberty. The confession led to an investigation along the lines it disclosed, and this made it perfectly certain that Toth was wholly innocent. This Andrew Toth was a poor and obscure man who worked in one of the Carnegie mills at Pittsburg. They tell us that there was nothing in his character or antecedents to connect him presumably with such a crime; that he was a peaceable, devout and even a religious man, and that in the prison he was known as "Little Praying Andy." During all the weary years of his incarceration he bore his sufferings meekly and patiently, never once losing his faith in God, and in the fact that the day of his deliverance and vindication would surely come. He tells us himself that the confinement, the toil and the discipline of the prison caused but a very small part of his suffering. It was the anguish which wrung his soul on account of the frightful injustice done him, and the disgrace brought on his humble name and that of his wife and children. What can society do in recompense? It would seem, absolutely nothing.

He's Against Bathing

Sir Almroth Wright, a distinguished London physician, has recently been talking in a fashion which reminds one of a Shavian medico. Sir Almroth is against the hot bawth and the cold tub. "People," he declares, "say we must have hard exercise, a certain amount of washing and a certain amount of fresh air, but I am persuaded that these rules are quite wrong. There is a belief that by washing people wash off the microbes but we also destroy the protective skin which is all around the body like the tiles of a house. When one has a horny hand no microbes can ever get near the skin. A great deal of washing increases the microbes of the skin, so I don't think cleanliness is to be recommended as a hygienic method." All of which has excited the derision of London journalists and obtained for him mention in countless paragraphs. Which, in turn, may have been what Sir Almroth was after.

Branding Criminals

A Paris physician, Dr. Icard, has announced his invention of a new method for identifying criminals. It consists of a paraffine injection, by which he can be readily recognized. After taking his measure by the Bertillon process, Dr. Icard suggests that a small quantity of paraffine be injected under the skin of the convicted person. The injection forms a small hump, which does not endanger the person's health, but which he keeps all his life and which looks like a natural excrescence. According to the doctor's scheme a regular sign language could be arranged. It might be agreed the world over that the right shoulder blade be reserved for operations. It could be divided into three parts. The upper might be reserved for humps denoting "very dangerous," the middle for "dangerous," the lower for "less dangerous." And a detective could easily take hold of a man's shoulder and feel for the hump which would indicate whether the criminal be handcuffed immediately or watched for a longer period of time.

Tea Drinking in France

Tea drinking in France seems to have become not only fashionable, but popular. Its increasing vogue is shown by the revenue returns for 1909, which show a consumption of 1,239 tons. Reckoning a pinch of tea per cup, this represents about 620,000,000 cups drunk in the course of the year. Ten or fifteen years ago tea was regarded in France as a semi-medical concoction, to be used to restore fainting women. It was classed among the mild liquids commonly known as "tisanes," and in the provinces, at any rate, people who expressed a liking for tea as a beverage were looked upon as "snobs" or eccentrics. Nowadays the fashion has spread all over the country, and no hotel would be likely to perpetrate such an absurdity as the famous announcement, "Tous les jours, five o'clock a quatre heures." The practice of giving sweet wines with cakes in the afternoon is now looked upon as quite out of date.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Feminine Intuition

By Louis Faran (From the French)

For some years past I had managed to invent an ingenious pretext for declining the annual invitation of my dear old aunt, the estimable Madame de Franges, to join her regular summer house-party at her picturesque chateau, the "Willows."

Frankly, I feared being bored. I was deeply attached to my aunt, however, and considered her one of the sweetest, dearest old ladies in the world.

My cousin, Elise, her little granddaughter, who was horribly spoiled, possibly because she was an orphan, I regarded as a mere thoughtless, happy, noisy child, a trifle too hoydenish to suit my esthetic tastes. She had grown up with the rapidity of a blade of grass, was extremely tall and slender, and naturally with me she did not count. As to the other highly respectable people with whom my dear aunt surrounded herself on these annual festivities, they rather bored than amused me.

This year, however, I accidentally learned that the list of invited guests had been slightly modified and that Madame Londel, "the beautiful Madame Londel," as she was called in Parisian society, would honor the "Willows" while monsieur took the water cure at Vichy. The news quite electrified me and instantly I sent a gushing note of acceptance to my unsuspicious aunt.

Madame Londel and myself were not strangers, for during the previous winter, I had been her most devoted cavalier at balls and receptions and our discreet little flirtation had been much discussed in the drawing-rooms over teacups, so I joyfully prepared to take my departure for the "Willows," Seine-et-Marne.

Arriving at the chateau, Madame de Franges greeted me with: "Ah, I know why you did not refuse to come this time!"

These words, I must confess, for the moment rather disconcerted me, particularly when she added: "It was Elise who discovered the reason for your honoring us this year.'

"Diable!" I said to myself. "Young girls in general are often worse than les enfants terribles, and on many occasions more to be feared."

As these uncomfortable reflections were flitting through my mind, Elise herself, who had overheard her grandmother's last words, with disheveled hair and almost breathless, came running down the stair-case like a rushing wind, and, with a prodigious bound, landed in the center of the spacious drawing-room.

"Yes, indeed, monsieur!" said she with a pert toss of her head and a general air of triumph. "Every other summer you have found us too tiresome to come, but this year you were very glad to accept our invitation and simply because—"and here she hesitated, but continued in a moment with a provokingly knowing look, "because you knew exactly whom you were going to meet."

For the life of me I couldn't understand how she had divined the true motive of my visit; so I watched her expression with renewed anxiety, and then, with the idea of throwing her off the track, I made a ghastly attempt to smile, and managed to say: "Truly, now—"

But she interrupted me, and with a smile of triumph, remarked:

"Yes, it is because we invited another beau just like yourself, your bosom friend Alfred de Mussielle!"

Delighted with herself and proud of her discernment, she burst out into a loud laugh, while I, who had not until that very moment known of de Musielle's coming, patted her on the shoulder, took her by the hand and congratulated her in the most profuse language on her rare penetration and extreme finesse. Poor little Elise!

I must acknowledge that the arrival of the beautiful Madame Londel gave me a disagreeable disappointment, and a rather severe shock. I had always met her in Paris in the evening, under the illusive light of a chandelier or a lamp; but now in the broad daylight under the glaring rays of a pitiless summer sun, notwithstanding the artificial aids so artistically used to preserve her beauty, she no longer looked the same. Gradually, however, the first disagreeable impression passed away and I became again her devoted cavalier, doing all I could to please her.

Some days later, as we were walking through the fields and had purposely fallen behind the rest of the party, I began in the most ardent manner to pour out the passionate love lyrics with which her charms had inspired me. She did not seem in the least offended with my boldness, but listened with apparent satisfaction as one quite accustomed to such declarations and graciously granted me a rendezvous for that very evening. Very mysteriously we agreed to meet in the conservatory, when all the rest of the highly respectable and tiresome people should be sleeping the sleep of innocence and boredom.

During the remainder of the day I experienced great difficulty in concealing the joy I felt at the prospective romantic meeting. We dined, of course—for how can love live without dining?—and at ten my aunt and her guests retired as usual to their apartments for the night. I waited with anxiety the approach of midnight, the hour fixed for our rendezvous.

At last, as the clock struck twelve, with the greatest precaution, I began to prepare to leave my room when I heard a very light knock at the door. I opened it, and in the shadow vaguely distinguished the outlines of a feminine form that proved to my great stupefaction to be Elise.

"Elise!" I exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

She motioned me to be silent, placing her finger on her lips, and then, drawing closer, whispered:

"We must speak very low, for grandmama is asleep and it would frighten her dreadfully!" Then, eyeing me from head to foot, she said softly: "You were getting ready to go out; where were you going?"

I looked at her without answering, completely stupefied, and she continued in a low whisper:

"I was just coming to get you. I was unaware that you, also, knew. How did you find it out?" And without giving me time to answer, she added in a still more confidential tone: "After all, it really doesn't matter. Come, hurry, we have just time! But are you going unarmed? Take your revolver, please." I made a gesture of protest, but she said imperiously: "Take it! You must! It will be necessary if the robbers are numerous."

"The robbers!" I repeated to myself. "Then it is merely a question of robbers," and mechanically I obeyed. Going to my bureau drawer, I armed myself with my pistol. Then Elise blew out the light and I followed her in silence into the darkness of the hall and out into the garden.

I did not dare to ask an explanation. Happily for me, however, Elise began to explain without being questioned, and, suddenly turning toward me, she said:

"The place of meeting was in the conservatory, was it not?"

Completely nonplused and not knowing what to reply, I made a sort of inarticulate sound, which she accepted as an acquiescence and with her accustomed volubility continued: "Today, just a little after twelve, as I was getting wild flowers by the side of Old Mother Jeanne's cabin, I distinctly heard voices whispering: 'Yes, tonight, while the household are sleeping, we will meet at twelve in the conservatory'; I was so frightened that I did not dare to move or peep to see what the robbers looked like.

"My first thought was," she went on, speaking in a lower and more mysterious undertone, "that we were all to be assassinated; but after reflecting, I decided that this was absurd and that I was foolish to allow myself to be so easily alarmed. All day I endeavored to rid myself of that frightful conjecture, and even tonight I tried to put it out of my mind. But once in my own room, I was seized with a desire to investigate and to find out just what the mysterious whisperers meant to do. 'Just suppose,' said I to myself, 'that they should attack poor old grandmama!' After that I couldn't sleep, so I got up and dressed and came after you."

As Elise talked she hurried on, and I, her unwilling victim, meekly followed. Arrived at the hedge, she drew me behind a clump of shrubs. "Here," she whispered, "our view will be perfect, and we shall be unobserved. No matter which path they take, they will be obliged to pass there"—and she pointed to a lilac bush—"to reach the conservatory."

The situation had become quite ludicrous and, since I had discovered the sort of robbers we were in search of, I did not care to spend the rest of the night, revolver in hand, waiting for imaginary burglars. The only difficulty now presented was how to get rid of this suspicious girl. I begged her to return to the chateau, but she refused point-blank and would not listen to my logical pleadings.

"No," she declared, with the tenacity of a little terrier, "my resolution is irrevocable, and I shall remain here on watch."

Soon after, the expected happened and we heard a slight rustling of leaves. "Hush! Listen!" said Elise, trembling from head to foot with fright.

Then, in the clear starlight, we saw Madame Londel gowned in a long, trailing, white Grecian robe—undoubtedly got up for my special delectation—walking quickly toward the side of the conservatory. Stunned with surprise, Elise opened wide her great brown eyes and stood transfixed, watching her grandmother's guest until she had disappeared into the avenue of roses leading directly to the conservatory. For a few minutes she remained silent, trying to collect her thoughts, and then repeated half aloud to herself: "Madame Londel! Madame Londel in the conservatory!"

Suddenly the whole truth of the situation flashed upon her and, overcome by the comical side of the adventure, she burst into a loud laugh—a fresh, piercing, insolent laugh—which was irritatingly exasperating.

"Look here," I said, "Elise!"

But she would not listen to me. "Madame Londel!" she repeated. "Well, she is a sweet duck! Madame Londel and her rendezvous in the conservatory! Why, you could just as well have left your revolver in your drawer."

(Continued on Page 23.)

Private Wire—New York, Chicago. Western Union Code

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The Spectator

Lew Hanchett, Millionaire

As a result of his successful sale of the street railway system of San Jose and Santa Clara to the Southern Pacific Company, Lewis F. Hanchett enters the millionaire class. The deal was made with Kuhn, Loeb and Company, bankers for the Southern Pacific, who are very close-mouthed; so the consideration has not become public, but it is said that four millions were paid to Hanchett and to John Martin and Eugene de Sabla who were his associates in the deal. There is a story of hard work and independent endeavor behind the success which Hanchett has achieved. With his father he used to be in the cattle and mining business, without, however, making a big cleanup. Then Hanchett's sister married George Crocker and when Hanchett went into the street railway business in San Jose it was said that Crocker was backing him. As a matter of fact he never received assistance from his millionaire brother-in-law. He had many a day of hard sledding, but there was no appeal to his wealthy relation. Now that he has crowned his years of hard work he has only himself and a close personal friend to thank. The manner in which he got into the street railway business is interesting. The German Savings Bank of this city held a mortgage on the street railways of San Jose. J. C. Campbell, the lawyer, put up $30,000 as an option to cover this mortgage, but found that it was hard to interest capital. Finally he went to Hanchett and told him that if he would take the option, save Campbell his $30,000 and protect the bank, he might have the properties. Hanchett went to New York and tried to interest the Goulds, but without success. Then he went to Edwin Hawley, at that time a rising young railroad man, through whom the Southern Pacific got wind of his proposition. The big company tried to buy him out but he refused to sell. The Campbell option had only three days to run and Hanchett despaired of swinging the deal when his friend Fred Tillman came to his assistance and advanced the money. Just what Hanchett paid is not known, but he never regretted his persistence. He knew he had a good thing and at last his greatest expectations have been realized

The Forgetful Reformers

It does not necessarily follow that because a man is a reformer he has a better memory than other men. At least that is the deduction I make from a little thing that happened at Sacramento. At the beginning of the session there was the customary resolution to buy each member of the Legislature a set of codes. There was also the customary objection from those few members who thought that ten or fifteen sets would be amply sufficient and that the State should be spared the expense of buying one hundred and twenty sets at eighteen dollars a set. After considerable debate it was decided to buy a set for each member with the understanding that all the sets should be turned over to the State law library when the Legislature adjourned. Everybody seemed to be satisfied with this compromise. But alas! it seems that reformers have poor memories. At the end of the session the only legislators who remembered their promise were Senators Martinelli and Caminetti and Assemblyman Chandler. All the other—one hundred and seventeen in number—thoughtlessly packed the State's codes into their boxes and carted them away from Sacramento. However, as this was a reform Legislature, there is no doubt that just as soon as the slip of memory is called to the attention of the one hundred and seventeen members, they will lose no time in sending the books back to Sacramento where they belong. Any one who would doubt that is out of sympathy with reform and should be anathematized.

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Who Is Spingarn's Friend?

President David Starr Jordan of Stanford will probably have his curiosity stimulated when he reads the statement of Professor Joel E. Spingarn, late head of the department of comparative literature of the Columbia University. Professor Spingarn lost his job because, it is said, he espoused the cause of Professor Peck who was dismissed for getting involved in a breach-of-promise scandal, but the Alumni News of Columbia University has said that Professor Spingarn was "relieved from academic duty" because he had not properly performed his work. Now comes the professor with a statement to the effect that he incurred President Butler's enmity on account of the interest that he took in Professor Peck's case. That part of his statement which will interest President Jordan is as follows: "When this controversy first aroused public attention a few weeks ago a professor of the Leland Stanford University warned me from the experience of his own university that the authorities of Columbia would attempt to evade the real issue by obscuring personalities." From this it is to be inferred that in the faculty of Stanford there is still a professor who has no very high regard for President Jordan. This professor evidently has been harking back to the Ross case. It has been supposed that everybody who sympathized with Professor Ross in that firebrand's controversy with President Jordan long since shook the academic dust of Palo Alto from his feet and hied himself to a more congenial atmosphere.

They Couldn't Feaze Si

From placid Centerville comes an interesting story concerning Colonel Roosevelt, Prexy Wheeler and a village blacksmith. The colonel and the prexy were motoring to Berkeley and their car broke down as they passed through the sleepy hamlet. They were told that the only man in town who could tinker their machine was Si, the village blacksmith, so they repaired to Si's smithy. They found him hard at work and stated their demand. "I'm busy," said Si, "and I have no time to fix you up." The prexy bristled. "But," he said, training an imperious look on the village smith, "I'm Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California and this is Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, ex-president of the United States." Si shifted his quid, spat with deliberation and answered: "I don't give a hang who you are. Do you see those ploughshares? Well, I promised Bill Harrison to have 'em ready tomorrow morning and I'm going to have 'em for Bill on time." And Si went on with his work.

Love's Pilgrimage

With those readers who pronounce Upton Sinclair's novel, "Love's Pilgrimage," erotic I take issue. The book does not rise to the plane of eroticism. Mr. Sinclair could not be erotic howsoever hard he tried. By temperament he is ascetic, and from lack of imagination he is incapable of depicting the manners and modes of impassioned sensuality. Mr. Sinclair is a realist with the talent of the painter who can reproduce what he sees. He fancies that by accuracy realism may be vindicated. He has yet to learn that not to know the difference between an ass and a horse is a less serious matter than to paint either animal inartistically. In "Love's Pilgrimage" Mr. Sinclair is inartistic inasmuch as he wandered beyond the limit of license. He has introduced his readers to a husband and wife for the purpose of laying bare sentiments, feelings and conduct which husbands and wives hold sacred. One cannot read the book without feeling like a Peeping Tom, and as the instincts of a Peeping Tom are happily extremely rare there is not much danger of the book being widely read. It is my sincere advice to my readers not to permit their curiosity to impel them to the purchase of this book. If any there be who have a pruriency to be stimulated they will suffer disappointment if to gratify their passion they attempt to read this novel. It is nothing more than nauseous stuff, filthy trash. You may enjoy Petronius or Apuleius, Boccaccio or Rabelais, but even so you will not enjoy Sinclair. By this novel he has achieved nothing more than the distinction of having written a disgusting book which the most unsqueamish will fail to find diverting or entertaining. Sinclair has made the mistake of attempting entertainment beyond the bounds of art. His is not the sin of outspokeness; not the vice of obscenity but of profanation. Treatment may justify choice, as we have learned from Rabelais, who had the skill to purge even grossness of offence; but Sinclair is a writer against whom the Paradise of license has been barred by angel hands.

The Importance of Works

Two newspapers are taking our new Senator, John D. Works, very seriously. I refer to the Fresno Republican and the Los Angeles Express. As Mr. Rowell of the Republican and Mr. Earl of the Express are responsible for foisting Works upon the State they may be pardoned for looking with enthusiasm upon their handiwork. "Chet" Rowell finds that the reopening of the Lorimer case has "done one thing for California." What is this one thing? "It has given Senator John D. Works a national reputa-

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tion in his first week." It is not every Senator who wins a national reputation in his first week, so we are interested. But not knowing just how that reputation was acquired, we read further: "Every newspaper in the United States published Senator La Follette's resolution for a new inquiry, with the name of Senator Works leading the proposed committee." We are properly impressed. To have one's name published broadcast as the leader of a proposed committee is to win a national reputation. There can be no doubt about it because "Chet" reiterates it: "The unique luck of it is in having his recognition come in the first week on a matter which automatically advertises it and gives the recipient of the recognition a national reputation at one leap." Here we have a formula worth remembering. Let us enrich out memories with the fact that national reputations are won at one leap by automatic advertisement. Hats off to the unique logic of "Chet." Mr. Earl is so impressed with the importance of Works that he has detached a member of his staff, Mr. Eddie Dickson, to wait upon the footsteps of the new Senator and properly pressagent his achievements. Dickson is an enthusiast, but his enthusiasm is not reserved for Works alone. It is extended to all the Progressives. Two days after Dickson arrived in Washington he wired to the Express: "Progressive Republicanism is in the ascendant in the National Legislature. One has only to glance over the faces of members of the new Senate to become instantly convinced of that fact." If Eddie sees all that at the first glance what will he spy after a good long look?

He Remembered His Friends

I saw Malcolm McDonald in the lobby of the Palace Hotel a few days ago and heard with considerable pleasure that his recent mining investments are going to put him in the millionaire class. Here is a man who deserves to be rich because he uses money to give pleasure to others. It was ten years ago that Malcolm McDonald made his first cleanup in Nevada mines, and I will never forget one night in the bar of the old Palace when he handed to Charles Morris, another Nevada miner, ten thousand dollars in crisp new bills. Morris looked at the money with amazement and interrogation depicted on his face. "Charlie," explained McDonald, "you have always been a mighty good friend to me and I want you to take this gift as a little token of my esteem." McDonald also dug up the names and addresses of his old playmates and school day friends and sent them sums ranging from one to five thousand dollars.

The Richest Oil Well

It is so easy to make a fortune in oil nowadays that the making of one is listed among the commonplaces. Oil magnates have ceased to be distinguished from the common herd. New fountains of oil burst from the profounds of earth and inundate the circumjacent fields without even so much as inspiring a scare head in a daily paper. In the State where once glistered the fruit of the gardens of Hesperides now flow streams of golden oil and the world lifts not an eyelid. Less than a month ago the most remarkable oil well in the history of the oil-producing industry began to spurt its precious treasure, and the only emotion it has induced is felt by the fortunate owners. This is the Mammoth Oil Company's well at North Midway. Not long ago the Lakeview well was considered a marvel. It is not to be compared with the Mammoth for the quality of its oil or the profits which it poured into the pockets of its owners. The Mammoth began to gush on March 26 at the

THE MAMMOTH OIL WELL

A great gusher and the reflection of it in the oil that flowed from its own depths.

rate of thirty thousand barrels a day, and on April 26 the Mammoth company will receive the largest check that was ever paid in this country for oil production in one month. Estimating at the present ratio of production this check will approximate $120,000. The Mammoth has not hit the high-water mark for production, but owing to its quality, being 26 gravity oil, and the exceptionally favorable circumstances attending the tapping and piping of it the owners have been exceedingly fortunate. Within forty-eight hours after the column of oil made its first appearance the Standard Oil Company had three pipe lines leading to the well and the Mammoth company had a contract for sixty-five cents a barrel. The principal stockholders are Clarence Berry, president; William Maguire, vice-president; Charles H. Holbrook Jr., Frank Berry of Alaska and Louis M. Hoefler.

"Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" quoted the impassioned actor. Then he paused a moment to let it take effect.

"Well," spoke up a half-inebriated man in the audience, "I'll be the goat. Why should it?"

Plumas Will Be Wet

J. E. Sexton, assistant to the manager of the Quincy and Western Railway, brings to the city the cheering news that Plumas County after a protracted "dry" spell, will go "wet" again on May 15. The people of Plumas got tired of the saloons on account of the undesirable character of the men who ran them in and about Quincy. But now they feel that the saloon keepers have learned a lesson and will conduct their places properly. One of the supervisors who voted to make the county "wet" again is a man who has never tasted liquor in his life. He declared that liquor had never done him any harm and he didn't see why it should harm other people! One of the things which helped the "wets" was the discovery by a newspaper editor of a blind pig in the meeting room of the supervisors. He told in his paper how the sheriff came in to get a drink —and got it! I believe that the district attorney was quite wrought up about the thing and expressed the opinion in private that the sheriff acted indiscreetly! But after May 15 there will be no occasion for blind pigs in Plumas, in the supervisors' room or elsewhere.

A Hot Campaign in Butte

A friend who came down from Oroville a few days ago told me that the citizens of that interesting town are having the time of their rustic lives over the municipal campaign which is now waging merrily. The present mayor, C. E. Kusel, is opposed for reelection by one Paul Reicker. Reicker added to the gayety of the fight by issuing a pamphlet in which he declared that Mayor Kusel had not fulfilled his promises to the people and also that he was lined up with the water company and the liquor people. Whereupon Mayor Kusel came out in a newspaper interview and vociferated that Reicker was a fugitive from the law and that he was wanted in Portland for a felonious assualt. Reicker retorted with a circular affirming that Mayor Kusel was the owner of disorderly houses in the Oroville red light district and therefore a lawbreaker. At last accounts, said my friend, Reicker was out looking for the mayor and vowing ominously that when he found His Honor there would be no waste of words.

Kent's Committees

The Honorable Bill Kent of Kentfield will not be overburdened with committee work during the current session of Congress. He will have plenty of time to attend to his correspondence and to indulge in the distribution of seeds among the voters of the second district. For Bill has been placed on two committees which will not call for the overexertion of his tremendous intellectual abilities. In the parlance of the sidewalk Bill has been handed "a couple of lemons." He was given the tail-end place on the committee on industrial arts and expositions and was made next to tail-ender on the committee on reform in civil

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service. As the award of the World's Fair to San Francisco disposed of the only important business before the first committee and as the second committee has no particular program of activity, Bill will be relieved of the worries with which the members of working committees are afflicted. His failure to land desirable committee places is traceable to his long feud with Congressman Mann of Illinois, the minority leader. As I said last week, it is believed in Washington that that feud started when Kent was avid of Mann's seat and failed to satisfy his ambition. When the minority in Congress organized, Kent wanted to have a committee on committees make the assignments. but the prevailing sentiment was in favor of allowing the minority leader to do this. So Kent became peevish. He expressed no preferences, made no request; in fact, showed no interest in the matter. Naturally Mann did not go out of his way to berth him comfortably.

His Constituents Are Sore

There is a lot of dissatisfaction among Kent's constituents over his committee assignments and the purported reasons for his failure to land something impressive. This dissatisfaction is voiced in the largest city of Kent's bailiwick by the Sacramento Union. The Union is not in sympathy with Kent, although it did not oppose his candidacy. So its comments must be regarded as unfriendly. There can be no doubt however that these comments represent a sentiment that is being expressed in many parts of the second district. The Union points out that Kent's insurgent tendencies cannot be offered in excuse for his bad committee assignments because insurgents like Madison of Kansas and Lenroot of Wisconsin were given important berths. "If he could have been appointed to the committee on irrigation, public lands, agriculture, immigration or some other body having first consideration of matters vitally affecting the interests of his constituency, he would be in a position to do effective work," says the Union. "Evidently Mr. Kent has by some particularly offensive course caused himself to be all but completely ignored in the organization of the House. Perhaps a reminder that Mr. Kent is not in the national capitol merely to perform as a partisan might be in order." And the Union refers tartly to Kent's two committees, "one of which never meets, while the other's work was completed at the last session."

Our Lame Ducks Provided For

Sometimes it pays to be a lame duck. When a statesman retires or is retired from the national legislative body, all the world is darkened for him for a while, but there are apt to be compensations. Samuel G. Blythe has been telling in the Saturday Evening Post how Frank Flint and Jim McLachlan "fell on the feather bed." "One of the finest and softest mattresses ever contrived for ex-statesmen to fall upon," he says, "is the National Monetary Commission of which ex-Senator Aldrich is the head, front, center and all the works." The salary attached to the job is seventy-five hundred dollars a year and the duties are not onerous. "The only financial transaction that will worry them or need worry them will be to draw their seventy-five hundred dollars a year each. That is as far as they will go; but their connection with the commission will enable them to live in Washington, if they want to, part of the time—and that is much, for after a statesman gets the Washington habit it is very hard to reform." On this gold-fleeced feather bed ex-Senator Flint and ex-Congressman Jim McLachlan landed when they fell out of the legislative body. Of course they may earn those salaries of theirs, but Blythe is sceptical, judging from past performances of the Commission. "The studies this band of financial experts has been making of our currency and banking systems are of inestimable value to the country—that is, the studies they have been making would be of inestimable value to the country if they had made any. The fact is, the National Monetary Commission is a joke, when its membership is considered." I doubt whether Frank Flint and Jim McLachlan see the joke.

The Bank of Shasta Failure

When the Bank of Shasta closed its doors a few weeks ago there was apparent studied effort to hold former Bank Superintendent Alden Anderson responsible for much of the misfortune of the depositors. It was said that he learned weeks before he went out of office that the bank was in straitened circumstances, and that he should have taken prompt and summary action. Mr. Anderson being in Europe and unaware of what was occurring here was not heard from. In his absence but one side of the story was accessible, and that side was exploited for all it was worth to his discredit. Meantime the truth has been coming to light, and in justice to Mr. Anderson it should be given publicity, but the newspapers seldom recant. However they have modified their criticisms. The truth is that Anderson had no knowledge of the looseness of the bank's business management until after the first improper transaction by which its condition was impaired. Before that time there was nothing for him to do. He had no way of anticipating a hazardous loan. As soon as he learned of the loan he attempted to repair the damage, to protect the depositors and stockholders by obtaining security for the loan and by compelling a change of management to guard against a repetition of misconduct. If he could have accomplished his purpose all would have been well, and the probabilities at the time were that success would attend his efforts. The course he took was the only course that sound judgment dictated. It was the course that gave promise of averting a disaster that threatened a whole community. According to his lights, the only lights available at the time, it would have been folly not to attempt to protect the depositors by the business method which he adopted. Eventually it became imperative to close the bank, but that circumstance does not prove that Anderson did not act wisely when he first learned of the misconduct of Banker Bush. During Mr. Anderson's term of office he rendered more efficient service than was ever rendered by any of his predecessors. He did not go about seeking publicity for his achievements, but the bankers of the State knew that he handled several difficult problems with great ability, and that by his conscientious devotion to duty he caused the rehabilitation of more than one shaky institution and protected people who are to this day unaware of their obligations to him.

George Sterling's New Book

There are three longer poems in George Sterling's new book, "The House of Orchids and Other Poems," which has just come from the publishing house of that friend of all California writers, Alexander M. Robertson. They are "The House of Orchids" itself, inspired by the poet's visit to the beautiful home of Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell; "Duandon"; and "An Altar of the West" which embodies the writer's broodings at Point Lobos, the southern boundary of Carmel Bay. Of these "The House of Orchids" is pretty well known already. It was first published in the Town Talk of two Christmases ago. What more need be said of it than was said by a shy singer whose poetry will some day be acclaimed as it deserves: "'The House of Orchids' is as rich in loveliness as are orchids themselves. There is a veil over the lines heavy with the atmosphere in which such flowers thrive." Some of its lines suggest the sustained haunting of Coleridge's Kubla Khan. No doubt the verdict of the cultivated will be that it stands with the best that Sterling has done—and that is saying much. "Duandon" is a poem permeated with exquisite sentiment and bearing lightly a tale that is transfigured with the beauty of the sea and sea-shells. Throughout the whole volume, by the way, Sterling's increasing preoccupation with the sea is evident. He shares for old ocean the passion that distinguished Shelley and Swinburne. Evident too in this volume is Sterling's increasing thoughtfulness. Mere beauty contents him no more; there must be a significance in the beauty he celebrates. This broadening and deepening of

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his inspiration is well illustrated by "The Evanescent," one of the most precious jewels of the present collection. Occasionally, as in the sonnet "The Moth of Time," there is an agnostic, almost a cynical note which, let us hope, is only a phase of Sterling's development, to be outgrown in his robuster thinking.

The Personal Note

The personal note is struck many times. "A Character" which may or may not be Sterling's warm friend Jack London, is not so much a characterization as a celebration of one seen through the rose-glasses of enthusiastic admiration. "The Apothecary's" is in a light vein that is not very well known to Sterling's readers, though his friends have had many charming reminders of it. The poems addressed to Ambrose Bierce, to Hall B. Rand, to Vernon L. Kellogg, to Charles Warren Stoddard and to Nora May French have a peculiar richness of beauty for those who catch the accent of sincerity that beats in every line; for strangers they have beauty sufficient of the purely poetic kind. The poem to that unhappy singer Miss French runs thus:

The Ashes in the Sea

N. M. F.

Whither, with blue and pleading eyes,—
  Whither, with cheeks that held the light
Of winter's dawn on cloudless skies,
    Evadne, was thy flight?

Such as a sister's was thy brow;
  Thy hair seemed fallen from the moon—
Part of its radiance, as now
    Of shifting tide and dune.

Did Autumn's grieving lure thee hence,
  Or silence ultimate beguile?
Ever our things of consequence
    Awakened but thy smile.

Is it with thee that ocean takes
  A stranger sorrow to its tone?
With thee the star of evening wakes
    More beautiful, more lone?

For wave and hill and sky betray
  A subtle tinge and touch of thee;
Thy shadow lingers in the day,
    Thy voice in winds to be.

Beauty—hast thou discovered her
  By deeper seas no moons control?
What stars have magic now to stir
    Thy swift and wilful soul?

Or may thy heart no more forget
  The grievous world that once was home,
That here, where love awaits thee yet,
    Thou seemest yet to roam?

For most, far-wandering, I guess
  Thy witchery on the haunted mind,
In valleys of thy loneliness,
    Made clean with ocean's wind.

And most thy presence here seems told,
  A waif of elemental deeps,
When, at its vigils unconsoled,
    Some night of winter weeps.

His Love of Jewels

Sterling's love of jewels which was strikingly manifested in his "A Wine of Wizardry" is once more shown in the new volume. There is hardly a page from which gems do not scintillate to the imagination of the reader. One cannot dip into the book without being reminded of a treasure box of precious stones. "Clean from kingdoms of the sapphire vast," "shuddering blaze of leaping emerald and cold chrysoprase," "like some king-ruby ravished from a throne," "in jasper evenings of the sea" are instances of how his poet's eye clothes the ocean with gems. "Beyond that realm of jade and jade-bound bays he saw the sapphire fields of ocean blaze; heard the alliant waters chant their rune before the turquoise battlements of noon" is a characteristic stanza. In "The House of Orchids" there is not so much of this as one might expect, but we have "crystal in the twilights of the moon," "evanescent pearls," "baleful rubies," "her ghostly pearl" and "bowls of jade." And so on through the volume. It may be questioned whether so persistent a reliance for beauty on the hues of jewels does not rather weaken than strengthen a poet's imagination. But perhaps this is a theme for hypercritical controversy. For another kind of controversy there is the new chapter for the Book of Job, a tour de force that cannot be treated slightingly, though it will naturally be studied rather as a poet's exercise than as an item in his contributions to original verse.

He—"My dear, I don't want you to wear that dress you had on last night again."

She (indifferently)—"What's the matter with it?

He—"Er—Well, Paddington came up to me and said: 'I can see your wife's back from Paris.'"

The Preacher and the Ladies

Rev. Charles Aked is making a great hit with the ladies by his ardent espousal of woman's suffrage. They predict for him a great future in San Francisco on account of his attitude on the suffrage question. But the other preachers in town are in a state of panic. They are afraid that this clergyman who says that denominations are nothing to him and who regards creed as a triviality will become the star pulpit performer and increase the vacant spaces in their pews. Dr. Rader, I am told, has already expressed himself on the subject. And Dr. Rader's acquaintances predict that he will lose some sleep in quest of a hobby for a counter-agency.

They Can't Ride on Passes

Recent restrictive legislation relating to railways enacted by the Interstate Commerce Commission and by the California Legislature has created a curious situation for some of our well known men. On account of a ruling by the Interstate body a stock holder in one railway corporation cannot use a pass over the lines of another railway. That is hard enough on the men who have never been in the habit of paying for their transportation, but our recent legislature complicated matters by passing a law which prohibits a shipper from accepting a pass on a railway with which he transacts shipping business. The men who have been embarrassed by the application of this law are J. C. Queale of Minneapolis and Berkeley, president of the McCloud River Railway; Frank G. Drum, president of the Yosemite Valley Railway; T. S. Bullock, president of the Yosemite Valley Railway; and G. W. Scott, president of the Yreka Railway. All of these men are interested in lumber or other corporations which ship over the rails which they own; so they cannot use passes on their own lines!

Oza Waldrop Heard From

The innumerable theatregoers in our midst who remember Oza Waldrop for her fine work in ingenue roles at the Alcazar (where she preceded Frances Starr), will be pleased to learn that she is doing splendidly in New York. It is doubly interesting to chronicle this fact at the present time because her brother, Uda Waldrop, has won particular praise here by his piano playing as the accompanist of Rheinhold von Warlich, the Russian lieder singer. Four years ago Uda Waldrop played the organ in a church across the bay and spent a great deal of his spare time at the Press Club where his playing was a feature in many jinks. He left San Francisco and has been a great deal abroad, winning a success in concert work which is as satisfying as that won

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by his pretty sister on the stage in New York. In a recent issue of the New York Telegraph I came across quite a tribute to Oza's ability and, incidentally, to the Alcazar. The writer quotes a conversation with a "renowned first-nighter." It is worth quoting. "That artist, Oza Waldrop," said the man who knows the European theater backwards and is not without qualifications for passing on Chinese plays or the drama dances of the South Sea Islands, "must have been trained at the Comedie Francaise." "Not a bit of it," answered the writer; "she came out of a California stock company." "Then I wish I could banish half the stars I have seen on Broadway this season to California stock," rejoined the expert, "until they acquired the finesse that enables that tiny morsel of temperament and talent to construct a definite and luminous characterization out of ten speeches, a rag of chiffon and a pair of shoe strings." "Which," concludes the writer, "is about all the material that dramatists find it necessary to give this clever little girl."

Ruth St. Denis and "Dick" Tully

When Ruth St. Denis was here she told one of her interviewers that she wanted a great play. "My ambition, my dream," she said, "is a great drama of motion and color which will have what I call my dancing as a pivot on which to revolve. Into this drama I would have woven some great spiritual truth that I might express in a series of dances, some great appealing idea like the attainment of Samahadi by the Yogis of India." That's a big order to fill but Miss St. Denis has found a Californian who has undertaken to fill it. To whom do I refer but to Richard Walton Tully, our own "Dick"! Dick is writing a play for Miss St. Denis. Naturally it will not be like his previous efforts. Neither his first effort which was afterwards belascoated with local color to make "The Rose of the Rancho" nor his "Cupid the Cow-Punch" would offer much opportunity for Miss St. Denis and her pink tootsy-wootsies. I await with interest the production of what I can naturally regard as "Dick's" magnum opus.

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Evening Dress at the Play

Londoners are asking each other whether the customs of Paris, Vienna, New York, or Berlin in regard to dispensing with evening dress in the best seats in the theatres will be adopted in British playhouses, and the old rule for "dress" be replaced by the Continental one for "tweeds." The suggestion first came from George Alexander, the actor, who says that a person wishing to pay for a good seat should not be admonished to wear full dress. His views are enthusiastically sympathized with by Sir Herbert Tree and Cyril Maude, and the latter points out that a change should be made this year, at any rate, on account of the visitors who are to be in London for the coronation. There are others, however, who still believe in the good old custom of dressing for the best seats. These rightly declare that a man in evening dress does not like to sit beside one in tweeds, who might just have come off the train. And, most important of all arguments is that which points to the appropriateness of evening dress for a man who accompanies a woman in proper evening attire. George Grossmith Jr. is among those who are emphatically against abolition of evening dress. London theatre audiences, he points out, are acknowledged to be the best dressed in the world. And it is his opinion that they should not give up their position

Why Europeans Die of Plague

The special correspondent of the London Times at Kharbin, (he is a medical man), seems to think that no European need die of the plague now raging in Manchuria if the proper precautions are taken. He writes: "Evidence as to the value of inoculation is inconclusive, but evidence is overwhelming that nearly every case of death among the Europeans was preventible, and there have only been fifty deaths among a European population in the infected areas of North Manchuria of not less than 60,000. Astonishing indifference was manifested in the face of danger. Dr. Mesny, the brilliant French doctor who died, was examining unmasked the chest sounds of a patient with his naked ear when the patient coughed into his face and thus gave him his death. Dr. Michel, the Russian doctor whose death shocked the community, believing himself immune, showed a reckless disregard of precautions. Among the Russian sanitary corps, recruited as they were from the lowest classes, there was a conspicuous absence of precautions, the men drinking the spirit given them to disinfect their hands after moving the dead. When Pere Metillot was struck down in Hulanfu (a large Chinese town fifteen miles distant) his fellow-missionary from a neighboring district, Pere Delpal, came to nurse him. They had been friends from boyhood Pere Delpal kissed his dying comrade on the lips, was infected, and died in three days."

All the Speed He Wanted

"Drive like the deuce!" shouted Smith, springing into the taxi.

With a lurch the car darted forward, and away they went like lightning through the fog. Crash! They took off the wheel of a passing wagon. Hi! Hi! They missed flattening out a small child by two-ninths of a hair. Clang! They upset a milk-cart. People shouted, constables impotently held up their hands as the taxi dashed up one street and down another, taking corners on two wheels, and threatening every lamppost with destruction.

At last, after half an hour's furious racing, they slowed up in a narrow thoroughfare, and Smith poked his head out of the window.

"Are we nearly there?" he asked breathlessly.

The chauffeur turned in his seat and shouted: "Where did you want to go, sir?"

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Paw, Maw and a Joak

Paw and Maw were sitting in the sitting-room one evening, and preety soon paw began to laff.

"What's wrong?" maw ast.

"This is one of the best joaks I ever saw," paw says.

"Lissen and I'll read it to you: 'Why is the mistake of a dockter not as bad as that of a dentust?' Do you no?" paw ast.

"No," maw told him.

"Becoz," paw red, "one fills six feet and the other fills an aker."

"How do they do that?" maw ast.

"Becoz they make A mistake," paw ansered.

"Which does?" maw says.

"Both of them," paw told her. That's why the mistake of the dockter izzent as Bad as the dentust's."

"Why not?" says maw.

"The dockter only fills Six feat," paw told her, "and the dentust fills An aker."

"I don't understand About the feat," maw sed. "Why does he Fill six of them and What does he fill them with?" Paw began to look kind of glassy out of his eyes, and he Red the joak again to himself So he would be sure he Didn't make enny mistake. Then he says:

"Why, you see if a dockter would make a mistake it mite be fatle, and so he would fill six feat of earth with a man because the man would Be about six feat tall you no."

"I don't see mutch to laugh about such a joak," maw told him. "May be it mitcn't be a man at all, Or he mite be short."

"Oh, well," paw says, "they just pretend He would be a six-footer so as to Make it come in with the aker."

"Why do they want to do that?" maw ast.

"That's the joak," paw says.

"Which is?" maw told him.

"Why, the aker," paw ansered.

"Where are they enny Joak about that?" maw ast.

"The dentust fills it, you no," paw sed, but he Didn't seme to be very sure about it By that time.

"Yes," maw says, "but you red that he made A mistake."

"Don't you no what an aker is?" paw ast. "A tooth that You fill is an aker, and They have akers of ground."

"But where does the mistake come in?" maw sed.

"Why he Fills the rong one," paw ansered, Wiping his forrid and kind of looking Around like if he was trying to see If the escape was all cut off.

"Well, then how does He fill the aker," maw ast, "if the tooth he Fills is the rong one And duzzent ake?"

Then paw got up and tore the almannick in two and Threw it in the waist basket and sed:

"They are no use Trying to bring enny sunshine into This fambly. Let's drop the subject. The man that rote the joak Was a fool, and the one that printed it Was a worse one, but I'm not going to rong Either one of them by unjust suspishens. Mebby they didn't ever try to tell it To a woman."

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A Lillian Russell Story

Speaking of a saving sense of humor, Lillian Russell has retained hers over a chaotic waste of one-night stands, too. A letter from Miss Russell recounts an encounter between that bright-orbed star and a village Milton who was introduced to her somewhere between Enid, Oklahoma, and Waco, Texas, as a "literary young man." "Dazzled by my fur coat," writes Miss Russell, "the 'literary young man, was smitten with a fearful silence which I hadn't the nerve to break. Finally he tore his gaze away from my chinchilla and blurted forth in an agony of intellectual unrest: 'I think Shakespeare is a real nice writer, don't you?'

"I answered 'pretty good but he hasn't done much lately worth bragging about!'

"I am still haunted by the look in that man's eyes!"

"Isn't there any way to cut down a butcher's bill?" asked Tightwad, sarcastically addressing his meat man.

"Why, yes, Mr. Tightwad," said the latter. "You might pay a little on account now and then."

N. F. Wilson R. P. Boyer Frank N. Fish Sinc'air McLean

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Society Women in Business

Another bright society woman has entered the business world. I refer to Mrs. Fred Tallant, the sister of Mrs. Vincent Whitney who has taken up her late husband's insurance business. Mrs. Tallant was beautiful Helen Landers, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Landers and her husband who died last year belonged to the well known Tallant family. His sisters are Mrs. Stephen Brodie of Detroit and Mrs. J. J. Brice and his father was a pioneer banker of San Francisco. Mrs. Tallant has brains with her beauty and her friends who include Mrs. George

Photo, Bushnell
MISS AMALIA SIMPSON
A charming girl whose engagement to William Hough has just been announced.

Lent, a bridesmaid at her wedding, Mrs. Osgood Hooker and Mrs. George Pope are delighted with her success. Another society woman who is making a success of insurance is Miss Cora Smedberg, who is identified socially with the Burlingame set. Mrs. Randell Hunt whose daughter Natalie announced her engagement to Herbert Baker during the week is in real estate and Miss Sally Maynard also dealt in real estate for a time. There is a large circle of business women in society who will welcome Mrs. Tallant to their midst.

Fred Knight's Operatic Hopes

I am assured on good authority that Fred Knight is to seek success on the operatice stage. He is studying deligently with this end in view having taken up dramatic art while he masters the roles of German opera. Mrs. Knight who is in Europe wholly approves of his plan and the Family Club is watching the future star's progress in his ambition. Knight is the son of attorney George Knight and possesses a fine baritone voice that has been heard frequently in Bohemian and Family Club revels. He has been urged to adopt a professional career by such a judge as David Bispham, but only in the past weeks seriously determined to follow the advice. Mrs. Knight who believes her husband has a great future is related by marriage to Princess David Kawananakoa who was Miss Campbell of Honolulu. The mother of the Princess took for her second husband Colonel Sam Parker and his son was the first husband of Mrs. Fred Knight. He left her a fortune at his death and Mrs. Knight was a wealthy young widow when she married the young San Francisco clubman.

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Society Suffrage and Dr. Aked

Leaders of the suffragette party drew class distinctions, I am told, at the meeting to hear Dr. Aked last Tuesday and there is a great deal of dissatisfaction in the ranks. The boxes were all reserved for society women who were invited to fill them while the real workers of the cause were relegated to the body of the house. In the boxes were Mrs. A. H. Voohies, Mrs. Kate Henry, Mrs. Ed Dimond, Mrs. Ben Dibblee, Mrs. Jimmie Robinson, Miss Elena Robinson and more of their set who have been luke warm in their support of suffrage and had been gathered from the highways to lend the distinction of their presence. Dr. Aked made a fine impression with his indorsement of the American woman. He piled the flattery on thick and it was all welcome. Dr. Aked waxed witty at the expense of men in his story of the woman who told the man that no woman had had seven devils cast out of her in the Bible and to whom he responded, "No they are still in you." It is an old story that we have heard before.

They Might Have Eloped

Some of the more romantic people in society were a little disappointed when formal accouncement of the engagement of beautiful Mary Keeney to Talbot Walker was made. These romantic ones secretly hoped that Miss Keeney would elope with the man of her choice. There was absolutely no reason why she should do anything of the sort, for both are in the same set and the marriage will be a perfectly satisfactory one to both families. But it seems that when Helene Irwin, Charlotte and Emily Wilson, Florence Hopkins and Mary Keeney were at school together they made a schoolgirl vow that when the time for marriage came it would be by way of elopement. Emily Wilson kept her vow by eloping with Orville Pratt in spectacular fashion. Then Charlotte Wilson wedded George Cadwalader in conventional fashion and the romantic ones were disappointed. Helene Irwin broke her schoolgirl vow when she neglected to elope with Templeton Crocker. Now Mary Keeney has shown the same sort of weakness. The only remaining hope of the romantic ones is that Florence Hopkins will save the honor of the coterie by dashing off somewhere and getting married with all the sensational secrecy one reads about in romantic novels. But she is just as likely to succumb to the influence of formality and convention as the others.

How Styles Do Change!

The modes change with revolutionary completeness. Also our insular possessions are extremely remote. The two propositions do not seem to have much in common but they have. For my present purpose they must be regarded as intimately related. Two years ago when the charming and vivacious Engracia Critcher married Lieutenant Freyer of the navy, (their romance growing out of the coming of the fleet around the world), the styles for women were quite different from those which prevail today. Women were wearing large pompadours, small hats and gowns of a cut that now seems alien and queer. Naturally, when Lieutenant Freyer was ordered to desolate Guam, his bride accompanied him; naturally too the charming Engracia took away with her the fashions of the moment. Now, down in Guam, the fashions do not respond to the feverish influence of the rest-

Photo, Maurer
MISS HAZEL PIERCE
Daughter of the late Frank Pierce whose engagement to Thomas Hincks was recently announced. She will spend the summer in Cambridge, Mass.

less modistes; they remain fixed for many years at a time. It is so very far away, you see. So when Mrs. Freyer returned to this city recently with her husband, she still wore the extinct modes of two years ago—pompadour, hat, gown and all. Her friends were astonished when they saw her, but speedily realized the situation. A hurried run to the modiste and the milliner in a closed taxi remedied the defects in Mrs. Freyer's wardrobe.

Mrs. Casey Stricken

Mrs. Maurice Casey who was stricken with paralysis while on a visit to San Jose this week is one of the best known women in society. She was formerly Mrs. Dillon, the mother of Kate Dillon who with Mrs. Henry Crocker inherited the millions of the late Mrs. McLaughlin.

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Mrs. Winship came from her home in Georgia after the recent death of her step-father and has been at her mother's bed-side. The Casey mansion on Broadway and Broderick which is one of the show houses of the neighborhood, was built by Mrs. Winship who turned it over to her mother when she went East to live. She also owned a residence in Ross Valley which the Caseys occupied during the summer. Mrs. Casey has been ill at the home of her brother W. G. Fosgate in San Jose where she was stricken Tuesday afternoon. Her children Margaret and Harold Casey were summoned from San Francisco.

Maude Fay and the Prince

Before despatching our felicitations to Miss Maude Fay in Munich let us wait and see whether it is true that she is engaged to marry Prince Luitpold of Bavaria. These long-distance stories are not always confirmed. In a way I should be sorry to learn that the story was correct. From all I can learn Miss Fay has a fine operatic career ahead of her and it would be spoiled if she married into the Bavarian royal family. No Wittelsbach would allow his princess to appear on the stage. Of course a woman's personal happiness is apt to be more to her than her operatic ambitions, but still it is always too bad to see an artist retire to private life when the future of his or her art is still full of promise. Think of the case of Mary Anderson, for instance. In connection with the story of Miss Fay's engagement it is interesting to recall what she wrote in a letter to this paper more than a year ago. "I am quite content with my social position here in Munich," she said; "a position which I realize is quite unique—I being an American (I prefer saying Californian) and on the stage—two conditions rather difficult for conservative foreigners to accept."

She Didn't Get Him

From New York comes the story of the grievous disappointment of a gay and ambitious grass-widow from this city whose engagement to a son of a New York millionaire was reported in the despatches some months ago. This woman is her own press agent, and she has had great success in promoting publicity for herself as her first husband learned much to his embarrassment about the time that he found life with her to be unbearable and hied himself to Reno for salvation. On the income that she has since enjoyed combined with her captivating graces she has been able to cut a great swath both in Paris and New York. For a time it seemed as if she really had snared the son of the millionaire, but a short time ago he broke the news gently to her in her apartments in Fifth avenue that the fascination had worn off, and she immediately gave a melodramatic performance a la Leslie Carter that startled the whole hotel. She was ordered to leave, and did so leaving her trunks behind to secure her bill. When last heard from she was on her way to Europe.

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Charles Rollo Peters' Sorrow

Charles Rollo Peters, the distinguished California artist, has been receiving a great many letters of condolence from his friends here. Recently in New York Peters lost a young son who was undergoing the dread mastoid operation and he is nearly heartbroken. Sorrow has come in superabundance into the life of this artist. His first wife who was beautiful Kitty Murphy died quite suddenly. Then he lost a son in a shocking accident. And now he has lost a second son. The hearts of his friends go out to him in sincere sympathy.

Mrs. Elkins' Engagement

When Mrs. Katherine Felton Elkins went East a couple of weeks ago her friends supposed it was to attend to business affairs. Judge their surprise when they learned of her engagement to William Nelson. I'm told by her intimate friends that the prospective groom is well nigh sixty years of age. He is a prominent lawyer and a man of considerable means. Many were equally surprised when they learned that Mrs. Elkins would by the terms of her late husband's will be obliged to relinquish the Elkins' wealth in the event of her remarrying. To the older friends of Mrs. Katherine Elkins this did not come as a surprise. They were fully aware that her first marriage was far from happy and that she was not a favorite with her late father-in-law who first accumulated his wealth as a wholesale butcher and later owned the Chicago street railroads. Mrs. Elkins' two children Felton Elkins and Miss Marie Louise were left over one million apiece and are most devoted to their mother. Mrs. Elkins as Miss Katherine Felton met young Elkins, a young Harvard graduate, while on a visit to Washington with her father who was at the time United States Senator from California. The wedding which took place in the little church in Menlo Park some twenty-five years ago was a society event. Mrs. Elkins belonged to the set which included Miss Hattie Crocker (now Mrs. C. B. Alexander of New York), Miss Nettie Tubbs (now Mrs. J. S. Oyster), Miss Bessie Kittle (now Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor), Miss Flora Low and Miss Bessie Slade (now Mrs. William Mayo Newhall). The death of Senator Felton's wife took place when his two children Katherine (Mrs. Elkins) and Charles Felton were very young. They were reared by their aunt Mrs. George Loomis, the sister of the late Mrs. C. N. Felton. After the marriage of Mrs. Elkins and Mr. Nelson they will reside in Philadelphia.

"The Acme of Snobbery"

"The Jeems Yellowplushes of the San Francisco society columns are snobs in their published writings every one of them, although as individuals they are very different outside of the newspaper offices." Here is a sentence culled from the editorial column of a San Jose paper which has given me pause. The editorial in which it was set down bore the title, "The Acme of Snobbery" and the writer points his moral from the published story that the Princess Kawananakoa of Honolulu had been "commanded" to attend the coronation. Down in San Jose where democracy is a fetich and the monarchical form of government is hated this story seems to have aroused great indignation. This indignation is voiced by the editorial writer who points out that as the Princess is an American citizen she cannot be "commanded" by King George to do anything. Which is perfectly correct. But the editorial writer is quarreling with words, not with the "Jeems Yellowplushes," if he only knew it. If a plain democratic invitation may be called a "bid," why may not a royal invitation be called a "command"? Kings delight in high-sounding words; so why not let them have their fill of them without complaining. If the San Jose editorial writer wishes to make out a case of snobbery against our bavardes, he should be able to find more pregnant material for his thesis. But it would cause me pain just the same. Our "Jeems Yellowplushes" are a joyous lot who contribute wonderfully to the gaiety of existence in this prosaic neck of the woods. I would not have their enthusiasm dampened for the world.

Whom Does Mrs. Atherton Mean?

Gertrude Atherton is nothing if not outspoken. She dares to say what is in her mind and has the cleverness that enables her to say it in phrases that sting, if the subject matter of her remarks happens to be critical. Over in London she has just been talking about the American woman who invades the British capital with social ambitions. "One thing that strikes me as rather contemptible," says Mrs. Atherton, "is the number of wealthy American women who come over here and start off to try to get into society. They take houses and splurge tremendously. They are dazzled by going to Court and try to get people of title at their houses. All this is rather ignoble." Now I wonder what woman or women Mrs. Atherton had in mind when she uttered these acid remarks. Is it possible that any Californian was included in her list?

Hotel Del Monte Summer Sports

Dates for the annual carnival of sports have been definitely taken and announcement is made by H. R. Warner, manager of Hotel Del Monte. In addition to the regular "Month of Sports" which has come to be recognized as the premier event in amateur sports on the coast, a number of other features have been added. The first event will be the National Electrical Supply Association inter-State golf tournament, April 25, 26 and 27 at which the electrical men of the coast will defend honors against the players from the middle West and eastern States. Next will come the National Holiday tournament which will be held over the fourth of July—July 1 to 5, inclusive. As the first comes on Saturday and the fourth of Tuesday with Sunday intervening this tournament will surely be largely patronized. Following this will come the annual Fall dog

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show which is the first event in the schedule of the "Month of Sports." This will be held August 25 and 26. The annual Fall golf tournament at which the amateur championships of the Pacific States, the Del Monte handicap and the championships of the Pacific Coast Golf Association are decided will be held September 2 to 9, inclusive. It will be remembered that last year there was an entry list of over one hundred and twenty-five at this golf tournament and it is expected that this year's will exceed even that remarkable list. The annual tennis tournament of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association will probably follow the golf games, although the dates have not yet been definitely decided on. A number of requests have been made to Manager Warner to include some amateur auto races in the list of events but no action has been taken on them at this time. Altogether the season at Del Monte promises to be the most brilliant in years.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. S. R. Merriman has been up from the Presidio of Monterey for several days, and during her stay in town she has been a guest at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. H. R. Warner from Del Monte has been a guest at the Victoria during a brief visit to town.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Smith of Binghamton, N. Y., who have been spending a fortnight at the Hotel Victoria en route to their home in the East, have had as their guest during their stay Mrs. M. L. Sabin of Auburn.

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Miss Anita Maillard, accompanied by Miss Marion Bridgman of Stamford, Connecticut, has gone down to Del Monte for a rest after the strenuousness of a gay winter in town.

Mrs. David Powell and her daughter, Miss Margaret Powell, are in town for a short stay, and are guests at the Hotel Victoria. Mrs. Powell and her daughter are prominent in society in Marysville where the Powell home is. They have many friends about the bay as well.

Dr. Joseph H. Shaw of Moran, Wyoming, is in San Francisco for a week or so, and is registered at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wilcox and their daughter, Miss Wilcox, are registered at the Victoria. They are up from San Diego for a trip.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: William P. Lawler, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Meyer, Wilson Meyer, Miss Marie Meyer, Mr. C. H. Chilcote, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Crothers, Mrs. A. J. Raisch, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Ruff, John Tunicliff, H. Levi, Mrs. J. Levi, Henry Levi, Miss Bergstrom, John A. McGee. Oakland: Mrs. Warren Olney, Miss Ethel Olney and Miss C. I. Tomlinson.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Wingate of Piedmont who went down to Del Monte for the week-end, had with them last week the Reverend and Mrs. Arthur Lucas of Towbridge, England.

Gustave Pabst, of the Milwaukee Brewing Company, arrived at Del Monte Thursday with his family in his private car.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin A. Hammer, Master Jack Hammer were among the San Franciscans who spent the week-end at picturesque Del Monte.

One of the motor parties of the week at Del Monte included General and Mrs. Charles McP. Reeve of Minneapolis, Mr. John B. Metcalf, and Mr. George D. Steelcalf of Berkeley.

Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond drove down to Del Monte last week, taking with her in her big car Miss Alice Owen of Mill Valley.

Freeman H. May of London, England, with his family is settled at the Hotel Victoria during a visit of some time to San Francisco.

Recent arrivals at the Victoria include W. T. Branch, Portland, Ore., Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Bond, Vancouver, Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Byrne and son, F. J. Gotwald, York, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Fletcher, Portland, Ore., Hugh Mauldin, Sacramento, J. J. Taylor, H. W. Taylor, Lovelock, Nevada.

An Umbrella Story

Once upon a time there was a man who left his umbrella in the stand of his club with a card attached, bearing on it an inscription: "This umbrella belongs to a man who, on provocation, is the possessor of the most damaging kidney punch in the British Isles, and is also apt to lose his temper. He will be back in half an hour." But—mark the "but"—on returning for the goods he found instead of his card, a new card, a strange card, with a legend: "This card is left by a man who can run twelve miles in one hour. He will not be back."

The rainy weather is bad for wit.

English as Spoken

Hillier, English bicycle and tricycle champion in the days of the high wheel and hard tire, used to tell an amusing story about his trainer.

It appears that the trainer would at times get on Hillier's nerves, by calling him Mr. 'Illier. One day, in exasperation, Hillier said to him: "Why do you always call me Mr. 'Illier? It is not my name, you know."

The trainer stood back in astonishment and replied: "Well, if a haich and a hi and a hel and a hel and a hi and a he and a har don't spell 'Illier, I'd like to know what it do spell."

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Second Lovable Little Pet: "Really, love? How?"

First Lovable Little Pet: "Why, I went with her and helped her to choose her new hat."

The Follies of 1910

By Edward F. O'Day

In this year of grace 1911 most of us are quite willing to put our follies of last year in the dark backward of memory where the worm of conscience will not gnaw at them. The running months bring follies of their own for the delectation of the old Adam that is in us. Of course they are merely the old follies of last year and the years before last masked and masqueraded in the current fashion. That is why they appeal to us. It would be too bad if we went on committing the old follies in exactly the old way. Strange as it may seem this bit of rather inconclusive moralizing came to me while I sat in the Columbia and watched Mr. Ziegfeld's moving pictures of the follies supposed to have been peculiar to last year. With the exception of a vacuous burlesque of the arrival of Colonel Roosevelt in New York there was nothing characteristic of 1910 in the piece. It is true that in one of the many scenes some of the money barons of the country were presented in equally vacuous burlesque, but the follies of the money barons go on for ever and there was nothing to prevent the spectator from fixing the date of their actions in 1905 or 1915. The rest of Mr. Ziegfeld's follies are independent of dates. "Temperamental" stage persons raise the old Nick at rehearsals year in and year out. Boozy young fellows make themselves ridiculous over pretty stars in every revolving twelvemonth from Halley's comet to Halley's comet. And audiences laugh at these and other follies without reference to the calendar. So while Mr. Ziegfeld's show fails to justify its title, being weakest where a literal-minded person who accepts titles at their face value might expect it to be strongest, it justifies itself by exciting mirth. The spectacle of a man patiently packing an upright piano about a room while two other men argue as to the proper place to set it down, is bound to be provocative of laughter. The sight of two men lambasting each other in a prize ring and continually tumbling on their heads or necks cannot fail to make one ha-ha. These are not specimens of the highest form of humor but they are humorous just the same and we must take them for what they are worth. Measured by the laughter they elicit they are unequivocally successful. So is the band that plays out of tune—to those who have not exhausted the possibilities of mirth in this time-worn act by a long devotion to vaudeville. In an altogether higher class than any of these is the variety of ragtime purveyed by Miss Fannie Brice. It is the raggedest ragtime that I have ever heard—ragtime torn to tatters; and in my humble opinion it was so far above anything else in the show that all the rest was nowhere. Miss Brice has style, individuality, and she gets her effects across the footlights with the ease of perfect mastery. Bert Williams is good and Bobby North (who does one of his old familiar medleys) is good; but Fannie Brice is great. May she come here soon again and never become too important to drop her staccato deliciousness. Speaking of deliciousness reminds one naturally of Miss Lillian Lorraine who has a delicious beauty, though she is far from being the paragon the press agent would have us believe. There are many more beautiful women on the American stage than Miss Lorraine. There are thousands who are better singers. As a matter of fact Miss Lorraine has no gift in that direction. Her charms are purely those with which nature has endowed her. How she ever came to be chosen for the star of Mr. Ziegfeld's aggregation must remain a mystery, unless it was for her beauty and her gracefulness in falling into a tank of water. She does that very well. If she did it twice instead of once she would be twice as interesting as she is at present. If she did it in a bathing suit as some of the "Anna Held girls" did, she might create a positive sensation. But one cannot expect too much of a pulchritudinous star. For my part I would rather watch one Fannie Brice than a dozen Lillian Lorraines.

OLGA NETHERSOLE

As "Sister Beatrice" in Maeterlinck's miracle play at the Savoy Theater.

ALEXANDER HEINEMANN

The Emperor of Germany's favorite concert singer.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Nethersole's Last Week

Olga Nethersole will make her last appearances in "The Redemption of Evelyn Vaudray" this Saturday afternoon and evening. On Sunday she will rest and on Monday she will present for the first time Maurice Maeterlinck's miracle play, "Sister Beatrice." Originally produced at the New Theatre in New York a year ago, the play proved the artistic success of the season at that playhouse. Miss Nethersole has already appeared in another play of Maeterlinck and the director of the New Theatre did her the honor of inviting her to come to the playhouse to create the titular role in the Belgian dramatist's version of "Mary Magdalen." It was her wonderful performance in this play that induced the management of the New Theatre to authorize her appearance in "Sister Beatrice." Maeterlinck's play is based on an old Dutch legend which has also been used by John Davidson in his "Ballad of a Nun" and by Adelaide Proctor in her "Legend of Provence." In addition to "Sister Beatrice" Miss Nethersole will also appear in "The Enigma," a short play which Paul Hervieu wrote for the Comedie Francaise.

Imperial Court Lieder Singer

Alexander Heinemann, the favorite lieder singer of the Imperial German Court and one of the greatest living singing-masters and interpreters of the classic songs, will give his first concert at the Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, April 23, at 2:30, offering a program of masterpieces by Schuman, Schubert, Loewe and Hans Hermann. Mr. Heinemann has been described as "a Dr. Wullner with a voice of exceptional beauty," and his concerts are said to be fascinating in every way and worth a dozen singing lessons to any student of the vocal art. The second concert will be given Wednesday night, April 26, with a program of Beethoven, Brahams, Schubert, Loewe, Hermann and Kaun songs, and the farewell concert will be given Thursday night, April 27, with another splendid list of works including by special request Loewe's

RAISIN CANDIES FOR "RAISIN DAY," APRIL 29th

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remarkable ballad "Archibald Douglas." The box office is now open at Sherman Clay and Co.'s and on Sunday at the Hall after ten o'clock. In Oakland Mr. Heinemann will repeat the Thursday night program on Friday afternoon, April 28, at 3:30. Seats for this event will be ready at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Monday, April 24.

"The Follies of 1910" Go On

With Lillian Lorraine, Bickel and Watson, Bert Williams, Billie Reeves, Bobby North, Fannie Brice and other attractions "The Follies of 1910" at the Columbia has attracted great audiences. It will be seen up to and including Sunday night, April 30. There will be matinees on Wednesday

BERT COOTE

The famous comedian who will appear in "A Lamb on Wall Street' this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

and Saturday. Seats for all the remaining performances are now on sale and the demand is very great.

The Russian Symphony Orchestra's Season

One week from next Sunday afternoon, the renowned Russian Symphony Orchestra will open a series of seven festival concerts at the Scottish Rite Auditorium. This is the most elaborate and expensive musical attraction of the year. Few managers would dare attempt what Will L. Greenbaum has succeeded in accomplishing in securing such an aggregation of artists without the backing of any committee, patron or musical society. There are just fifty players in the orchestra. Each is an artist, and many are famed as soloists. Nikolai Skoloff, a Russian violin virtuoso, who was specially engaged to play at the recent Gould-Decies wedding will act as concertmaster. Four eminent vocal artists forming a quartette of mixed voices will lend variety to the programs. In addition, Manager Greenbaum has arranged to have that marvelous boy pianist, Pepito Arriola, appear as soloist at one of the concerts, and it will be a novel sight when the mere child appears surrounded by half a hundred grown men and plays one of the most difficult of "Concertos" for piano and orchestra. Mr. Modest Altsculer, the conductor, is one of the most gifted musicians in this country with that indefinable power of imparting to his men every thought in his mind, and the result is that the Russian Orchestra plays like an amalgamation of virtuosi. These will certainly be the finest orchestral concerts ever heard in this city. At the opening concert Sunday afternoon, April 30, the special features will be the first performances of Rachmaninoff's "Symphony, No. 2, Liadow's symphonic sketch "The Enchanted Lake," a Tone-Poem by Sibelius called "Finlandia," a vocal quartette entitled "Night" by Tschaikowsky and some smaller numbers. By request, Tschaikowsky's "March Slav" has been added to the program. Monday night, May 1, the principal numbers will be Schuman's "Symphony" No. 1, Musorgsky's "Sunrise on the Moskva River," Ilyinski's Suite "Nur and Anitra" in five descriptive movements and Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyrie." Tuesday night, May 2, Dvorak's "From the New World," Victor Herbert's "Irish Rhapsodie" and Tschaikowsky's "Theme and Variations" will be the more important numbers. Wednesday night, May 3, the music from Richard Strauss' Music Drama "Salome" will be heard here for the first time as will also Glazounow's Symphonic Suite "The Middle Ages" and Arensky's variations on a theme by Tschaikowsky which was inspired by the legend "Christ, when a child, a garden made and many roses planted there." Friday night, May 5, might be termed California night for two of the feature numbers will be the "Prelude" to Act III of the new Victor Herbert-Joe Redding opera "Natoma," the scene of which is laid in this State, and the Chinese Suite "Aladdin" by Edgar Stillman Kelley, for which the composer gathered the themes in our own Chinatown. The symphony on this night will be Beethoven's immortal No. 5 and the Russian works will be by Rimsky-Korsakow and Kayanus. Saturday afternoon, May 6, Pepito Arriola will play the Liszt "Concerto" in E flat and the orchestra numbers will include Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony and Borodine's Overture "Prince Igor." The farewell program on Sunday afternoon, May 7, will be indeed a glorious offering. Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 4 will be given here for the first time as will also the "Prelude" to the new opera "Koeninskinder" by Humperdinck, the Ballet from Glinka's "My Life for the Czar," and a Suite from "Child Life" by Conus. The box office will open next Wednesday, April 26, at Sherman Clay and Co.'s for both season and single tickets. Mail orders will receive careful attention if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, and complete program books are obtainable at all music stores, or will be mailed to any address free upon application. Not in any music center of Europe can a more interesting, beautiful and novel series of orchestral concerts be heard.

Russian Orchestra at the Greek Theatre

The Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California, of which Prof. William Dallam Armes is the chairman, has arranged for two special programs by the Russian Symphony Orchestra, the dates being Thursday afternoon, May 4, at 3:30, and Saturday night, May 6, at 8:15. The Thursday afternoon concert will be devoted entirely to Russian works, and will feature Tschaikowsky's "Symphonic Pathetique," Rachmaninoff's Tone Poem "The Cliff," the stirring Overture "181," and half a dozen other masterpieces. At the Saturday night concert Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite" will be given in its entirety, the same composer's "March Slav" and three other Russian works will be given, the balance of the program being devoted to "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan und Isolde," "Gotterdammerung," "Siegfried" and "Tannhauser." Seats for these two events will be on sale at Sherman and Clay and Co.'s in San Francisco and also Oakland, and at the usual places in Berkeley. In case of inclement weather the concerts will be given in the Harmon Gymnasium.

"The Aviator" at the Alcazar

For Izetta Jewel's and Thurston Hall's second week as leaders of the Alcazar players "The Aviator," one of last year's Broadway successes, will be given its first presentation here. It is a farcical comedy by James Montgomery, and, as

MODEST ALTSCHULER

Conductor of The Russian Symphony Orchestra coming to Scottish Rite Auditorium.

its title implies, treats of flying machines and birdmen. One of its big scenes shows the start of a real monoplane with Thurston Hall at the helm and as many people as the stage can accommodate frantically cheering him. Ludicrous situations and incidents follow each other with rapidity throughout the three acts.

Hotaling as Hamlet

The fourth week of Hotaling's season with the Bishop Players at Ye Liberty, Oakland, will be

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devoted to "Hamlet." This role was the medium in which he made his initial appearance on the professional stage about three years ago. His performance was praised by the critics on both sides of the bay and crowded houses were the rule during its run. Manager Bishop promises a sumptuous scenic and costume production of the play and a cast that will do it full justice. The Hotaling engagement will close with a revival of "The Merchant of Venice" in which Hotaling appears again as "Shylock."

Attractions at the Orpheum

The Orpheum program next week will be headed by Bert Coote in a sketch entitled "A Lamb on Wall Street." Arthur Deagon, for the past four years a star in Ziegfeld's "Follies," will tell a number of stories in various dialects and sing a few songs. The reappearance of Clay Smith and the Melnotte Twins in a musical skit entitled "Artistic Nonsense" is sure to be cordially welcomed. Goleman's European Novelty, consisting of a number of clever dogs and cats, will make their first appearance here. Next week will be the last of Selbit's Spirit Paintings; Taylor, Kranzman and White; Bedini and Arthur, and of the third degree drama "The Suspect."

A Talented San Francisco Girl

One of the most attractive and clever members of the Follies of 1910 Company is a San Francisco girl who, though she has been on the stage but a short time, has made wonderful progress in her profession. I refer to Miss Florence Gardiner who sings "Good-bye Beckie Cohen." Miss Gardiner is only twenty years of age, and notwithstanding her brief experience on the stage she is the understudy of the star of the big Ziegfeld show. As she is a talented girl with a good voice and loads of pulchritude she will doubtless make much of her opportunities. She is a pupil, by the way, of Fernando Michelena.

The Coming of Bernhardt

Mme. Bernhardt will come to the Columbia on Monday, May 1. The regular seat sale for the week's engagement will open on Thursday, April 27, promptly at 9 o'clock, at the box office of the theater. But mail orders, accompanied by check or post office order, and a stamped addressed envelope, will be filled in order of receipt. The repertoire for the week is as follows: Monday, May 1, "L'Aiglon"; Tuesday "Camille"; Wednesday matinee "Madame X"; Wednesday evening "Jeanne d'Arc"; Thursday "La Tosca"; Friday "La Sorciere"; Saturday matinee "L'Aiglon"; Saturday evening "Madame X"; Sunday evening "Sister Beatrice."

A Love Song

(Out of season.)

Her name is merely Sarah Cooke;
She's not so bad a wench;
She knits and sews and even knows
A smattering of French;
And, what is more, her father's on
The local petty bench.

Her wit is of the nature which
Not frequently expands;
But, when it rips, produces quips
Which no one understands.
She has, as all her friends admit,
A useful pair of hands.

Her teeth remind observant folk
Rather of gold than pearls;
Her hair is sound and hedged around
With artificial curls.
Her eyes (a grayish-greenish brown)
Are much as other girls'

Her singing voice is strong and large,
She has a powerful throat;
Her hats suggest the cheaply dressed,
Her boots suggest the vote;
And she is undefeated by
The longest table d'hote.

Her waist is of the size that most
Suggests security;
Her competence is not immense;
Her age is forty-three;
I cannot say what makes me think
She is the girl for me.

Expensive Staging

The indignant citizen was freeing his mind.

"You want 50 cents for admission to this motion picture show, do you!" he exclaimed. "That's an infernal outrage!"

"Look here, mister," said the man in the box office, "this is no ordinary entertainment. These pictures cost a small fortune. They show two men taking dinner together. One of them is eating a porterhouse steak and the other is getting away with a plate of bacon and eggs."

Lady—Can't you find work?

Tramp—Yessum; but every one wants a reference from my last employer.

Lady—And can't you get one?

Tramp—No, mum. Yer see, he's been dead twenty-eight years.

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Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

OAKLAND Friday Afternoon, April 28th at 3:30 Ye Liberty Playhouse

Steinway Piano Used

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50 Artists Assisted by Eminent Soloists
Modest Altschuler, Conductor

SEVEN GREAT PROGRAMS

Sunday Afternoon, April 30th—Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 2; Liadow's "Enchanted Lake," etc.
Monday Evening, May 1st—Schumann's Symphony No. 1; Ilyinski's Suite "Nur and Anitra," etc.
Tuesday Evening, May 2d—Dvorak's "New World"; Victor Herbert's "Irish Rhapsodie," etc.
Wednesday Evening, May 3d—Strauss "Salome"; Glazounow's Symphonic "Middle Ages," etc.
Friday Evening, May 5th—Beethoven's No. 5; Prelude to Herbert and Redding's "Natoma," and Edgar Hillman Kelley's Chinese Suite "Aladdin," etc.
Saturday Afternoon, May 6th—Schubert's "Unfinished"; Borodine's "Prince Igor" and Pepito Arriola Plays Concerto in E flat—Liszt.
Sunday Afternoon, May 7th—Tschaikowsky's Symphonine No. 4 (Melan Colique); Prelude to "Koenigskinder" by Humperdinck; Suite "Child Life" by Conus, etc., etc.

Vocal Numbers at Every Concert

Season Tickets, $12.00, $9.00 and $6.00 (for Seven Concerts). Single Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. Box Office opens next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co's, where mail orders may now be addressed to Will. L. Greenbaum.
Program Books at all Music Dealers

TWO CONCERTS AT GREEK THEATER
With Special Programs
Thursday Aft., May 4—Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique"; Rachmaninoff's Idyl "The Cliff"; Ilyinski's "Psysche" and five others.
Saturday Night, May 6—Russian Masterpieces and Vocal and Instrumental Wagnerian Excerpts.
Reserved Seats, $1.50 and $1.00. Unreserved, 75c, at Sherman, Clay & Co's, San Francisco and Oakland, and the usual places in Berkeley and Students' Co.-Op. Store.

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In a Double Bill: "SISTER BEATRICE," by Maurice Maeterlinck, and "THE ENIGMA," by Paul Hervieu
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market was without trend during the past week, there being no incentive for activity in either direction. The announcement that the Supreme Court would hand down the trust decisions was received with indifference, inasmuch as they are still hanging over the market and are liable to come out most any Monday. Traders apparently took the position that unless the Mexicans should arouse the market, another dull week was in prospect. Advices from the west and south in connection with the crops were all of an encouraging nature, and there is confidence in the strength of the fundamental conditions.

Wheat—Nervousness on the part of the shorts in May, with oversold pit conditions generally, were mainly responsible for a fairly strong market last week. Receipts moreover, continue light and with another big decrease expected in the visible supply of this country, shorts were more willing to take profits in all months. In the general situation governing the wheat markets of the world there has not been a radical change in any respect. The crop outlook in this country is splendid, while there is no material improvement in the cash outlook. Barring a little more activity in the trade in flour and cash wheat at Minneapolis, millers continue to show the same apathetic spirit in regard to buying cash wheat that they have displayed for some time. Indications are that winter wheat farmers have liberal supplies and with the possibility of reciprocity, spring wheat holders may unload more freely as soon as the new crop is seeded. Naturally the operations in May wheat have been of much import as bearing on the upturn in values. Shorts, until recently, were encouraged to sell May wheat by the talk that the nearby months would go to a full carrying charge basis under July. Bears are likely to receive encouragement from abroad as prospects are for heavy world shipments from now on, while supplies are large and crop conditions generally favorable.

Corn—A many-angled situation exists in the corn market. Receipts are small and farmers are not selling much corn, while brokers claim to be unable to sell any kind of corn either for domestic or export account. Cash prices have advanced from a tremendous discount to a premium over May for No. 3 yellow, with the futures advancing at the same time and yet there has been no increase in the volume of country selling. Stocks show small increases and with navigation open it is expected that about two million bushels will be shipped east from Chicago at once. Some of it has not been sold but it will make a large decrease in local supplies. Wet weather not only has retarded the movement but has delayed plowing for corn, although there is no lack of time yet for preparing the ground for a big acreage. Farm consumption continues on a heavy scale and farmers are showing an independent attitude in regard to selling.

Cotton—The cotton market has been on the upturn during the past week and prices have scored a fair advance, due to the strong statistical position of the staple on this side of the water and the better trade reports from Manchester. Liverpool markets have reflected conditions abroad by sending higher prices almost daily. Receipts at primary markets have been light, much less than a year ago. The news that trade was improving in America has reached England already and was partly responsible for the good demand for spots in the Liverpool market. According to advices from New York the tone of the cotton goods market only shows some slight improvement compared with a week ago. However, it is said that the immediate situation is one of resisting further depression in prices while raw cotton is held firm, and that mills are still running in excess of the actual demand, which gives buyers cause for doubting the ability of the spinners to hold the market up. There is a good trade in England, but Liverpool holds a fairly good supply of cotton. Including that afloat, the stock of all kinds in Liverpool is 288,000 bales larger than last year. There were general heavy rains during the past week in central portions of the cotton belt and temperatures were unseasonably low, reviving complaints of too much rain and of the weather being too cold for young cotton. A change to warmer weather is expected next week, and this, with clear weather, ought to have a depressing effect on the distant futures.

Quite Enough

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"Is he a big organ-grinder?" queried the old gentleman calmly.

"No, no, sir; quite a little man. Oh, come at once, or it will be too late!"

"I don't see why I should interefere," replied the old gentleman. "If he's a small man the three men don't need any help."

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NEW SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest from Date of Deposit

On account of its prominent central location and convenience to the daily shoppers on Market street, who desire to avail themselves of a strong bank to deposit their savings, the City and County Bank at Fifth and Market streets has requested and been granted a new certificate by the Superintendent of Banks to conduct both a commercial and savings business. In order to introduce its new savings department the bank will allow interest from date of deposit on all accounts opened between March 27, 1911, and May 1, 1911, at the rate of 4 per cent per annum. The City and County Bank was incorporated April 23, 1902. Its assets are over $1,500,000.00. The directors are: Matthew Nunan, president, Hibernia Brewery; L. V. Merle, capitalist; C. A. Malm, C. A. Malm & Co., mfgrs. trunks and valises; Otto A. Jungblut, president August Jungblut Co., mfgrs. billiard and pool tables; A. J. Lowenberg, president; Joseph L. Goldsmith, cashier.

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3

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SOME DATES

May 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31
June 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 28, 29, 30
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7

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Feminine Intuition

(Continued from Page 9.)

"Now that we are sure there is no question of robbers, I think that we had better return to the chateau," I muttered in exasperation, "for it is no longer necessary to remain here."

"Not at all," retorted Elise with provoking coolness; "we have seen Juliet, let us await Romeo!" Then, bursting into laughter, she exclaimed: "How delightfully amusing! I wonder whom she is waiting for?"

This question capped the climax. Her laughing curiously made me furious, and I could hardly control my temper as I pictured the temptingly beautiful Venus de Londel, awaiting me in the conservatory, while I stupidly remained a helpless prisoner behind a clump of shrubs, not daring to budge. The whole affair was too ridiculous. And the thought of the precious time I was wasting irritated me. I decided I was not going to miss my appointment to satisfy the caprices of a rascally little girl, and that, if affairs came to a crisis, I would simply tell her that I was the happy mortal expected by Madame Londel. What right had she to mix up in my affairs?

"I wonder, Cousin Gaston," said Elise suddenly, "whom Madame Londel is waiting for? It certainly must be someone who is easy to please."

"Why?" said I, a little vexed.

"Because," exclaimed Elise, "because she is no longer young!"

"Indeed," I replied.

"Yes, but perhaps you have never observed Madame Londel very closely. Why, Gaston, her hair is dyed. One can easily see that by looking at the roots. Then she is frightfully wrinkled! Only her wrinkles are half concealed by enamel."

Ah, that moment I felt like giving the impertinent girl a good shaking. Just then a cloud, which had partially veiled the face of the full moon, passed away and Elise, revealed in the clear, cold, penetrating white light of the moonbeams, appeared to be another being. The clear white and pink of her complexion; the full, fresh, red lips, disclosing a set of perfect teeth; the expression of her great, brown, frank eyes; her abundant mass of dark hair; the easy graceful movements of her tall, reed-like figure—in a word the splendor of her youthful charms suddenly burst upon me and completely disarmed my anger.

"Why, haven't you noticed," she continued, "that, to appear slender, Madame Londel is so tightly laced she can hardly bend? Acknowledge, cousin, that there are men who are shockingly lacking in taste. The man who would play Romeo to that Juliet must be an imbecile. Don't you agree with me, Gaston?"

I managed to evade the question, and she suddenly said: "Hush! I think there is someone coming!" And looking beyond the lilacs in the direction of the conservatory, she stamped her impatient little foot and flew into a rage. "No man is a gentleman who would keep a lady waiting as he has done. How humiliating for Madame Londel!"

My brutal wish of a moment before had now deserted me and, won by the youthful charms of my pretty cousin, I had no desire to acknowledge or have her suspect that I was the "imbecile" whom Madame Londel was awaiting.

I was suffering unspeakable agony and began to ask myself whether we were destined to spend the entire night there, waiting for a person whom I had every reason to know would not come. I really began to fear that Elise's little head would discover the truth and at that moment I would almost willingly have staked half of my possessions to have found a possible solution of the situation. But the Fates were with me, for sud-

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Santa Fe

denly we heard a heavy foot-fall approaching us. Instinctively my cousin drew nearer to me, and placed her hand in mine.

Decidedly more interested in the intrigue than she was, I looked through the branches of the trees and perceived Alfred del Mussielle walking leisurely along. His appearance did not surprise me, for I knew that for some time past he had been accustomed, particularly in summer, to take a walk at night when he could not sleep, and that it was purely accidental that he had turned in the direction of the conservatory.

As soon as Elise recognized de Mussielle, she sprang up with a bound, turned pale, and an agonizing expression in her face startled me. "Come," she said in a low whisper, "let us go, I have seen now." Her hand still rested in mine. She did not, however, seem to notice it, and together we walked silently on towards the chateau. But after a few moments, Elise burst into loud sobs and her slender form quivered with emotion.

"Mon Dieu, Elise!" I exclaimed, frightened by this unexpected emotion. "What is the matter with you?" We were walking near a stone bench and, throwing my arm around her, I drew her down beside me. "Come," I said, questioning her again, "tell me what it is that disturbs you?"

Then, resting her head on my shoulder, she explained in almost incoherent sentences that Alfred de Mussielle had asked only the previous day for her hand in marriage and that she had promptly refused him, but her grandmother had urged her to reconsider his offer. "But now," she added, "after what I have seen tonight our affair is finished!"

Astounded at what I heard, I asked half mechanically: "What? You marry, Elise? A little girl like you! How old are you?"

"I shall be eighteen next month," she answered. "Of course, grandmama said I was very young to marry, but she is very old—and when she dies, I shall be left in the world entirely alone."

Touched with the simplicity of her words and the thought that some day this pretty little orphan girl would be left to face the world without a protector, I repeated to myself: "Eighteen? Then she is no longer the little girl who used to annoy me. Eighteen years old! Tomorrow she will be a woman." And this is why, undoubtedly, I could not entirely repress a thrill of passion as her soft white hand rested within my own.

I looked at her now with surprise, as though seeing her for the first time. To me she appeared another being, and the child of yesterday was transformed into an adorable young woman, whose grace and beauty had charmed and captivated Alfred de Mussielle.

Poor de Mussielle! One word from me would have exonerated him. But that word I withheld and occupied myself solely with getting my cousin back to the chateau under the protecting wing of her dear, devoted grandmother. As to my rendezvous with the Venus de Londel, I scarcely thought of it again, except—to be grateful.

Six months later my cousin and I were married, and one evening, as we were sitting in the rosy firelight of our cozy home, talking over that memorable night when we first began to fall in love, Elise looked up confidingly from her embroidery and said: "Do you know, Gaston, I never thought very much of Alfred de Mussielle."

"No?" I answered indifferently.

"From the very start I refused him point-blank without being able to give a satisfactory reason to dear grandmama for my refusal. I seemed to have a presentiment that he was not what he ought to be."

"Indeed?" I said, shaking the ashes from my pipe into the open grate.

"Women," earnestly continued my dear little wife, "have a sort of infallible instinct in these matters and are rarely deceived. Why, Gaston," said Elise, growing a trifle excited, "I would rather be cut into a thousand pieces than marry a man who was capable of falling in love with Madame Londel!"

I was tempted to burst out laughing and to divulge my secret, but thought it would be cruel to destroy Elise's faith in her own infallible convictions; so, instead of enlightening her, I caught my pretty little darling up in my arms and kissed her.

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"You say you were in a saloon at the time the alleged assault took place?" a lawyer inquired of a witness at the central station the other day.

"Yes, sir, I was," the witness admitted.

"H'm, the lawyer pursued, "that is interesting. And did you take cognizance of the barkeeper at the time?"

"I don't know what he called it, sir," came the reply, with perfect ease, "but I took what the rest did."

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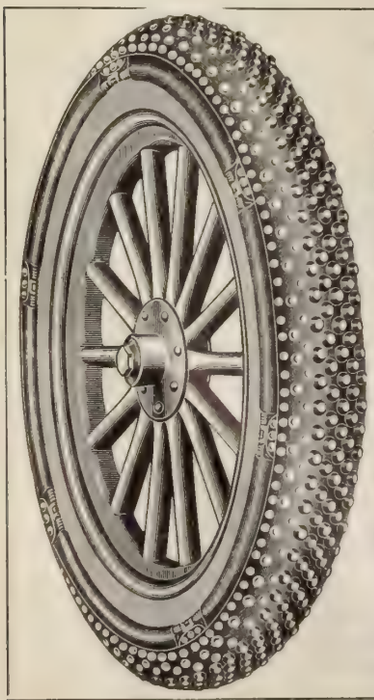
Mr. Woggs—He said: "Name it after ours."



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NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2997, New Series; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of BRIDGET MARTIN, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of Bridget Martin, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 16th day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator authorizing and directing him to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed April 6, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Atty. for Administrator, 1013 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-5

Hicks—Literary family the Goldsmiths. The daughter writes poetry that nobody will print, the son plays that nobody will act and the mother novels that nobody will read.

Wicks—And what does the father write?

Hicks—Oh, he writes checks that nobody will cash.

Auto Notes

The big surprise at this season's Pablo Beach races in Florida was the work of Herb Wilson who drove a Cole car. Neither driver nor car belonged to the regular Cole team and Wilson, who continued to win or place in every race, was heralded as a mystery by the press. It was finally found that the new driver was associated with the Cole agency in Jacksonville and that the car was one taken from stock on his salesroom floor. J. J. Cole, president of the Cole Motor Car Co., wired Wilson offering him a place on the Cole racing team. Wilson, however, declined, stating that he preferred selling to racing.

While sales of Rambler motor cars have been largest in the cities, and increases are being made every day in the metropolitan centers of the country, a special number of the Rambler Magazine has just been published by The Thomas B. Jeffery Company which presents in a vastly interesting way the subject of the motor car for the farm. Packed from cover to cover with pictures of the Rambler in use on the big farms of the country, it tells the story of farm prosperity and success most marvelous to the person unacquainted with the development of the American farm.

The auto trade in the valley sections of the State is taking a decided boom, according to advices brought to town by A. E. Green, manager for Wallace Bros. of Stockton. A big demand has developed in the San Joaquin metropolis this spring for Hupmobile and Oakland cars, in evidence of which Green brought down a number of prospects to look over the complete line of machines handled by S. G. Chapman. A number of sales have been closed. Green reports that the new road connecting Stockton and Sacramento is proving a big stimulus to automobile touring this spring.

A testimonial to the local popularity of the new 1911 Haynes fore door models is found in the number of these machines that are already seen on streets and roads of this vicinity. One of the latest of local motorists to take delivery of a Haynes model is J. R. McElroy of Pine street. The car purchased by Mr. McElroy is a fore door five passenger machine.

Speeding over the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains on the road between Denver and Colorado Springs which traverses gullies, ravines and the sage brush slopes of this western trail, Fred Hall, with a Lozier stock car, on March 30, lowered this much coveted western record by making the distance of seventy-three miles in one hour and forty-three minutes. It was Hall's first venture in racing or record breaking work, and he succeeded in cutting thirteen minutes off the previous record made by Yesley Smith in a 70 horsepower Thomas car, a record which has withstood all attacks for the past two years.

The tire manufacturers of the country who have been responsible for more than 96 per cent of the auto rims heretofore made, have turned over to the United Rim Company all automobile rim patents, together with engineering data and all other available information, for the purpose of establishing a universal standard. The standardization has resulted in the adoption of three rims, any one of which will fit all straight-side and clincher tires. These also embody the most efficient means for detaching the tire from the rim and for demounting the rim from the wheel. By combining in these rims all the good points of the endless variety of rims heretofore made, including the Continental, Goodyear, Diamond (Marsh) and Goodrich types, car builders, tire makers and car owners are relieved of the necessity of using a pre-determined type and are enabled to use or replace tires with the most convenient types available.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,342, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE F. WHITCOMB, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Emeline M. North Whitcomb, Executrix of the estate of George F. Whitcomb, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Corbet & Selby, 1201 First National Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George F. Whitcomb, deceased.

EMELINE M. NORTH WHITCOMB,
Executrix of the Estate of George F. Whitcomb, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 8, 1911.

CORBET & SELBY, Attys. for Executrix,
1201 First National Bank Building, San Francisco. 4-8-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES WARNOCK, Deceased—No. 11,327, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will of James Warnock, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, (which said first publication occurs on the 8th day of April, 1911), to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James Warnock, deceased.

LAWRENCE F. WALSH,
Executor of the Last Will of James Warnock, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 8, 1911.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Atty. for Executor,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-8-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,365.

HATTIE ELIZA POND, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. POND, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: William H. Pond, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, and on the ground of defendant's habitual intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY H. DAVIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
495 497 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-10

ORDER DIRECTING PUBLICATION OF NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR CONVEYANCE OF REAL PROPERTY BY ADMINISTRATOR

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2710, New Series; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of DAVID B. ALEXANDER, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of David B. Alexander, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition praying for an order and decree of this Court authorizing and directing him to convey to Christie Barricklow and Addie Barricklow certain real property situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Elsie Street, distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet southerly from the point of intersection of the said westerly line of Elsie Street with the southerly line of Santa Marina Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Elsie Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Elsie Street and point of commencement; being Lot Number 47 of Block Number 2 of Fair's Subdivision of Holly Park Tract.

which said real property the said deceased agreed to convey to said Christie Barricklow and Addie Barricklow by a written contract set forth in said petition;

It is hereby ordered, that Thursday, the 11th day of May, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are hereby fixed as the time and place of hearing said petition;

It is further ordered that notice of such hearing be given by publishing a copy of this order once a week for four successive weeks before said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which publication is hereby ordered to be sufficient notice of said hearing.

Dated, April 3, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
Endorsed: Filed April 3, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. G. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

E. J. LYNCH, Atty. for Administrator,
1013 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-8-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY KELLY, Deceased—No. 11,352, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Henry Kelly, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wallace A. Wise, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, at Room 1402, in The Western Metropolis National Bank Building, number 625 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Henry Kelly, deceased.

EDWARD H. KELLY,
As Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Henry Kelly, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, April 4, 1911.

WALLACE A. WISE, Esq., Atty. for Executor,
Rooms 1402 to 1404, The Western Metropolis Nat. Bank Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-8-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,310.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALBERT HANSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrixes of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Hansen, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrixes at the office of Aitken and Aitken, 957 Monadnock Building, 681 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Albert Hansen, deceased.

ANNA A. FEE,
EDNA C. WILSON,
Executrixes of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Hansen, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1911.

AITKEN and AITKEN, Attys. for Executrixes,
559 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD CONVEY, Deceased—No. 11,299, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the Last Will of Edward Convey, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 25th day of March, 1911), to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, Room Number 1277 Flood Building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward Convey, Deceased.

EDWARD J. CONVEY,
ANNIE M. CONVEY,
Executors of the Last Will of Edward Convey, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 25, 1911.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Atty. for Executors,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-25-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,748, Dept. No. 3.

ALMA McWILLIAMS, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L. McWILLIAMS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Joseph L. McWilliams, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten (10) days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty (30) days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Plaintiff,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-10

Fine Scheme

Wife—Please match this piece of silk for me before you come home."

Husband—At the counter where the sweet little blonde works? The one with the soulful eyes and——

Wife—No. You're too tired to shop for me when your day's work is done, dear. On second thought, I won't bother you.

Dealer—"Look here. The bill for that motor car I sold you has been running for over a year now."

Customer—"Let it run. I want to have something connected with my motor car that will run for over half an hour without stopping."

NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION OF ADMINISTRATRIX FOR AUTHORITY TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 10, Probate. No. 10,347, New Series.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE H. BUCKINGHAM, Deceased.

Order Appointing Time and Place for Hearing Petition Authorizing Administratrix to Convey Real Estate, and Directing Notice Thereof.

Mary G. Buckingham, the Administratrix of the estate of said George H. Buckingham, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein her duly verified Petition setting forth the facts upon which the claim of Winifred S. Bangs is predicated to be entitled to a conveyance from said Administratrix of said estate of all that certain lot or parcel of land situate in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Lot Three (3), in Block "D," that is to say: Beginning at a point in the Westerly line of Regent Street, (formerly Manoa Avenue), distant thereon One Hundred and Eleven and Seventy-five-one-hundredths (111.75) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Derby Street, and running thence Southerly along the said Westerly line of Regent Street Fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Forty (140) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly Fifty (50) feet; and thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and Forty (140) feet to the said Westerly line of Regent Street and the point of beginning, as the same is designated and delineated upon a certain map entitled "The Berry-Bangs Tract."

And it appearing to this Court that said George H. Buckingham, deceased, in his life time entered into a contract in writing with said Winifred S. Bangs to convey said real property described in said verified Petition and in this Order, and that said George H. Buckingham died before making said conveyance, and that said Winifred S. Bangs was before the death of said deceased, and is now, entitled to a conveyance of said hereinabove described real property upon her carrying out the provisions of said written contract, and making the payments therein provided, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is Hereby Ordered that the hearing of said Petition be set for Monday, the 24th day of April, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of this Court, Department No. 10, thereof, in the Grant Building, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and it is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published for four successive weeks before said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, March 20, 1911.

(Seal) THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
Endorsed: Filed March 20, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

SHELDON G. KELLOGG, Atty. for Administratrix,
801-805 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-25-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4260, New Series; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GIACOMO BRUSCO, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of Giacomo Brusco, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 16th day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator authorizing and directing him to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
Filed April 6, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Atty. for Administrator,
1013 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD HUGHES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Edward Hughes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of T. J. Sheridan, her attorney, at No. 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward Hughes, deceased.

ALICE HUGHES,
Administratrix of the Estate of Edward Hughes, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 8, 1911.

T. J. SHERIDAN, Atty. for Administratrix,
No. 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-8-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM McCANN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of William McCann, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of John J. Barrett, 1255 Flood Building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William McCann, deceased.

MARY A. McCANN,
Administratrix of the Estate of William McCann, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 25, 1911.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Atty. for Administratrix,
1255 Flood Building,
870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-25-5

Letters

"Sylva of California"

The second volume of memoirs of the University of California, "Sylva of California," the work of Willis Lynn Jepson, is a sizable volume filled with interesting information for professional botanist or lay reader. About one-half its bulk is reserved for full-page plates showing characteristic or exceptional forms of trees, the effects of wind, leaf forms, cones and other matters best presented by pictures, but there are two hundred and eighty large pages of print containing descriptive and historical matter as far as possible removed from the dry and statistical, for besides the scientific botanical descriptions and references there are historical data, distribution, habits, and peculiarities, uses, and in general, brief but comprehensive bringing together of all that one needs to know of the trees of California. We may boast of twenty-eight species of the pine family, ten of the cypress, nine willows, eleven oaks and five ashes, besides our two species of redwood. Of particular interest are the chapters on "Mutilation and Reproduction," "Seed Production" and "Geographical Distribution." One cannot but feel grateful to the author, amongst other things, for his recommendation of native trees in place of so many exotics in laying out parks and private estates. Within a single generation we have seen our wild flowers all but exterminated and those who, as children gathered them indiscriminately now purchase seed and cultivate in small patches the identical species which once covered whole hillsides. In another score of years some of our trees which are now ignored or despised may become rare enough to be regarded as treasures. "Sylva of California" represents twenty years of research on the part of the author. The Paul Elder Company is associated with the University Press in the publication of the book.

Ghost Stories by Crawford

Under the title "Wandering Ghosts" the Macmillan Company has brought together half a dozen stories more or less tinged with the supernatural, by the late Marion Crawford. As all these "tales of terror" have appeared in periodicals and all attracted more than ordinary attention at the time of their publication, the titles alone will recall them to mind. "The Dead Smile" introduces a vision of the banshee and tells of the deathbed of a vicious old man whose lips were fixed in a ghastly smile that seemed to compel everyone about him to imitate it. "The Screaming Skull" is a study of suggestion; the recital of a story of cleverly concealed murder which inspired one of its hearers to duplicate the crime, and the subsequent haunting of the murderer by the skull of the dead woman. "Man Overboard" tells of the haunting of a sailor by the wraith of his twin brother lost overboard. "For the Blood is the Life" deals with vampyrism, a belief which is almost a matter of course in south-eastern Europe. "The Upper Berth" tells of a stateroom on a trans-Atlantic liner which was haunted by the presence of some creature, animal or human, every passenger who occupied it being driven to suicide by drowning. "The Doll's Ghost" is almost "in lighter vein" as compared with the other stories. That large class who acknowledge a love for stories of the supernatural will find "Wandering Ghosts" to their liking while the host of Mr. Crawford's admirers will be glad of this one more book from his stilled hand.

Picturing an Ideal Life

We are indebted to Mrs. Roger A. Prior for an interesting portrayal of the life and manners of good society in Virginia in ante-bellum days. "The Colonel's Story" is, in its plot, the narrative of the grievous disappointment of a noble-hearted man who had fallen in love with a young girl, his distant relative, and believed that his attachment was reciprocated when in fact she was fond of him only as her kinsman, her affection being given to one of her own generation, and of the elderly colonel's sacrifices and efforts on her behalf, never revealing his secret when he realized his error. Apart from the plot we have a presentation of a life almost ideal. Being a southern woman, the author has kept the slaves in their proper places, well in the background. It is an inviting picture, too, of the summer colony at the White Sulphur Springs where people went for rest and relaxation, not for show, and where the gatherings were like family meetings and kind feeling ruled in the place of ostentation and exclusion. The colonel, Colonel James Jones, belongs in the same gallery of portraits as those fine pictures given us by Thomas Nelson Page and F. Hopkinson Smith, types that we are the better for meeting even if only in books. From the Macmillan Company.

"The Professor's Mystery"

"The Professor's Mystery" need not have been a mystery at all but for the misdirected efforts of a family to conceal a slight aberration on the part of one of them, with the usual result that their explanations and precautions were far more mysterious than their cause. There are some clever descriptions of seances. The story is a collaboration by Bryan Hooker and Wells Hastings. Published by Bobbs Merrill Co.

Random Remarks

Horse sense is knowing when to bridle your tongue.

Talking about crops, the wild oats crops is always a failure.

The pawnbroker never gets so old that he takes no interest in things.

Some men show that they are bad eggs the moment they are broke.

If you want to know where you stand, enter a crowded street car.

Some people would find fault with the weather if it was raining money.

Some call this the golden age of the drama, others call it the sew-age.

A pessimist is a man who has lost heart and is ruled by a bad liver.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, April 29, 1911 | No. 974

BLANCHE RING

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TOWN TALK

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Our Sceptical Labor Leaders

It may be that the men who have been arrested for the many dynamite outrages by which life and property were destroyed in several cities are not the miscreants by whom the deeds were perpetrated. But it is much easier to believe that the right men have been apprehended than that arrests have been made in furtherance of a conspiracy to incite public feeling against organized labor or as a stratagem in anticipation of a general strike in Los Angeles. The theory regarding a conspiracy of capital against labor aided and abetted by the authorities is so absurd as to argue insincerity on the part of the men by whom it is voiced. And the leaders of organized labor are not doing their cause any good by their superheated scepticism or by professing to believe it more likely that the crimes were committed by anti-union employers than by union men and that evidence consisting of dynamite "plants" has been manufactured by the enemies of unionism. The credulity which they manifest if not assumed is at any rate so preposterous as to be incredible. It is the kind of credulity which believes everything but the truth. We should have more confidence in the leaders of organized labor if they were less disposed to shield union men by whom violence is practiced. Violence is not one of the cardinal principles of unionism. Violence is not as a rule ordered by union leaders. But the struggle between union employers and non-union workmen breeds violence as everybody knows who has any knowledge of the history of industrial strife, and to the shame of some union leaders be it said that while loudly declaiming against the lawlessness of strikers they have frequently betrayed their acquiescence if not their connivance.

Our Unanimous Dailies

Amid all the auspicious circumstances attending the candidacy of James Rolph Jr. there is one evil omen that may well fill him with misgivings the while he looks into the seeds of time. We allude to the portentous unanimity of the parochial press. At intervals extremely rare the militant editors of the vociferous dailies call a truce and hold a conclave, and when the common people behold the terrifying spectacle they seem spontaneously to resent for the time being whatever advice emanates in emphatic accord from the molders of public opinion. If we may take the lesson of experience as conclusive there is no escape from the proposition that a candidate for public office, "though his virtues plead like angels, trumpet tongued," is doomed to defeat if it be his misfortune to incur the approval of the united daily press. And this is the fate which at this moment seems to be in store for that eminent and much respected citizen, Mr. James Rolph Jr., candidate of the business interests of the community for the office of mayor. But fortunately for him there is yet time to avert disaster. Difficult though it is for our militant editors to come to an agreement, more difficult still is the maintenance of their unanimity. Feeble their confidence in one another, they are prone to suspicion and suspicion breeds treachery. Let one be persuaded to excess of enthusiasm and the entente cordiale will be quickly disrupted.

A Leader of Thought

How hopeless would be the fate of our country were it not for the leaders of public thought! It gives one a shudder to meditate on the miscellaneous disasters that might threaten, the multitudinous evils that might o'erwhelm, did not the divinity that shapes our ends supply us with those exceptional, superior persons, accustomed to abstract contemplation, who do the necessary profound thinking for us. These men are not appreciated by the common herd. This is because of their remoteness above our heads, far up among the clouds where, calm, contemplative, passive, they survey the universe, read the stars, watch the return of the seasons, the falling leaves of autumn, and smile without bitterness at the follies of the world. It is only when they condescend to come to earth, which they do occasionally for a moment in a spell of abstraction, that we are able to glimpse them and faintly apprehend their greatness. Thus were we favored the other day by that stupendous scholar, David Starr Jordan, exponent of the higher thought, accurate judge of the effects of things with reference to all their bearings, ramifications and impediments. Dr. Jordan came among us to protest against the arrest of his son for speeding in his automobile. Like the most commonplace fond parent he rebuked the officers of the law for daring to humiliate the offspring of the Jordans. "If any one," said the eminent pundit, "says that Knight Jordan violated the speed law at the time and place named said person is guilty of perjury." How does he know? Under the sun, nor beyond it is there anything that the apostle of peace on earth does not know.

The Wealth of Nations

In two little tables of statistics is to be found a lucid explanation of what is the matter with the United States of America. The first is a table of the total wealth of four nations:

United States	$125,000,000,000
Great Britain	88,725,000,000
France	83,000,000,000
Germany	63,500,000,000

The second is a table of the per capita wealth together with the population of the same four nations:

Country	Population	Per Capita
France	40,000,000	$2,075
Great Britain	46,000,000	1,930
United States	90,000,000	1,390
Germany	64,000,000	992

From the foregoing it is evident that the wealth of this country is not very well distributed. In France more than in any country in the world there is an actual division of wealth. In this country with its enormous population which is more than double that of France while its wealth is only a third greater the poor are innumerable while of capitalists we have comparatively a small number. In the circumstances it is natural that dissatisfaction should be widespread and that the ranks of the Socialists should be recruited at such a rate as to cause our politicians to sit up and take notice. The great advantage which France has over us in per capita wealth is due in a large measure to the prodigious wealth of a comparatively small number of our citizens. We have more millionaires than are to be found in any three countries of Europe and a small group of them possess more wealth than all the millionaires of France. The explanation of course is protection to able-bodied industries; but the reduction of the tariff will not satisfy the horde of disgruntled. They are not to be satisfied with abating injustice. Their aim is not so much to prevent the further piling up of fortunes as to compel the distribution of those that have been accumulated.

His Maiden Effort

A breath of Progressiveness taken at the storm centre in Washington, D. C., has somewhat tempered the transports of our distinguished citizen, the Hon. John D. Works, Senator by grace of a cheverel-conscienced Legislature. Who that does not remember the passions stirred at Sacramento when as Senator-elect this champion of the masses characterized the proposal to recall the judiciary as "reform run mad!" Then were the vials of wrath uncorked, and blasting were the invectives eructated against the new-born statesman who had dared give utterance to a sentiment grievously at variance with the cherished views of the men who had raised him to place and power. With bell, book and candle the anathematized Senator-elect was banished from the fold, consigned to the outer-darkness infested with unspeakable standpatters. There he seems to have repented. For in his maiden speech in the Senate he evinces a disposition to recant. He is in favor of admitting Arizona to the Union, the recall to its ultimate conclusion to the contrary notwithstanding. Mildly he disavows a belief in the principle of the recall so far as it affects the judiciary, but it is no longer "reform run mad." He believes in giving the people what they want, and the recall he regards as a happy medium between a corrupt representative government and a pure democracy. He argues that the people of

Arizona have a right to decide for themselves what form of republican government they will live under so long as it does not conflict with the Constitution of the United States, and as the Constitution does not define "a republican form of government" it must be assumed that the phrase was used "in the generally accepted sense." The Senator's argument is sound. To determine whether Arizona is admissible to the Union it must first be determined whether its Constitution provides for a republican form of government such as was contemplated by the framers of the Constitution. And what this form of government was understood to be is a question which eventually must be solved by the Supreme Court of the United States. The question is already before the Supreme Court of the State of Oregon, and that it will soon be in the Federal courts is quite certain. Meantime Judge Works may be able to satisfy himself on the subject by pursuing appropriate studies. If he has not yet been retained on either side of the question we believe there is but one conclusion that a man of his analytical mind can reach.

American Despotism

Richard Croker in a farewell interview on the eve of his departure for his home in Ireland a week ago took occasion to remark that under the British flag there is more personal liberty than under the stars and stripes. There was a time when such an assertion by such a person as Richard Croker would have stirred the chauvinistic spirit of wild-eyed editors in every State in the Union. But the spirit of patriotism is no longer rampant, national pride has ceased to be so sensitive as to make us ridiculous. We have grown more tolerant of criticism since the days of Charles Dickens, partly because we have become less provincial, but chiefly for the reason that we are not so self-satisfied as formerly, not so insensible of our imperfections and our shortcomings. Perfervid rhetoric such as used to inflame us on the Fourth of July may now be employed in vain to titillate our emotions. The only sentiments worth while are those that stimulate distrust, dissatisfaction and hatred. No longer enamored of the institutions that once were our pride and our glory we honor none but those that would hasten their decay. Such are the consequences of the apotheosis of Demos. Raging up and down the land is the spirit of democracy with its dogmatic tone, its deceptive simplicity of ideas, its fantastic notions of equal rights for all, and all its alluring illusions. And it is this very democratic spirit despite the restraint it has been under in the past that is responsible for the checks on personal liberty on which Richard Croker has animadverted. There is no greater tyrant than the multitude, and in the degree in which the power of the many is magnified the liberty of the individual is diminished. Now unquestionably Richard Croker is right when he says there is more personal liberty in England than in this country. He might have gone further and said without fear of refutation that there is less personal liberty in this country than in any country in Europe save Russia. So many are the restraints on personal liberty in this land of the free and home of the knave that Americans with the price in their pockets and red corpuscles in their blood go abroad to enjoy themselves. So industriously have we been engaged in curtailing the natural rights of man that to enjoy them to the full one must go to London, Paris or Berlin where the happy impression still prevails that private morals are not a menace to the peace and prosperity of the State. The progress being made toward Puritanism in some of our chastest States where the delusion is fostered by the pious majority that man was made for the Sabbath and always to mourn is making life therein unbearable to every individual who has a drop of the old Adam afloat in his system. In these States liberty means that everybody is free to do what nobody cares to do, and the pursuit of happiness is becoming one of the most perilous of inalienable rights. Thus have we gravitated into the state toward which democracy tends in spite of the institutions which once inspired the hope that they might protect us from ourselves. Nowhere, it is true, have we any of the visible symbols of despotism—neither the knouts nor the thumbscrews; we neither pillory our De Foes for writing about public affairs nor our Bunyans for proclaiming their views of religion, but nevertheless there is grinding intolerance and frightful tyranny. Where in the world is there a despotism comparable with that of the press of this country which carries on without restraint its terrible inquisitions not of fagot and flame but of obloquy and hatred? What protection has the private citizen from the tyranny of the press? Assuredly the courts do not afford him protection. In hardly any of our State governments is there such a thing as justice between the press and the individual. The press is the Fourth Estate, and judges elected by the people are not independent of that branch of the government. It is the democratic spirit that insists that judges should be responsive to the will of the people, that they should be elected for a term of years and be subject therefore to the favor of the multitude. How can justice be insured in a State where the judges are not absolutely independent? It is platitudinous to say that impartiality is the life of justice and that justice is the life of all good government, but these are truisms that are ignored in this press-ridden country where the liberty of the press means not the liberty of discussing public measures and political questions but the liberty of affronting, calumniating and defaming. So we need go no further than consideration of the principle on which justice is here administered and of the nature of the liberty enjoyed by the newspapers to perceive that the United States is far from being a country in which "mankind throws off its fetters."

Perspective Impressions

The people of Seattle are thinking of recalling the recall mayor. Let the good work go on.

The man who has right on his side is always in the majority but seldom of it.

"Andy" Gallagher says it's a "frame-up." This is the same Andy who was such a great booster for Burns in the days of the Graft Prosecution.

The heavy hand of the law had the impertinence to fall on David Starr Jordan's son and Dave took a slap at the wrist.

A report from Washington says that Everis Anson Hayes is among the insurgents who are willing to stop insurging and return to the fold of conservative Republicanism. This isn't news. "Red" does this after every election.

Dr. Rader asks: "Are the preachers of San Francisco amiable nobodies?" That's a mild way of putting it.

According to Speaker Clark the Democrats are now on trial. If the charge be asininity the prosecution must confess the plea of scores of time in something worse than jeopardy.

Congressman "Bill" Kent voted for publicity of primary and general election campaign expenses. Of course such a law would not be retroactive.

Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, the Plutarch of the Hearst papers, says that Lord Byron is "the greatest poet that the English-speaking race has ever produced, Shakespeare alone excepted." Thus are the claims of Markham and Miller quashed forever.

A bavarde says that Jennie Crocker while in England will receive sixteen proposals of marriage. Well Jennie seems to be able to take better care of her purse than of her necklace.

According to Mr. Hearst his friend John Hayes Hammond ought to be appointed Ambassador to Berlin because—well because he is a great engineer, possessing qualifications for everything but the post he is after. The boost reads like a knock.

If Queen Elizabeth never saw Mary Stuart, as Henry Morse Stephens says, her control of her curiosity was preternatural. For she certainly had great curiosity regarding her distinguished contemporary, and there were nineteen years during which she might have gratified it with very little exertion. History doesn't record everything that happened in this world.

Correspondence

Cannon's Nonsense

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Here is a piece of unparalleled nonsense for your correspondent "Hibernian." It was written by Theodore Hook's friend, Rev. Edward Cannon.

Yours truly,
—A Scrap-Book Crank.

If down his throat a man should choose
In fun to jump or slide,
He'd scrape his shoes against his teeth,
Nor dirt his own inside.

Or if his teeth were lost and gone,
And not a stump to scrape upon,
He'd see at once how very pat,
His tongue lay there by way of mat,
And he would wipe his feet on that!

Get Busy!

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Why not apply the editorial spur to the gentlemen on whose shoulders rest the duty of selecting the site for the Panama-Pacific Exposition? They're "hurting business." Pending their decision everything is in statu quo. It's worse than if we weren't going to have any Fair. With no such project in view everybody would be doing business in the usual way, but as it is everything is at a standstill. Nobody cares to do anything until the great, important, all-absorbing site question is decided. Prospective purchasers and sellers of real estate are holding their deals in abeyance. This suspense is awful. It's high time for the Fair directors to get busy. Urge them to quit their squabbling and do something. Make it Harbor View, the Park, Lake Merced, or any old place in preference to keeping it up in the air. Take us off the anxious seat. I'm weary standing on the tiptoe of expectancy.

Sincerely yours,
—Business Man.

Slurring Shakespeare

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Although I am told by my very clever and very up-to-date young sons and daughters that I am way behind the times I at least try to keep abreast of new things in literature and the theater. Most of the new styles in books and plays fail to strike a responsive chord in me, so perhaps I am hopelessly old-fashioned. This is truer of the new plays than of the new books. For Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice," for instance, I have no power of appreciation. It is above and beyond me. Yet I went to see it and read carefully all the critiques in the Tuesday papers. I am still unable to see its great worth, but I am not bigoted as well as old-fashioned and therefore have great respect for the critics who praised it. But why should one of them exalt Maeterlinck at the expense of the glorious Bard of Avon? Was that necessary? I refer to the able critic of the Bulletin who referred slightingly in her notice of "Sister Beatrice" to what she called "Elizabethan melodrama." Undoubtedly she had in mind those splendid compositions which are the crown of English literature, "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Othello," "Macbeth" and the rest of those peerless dramas which Shakespeare left the world as its priceless literary heritage. Her reference made my blood boil Mr. William Winter or the lamented George Barnes (who were my favorite dramatic critics), would never have written like that. The moderns are no doubt wonderful, but is it too much to ask that the critics shall not slur the ancients whom some of us love so dearly? It is unnecessary and it is not sound criticism. I remember that several years ago in an interview which he gave to Mr. Ashton Stevens (a saucy critic but a good one), Mr. George Sterling, the poet, said that he would as soon think of throwing pebbles at the Cathedral of Chartres as attempt to pick flaws in Shakespeare. Would it not be well for the critic of the Bulletin to cultivate the same modesty?

Very sincerely,
—One Who Saw Booth.

A Macaronic

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I sympathize with your correspondent "Hibernian" who lost his scrap-book of nonsense verse in the fire and I take pleasure in contributing one from memory, a once familiar specimen of that kind of literary composition, difficult as it is humorous, called the Macaronic.

Yours truly,
—Reader.

Here it is:

Parvus Jacobus Horner
Sedebat in corner,
Edens a Christmas pie;
Inferuit thumb,
Extraherit plum—
Clamans, "Quid sharp puer am I."

The Bland Wanderer

By Arnold Bennett

In the drawing-room tonight an old and solitary, but blandly cheerful, female wanderer recounted numerous accidents at St. Moritz: legs broken in two places, shoulders broken, spines injured; also deaths. Further, the danger of catching infectious diseases at St. Moritz. "One very large hotel, where everybody had influenza," etc. These recitals seemed to give her calm and serious pleasure.

"Do you think this place is good for nerves?" she broke out suddenly at me. I told her that in my opinion a hot bath and a day in bed would make any place good for nerves. "I mean the nerves of the body," she said inscrutably. Then she deviated into a long set description of the historic attack of Russian influenza which she had had several years ago, and which had kept her in bed for three months, since when she had never been the same woman. And she seemed to savour with placid joy the fact that she had never been the same woman.

Then she flew back to St. Moritz and the prices thereof. She said you could get pretty reasonable terms, even there, "provided you didn't mind going high up." Upon my saying that I actually preferred being high up, she exclaimed: "I don't. I'm so afraid of fire. I'm always afraid of fire." She said that she had had two nephews at Cambridge. The second one took rooms at the top of the highest house in Cambridge, and the landlord was a drunkard. "My sister didn't seem to care, but I didn't know what to do! What could I do? Well, I bought him a non-inflammable rope." She smiled blandly.

This allusion to death and inebriety prompted a sprightly young Yorkshirewoman, with the county gift for yarn-spinning, to tell a tale of something that had happened to her cousin, who gave lessons in domestic economy at a London Board School. A little girl, absent for two days, was questioned as to the reason.

"I couldn't come."

"But why not?"

"I was kept . . . Please 'm, my mother's dead."

"Well, wouldn't you be better here at school? When did she die?"

"Yesterday. I must go back, please. I only came to tell you."

"But why?"

"Well, ma'am. She's lying on the table and I have to watch her."

"Watch her?"

"Yes. Because when father comes home drunk, he knocks her off, and I have to put her on again."

This narration startled even the bridge-players, and there were protests of horror. But the philosophic wanderer, who had never been the same woman since Russian influenza, smiled placidly.

"I knew something really much more awful than that," she said. "A young woman, well-known to me, had charge of a creche of thirty infants, and one day she took it into her head to amuse herself by changing all their clothes, so that at night they could not be identified; and many of them never were identified! She was such a merry girl! I knew all her brothers and sisters too! She wanted to go into a sisterhood, and she did, for a month. But the only thing she did there—well, one day she went down into the laundry and taught all the laundry-maids to polkah. She was such a merry girl!"

"In the end," the bland wanderer continued, after a little pause, "she went to America. America is such an odd place! Once I got into a car at Philadelphia that had come from New York. The conductor showed me my berth. The bed was warm. I partly undressed and got into it, and drew the curtain. I was half asleep, when I felt a hand feeling me over through the curtain. I called out, and a man's voice said: 'It's all right. I'm only looking for my stick. I think I must have left it in the berth'! Another time a lot of student girls were in the same car with me. They all got into their beds—or berths or whatever you call it—about eight o'clock, wearing fancy jackets, and they sat up and ate candy. I was walking up and down, and every time I passed they implored me to have candy, and then they implored each other to try to persuade me. They were mostly named Sadie. At one in the morning they ordered iced drinks around. I was obliged to drink with them They tired me out, and then made me drink. I don't know what happened just after that, but I know that, at five in the morning, they were all sitting up and eating candy. I've traveled a good deal in America and it's such an odd place! It was just the place for that young woman to go to."

Varied Types

XIX—REV. CHARLES F. AKED

By Edward F. O'Day

He is the soul of good humor in an interview, is Dr. Aked. And let me add, the soul of condescension. He more than meets the interviewer half way. Dull though you be, inappreciative of pat phrase or rounded epigram, there is no excuse for your overlooking the good things of his conversation. With half a brain you may know when he has uttered a telling sentence by the patient manner in which he pauses and watches your hurrying pencil pin his winged words to paper. He knows the newspaperman, does Dr. Aked, or thinks he knows him. So he slurs no opportunity of enlightening him on obscure points.

When he told a story of Dr. Birrell he was at pains to explain that this was the father of Augustine Birrell who, he was at equal pains to let me know, wrote "Obiter Dicta" and "Res Adjudicatae" and occupies a place in the British cabinet.

"Ah, you know Birrell," he commented on my imperfect gratitude.

When he mentioned Charles Bradlaugh he carefully pointed out that Charles Bradlaugh was a celebrated athiest who held the same position in England that Ingersoll held in America.

"Ah, you have heard of Bradlaugh," and his soft syllables seemed like a rebuke to precocity.

When he spoke of Derby he spelled it for me letter by letter lest I should be misled by his English pronunciation. And when he resurrected a very good though very old anecdote about Pere Hyacinth, he would have spelled the Frenchman's name for me too. Perfect politeness would have feigned ignorance and accepted his help. But who, except possibly Dr. Aked, was ever perfectly polite? Somehow or other I betrayed to him that I had met the name before. By some unconscious look or gesture my overweening pride of knowledge got the better of me and he know that I had heard of Pere Hyacinth. But he did not resent my knowing. With true Christian forbearance he placed a tiny coal of fire upon my head.

"Ah, you read French," he murmured.

Would that I could as easily gain the reputation of deciphering cuneiforms!

This condescencion of the reverend doctor informed all the interview. I am quite sure that he did not expect me to talk to him about religion. That is to say, he did not expect me to question him on the topic which he deprecates as "conventionally religious." In his secret thoughts he was probably good naturedly surprised that I broached matters of dogma and put questions of creed. He let me understand very clearly that these were subjects of minor interest with him. And yet he humored me by consenting to discuss them.

"The barriers between denominations are breaking down at the top and wearing through in places and they are already so low that we can shake hands across them."

His orotund rolling of the plentiful r's in that sentence was very impressive. Almost I forgot the purport of his words in my admiration of his delivery. I must have seemed spellbound, for he smiled a toothsome smile under his thick mustache, draped one lanky leg over the other and went sonorously on:

"The step from one denomination to another is becoming very common. Dr. Jowett—he is not related to the great Master of Balliol though he bears the same name—went from Congregationalism to Presbyterianism. Dr. Hillis—probably the best known American pastor; he succeeded Beecher—went from Presbyterianism to Congregationalism. Dr. Cadman went from Congregationalism to Methodism. Dr. Dawson went from Methodism to Congregationalism and thence to Presbyterianism."

To this imposing array of barrier-breakers Dr. Aked allowed me to add his own name and proceeded to explain why he slid through the barrier from the Baptist to the Congregational sect.

"Until I came here I had always been a Baptist. But there is no longer any reason for the Baptist denomination. It has done its work, it has delivered its message, it has borne its testimony."

Dr. Aked, it will be observed, is a hero of the psychological moment. His leaving the Baptists and the squeezing from the Baptist sect of the last juice of purpose were contemporaneous phenomena. I take it that if he had not been called to the Congregational fold in San Francisco he would have left the Baptists just the same. But he anticipated any comment of this sort.

REV. CHARLES F. AKED

"What attracted me to the church here was its breadth," he explained. "The people here are ready for the light. They sympathize with my conception that the pulpit should take into view the whole of human life. My church is to be interested in everything human beings are interested in. The real devils we have to fight are dirt, disease and drink. I don't want to preach merely about the things which are conventionally religious. Religion has as much to do with the polling booth as the pulpit, with the primary as the presbytery, with swapping horses just as much as with singing hymns. I believe that a church whose outlook is broad enough will attract those who do not go to church."

It was extremely interesting but, to my old fashioned notions, extremely revolutionary. My curiosity was excited, so I asked him what one would have to believe to belong to his church.

I am still in doubt whether he regarded me as a stray looking for the fold, a maverick ready for the branding. But assuredly he displayed considerable enthusiasm in kicking down the barriers which might have separated me from the true faith.

"In the way of denominational dogma we believe absolutely nothing," he specified; "but we hold to those beliefs which are common to Protestantism everywhere—God, Christ, the Atonement, the Resurrection and so on. But we don't define these beliefs."

I am sure I looked stupid, because I felt stupidly unintelligent. Dr. Aked showed his pity for my benighted state by explaining:

"No, we don't define these beliefs. As soon as you begin to define you begin to limit. Another man's definition binds you and your definition binds him. Take the Resurrection for instance. Half a dozen men have half a dozen theories to explain it. But they have a ground of agreement."

I must have worn a dubious air.

"The Church," he explained. "The Church can hold all their theories. The Church accepts the fact and allows people to explain the fact as they wish. The great facts are God, the divinity of Christ and the immortality of the soul. The whole body of Christendom will stand firm on these facts."

I felt hot and stuffy in the presence of this porous-knit Christianity, but I managed weakly to say something about Unitarianism.

"Unitarianism has done a great work," conceded the doctor. "It has taught me that Jesus is human as well as divine; that He had a heart as well as a soul. I think I see a way out of the controversy between the Trinitarians and the Unitarians. The Unitarians see in God the Father all that the Trinitarians see in God the Son while the Trinitarians see in God the Father all that the Unitarians see in God the Son. Really I find no reason for the continued use of the words Unitarian and Trinitarian."

Here was a breaking of barriers with a vengeance. It sounded plausible when the doctor said it. But for the life of me I can't get its significance. Has it any? I might have asked for light but just then Dr. Aked hurled the Bible at my head. Metaphorically of course.

"As to the Bible, a very large and liberal view is permitted to everybody. The old view of the Bible is dead and gone. It only exists among the most illiterate."

That hit me right between the eyes and dazed me. It filled me with sorrow too. Poor sacred book! Poor millions who still hold to the old view that the doctor says is dead and gone! Poor pigmies of the intellect who have expounded and still expound an exegesis condemned by this giant of the current year! Illustrious names flitted through my fevered mind. Gladstone was

(Continued on Page 24.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The Canned Convention

The newspapers are beginning to take note of the fact that the state convention which will meet in May next year to send delegates from California to the national Republican convention for the nomination of candidates for president and vice-president will be a canned convention. Under the law passed by the Legislature of two years ago the county conventions which will send delegates to the state convention will not be new bodies chosen in response to the current popular political ideas. They will simply consist of reassemblings of the county conventions which met last year before the August primaries to send delegates to the state convention which formulated the party platform. The San Diego Union points to this fact and says it will allow Hiram Johnson, Meyer Lissner and their associates to "steal the State for La Follette." "The same men," it says, " who did the bidding of Johnson and Lissner at the county conventions last year and chose a State convention subservient to their will, will be the ones to name the convention at which the second betrayal of the party is to be consummated." The Riverside Press says that the "delegates will represent conditions two years old and there may be sweeping changes of sentiment within that period to which they would not be responsive." The San Bernardino Sun rather exultingly points out to those who are complaining of the mare's-nest, that it gave a warning about it during the last session of the Legislature when there was still time to change the law. "Not a member of the dominant element," it says, "had the courage to attack this piece of monumental political stupidity." Even Deacon Pillsbury of the "California Outlook" takes a crack at the reformers on this score. "The blunt truth is," confesses this high priest of reform, "that a present attractive advantage has, most regrettably, outweighed loyalty to a fundamental principle that the will of the people shall find ample means of expression whenever the people have a will that they wish to express. About this time in the year of our Lord 1912 the people of California will have a will that they wish to express, and no adequate way of expressing it will have been afforded them. The ghost of this bit of politics will rise to plague us."

The Great Chinese Loan

The United States has at last entered the financial councils of nations regarding Chinese affairs. This important step was taken a fortnight ago when the agreement for a loan to the Chinese government of fifty million dollars was signed by representatives of American, English, German and French high finance. The loan was projected as an American enterprise purely, and was then sought by the Chinese for political purposes. Later a suggestion was made to allow European capital to take part in the loan and after negotiations covering several months an agreement was reached providing that four banking groups of the United States, England, Germany and France should participate equally and that the financial adviser to the Chinese government with regard to the loan should come from a neutral European state. The banking interests concerned are the Morgan houses, the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Company, the Bank of Indo-China and the Deutsche East-Asiatic Bank The loan is secured by the provincial revenues. Five millions will be paid immediately, five millions when the Powers have approved of the Chinese currency reform and the Manchurian development schemes, and the balance in monthly installments. The loan is to be made at 95 and is to be covered by a bond issue, the bonds to mature at a period of from forty to forty-five years and to bear five per cent interest. The appointment of a neutral financial expert is now being discussed. The Japanese papers are devoting much space to this "four-Power loan." Japan hoped the negotiations would fail as she did not relish the increase of American and European influence in China.

American Stocks in Germany

The German ministry has been attacked by former Colonial Secretary Dernburg for its "narrow-minded dilettantism" in barring American securities from the German market. His criticism was evoked by the governmental action thought necessary to prevent the purchase of two million dollars of Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway shares. He asks whether Germany can afford by such tactics to jeopardize American friendship and the rich German-American trade. He points out: "The United States is the third largest buyer of German industrial products, while we buy $301,000,000 worth from America. Our total trade balance with America is the largest of any we have. In addition, American traffic is worth at least $50,000,000 a year to the German steamship lines, while America is the country in which, with the exception of Germany and Austria, most people of German tongue and origin live. In these circumstances I regard it as nothing short of fatal to turn the full force of our governmental machinery against American securities. Similar Russian and Hungarian securities are allowed access to our market without let or hindrance. Can it be that the government thinks there is more trade for Germany in those countries than in the United States, or that we politically are better friends with them than with the Americans?"

The Wail of a Sentimentalist

John Galworthy is no doubt a fine novelist and a competent playwright, but he is out of tune with modern militarism and his protestations against the use of aeroplanes as a part of military equipment has a purely sentimental value. Decrying what he calls "the prostitution of the conquest of the air to the ends of warfare" he utters this soulful but altogether piffling cry: "If ever men presented a spectacle of sheer insanity," he writes, "it is now—when, having at last triumphed in their struggle to subordinate to their welfare the unconquered element, they have straightway commenced to defile that element, so heroically mastered, by filling it with engines of destruction. If ever the gods were justified of their ironic smile—by the gods, it is now! Is there any thinker alive watching this still utterly preventible calamity without horror and despair? Horror at what must come of it, if not promptly stopped; despair that men can be so blind, so hopelessly and childishly the slaves of their own marvelous inventive powers. Was there ever so patent a case for scotching at birth a hideous development of the black arts of warfare; ever such an occasion for the powers in conference to ban once and for all a new and ghastly menace? A little reason, a grain of common sense, a gleam of sanity before it's too late—before vested interests and the chains of a new habit have enslaved us too hopelessly. If this fresh devilry be not quenched within the next few years it will be too late. Water and earth are wide enough for men to kill each other on. For the love of the sun, and stars, and the blue sky, that have given us all our aspirations since the beginning of time, let us leave the air to innocence. Will not those who have eyes to see, good will toward men, and the power to put that good will into practice, bestir themselves while there is yet time, and save mankind from this last and worst of all its follies?"

Kent Swatted in San Berdoo

The San Bernardino Sun which is quite a conservative journal, had occasion a few days ago to refer to Congressman "Bill" Kent of Kentfield and this is what it said: "If any regular had spent money as did the Congressman from the second district,—well that sort of investigation sent Congressman Sibley, of Pennsylvania, to his grave." It will be recalled that Congressman Sibley paved his way to the House of Representatives with thousands of dollars spent most scandalously. There is therefore a most serious implication in the editorial remark from San Berdoo. It touches the integrity of "Bill" Kent as a seeker of public office. It is referred to here so that he may have an opportunity to reply to it, if he sees fit to vindicate his fair fame against this form of attack.

The Passing of the Ranchos

Gradually the big ranches of the Sacramento Valley are passing to the control of those financially able to subdivide and open the lands to settlement in small tracts. The operations of the Pittsburg Syndicate in Glenn and Colusa counties, the sale of the Haggin Grant near Sacramento and the purchase by Frank L. Vanderlip and his New York associates of the 16,000 Los Molinos rancho near Chico are only three of many such subdivisions. Ranching, points out the Sacramento Bee, is giving way to farming in this fertile valley. And it considers the change decidedly for the better. With the scientific farming which the young agriculturists of the State are learning at the university experimental stations this subdivision of the big holdings appeals to the Bee as most beneficial to Northern California.

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The Orderly

By Georges De Lys (From the French)

The French had been driven from the park and were streaming across the level plain. They had held the position for two hours, standing stubbornly against all attacks, but had been forced to give way at last under a rush of fresh troops. Now all order was broken and they were scattering like whirling leaves swept by the wind.

A thin column of smoke was vanishing from the abandoned walls; other columns, still nearer, dragged along the ground and obscured the top of the walls here and there. The steady whistling of bullets had succeeded to the first scattering shots.

A grove stood in the midst of the bare fields, and the fleeing soldiers sought its shelter with mad, reckless dashes in which many fell, mortally wounded; those who survived rushed on in a still more reckless retreat.

Captain Revordy, hurried along with the others, did not waste his strength in struggling against the irrestible torrent. Every effort was strained to bring together the scattered soldiers, and he succeeded in placing himself boldly at the head of the retreat, in leading it to friendly shelter of the trees and in making a stand there where others might rally.

The soldiers reached the spot worn out, with hot throats, their heads throbbing from the tumultuous rush of blood. As soon as they touched the edge of the grove they threw themselves into the nearest thicket, keeping close to the ground and crawling along the hollows of the ditches. With shouts and gestures Revordy summoned the officers and, aided by a few brave men, he held back the rout, formed the ranks, assigned each one to his place and prepared to make the last stand, the last defense.

A sergeant whispered something of importance in his ear; the cartridge boxes were nearly all empty. The captain then gave the order: "Let no one fire until I give command!"

That calm voice aroused new courage in the men, for he breathed his own courage and energy into them. The captain was a short, thickset man, with strong limbs. His face was burned by his many campaigns, for Revordy had fought from the Crimea to Mexico, and there was the dull red hue of copper under the brown tan, while from this glowing face blazed out a pair of large, clear, prominent eyes.

Some one shouted, "Here they are!" The enemy had formed under the shelter of the walls and the defeated soldiers noticed that they were preparing for a new attack. The Germans drew closely together at the hoarse commands of their captains; then the lines shook and moved forward.

Revordy watched the approaching enemy. They were moving straight toward the little silent wood, where there was no sound save the tense breathing of his men. They were scarcely three hundred yards from the first trees, advancing in dark, straight lines, making an easy target; then the captain gave the command: "Fire!" The edge of the grove seemed to burst out into sudden flame as it poured forth its volleys; then all was lost in smoke. But their ears told them what their eyes failed to see; they heard the hoarse shrieks and groans of the dying; then the frightened trampings of a disorderly retreat shook the frozen ground, growing more and more distant, until they ceased.

Then Revordy thundered out: "Stop firing!" The smoke passed away, entangling its spiral whiteness in the branches of the trees, and when it had grown clear they saw only a heap of brown bodies lying in furrows; the enemy had retreated to the park, and was already under cover of its walls. Other troops attacked them on the flank, and Revordy strengthened the position of his little company, grouping the squads about the sides. Then, encouraged by the support of the struggling companies who were gaining ground, the first assailants decided to risk another attack from the front. The volleys again made fearful havoc in the ranks; they wavered an instant, but the empty places were filled and the advance continued, for the men were encouraged, carried along by the enthusiasm of the German captain at the head of the line. But suddenly there was confusion. The chief had fallen, and the enemy had lost the soul which animated it.

"That's what you can call a true weapon!" shouted a proud voice. Revordy turned around and recognized his orderly:

"What! Did you do it, Frechou?"

"Sure, captain. I tell you that this primer can be depended upon!"

The officer smiled at the soldier ,and the same thrill of pride warmed their hearts, united by a common danger and the love of a common cause.

Revordy's attention was soon turned to a new danger. On the left the enemy was invading the little grove and threatening to cut off the retreat. The firing was growing less frequent. Gloomy men were looking with desperate faces in their empty cartridge boxes.

The captain shouted: "Bayonets to the cannon's mouth!" The soldiers rose, for they understood him. "Comrades, we must pass over the bodies of those men! Forward!"

Revordy raised his sword, and his soldiers advanced against the threatening wing. The brave captain staggered and fell with a bullet in his stomach. The impulse, however, had been given; the Frenchmen jostled, fell over, sprawled through the living lines of human breasts, until they had crossed the last one.

The Germans stopped to rest in the position they had so dearly purchased. Far off in the distance, the little company which survived their last volley was disappearing, while a few French stragglers were rallying about it. Suddenly they noticed that one of these isolated forms was growing larger, that it was approaching them, and making straight for the little grove. Soon the figure was clearly outlined, and the astonished victors saw that it wore the uniform of a French soldier.

In the meantime the major had collected the remnant of his battalian. When he saw the man approaching he gave orders to allow him to come past the range of their rifles—to capture him without injury. Soon they realized that the soldier was without arms, that he was advancing with a brisk step, a calm countenance and with his head held high.

At the enemy's first challenge he answered simply:

"My captain."

The major had him brought before him and questioned him:

"Who are you?"

"Frechou, Jacques Frechou, soldier of the third regiment, Captain Revordy's orderly."

"What do you want?"

"My captain, who fell when we charged."

"What! You escaped, and have come back to us again?"

"The captain ordered us to force our way through your troops. We obeyed his order. I am his orderly. It is my duty to take care of him if he is sick, or to bury him if he is dead."

The Prussian looked at the man with a kindly eye: "Your captain is not dead. We have brought him in from the field, and you may take care of him. Muller, take this man to the French captain!"

Frechou bowed low: "Thanks, major. There's the making of a Frenchman in you!"

The major smiled and said nothing.

The bullet which had struck down Captain Revordy had just been extracted. Exhausted by the operation, crushed by the defeat, he lay with closed eyes, realizing in the bitterness of his soul that he was vanquished, powerless and a prisoner. Must he die here among the enemy without one word of farewell to those whom he loved?

"Captain!" The word sounded like a carol of joy in the ears of the wounded officer; he opened his eyes and saw his faithful orderly standing by his side.

"Is it you, Frechou?" Then his happy cry of recognition was stifled by a sudden sadness: "They have captured you, too."

The soldier drew himself up: "Not a bit of it, captain! We stepped right through them, just as you ordered. Sergeant Rastaire led the others back to the battalion. When I saw everything was all right, I came back to you."

The officer held out his hand: "Thanks, my brave comrade." Frechou took it, overcome by his emotion. After a little he continued: "The Prussian commander—a decent sort of a fellow, if he is a Prussian—has given me the right to care for you. You will soon be cured now."

Revordy closed his eyes: "Cured! Yes, and forever. Well, at any rate I shall not die alone."

"You must not talk like that," murmured the orderly, trying to keep down his own grief.

"Yes, my friend, I ought to talk about it. My wound is fatal. Tomorrow you will bury me. Let my cross remain on my breast, and keep my pocketbook for old time's sake. Come, now, there isn't much in it!" he said, as Frechou made a gesture of refusal. "I shall sleep on French soil, but it is still covered by the enemy! Oh, the cruelest part, Frechou, of it all is that I can no longer help to chase them out of it!"

Revordy became silent, a mist swam before his eyes, and his mind began to wander. When he felt the end near he murmured: "Your hand, Frechou!" He died, soothed by the brave, faithful grasp of his comrade's hand.

Frechou bought various pieces of cloth, red, white and blue, with the money he found in Revordy's pocketbook. In rough soldier fashion, he sewed these strips together, so that the captain's winding-sheet was a flag. An armed German company attended his funeral and paid the last military honors to this officer who had died for his country. Frechou followed the bier, upon which lay the worn, shabby coat whose gilt

(Continued on Page 24.)

Private Wire—New York, Chicago. Western Union Code

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The Spectator

Old Sleuth on the Job

The capture of the dynamiters by Gumshoe Burns abounds in all the elements of good old-fashioned melodrama. It reminds one of the most thrilling performances of Old Sleuth. As narrated by the reporter of the Hearst newspapers who was taken into the detective's confidence in time to celebrate the great achievement it reads like one of the old yellow-backs that made us pop-eyed in the days of our youth. A good story, it must be admitted. Detective Burns is deserving of applause and felicitation, and the whole country must rejoice at his success in rounding up the most dangerous scoundrels that have been abroad in this country for many a year. I hope, however, that I may be permitted to indulge in an aside—an unobtrusive chuckle. All melodrama touches my risibles.

The Ways of the Tribe

With the detective in his variety I am intimately acquainted, having studied him at close range through a period of years, when, as a police reporter I was in touch with his doings, the companion of his hours of leisure, his humble associate in the investigation of crime and in the pursuit of criminals. As a cub reporter there was enchantment for me in the dim haze of mystery that enveloped crime, and I had keen admiration for the men whose business it was to penetrate motives, decipher clues and gather evidence of guilt. I believed for a time that every successful detective was a M. Dupin or a Sherlock Holmes. That is what every detective wishes you to believe, and to induce this belief all detectives employ dramatic expedients to give color and thrill to their achievements and to remove them as far as possible from the domain of the commonplace. As a matter of fact there is nothing more commonplace than the business of a detective, nothing more mechanical than the methods by which detectives accomplish their ends, and if you become familiar with those methods you can extract a great deal of amusement from their melodramatic performances. Detective William J. Burns is typical of the whole tribe of detectives. If he is singular in anything it is in his alertness for dramatic effects. He is the most theatric of all living detectives, and for this reason he is more successful in capturing crooks than in convicting them. When he gets into court and all his performances are laid bare then the jury begins to grow sceptical. I do not dispute that the men captured by Burns are guilty; but the probability of their conviction is another matter. If such a detective as the late I. W. Lees had made the capture I would be more confident of ultimate success. Lees was never satisfied with merely catching a crook. His greatest pride was in his triumphs in court.

The Detective's Friend

Detective Burns would have us believe that he has been on the trail of the dynamiters ever since the blowing up of the Times' building in Los Angeles. Reading between the lines of the newspaper stories it is clear enough that it is a case of the pitcher going to the well too often. Dynamite outrages have been occurring all over the country since that awful tragedy in Los Angeles. By their repeated audacities the murderers supplied the authorities with many clues. Besides, the probability is that the big rewards induced treachery. Very likely when the truth comes out we shall learn that what is now represented to be detective ingenuity is nothing of the kind. The first aid to the detective is always the stool-pigeon. In San Francisco his name was Roy and he came to Burns just as the great detective was on the point of despairing, folding up his tent and stealing away.

The Ingenuous Wood

Knowing as I do both the theatric detective and the enthusiastic, gullible cub reporter who is always eager to make his story as sensational as possible, I have derived much entertainment from the Examiner's accounts of the capture of the dyamiters. The Hearst papers were given the inside track by Burns, and out of gratitude, to borrow from the vernacular of the local room, "they played him up big." No detail was omitted that might serve to impress readers with the masterly, almost clairvoyant ingenuity of the detective. In the first instalment we were told that when the dynamiters were hunting for game in the Wisconsin woods Burns's men were hunting there also; when the dynamiters were at the theatre, the detectives were at their elbow. I was reminded of that story of other days—pure fiction—that young Burns tracked Mayor Schmitz through Europe and sat with him in music halls in Berlin and Paris. A hint of the truth about the capture of the dynamiters came in the second instalment when Captain Stephen Wood, Chief of the Chicago Detective Bureau, told of the full confession that had been made at the home of Detective Reed. Evidently Burns, who was in Ohio, was not aware that Wood had taken the reporters into his confidence. When he was questioned about the confession doubtless he supposed it was mere rumor. So he said, "I have made no attempt to get confessions. I don't need them. When one has a case as strong as this a confession would only hamper one in court." To be sure, and when one knows that a confession has been made one marvels no longer at the detective's ingenuity in uncovering "plants" that he has been told about.

So Easy!

The reporter who was with Burns was in ignorance respecting the confession. He had merely received instructions by wire to find out about it, the supposition being that Burns would be as truthful as Captain Wood. So we read, "As in Indianapolis Burns was sure of his ground before he made a move. He knew exactly where the explosive was to be found." And again: "Burns spent the day moving about Ohio, finding dynamite plants which, he declares, were made by McNamara. He found them with as little seeming difficulty as one picks up pebbles on a sea-shore." How necromantic! Very much so, till we consult the prosaic, candid Captain Wood: "The plants found since the Indianapolis arrests were told of in the confession."

Real Melodrama

By reason of what was confessed Burns obtained a warrant to search for certain books in the office of the Iron Workers' Association. He knew what was in the safe. The reporter who accompanied him supposed that he was after another plant. The reporter describes what happened: "'I am Burns, the detective,' he said. And again: 'This safe's got to come open,' said Burns, as he looked at his followers. 'I'll tackle the job myself.'" Then, according to the reporter Burns took a drill and went to work. Says the reporter: "It reminded one of the thriller scene in Jimmy Valentine, except that this Jimmy was the greatest detective in the world instead of the greatest stage safe cracker." An attorney protested against the opening of the safe. What did Burns do? The excited reporter tells us: "Instead of speaking to the angry attorney he bit his sandy mustache." The reporter continues: "He was drilling into possible death, but not a muscle quivered. There were tense moments until the drill bit through." In addition to all this we learn, but on whose authority I don't know, that when McNamara was arrested he said: "Billy Burns is the only man in Chicago I fear. I wonder if he's here now." If this isn't material for a good melodrama I'm dreaming.

Jack—Are you fond of sports?

Jill—Well, I suppose I ought to be. I married one.

An Incredible Story

My contemporary, The Knave of the Oakland Tribune, tells a story in explanation of the award of the flower concession in the ferry building for three thousand a year less than the highest bid. He says that the successful bidder shrewdly supplied floral decorations at cost price for "an entertainment given by a person very, very close to Governor Johnson"; also, "that the decorations were of such a character as to in every way please the hostess." All of which was done at the suggestion "of the politically wise men of the harbor front." A very interesting story; but one that must excite the indignation of every friend of the most righteous, the purest of gubernatorial dispensations. It goes without saying that if Governor Johnson should hear of this scandalous story he would immediately order an investigation. A man of his inflexible integrity will not ignore the imputation that he is subject to the improper influence of a person who accepts floral decorations at cost price. Who is this hostess "very, very close to Governor Johnson" by whom the Governor has been suggestionized? The story is incredible, and perhaps for that reason it may not be deserved worthy of investigation.

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The Rivalry of Marsden and Percy

I hear that there is considerable rivalry between City Engineer Marsden Manson and City Attorney Percy Long as to which shall bulk most conspicuously in the approaching hearing on Hetch-Hetchy before Walter Fisher, the new Secretary of the Interior. Marsden is perfectly willing to admit that Percy has done wonders in the fight to bring Hetch-Hetchy water to San Francisco and Percy is equally enthusiastic in proclaiming the value of Marsden's services to the municipality. But they differ on one point. Percy considers that Marsden has merely acted as his assistant while Marsden thinks that Percy was his coadjutor. Each thinks that it will be for the best interest of the cause for the other to subordinate himself when the hearing is had. But subordination is not listed in the catalogue of either's virtues. Playing second fiddle is a form of musical diversion to which neither is warmly attached. Consequently there will be heartburning before the question of precedence is settled.

"Honesty, my son," said the millionaire, "is the best policy."

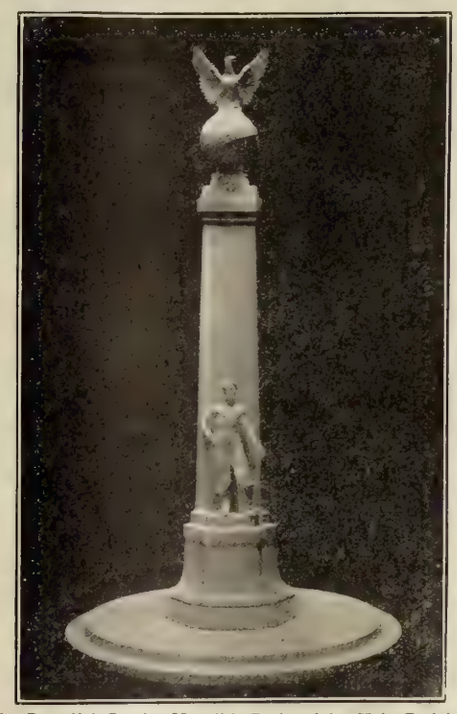
"Well, perhaps it is, dad," rejoined the youthful philosopher, "but it strikes me you have done pretty well, nevertheless."

A Bold, Bad Critic

Of the professional standing of Mr. Albert B. Chandler of the St. Louis bar I haven't the faintest knowledge, but from the manner in which he writes I am quite certain that his bump of reverence is imperfectly developed. Mr. Chandler has been criticising the code of ethics adopted some time ago by our Bar Association. Writing in the legal publication called "The Docket" he takes the liberty of making fun of that code. To him it is a scream, the best joke he has come across in a long time. Bold bad man! Apparently he doesnt know that Mr. Charlie Wheeler, and other lawyers of the loftiest ideals helped to formulate that code. Surely if he had known this he wouldn't have poked his jibes at the edifying instrument. For Mr. Wheeler and the men who collaborated with him on that code were seriously impelled when they set their minds to the drafting of this legal decalogue. I know whereof I speak when I declare that most positively they did not go to work in the fashion the irreverent Mr. Chandler would have us suppose. Most assuredly they had no thought of "paraphrasing the Sermon on the Mount and the Marquis of Queensbury rules to form an up-to-date code of honor for forensic combat." On their behalf I resent Mr. Chandler's slighting reference to "these San Francisco reformers." I repudiate his deduction that the fault with our code of ethics is that it does "not fit the case in this day and time;" that its formulators would "put the Recording Angel into court to anticipate the final judgments of the Lord;" and that their work is a "sort of Utopian caprice." I scorn his conclusion that under the new code "we must have Puck and the fairies to hold court for us." Is Mr. Chandler of St. Louis making euphemistic reference to some of our sacrosanct benchers?

Patigian Wins

Once more a fine tribute has been paid to the genius of our premier young sculptor, Haig Patigian. To him has been awarded the contract



The Beautiful Granite Monolith Designed by Haig Patigian to symbolize the rebuilding of San Francisco. It will adorn the junction of Grant Avenue, Market and O'Farrell Streets.

to sculpture the monument which is to be erected at the junction of Grant avenue, Market and O'Farrell streets to commemorate the rebuilding of San Francisco. This award was made by a committee of artists in whose judgment the design submitted by Patigian surpassed in significance, grace and expression the designs of twenty-five competitors among whom was Robert I. Aitken of Paris and New York, designer of the Dewey monument in Union Square. Patigian's conception is a granite monolith, thirty-one feet in height surmounted by a bronze phoenix, with a bronze figure of Industry in an attitude of rest standing at the base of the shaft. The model is a very graceful composition that speaks a language that all can understand.

He's Up and Doing

Last week I reported that many of our preachers were alarmed at the coming of that star pulpit performer, Rev. Charles Aked and that Dr. Rader was one of whom it was predicted that because of the prospect of vacant spaces in the pews at Calvary he would lose some sleep in quest of a hobby for a counter-agency. It appears that Dr. Rader's insomnia has already borne fruit. Last Sunday it was reported in one of the dailies that Calvary was "in the midst of innovations." The pastor is to have an assistant to superintend the Sunday school, a medical clinic is to be established and a church employment bureau. Verily the counter-agency is already in operation. Now let us see what the other clergymen will do. Dr. Rader has done his best to rouse them out of their lethargy. Last Sunday night he preached on the question, "Are the Preachers of San Francisco Amiable Nobodies?" Perhaps after looking them over Dr. Aked will be kind enough to tell us what he thinks about them —not omitting Dr. Rader.

How Dr. Aked Became Famous

Dr. Aked has been telling some of his new friends here how he first won renown as a pulpiteer. As a young man he was called to a church in Liverpool which had sunk into insignificance and possesed a congregation of only sixty-five. His nephew was with him at the time and one morning after a midnight supper the two went fishing, arriving at the fishing pond at about the hour of three. "Most opportunely for me," says Dr. Aked in telling the story, "a man had drowned himself.' Finding the clothes on the bank of the pond Dr. Aked dived into the water and brought out the unfortunate. The inquest was written up at considerable length in the newspapers and the fact that a clergyman went fishing at such an ungodly hour attracted considerable attention. The result was that when Dr. Aked preached his first sermon in the moribund parish the church was packed and the police had to regulate the crowds, just as they did on Easter Sunday when he preached his first sermon here. Shortly afterwards Charles Bradlaugh, the atheiest, died and Dr. Aked advertised that he would preach a sermon about his career. Again he had a packed church. From that time on, the doctor says, he filled the church every Sunday. At the time of the Boer war he espoused the unpopular side. He was mobbed on the street, efforts were made to kill him and his house was wrecked. But he went on preaching to crowded congregations. Naturally Dr. Aked believes in advertising.

Who Is This Versifier?

By the way, certain members of Dr. Aked's new congregation are indignant about a poem recently published in the New York Sun which, rightly or wrongly, they regard as a slur on the reverend gentleman's acceptance of his "call" to this city. The poem was signed "R. H. Titherington" and the indignant Congregationalists are demanding information about the man who so styles himself. They are also asking with considerable heat why the New York Sun should publish such a set of verses right after Dr. Aked left the metropolis. They think that the paper has gone out of its way to slam their new pastor. And they point out that Dr. Aked is not receiving $15,000 a year, as the poem says he is. In order that the anger of the parishioners of Dr. Aked may be appreciated it may be just as well to publish the poem. It is called

The Pulpit Orator's Farewell.

Beloved friends, it almost breaks my heart
That we should ever be compelled to part;
Alas! another church has offered me
A field of larger opportunity.

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The Christian friendships that have blessed me here—
As long as life shall last, I'll hold them dear.
But then this church of yours is rather small,
And not a fashionable one at all.

All has been harmony 'twixt me and you;
Tales to the contrary are quite untrue;
I know you've paid me all you could afford—
Ten thousand dollars isn't high, upon my word!

I pledge you, friends, my love most genuine;
I also hand my resignation in.
I'm offered fifteen thousand dollars—so,
Dear friends, 'tis duty calls me, and I go!
—R. H. Titherington.

Elbert Hubbard as a "Vode"

Elbert Hubbard filled a recent column of the Examiner with his experiences of the vaudeville stage. As a result of his experience he advises wouldbe "vodes," as he calls them, to refrain from following their ambition. He thinks vaudeville is to much of a strain. "That twenty minutes, afternoon and evening, burns up all your phosphorus, and between times you are getting ready for that awful twenty minutes. No good player ever grows blase and calloused. That twenty minutes is standing right out before him from the minute he awakens, and the better you play the more the thing stands on the footboard and leers at you. During that intense twenty minutes the actor is carrying ten thousand volts on a line that is only built for a thousand. Inside, you are ready to burst. Outside is the vacuum which you yourself are obliged to fill, or else be smothered by the lack of reciprocal pressure which holds the planets in space." All of which is interesting as indicating a state of mind. It tells us that Hubbard thinks he is a good actor and that his experience as a "vode" had an almost cosmic significance. Or perhaps the reference to planets was a modest way of confessing that he was a star.

The Joke's on Wallie

Occasionally Waldemar Young, the Chronicle's genial collector of "bits of color," displays a lack of erudition, with the result that his readers extract a laugh which he did not intend. For instance, on Monday "Wallie" published the following lines:

"Larger fleas have smaller fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
And smaller fleas have smaller fleas,
And so—ad infinitum!"

"This is so true," commented Wallie, "that new or not, I take it from the morning's mail with glee and use it, giving 'A Reader" who sent it, full credit." Is it possible that "Wallie" did not know that the original of these garbled lines is very old? If he will only turn to Dean Swift's poems he will find the original which runs as follows:

"So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed ad infinitum."

In the same poem from which these were taken "Wallie" would have found a couplet with which he might very appropriately have rebuked "A Reader," whoever that plagiarizing chap may be:

"Libertas et natale solum;
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.

Speaking of Plagiarisms

Speaking of plagiarisms reminds me that Rudyard Kipling has just been accused of this offense. The accuser couches his charge in euphemistic terms. He says "The Recessional" is "heavily indebted to tradition," taking some of its language from the Bible and Watts' familiar hymn, "Oh God, our help in ages past." More specifically attention is called to the resemblance between the lines

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,

and these lines in Lowell's "Commemoration Ode:"

Great captains with their guns and drums
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone.

The line, "Dominion over palm and pine," seems to have been borrowed from Emerson's "Woodnotes:"

And grant to dwellers with the pine
Dominion o'er the palm and vine.

All of which may be perfectly convincing but will not disturb Kipling a bit. Did he not sing years ago:

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what 'e thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!

The market girls an' fishermen,
The shepherds an' the sailors, too,
They 'eard old songs turn up again,
But kep' it quiet—the same as you!

They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
An' 'e winked back—the same as us!

Lackaye's Borrowed Gem

For many years it has been taken for granted that Wilton Lackaye, moved by the tragic unfulfillment of Maurice Barrymore's brilliant career, wrote the following lines as his epitaph:

He walked beneath the stars,
He slept beneath the sun,
He lived a life of going to do
And died with nothing done.

Whether Lackaye ever claimed these lines I cannot say, but certainly they have been attributed to him time and time again without eliciting any disclaimer of authorship on his part. Whenever he comes to San Francisco somebody digs them up and prints them as his and he has never protested. As a matter of fact they are very old lines and were written for the tomb of John Aubrey, the English antiquary. Lackaye may have first heard them from Joseph Jefferson who was fond of quoting them.

Emerson or Hubbard?

While on this subject it is interesting to note that there has been a great pother in the East over the authorship of the following: "If you

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write a better book, or preach a better sermon, or build a better mousetrap than your neighbor, though you build your house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to your door." Most people think that the lines are Emerson's but they are not to be found in any of his published writings. Someone wrote to Elbert Hubbard who prides himself on his knowledge of Emerson's writings, for a solution of the mystery and got a characteristic response. Hubbard said that he had written the sentence himself and palmed it off as Emerson's. "I have given as much to Emerson, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Whitman as I ever took from them," he modestly admitted. "That they are dead and cannot receive my gifts in exchange for theirs is not my fault." So here we have plagiarism turned topsy-turvy. But it is hard to believe that if Hubbard had written so good a sentence he would have attributed it to another. The Fra does not move in that self-sacrificing way his wonders to perform.

Olga's New Kiss

I have the authority of Miss Nethersole that the kiss with which she brings the first act of "Sister Beatrice" to a close is a very different sort of a kiss from that which she made notorious in "Carmen" and "Sapho." For the benefit of students of the interesting science of philematology, a science which is by no means neglected in these days though very little is written about it, I will quote what Miss Nethersole told an interviewer. "The Carmen kiss," she explained, "was an expression of the violent love she felt, the warm-blooded sensuality. It had to be more or less colored with the illusion of sensuality. But the Sister Beatrice kiss is an entirely different kind of kiss. It is a symbolical kiss. It is meant to express the renunciation of the woman to the love which she cannot avoid. It is meant to express the surrender of the soul, of a soul which up to that moment had been devoted to the service of religion and would be henceforth devoted to the adoration of a man. It is a beautiful episode in a beautiful play, that kiss." I trust my readers appreciate the difference. One was a body kiss; the other is a soul kiss. But the lips are used in both cases. The symbolism makes all the difference. But the effect is probably the same.

Poet Bashford Strikes Oil

Let us sit up and take notice of Herbert Bashford, poet and dreamer by virtue of temperament, newspaper drudge by reason of certain sensual appetites that will not be denied. Bashford is one of the lesser lights of our innumerable literary colony. Long ago he got himself between book covers having had the good fortune to find a rash publisher with the courage to take a chance with his poems. In his slender moments of leisure he looked up the technique of the drama and tried his hand at play-writing, the result being a pot-boiler or two which were accepted for provincial production. Encouraged by evidence that the children of his genuius were actually able to stand on their own feet behind the footlights he took himself seriously and went in for dramaturgy with enthusiasm. One day with play under his arm he appeared at a temple of Thespis in San Jose where the works of the highbrows of the drama are made to edify the common people at ten cents a throw. He submitted his play to the manager who liked the title "The Woman He Married." "A play with such a title," said the manager, "must be full of heart interest. I'll produce it." And he did, and the play ran for weeks to packed houses. I heard so much about the play that I ran down to see it. The play held me to the wind-up. It also held Virginia Harned who came down from Reno where she had slipped off the Sothern yoke. Virginia has been starring in that play ever since, and Bashford has been rolling in wealth. His royalties have never gone below six hundred a month since Virginia took hold. A pretty good practical poet is Bashford, and singularly enough his poems have poetry in them.

More Papers for Hearst

From Seattle comes word that William Randolph Hearst is negotiating for the purchase of the Post-Intelligencer, the big daily of the northern city. Hearst feels that his political plans will be assisted by another paper on the Pacific Coast and he has definitely turned to Seattle, having decided that Portland is not a good field for one of his yellows. The owners of the "P-I" are willing to sell if they can get their price, but they want Hearst to pay for the good will of the paper which means nothing to him; so there has been a halt in the business. Meanwhile, on the other side of the world, there is a revival of the rumor that Hearst is to have a paper in London. In fact I learn that it is the gossip of Fleet Street that Hearst has owned the Weekly Budget for some months past. It is said that Hearst paid $15,000 for this small paper. Its appearance has been altered and a comic supplement made one of its features. Hearst emphatically denies that he owns the Budget. He says that it was purchased by Blakely Hall who was formerly a Hearst correspondent in London and that Hall had made arrangements with the Hearst News Syndicate for the use of the comic supplements. "I have no intention of entering the newspaper business in London," says Hearst. But the wise ones persist in regarding this as the language of diplomacy.

Geraldine Bonner's Play

Miss Mary Austin and Miss Geraldine Bonner are not the best of friends, literary and social jealousies having from time to time arrayed them against each other. So it was not to be expected that Geraldine would enthuse when Mary's "Arrow Maker" was produced at the New Theater. Similarly Mary is no doubt unimpressed by the production of Geraldine's play at the Playhouse, Brady's new theater in New York. Geraldine's play, written in collaboration with Hutcheson Boyd, is a farce called "Sauce for the Goose." By the way, Geraldine is fond of collaboration; she collaborated with handsome Elmer Harris on "Sham" which was given here by Florence Roberts. According to the New York critics "Sauce for the Goose" is not an epoch-making play. One of them says, "It hardly seems to have body enough to promise any very prolonged popularity in this city. A pleasant little farce, with many neatly turned phrases, and an occasional moment that is really ludicrous, it is still conventional in theme and treatment, and almost always quite obvious as to what will happen next. It is, in other words, rather thin sauce with hardly enough spice to make it permanently palatable." After detailing the plot which presents time-honored complications, the critic sums

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up: "It is equally true that there are no especially striking developments, so the general result is merely another of those agreeable little farces which lend themselves fairly well to the skill of good comedians, provide a couple of hours of diversion, and, in the end, hardly make a ripple on the surface of the general theatrical sea. In this particular case something less of interest results from the fact that almost all of the characters are in themselves unimpressive, if not to say downright silly. The wife is a goose, the husband we should describe by a title nearer that of a certain domestic quadruped beast of burden, the adventuress is so apparent a fraud that only people of extreme mental sluggishness would have been deceived by her, and the others do not particularly matter. It will be evident, therefore, that the serio-comic happenings in a household of this sort cannot take any very strong hold upon the sympathy. And especially when it is remembered also that the main situation is one of the most familiar friends of the overworked dramatist."

Those Secret Indictments

Ever since the Grand Jury of Los Angeles returned some thirty indictments which were placed on the secret file, speculation has been rife in local labor circles as to the identity of the persons against whom the true bills were returned. It has been whispered that two very prominent labor leaders of this city are among the indicted, but of course time alone will tell whether this sinister whisper has any basis in fact. There can be no doubt however that gumshoe men have been busy among the labor organizations of this city. I know of at least one prominent labor man here who has been persistently shadowed ever since the Los Angeles "Times" explosion.

To Abolish Stanford

"Have you heard that there is a movement on foot for the abolition of Stanford University," a certain editor of a morning paper asked me the other day. Knowing him to be something of a wag I encouraged him to out with it. "It's to be abolished on the ground that it is a Biblical antithesis," he continued. I responded with the interrogative look which is de rigueur in cases of this sort. "Why, yes," he concluded, "a biblical antithesis. You see, if you cross Jordan you get hell." As Macuulay said about his toothache, the agony has abated.

Sarah's Entourage

The divine Sarah comes to us with much human impedimenta. In her entourage is a female companion who has shared her comings and goings for twenty years, a physician, an English tutor (for Bernhardt thinks that she is still young enough to master our language), two maids and a valet. The valet sounds unusual for a woman, but nevertheless several actresses indulge in this masculine luxury. Mrs. Pat Campbell would as soon have thought of traveling without "Pinky Panky Poo" as without her valet. The unfortunate Mary Scott created quite a sensation at the old Grand Opera House by employing a masculine "maid" in her dressing room.

A Rare Jewel Collection

A most beautiful and unusual collection of rare jewels, with Roman and Egyptian antiquities, is that of Signor Perera, who occupies space for a few days only at the Paul Elder & Company art rooms, No. 239 Grant avenue. Signor Perera was at one time Consul for Italy; he resigned this position to take up the work of collecting Egyptian antiquities. Every year he makes a trip to Egypt where he gathers some of the finest specimens. These rare gems he has set from his own designs into the most exquisite jewelry, each piece having a particular individuality, the historical association, as well as the artistic points, being taken into careful consideration in the setting. The collection is quite different from anything of the sort ever seen here before, and the San Francisco art lover has an unusual opportunity to view or to obtain for permanent personal enjoyment very wonderful historical jewels. Among the rarest pieces are several Roman gold necklaces about fifteen hundred years old in the condition in which they were found. Some of the other ornaments of pure gold were found in Egyptian sarcophagi. Invitations have been issued to visit the collection, and it is hoped that no person who is interested will miss this opportunity to examine these wonderful works of art which will be taken away next Monday.

A Puzzled Ticket Man

It was at the pay-box of a suburban moving picture show, and the middle-aged spinster, ere putting down her sixpence, demanded of the red-faced showman:

"Surely you can answer my perfectly plain question: Are there any suggestive or indecent films in the programme?"

"Oh, I can answer yer," was the response, "but I wanter know which way to do so to make yer a customer!"

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P. S.—This argument applies to Boys' and Youths' Clothing also. We make our own goods in these lines as well.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Contretemps at the Claremont

High society across the bay has been wearing a broad grin since the night of the Dernier Cri dance at the Claremont Country Club. But there are two representatives of that fashionable herd who have not been in the mood to share the mirth of their friends. One is a fair and modest maiden, the scion of one of the wealthiest of Oakland's first families, who, on the night in question, emulated the beautiful Mlle. de Maupin. She appeared at the dance in the regulation evening dress of the unskirted sex, and without being recognized slipped into a room where several men were smoking and sat down. The men took a casual glance at her, and never dreaming that a woman was in the room went on with

Photo, Dassonville

MISS GRACE HALEY

Whose engagement to Mr. Roy Folger was recently announced.

their conversation. Presently into their midst dashed the impulsive Archie Proctor full of a subject which is never introduced in polite conversation, and with no curb on his tongue he rattled on at such a lively rate that the claw-hammered maiden had no time to escape till he had turned at least three periods. In a state of panic she made her exit with the same precipitancy with which Proctor had entered, and of course she was discovered before she had disappeared. The contretemps is now the talk of Oakland.

Puffing the Aristocracy

Is there so much sanguine credulity in society as the bavardes of the daily press appear to think? This is the question that I ask myself every time I read any of the extravagant puffery by which the newspaper sycophants of our provincial aristocracy pay tribute to a lady of wealth. How thick and threefold they lay it on with their bouncing epithets, their hackneyed images and their absurd comparisons! Is it some accomplishment they wish to extol? then invariably is the possessor told that she takes rank with some celebrated professional; that if she so desired she might make a fortune out of her talents. Is it her beauty? then it is like unto that of Psappha the Lesbian, or Lady Hamilton or Diane de Poitiers or some other historical personage renowned for her pulchritude. Thus is reputation made to prance while merit mortified and abashed limps behind. A typical specimen of the sort of thing to which I refer I came across in one of the Sunday papers. I read that Mrs. Kohl "possessed a voice of operatic range and quality, a voice of unusual sweetness and tenderness," that it was "a revelation"; that "had fate compelled its possessor to rely on her own resources for a livelihood instead of lavishing her with great wealth, Mrs. Kohl would be in the class with Gadski, for their voices are of the same quality and timbre." Here we have sublimated, twofold nonsense—something that doesn't mean anything united with something that isn't true. The town is full of voices of operatic range and quality, sweet voices and tender, but it is not to be said of them that they are of any use for stage purposes. There is something else besides range and quality of voice essential to success on the operatic stage, something quite as important as range and quality. Not long ago a Miss Wilson came to town with a voice of range and quality, a voice with sweetness in it and tenderness. The daughter of a Cabinet officer, doubtless she too had been puffed by newspaper sycophants. Indeed she must have been, for she told us that she had been compared to Tetrazzini. It was probably the puffing that she received that caused her to venture upon the professional stage. And what an awful calamity that venture was! I heard Miss Wilson sing in public, and my heart was touched—with pity. I thought to myself, that is what comes of puffing. I have heard Mrs. Kohl sing. She has a nice voice, but she does not give promise of entering Gadski's class. I don't know her, but she gives me the impression that she is a sensible woman, and so I fancy I know what she thinks of the hubdub that I have quoted.

The Brewer-Cudahy Nuptials

For the Brewer-Cudahy wedding Tuesday the Catholic church at San Mateo was filled with the country set. It was of more importance from a social standpoint than any marriage of the year with the exception of the Irwin-Crocker wedding, but not more than two hundred guests gathered at the edifice and only sixty were entertained at the wedding breakfast. Members of the Brewer family from Boston and a number of the Chicago Cudahys came west for the event. The presence of a group of pretty children at the reception was an innovation. The bride's intimates number several of the young married women of San Mateo and Burlingame and they were invited to bring their little ones. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Driscoll who sat at the bride's table had their five-year-old son with them, the Burton Harrison children went with Jennie Crocker and the Howard children were there.

Miss De Sabla's Luck

Miss Vera De Sabla who caught the bride's bouquet was besieged with congratulations and there was a great deal of jollying about the next engagement but Miss De Sabla refused to commit herself. Edward Cudahy and his bride will not desert California but announced to their friends at the wedding that they intend to spend every summer in San Mateo. Miss Amy Brewer will make her home with them and their winters will be spent in Chicago. The bride has been

Photo, Bushnell

MISS EDITH METCALFE

One of the clever participants in the recent society vaudeville.

one of the belles of San Mateo society and with her intimate friend Miss Helen Cheesebrough is known as one of the best cross-country riders in the smart set. The gifts of the Cudahy family, I am told, were many and costly and included a great deal of jewelry.

Soporific Suffragettism

At one of the suffrage meetings of the week I am told on good authority that a practical talk on politics sent several of the most prominent supporters of the cause sound to sleep.

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Nothing of this kind happened at the Aked meeting, where the attention was held for two hours of speechifying about the superiority of woman and her rights. I am led to believe that such talk is agreeable to suffragettes while on the other hand they weary of political discussion. It was in explaining the referendum that the speaker of the day sent his hearers to sleep. They proved to be uninterested in dry subjects not pertaining directly to woman's emancipation.

A Threatened Split

A split in the suffrage party is threatened, I am told, by some of the zealous ladies who fear the danger of weakening their cause. It is no doubt a critical time in the crusade. Suffragettes, it seems, are separating themselves from suffragists and there is a growing dissatisfaction among the suffragists whose complaints were first heard over the way they were treated at the Aked meeting when social lines were publicly drawn. The boxes were reserved for society women while workers for the cause were slighted. They are being snubbed on all sides, they say, and women like Mrs. Sullivan who has been head and front of the Votes for Women Club for many years and stands for the principles of Susan B. Anthony are forced into the background while the calcium is turned on a few society women newly recruited who give but little of their time to the actual work. This is the plaint of the suffragists against the suffragettes who they declare wish to make a great crusade for woman's rights into a society fad.

The Other View

The other side of the story, I am told, for which Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and other leaders stand, is that a necessity for the social support exists, and attractive women are more apt to plead the cause with success and win sympathy for it. But these ladies would be indignant if it was suggested that they drew their inspiration from Power's comic pictures of Ysobel the Suffragette in the Hearst papers. Mrs. Austin Sperry and Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin are between the two factions and would like to reconcile them but the suffragists are sore, in vulgar parlance. The leaders say that time will close the breach and the work of each faction will supplement that of the other.

Maude Fay Not to Wed

As I suggested last week, it was just as well that the many friends of Miss Maude Fay did not show too much haste in cluttering the cable with messages of felicitation when they read in the Examiner the story of her alleged engagement to Prince Luitpold of the royal house of Bavaria. It turns out that the story is untrue. In a cablegram to her family here Miss Fay denied the story. As far as I can make out it was sent to the Hearst papers as part of the regular European correspondence of Vance Thompson, a journalist who is not too scrupulous about his facts when he is dealing with royalties and other prominent people. Instead of using it under Vance Thompson's name, however, the Examiner "played it up" as a "local story," thereby increasing its verisimilitude. It seems to me that there are now two reasons instead of one for felicitating Miss Fay. In the first place her operatic career will not be cut suddenly short and those who regard her as among the great singers of the near future will have an opportunity to find out whether their judgment is sound. Personally I sincerely hope that it is. In the second place, the old-fashioned among us are never too pleased when a splendid American girl marries into the European nobility. The old blood of some of the European houses runs none too pure and the blood of the Wittelsbachs, bluest of the blue though it may be, has a heavy taint in it.

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The Vivacious Mrs. Henry

The charming and vivacious Mrs. Kate Voorhies Henry has been almost as much in the public eye of late as her beautiful friend the Princess Kawananakoa who is sometimes called by the irreverent who are weak on pronunciation "Princess Can o' Cocoa." Mrs. Henry, it has been blazed from the housetops, was divided between the soft call of love and the lure o' London town and the coronation of his majesty King George V. It seems that the lure o' London and the coronation triumphed. I feel a little sorry for Mrs. Henry who, I doubt not, did not court the widespread publicity which her cardiac and social plans have received. But 'tis one of the penalties of possessing beauty and charm and good social position that the possessor must move in the glare of the newspaper calcium. I feel sorry also for Mrs. Henry's two sisters, Mrs. Haldimand P. Young and Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop who are quiet and retiring and always shun the forefront of events. It is pretty generally believed that the sighing swain who pitted his devotion against the fascinations of London in coronation week was young Chapman of the Family Club. But others have pointed to the fact that that irrepressible gray-haired youngster Frank Unger has been very attentive to Mrs. Henry. He was in Honolulu while Mrs. Henry was the guest of the Princess Kawananakoa and was much in their company. So too was Harry Macmillan who achieved fame as a suitor for the hand of Edna Goodrich before she entered into her shortlived romance with Nat Goodwin and we know now that there was nothing in the rumor of his devotion. It is so easy to start these stories.

The Voorhies Family

The late Doctor A. H. Voorhies, the father of Mrs. Henry, came to this city some thirty years ago with his wife and family, migrating from the sunny South. They went to San Jose where they lived for a short time and subsequently moved to San Francisco, occupying an apartment in Bush street. At that time they had only two daughters, Marie (now Mrs. Young) and Kate (now Mrs. Henry). This will enable mathematicians to make some sort of an estimate of Mrs. Henry's age. The present Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Guy Scott, Lelia and Grantland Voorhies were all born in this city. Dr. Voorhies was an oculist of exceptional abilities and after many years of hard work built up a splendid practice. Mrs. Voorhies inherited a comfortable fortune and built the home in California street where the doctor died two years ago. She is a traveled and cultivated woman. Kate married Malcolm Henry about fifteen years ago, having made his acquaintance in Washington while on a visit to her aunt Mrs. Bailey. He is a descendant of Patrick Henry and though rich in the possession of a wide-spreading family tree has little of this world's goods. He is a clerk in the federal employ in the District of Columbia. When the separation between his charming wife and himself took place, it was sincerely regretted by the many friends of both.

She Was Looking for Brains

After the newspapermen's show at the Valencia last week, there was a midnight dance at the Press Club. The rooms presented a very attractive appearance and were filled with a jolly crowd of revelers who did not turn their thoughts to taxies and the homeward flight until the new day was pretty well advanced. There is an informality about the dances at the Press Club which is delightfully distinctive. Owing to the nature of a reporter's duties it is difficult for him to get into formal togs unless he does so at six o'clock; so on these occasions when the ladies are welcomed to the Press Club there are almost as many tweeds as black coats and white ties in evidence. But that becomes a matter of very small moment when the fun commences and to the credit of the ladies be it said, they always don their prettiest frocks when they accept the hospitality of the scribes. On this occasion the costumes were a delight to the eye and to the artistic sense, a compliment which, it goes without saying, applies with equal force to the ladies themselves. One very beautiful and very attractive girl who commanded a great deal of admiration on this occasion, had confided to a bosom friend the reason why she accepted the bid to the Press Club. "I am tired of the stupid men one meets at the assemblies," she imparted; "and I am going to the Press Club to see if I can't get acquainted with some men of brains." No doubt her wish was gratified. But, to her great confusion, her confidant thought it would be great fun to whisper her purpose to some of the newspapermen and the discreet "jollying" to which she was subjected in consequence made her resolve never to speak her mind in that fashion again. Her name? I refuse absolutely to give it. But the next time you go to a society vaudeville you will undoubtedly see her and applaud her talents.

An Original Entertainment

I don't know of any club except the Press Club which would think of giving a dance at midnight. And I cannot name another club which, attempting such an innovation, would carry it through to a successful issue. Most of the guests attended the show at the Valencia

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before attending the dance. But seats for that show were exhausted a week before it took place and many were unable to attend. So there was a great deal of astonishment in staid residence districts and at the fashionable apartment houses when young ladies of the utmost propriety of conduct, properly chaperoned of course, started downtown near midnight's witching hour when they are usually in bed. The palm of original ity which must be awarded to this dance belongs also to the entertainment at the Valencia. It was the product of Press Club brains. It was a minstrel show and olio, all the numbers written and produced by members of the club.

The Bavardes Are Sore

I understand that the bavardes of the morning papers who are inclined to be sensitive at times, are not altogether pleased at the treatment they received from the Press Club satirists. The souvenir program of the entertainment was a miniature edition of a Sunday paper and the men who wrote the society pages extended themselves in their efforts to burlesque the piffle which is dished up to readers with Sunday morning's coffee and rolls. I understand that certain bavardes have seen a malicious slant at their handiwork in these satirical articles and have expressed themselves as deeply offended at the banter. Practically the same thing applies to the dramatic critics whose lucubratory characteristics were deftly taken off in imaginary criticisms of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But they will all, bavardes and critics, recover from their attack of peevishness before the new moon.

Miss Jennie Crocker or Who?

Deep is the mystery which encompasses the arrest down the peninsula of a young woman who, when charged with speeding, declared that her name was Miss Jennie Crocker and that her companion in the car was Mrs. Walter Martin. Miss Crocker, when interviewed on the subject, declared that she had not been stopped by the "auto cop." Now who has been taking her name in vain? Hillsboro and San Francisco are full of curiosity to pierce this riddle of personality. The two ladies had their golf sticks with them, so it is probable that they had been playing on some links not a thousand miles from the scene of their overhauling by the minion of the law on his motorcycle. This should provide amateur detectives with a clue to their identity. The fact that neither had money in her purse is not surprising. Even Miss Crocker might have been found with no money about her. Because she is a millionaire it does not follow that she carries gold certificates with her wherever she goes. But as this was not Miss Crocker the point is irrelevant. It remains to be found out what bold young woman has been taking her name in vain. It also remains to be explained why the officials of San Mateo County did not detect the imposture. Is it possible that these men do not know Miss Crocker when they see her? What surprising ignorance!

In the Social Spotlight

The season at Paraiso Springs was inaugurated Wednesday night with an entertainment and dance given in Paraiso's cozy social-hall which was tastefully decorated for the event. Dr. Wm. C. Mackintosh was floormanager assisted by Dr. J. F. McKenna and Raymond Crumney. Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames H. H. McGowan, H. C. Jewell, Wm. V. Bryan, A. Bonzi, F. E. Romie, W. L. Boldt, Dr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Derrick, Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Knowles. the Messrs. Mayor W. Jacks of Monterey, Floyd S. Judah, Tiv Kreling, A. D. Plughoff, E. G. Bruthal, Dr. Wm. C. Mackintosh, Dr. J. F. McKenna, Raymond Crumney, George A. Sullivan, Bernard McDonald, Peter McGlinchey, Charles G. White, Harry McGowan, Jr., Henry Wilkinson and the Missess Ruby Jewell, Vida Derrick, Alvira Levy, Laura C. Moore, Sybil McGowan, L. E. Higurea. Nellie V. Ober, Ruth Harp, B. Mills, Lenor Burke and Hazel Schontsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Buttins Jr., of San Mateo, accompanied by Mr. J. F. Finley and Mr. J. P. Wrayton of New York, were at Del Monte last week.

Miss Alice Warner had as her week-end guest at Del Monte her cousin, Miss Gladys Jones of San Rafael. Saturday they motored out for dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge and stayed for the entertainment and dance given by the Arts and Crafts Club of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Pabst arrived Thursday at Del Monte, bringing with them Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Iseley, also of Milwaukee.

Mrs. George M. Pullman, of Chicago, accompanied by Mrs. R. S. Robinson and Mrs. W. H. Clark, also of Chicago, arrived at Del Monte in her private car the last of the week.

Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee and Miss Lucia Sherman were at Del Monte last week.

Dr. George Lyman and Mr. James Kennedy motored down and spent the week-end at Del Monte.

Mrs. Jack Spreckels has taken a suite of apartments at Del Monte and with her family will spend the summer there.

Some of the arrivals at Paso Robles Hot Springs are: Mrs. R. Brelle, Miss L. Brelle, Mrs. J. Manlig of San Francisco, motoring for a month about Paso Robles; Mr. and Brs. Butters and son, Ludington, Mont.; J. F. Hilsomb, Harristown, Pa.; Mrs. H. L. McCune, Miss Helen E. McCune, Kansas City, Mo.; Dr. G. M. Terriberry, Paterson, N. J.; H. C. Coleman, Philadelphia, Pa.; Judge and Mrs. J. W. McKinley, Los Angeles; John W. Ulm, Chicago; George B. Barvining, Chicago; A. H. Bliss and wife, Providence, R. I.; F. A. Pollard, San Jose; E. G. Shennan, Chicago; Mrs. J. Rice and sister, Miss Rose Samm, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. A. Varden, Prescott, Ariz.; D. J. Scully, Napa, Cal.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria include: W. L. McLaine, Fresno, R. E. Hyde, Visalia, H. D. Chandler, Vacaville, H. C. Warren, Grafton, Mass., Paul S. Searles, Cleveland.

Mrs. J. E. Baum, Richard Baum and Miss Katherine Baum are visiting in San Francisco from their home in Nebraska. They are guests at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hoyt of Portland, accompanied by their daughters, Miss Kathryn and Miss Louise, and Miss Louise Philpott, are

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guests at the Hotel Victoria. They are enroute home after wintering in Southern California. Mr. Hoyt is president of the Portland Rose Carnival, and he and Mrs. Hoyt are prominent socially in the northern city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Sibley, of Detroit, and M. D. Lloyd, of Buffalo, are guests at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr and Mrs Frank Boggs and Mr and Mrs J. F. Boynton are a party of Massachusetts travelers who are guests at the Hotel Victoria during a visit to San Francisco.

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ORDER OF PUBLICATION TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF GUARDIAN FOR ORDER TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,018; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY L. MacDONALD, an Incompetent Person.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition presented and filed on the 23rd day of January, 1911, by Peter MacDonald, the Guardian of the person and estate of Mary L. MacDonald, an incompetent person, praying for an order to mortgage certain real estate belonging to the said Ward, that it is necessary that such real estate should be mortgaged:

It is hereby ordered, that the next of Kin of the said Ward and all persons interested in the estate appear before this Court on Monday, the 29th day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of this Court, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why the realty, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, being lots 10 and 11 in Block D of Silver Terrace and known as number 26 Flora Street, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in the petition, namely Five Hundred and no-100 Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet, and reference is hereby made to the petition on file for further particulars.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this Order be published for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, April 26, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

GEORGE F. OWEN, Atty. for Guardian,
Shreve Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-5

Mrs. J. W. Browning and Miss Elisa Browning are down from Woodland for a fortnight and are guests at the Hotel Victoria.

Miss E. Thelouder is a guest at the Hotel Victoria from her home in Minneapolis.

Mrs. Frederick Von Schroeder, wife of Col. Von Schroeder, U. S. A., is in town for a fortnight's stay at the Hotel Victoria.

J. H. Hough, Miss Hough, and Master Hewlett Hough motored down from Stockton for a few day's stay at the Victoria. On their return they had as their guest Mrs. W. F. Morris, who spent the week-end at the Hough home in Stockton.

Joshing the Hotels

Guy Rowell, house printer for the St. Francis Hotel, seems destined to blossom forth as the Simeon Ford of local hoteldom. He has recently uncovered a pretty talent for humor. Rowell was entrusted with the makeup of a hotel guide for the banquet of the Hotel Men's Association which took place at the St. Francis last week and he rose to the occasion by poking fun at all the principal hotels in the city. His gibes were so neatly turned that his victims were the first to compliment his efforts with the loud guffaw. Of nearly every hotel in his guide Rowell gravely says that "it has housed more notables than all other hotellic structures in America," that being a statement to which hotel press agents are extremely partial. Of the Fairmont he says, "It stands like the storied strongholds of the robber barons of the Rhine. (N. B. This robber baron parallel should not be carried farther)." The Bellevue is "a monolithic poem in cement." The Cadillac has "every convenience, including running water" and is therefore in a position "to clean guests with expedition." The Granada is "situated directly upon the bay shore, at Sutter and Hyde streets, as shown on our souvenir blotter" and the "P. A. Y. E. taxi company has a stand at the door." The menu card of the Normandie is "kidded" thus: "The management has inaugurated the custom of giving a funny story with each meal and on holidays an entire volume." The Martinet is located "upon that speedy municipal public carrier, the Geary street railroad." The Victoria is "the preferred residence of more than nine-tenths of the nomadic elite." The Grand is "the select habitat of society." Of Del Monte he says, "It is needless to mention that there are NO other resort houses in the State." The Grand Central is "patronized by the visiting nobility exclusively." At the Gloster "Johnnies can watch the Columbia stage entrance" from every room. At the Bachelor Hotel "only chanteclers are served in the fowl line." The Palace's presiding genius "has sometimes been mislabelled King Edward and Lucullus, but as both these gents are dead ones the titles are absurd." And so on down the line. This hotel printer has a gift that he should not hide under a bushel.

Did the Bishop Smoke?

When Dr. Creighton was bishop of London he rode in a train one day with a small, meek curate. Dr. Creighton, an ardent lover of tobacco, soon took out his cigar case and said, with a smile:

"You don't mind my smoking, I suppose?"

The meek, pale little curate bowed and answered humbly:

"Not if your lordship doesn't mind my being sick."

Figg (sententiously)—To him that hath shall be given, you know.

Fogg—Yes, the man who has a head gets ahead, I've noticed.

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and RESTAURANT
The place famous for its appetizing breakfasts, lunches and dinners; its rolls and special dishes; its afternoon teas for ladies. In the heart of the shopping center of the city.
140 O'Farrell St., Opp. Orpheum, San Francisco

He: Do you know anything about the great Italian poet, DANTE?

She: No, but I do know something about the great Italian dinners they serve at the

Dante Restaurant

536 Broadway

St. Germain
60 and 64 ELLIS ST.
LUNCH 75c REGULAR DINNER $1.00
Short orders at all hours. Music every evening.
Banquet Hall. Seating Capacity 800.

"Why don't you try to make yourself one of the intellectual celebrities of the time?

"What's the use?" answered the bright but indolent young man; "the firm whose patent food I have been eating would come along and want all the credit."

The Nethersole's Double Bill

Edward F. O'Day

It is a good many years now since the late lamented Frank Stockton set the world of fiction readers arguing about the lady and the tiger. That dispute was one which, from its very nature, admitted of no definite settlement. You had exactly as much right to grasp one horn of the dilemma as I had to grasp the other. Paul Hervieu hit upon an analogous situation when he sate him down to write "The Enigma." It is a play of two acts divided by a comma and concluded with a question mark. A close reading of the lines might make that question mark unnecessary; but from the presentation of the play at the Savoy one gathered that the author would be perfectly content if the audience left the theatre in an uncertain state of mind. If that be a correct diagnosis of his intention, "The Enigma" is a dramatic joke constructed on satirical lines. On any other assumption—and the room for

NINA DIMITRIEFF

Soprano with The Russian Symphony Orchestra.

doubt was unintentionally enlarged at the first production by the players' imperfect mastery of their lines—"The Enigma" remains interesting but loses the factitious attraction which gives it a Stocktonian charm. We are introduced to a French shooting box occupied by two brothers and the beautiful wives. Two male guests have been put up in sleeping chambers detached from the lodge but not far away. There is an intolerable deal of talk in the first of the two acts, but it serves the purpose of acquainting us that one of these guests is holding nightly clandestine meetings with one of the wives in the living room of the shooting box. Is it Lenore or Giselle, Miss Nellie Malcolm and Miss Olga Nethersole? We are not told. We are given to understand, however, that the guilty wife, if found out, will be punished terribly by her husband. At moments throughout this act the sense of impending doom is arrestingly suggested, but the illusion is spoiled by too much talk. However, we get action in the second act. As the curtain rises the lovers are just separating after their usual clandestine tete-a-tete. In the dark we see a woman in a white deshabille retreating toward her bed chamber while the Lothario prepares to take himself off. Which wife is retreating? Is it Lenore or Giselle? We can only guess. Then the awkward things begin to happen. The brothers, up at an ungodly hour for the purpose of potting a poacher, discover the Lothario in the house. Why is he not in his own sleeping chamber? He tells a perfectly transparent lie and fails to "get away with it." Husbandly jealousy is aroused. The wives are summoned from their beds. Both plead innocence. Why the very idea! They unfaithful to their husbands! They wouldn't think of such a thing! Then in a sweet feminine way they accuse each other. Of course one is lying, but which one? Lenore or Giselle? The husbands send them to their rooms with the intention of administering the "third degree" individually. This gives the Lothario a chance to slip away and blow his head off with a convenient shotgun. When the shot is heard Lenore rushes downstairs distracted. She learns that the Lothario is dead. "Dead! Oh my love! Dead! Oh, let me also have love's sweet deliverance!" she screams or words to that general compromising effect. Assuredly it looks very black for Lenore. But Giselle rushes in also and she too is distracted. though instead of screaming she moans. Apparently screams are guilty while moans are innocent; or perhaps it was that compromising speech which settled the matter. At any rate Giselle's husband clasps her to his breast and implores her forgiveness, which she sweetly grants, while Lenore's husband denounces her as a guilty helpmate. But he too is induced to forgive her in a sort of way. "You shall be punished by living with me," he says fiercely through his black whiskers. And there's an end on't. Now this is all very well. It provides a mildly interesting entertainment. But was Lenore guilty or was it Giselle? There are nice arguments on both sides. That compromising speech has a damning ring, but women in hysterics say a lot of things that must not be taken too literally. Personally I must confess to a queer state of mind. In practically all the plays in which I have seen her Olga Nethersole has been sinned against and sinning. In "Sapho," "Carmen," "Camille," "Adrienne de Lecouvreur," "Sister Beatrice," and, if my memory is sound, in "The Labyrinth" by this same Hervieu, she is the victim of her own or another's passions. So it is natural to suspect her when suspicion is in the air. One firstnighter suggested to me that Miss Nethersole, Giselle in other words, must have been the guilty wife because she wore a cloth of gold gown and an aigrette in her hair. "When a woman goes to spend the summer in a shooting box and enfrocks herself for dinner in cloth of gold and aigrettes, she is not in the same class with Caesar's wife," explained this astute individual. But I scorn the argument as frivolous. Never having visited at a French shooting box I have no idea how elaborate the toilettes are. And I have known so many chaste hearts beating under cloth of gold! Frankly, I give the whole thing up. But I am glad neither of those women is my wife.

* * * * *

It is a far cry from the pentagonal mystery of Hervieu's "Enigma" to Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice." When I learned that the Belgian playwright had drawn "Sister Beatrice" from the same legend which gave unfortunate John Davidson the material for his poignant "Ballad of a Nun," I was intensely interested. The theme of that poem is distasteful to certain religious susceptibilities, but it is so transfigured by imaginative beauty that one cannot resist its appeal. If Maeterlinck, with his wonderful delicacy of touch has succeeded in transferring that story to the stage in all its beauty, I told myself, "Sister Beatrice" ought to be a wonderful play. But my hopes were dashed when I saw it. Evidently the demands were too great, even for Maeterlinck's powers of delicacy. Instead of being appealing the play proved offensive. It went so close to the verge of sacrilege that there was no pleasure in following its progress. I do not think that I am unduly sensitive in such matters; but when a spectacle with religious significance degenerates into the grotesque, despite the almost painful efforts made to keep it within the bounds of reverence, I can see no reason for it. And "Sister Beatrice" is grotesque. The crudity of the story which could be deftly concealed in a poem, becomes nakedly fantastic in a play. For a nun to break her solemn vow of chastity and leave her convent with a paramour is a terrible tragedy; to the Catholic mind a far more terrible tragedy than for a wife to

FRANK ORMSBY

Tenor with The Russian Symphony Orchestra.

seek the arms of an adulterer, for the nun is, in the mystic language of piety, the Bride of Christ. But such a tragedy is legitimate material for the dramatist. Let him be careful, though, how he treats it; for there is no subject on which people of cultivated minds are so sensitive as on those connected with religiou beliefs. Maeterlinck was no doubt very careful, but I think he has failed just the same. When the paramour is riding to the convent gate to claim his mistress, it is offensive to see that mistress, a nun in her nun's weeds, prostrate before a shrine of the Blessed Virgin and apostrophizing her immaculate purity. No sense of any struggle against temptation is conveyed. Indeed there is no struggle. The nun allows herself to be stripped of her habit; she kneels again at the shrine with her lover, praying and sighing and once more dwelling on the purity of her patron; then, before she crosses the threshold of the cloister, she almost expires on his lips in a long lingering kiss. All this, we have been told and will forever be told, is symbolical. "All Maeterlinck's plays are symbolical." It is the cant of criticism. Granting

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that it is true, (a great concession), for one who penetrates the meaning of the symbol how many hundreds are there who see only a very fleshly situation? The second act carries extravagance to its limits. The figure in the shrine takes life, assumes the robes and the appearance of the erring sister and performs her duties. The duties are performed miraculously. The bell tolls matins though no hand touches the dancing rope. The chapel doors open at a gesture. The altar candles light at a wave of the hand. A clothes basket takes motion and bumps across the stage. These are miracles, but unlike any miracles of which I have ever read, they have no motive. They edify nobody, not even the audience which is merely amused. Why should it not be amused? These things are not impressive when they are done at seances or by parlor magicians. They remain trivial when they are performed by the Blessed Virgin. Later on, more miracles occur. Flowers fall from Heaven on the altar and garlands appear from nowhere in the hands of the nuns who chatter and romp like youngsters around a maypole. One must be very impressionable to be awed by such trivialities. And one need not be a religious crank to feel that the central figure in all this is distinctly out of place. In the third act the recreant nun returns, repentant, to die with laborious slowness. The nuns surround her and allow her to die without benefit of clergy, which was an oversight the good sisters should not have been allowed to commit even by a thaumaturge like Maeterlinck. I was unaffectedly relieved when she finally breathed her very last. And when I heard a woman behind me whisper, "If this is Maeterlinck, the Follies for mine," I overlooked the inelegancy in the patness of the criticism. Miss Nethersole is not a nun at any stage; she is just the Nethersole we have known for years in "Sapho" and "Carmen" and the rest. With an actress like Viola Allen who played the "The White Sister" in the role, there would be less of incongruity; but even then I doubt whether the play would "get by," to use an expressive vulgarism. "Sister Beatrice" may be all right for the closet, but it is not for the stage. Until I have dulled my memory of it I shall not be able to read John Davidson's ballad with proper appreciation.

Gossip of the Theatre

A Great Dramatic Singer

Will Greenbaum has introduced to us another of the world's great artists, the gifted German baritone, Alexander Heinemann who was heard last Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium and again Tuesday night at the St. Francis under the auspices of the St. Francis Musical Art Society. Heinemann is a man of rare temperament, high-strung emotions and exceptional dramatic force, all of which impart distinction to his singing. His voice is clear, resonant and true, and he uses it as the master musician does his instrument—with that virtuosity which seems spontaneous and effortless. It is a voice rich in quality and susceptible of the most delicate shading. His programs are chosen with the most exquisite taste. In German classic songs his artistry is impeccable, especially in those the music of which give colorful settings for powerful dramatic pictures formed of noble words. The dramatic intensity of some of the songs in the Heinemann programs was never revealed to us till we heard this great singer whose combination of intellect and feeling puts him in a class by himself. Heinemann is fortunate in having John Mandelbrod for an accompanist. This man is a musician whose magnetism reinforces that of the vocalist with whom he is always in perfect sympathy.

Blanche Ring at the Savoy

Olga Nethersole will make her last appearances at the Savoy this Saturday afternoon and evening in "Sister Beatrice" and "The Enigma" and on Sunday evening Blanche Ring, one of the younger musical comedy stars, will make her first appearance here, presenting "The Yankee Girl" by George V. Hobart and Silvio Hein. Miss Ring has a number of good situations, a lot of snappy dialogue and a goodly variety of songs. Among these are "I've Got Rings on My Fingers" and "Yip I Addy I Ay." "Top o' the Mornin'" and many others are also on her list. Associated with Miss Ring is a company of exceptional talent. Blanche Ring's engagement is limited to two weeks.

The Bernhardt Repertoire

Three changes have been made in the order of Mme. Bernhardt's repertoire as announced last week. "La Sorciere" will be given on Thursday, instead of Friday; the second performance of "Madame X" on Friday instead of Saturday; and "La Tosca" on Saturday night instead of Thursday. It is said that the object of the change is to avoid giving two Sardou plays, "La Sorciere" and "La Tosca," on successive evenings. Bernhardt will open her engagement with Rostand's "L'Aiglon." On Tuesday night she will be seen in "Camille." On Wednesday afternoon she will give "Madame X." On Wednesday night she will appear in "Le Proces de Jeanne d'Arc" by Emile Moreau, produced for the first time in Paris, November, 1909. Her repertoire for the rest of the week is as follows: Thursday, "La Sorciere;" Friday, "Madame X;" Saturday, matinee, "L'Aiglon;" Saturday night, "La Tosca;" Sunday, "Sister Beatrice.'

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The Russian Symphony Orchestra

The series of seven concerts by the Russian Symphony Orchestra with Modest Altschuler and fifty of the finest instrumentalists in America assisted by a quartette of splendid singers will commence this Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium. For this opening concert a remarkable program has been arranged. The evening concerts will be given Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday nights and at each there will be at least three novelties besides standard works and vocal solos. Among the interesting new things to be heard are Richard Strauss' "Salome," Victor Herbert's "Irish Rhapsodie," a number from the new Herbert-Redding opera "Natoma," Edgar Stillman Kelley's Chinese Suite "Aladdin," suites by Glazounow, Ilyinski, Arensky and other modern Russian composers. In addition to the opening matinee there will be others on Saturday afternoon, May 6, with Pepito Arriola as an added attraction and a special farewell program on Sunday afternoon, May 7.

The Russian Orchestra at Greek Theatre

Under the auspices of the University the Russian Orchestra will give two special programs at the Greek Theatre. The first will be given next Thursday afternoon, May 4, with an all Russian program which will include Tschaikowsky's immortal work "The Symphony Pathetique" and Rachmaninoff's Fantasie "The Cliff," besides two vocal numbers from Russian sources and half a dozen orchestral gems. Visitors from San Francisco will find the 2:20 and 2:40 boats most convenient. The second concert will be given Saturday night, May 6, with a Russian and Wagnerian program and a special feature will be the rendition of the "Quintette" from "Die Meistersinger" by Madame Nina Dimitrieff, soprano, Madame Lealia Joel-Hulse, contralto, Mr. Frank Ormsby, tenor and Mr. Bertram Schwahn, baritone, all of whom travel with the orchestra, assisted by Mr. Bentley Nicholson, tenor.

Clarice Vance at the Orpheum

Sam Chip and Mary Marble, two well known musical comedy stars, will head the Orpheum bill next week. Their contribution will be "In Old Edam," a one-act comedy by Anna Marble Pollock aptly described as "a delft dialogue" with ditties. With them is that admirable comedian John W. Dunne. Clarice Vance, one of the brightest lights of vaudeville, will bring her jolly personality and characteristic coon songs. A dancing act including ballroom waltzing and

MARY MARBLE

Who will appear as the "Dutch Girl" in "Old Edam" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

whirlwind dances, will be presented by the Marvelous Millers. Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman will introduce "A Baseball Flirtation." Next week will be the last of Arthur Deagon, Clay Smith and the Melnotte Twins, Goleman's Canine and Feline Actors and Bert Coote in "A Lamb on Wall Street."

"The Lily" Coming

"The Lily," David Belasco's dramatic sensation of last season, will follow Madame Sarah Bernhardt at the Columbia with Nance O'Neil, Charles Cartwright and a Belasco company. It will be presented the same as during its run of a year in New York. "The Lily" is a play in four acts, adapted from the French of Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux by Mr. Belasco.

"A Woman's Way" at the Alcazar

"A Woman's Way" which is announced as the Alcazar's offering next week, commencing Monday night, will afford Izetta Jewel and the regular company unusual opportunity for impressive individual and ensemble acting. It was written by Thompson Buchanan, author of "Lulu's Husbands" and other successes, and served Grace George as a starring vehicle throughout two seasons. When that clever actress appeared in it here the critics unanimously pronounced it a charming comedy.

Mary Garden

Beautiful Mary Garden, the "Sara Bernhardt of the opera," will give three concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Sunday afternoon, May 21, Thursday night, May 25 and Sunday afternoon, May 28. She will sing arias from her great succeses, such as "Thais," "Louise," "Natoma" and "Salome" and will have the assistance of Signor Arturo Tibaldi, violinist, and Mr. Howard Brockway, pianist-composer. In Ooakland she will sing at Ye Liberty on Tuesday night, May 23, Manager Greenbaum buying off the stock production for the occasion.

Hotaling's Last Week at Ye Liberty

With a fine production of "The Merchant of Venice" next week, the special season of Richard Hotaling with the Bishop Players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will come to a close. The clubman will be seen again in his original and remarkable characterization of Shylock. This role is considered by some Hotaling's finest dramatic achievement. The play will be splendidly cast throughout and the mounting will be complete in every regard. The regular stock season will be resumed with "Our New Minister" the following week.

The Countess Knuth's Recital

The piano and vocal recital of Countess Claire Knuth in the Scottish Rite Auditorium on the evening of Thursday, May 11, promises to be one of the most interesting musical events of the season. Countess Knuth is a newcomer to San Francisco. At present her home is in San Jose with her husband, Count Viggo Knuth, cousin to the Empress of Germany and of the same family that produced the late Queen Victoria of England. The Countess Claire arrived in America less than four months ago from Copenhagen where, since her graduation from the Royal Danish Conservatory of Music, she has been engaged in public concert and recital work. Assisting Countess Knuth in her recital will be Victor de Gomez, the cellist. A program requiring extreme skill has been prepared in which the Countess will show her versatility both as a vocalist and pianist.

No Idle Time on His Hands

"Squire," asked the visiting friend, "how do you manage to occupy your time in this little village?"

The only justice of the peace in Skedunk leisurely bit off a large chunk of plug tobacco and chewed it in silence a few moments.

"Bill," he said, with judicial solemnity, "I can beat any man in six counties pitchin' horseshoes."

The Most Enduring Kind

"Madam," began the traveler, politely, "have you a piano?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I am selling an attachment which——"

"We have one already."

The traveler took a long breath and attempted the fence.

"May I ask what make it is?"

"Sheriff's."

And the shorn lamb felt that, for once, his wind was not sufficiently tempered.

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SATURDAY and SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, MAY 6th-7th
MONDAY, TUESDAY WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS, MAY 1st, 2d, 3d and 5th
Season Tickets, $12.00, $9.00 and $6.00 (Seven Concerts). Single Tickets, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

GREEK THEATER—BERKELEY
Thursday Afternoon, May 4th at 3:30
Russian Program
Saturday Night, May 6th at 8:15
Russian and Wagner
Seats, $1.50 and $1.00. Unreserved, 75c.

Coming—MARY GARDEN.

AFTER THE PLAY
THE FORUM CAFE
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Under the Management of GUSTAV MANN

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO SELL REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 8589, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of FRANK STOHR, an Incompetent Person.

Clothilde C. Nicholl, the guardian of the person and estate of Frank Stohr, an incompetent person, having this day presented to the above entitled Court and filed herein, her petition, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain real property and certain personal property belonging to the said incompetent person, for the causes and reasons therein set forth, and it appearing to this Court from the said petition that it is necessary, in order to maintain and support said incompetent person, that the said real estate described in said petition and said personal property described in said petition, or some part of it shall be sold,

It is hereby ordered by said Court that the next of kin of said incompetent person and all persons interested in his said estate, appear before this Court in the Courtroom, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 1st day of June, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said estate, as prayed for in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

And it is hereby further ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 26th day of April, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

H. M. ANTHONY, Atty. for Petitioner,
372-4-6 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

COLUMBIA THEATRE
The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
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One Week Commencing Monday, May 1st
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
The World Greatest Artiste
MME. SARAH
BERNHARDT
Direction W. F. Connor
Monday "L'Aiglon," Tuesday "Camille," Wednesday Matinee "Madame X," Wednesday Evening "Jeanne d'Arc," Thursday "La Sorciere," Friday "Madame X," Saturday Matinee "L'Aiglon," Saturday Evening, "La Tosca," Sunday "Sister Beatrice."
Prices, $1.00, $2.00 and $3.00.
Monday, May 8th—"THE LILY."

SAVOY THEATRE
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This Saturday Afternoon and Evening—Last Times of Olga Nethersole in "Sister Beatrice" and "The Enigma."
Commencing Sunday Evening, April 30th—Two Weeks Only
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And Her Merry Company of Comedians and Girls in that Big Musical Success
"THE YANKEE GIRL"
All Sunshine and Fun! Harry Gilfoil and Fifty Others
Nights and Saturday Matinee, $2.00 to 50c. Special Matinee Thursday, $1.50 to 50c.
Coming—E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearian Repertoire.

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A WOMAN'S WAY
A Comedy by Thompson Buchanan.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.
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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c
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Last Week of the RICHARD HOTALING Season.
The Bishop Players Offer an Elaborate Scenic Production of
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Evenings, 25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees 25c and 50c.

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Royal Danish Pianist Extraordinary
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The Pocketbook

Henri Lavedan (From the French)

M. Cerceau moved cautiously, like a mouse, the whole length of the rue d'Assas. As he was coming out of his office some of his friends had prevailed upon him to go to a cafe, and he had lost nearly three francs at dominos. Now he was hurrying home, having learned by former sad experience that Madame Cerveau expected him punctually at her dinner-hour. He grew even more timid as he reached the door. What a scene there would be!

He climbed the stairs slowly, for he was covered with perspiration, and was breathing heavily. When he reached the second story he heard a cough above him. Raising his head he saw his wife bending over the railing with a light in her hand, and he trembled still more. He continued climbing, however, trying to conceal his fear under the mask of a smile. She was standing on the landing, and the lighted lamp she held in her hand gave her the appearance of a vestal virgin. Monsieur Cerveau had already bent his humble head ready to submit to all her scoldings; but to his great astonishment she only said:

"Here you are at last! I have been watching so impatiently for you!" Then seizing him by the arm: "If you only knew! I have such a wonderful thing to tell you. Come!" They entered their room, and Madame Cerveau closed the door, repeating: "You will see, you will see!" Then she laughed, a forced, nervous laugh.

"You worry me, Leonie. What is the matter with you?" cried Cerveau.

"Why, nothing is the matter, but listen. Such an extraordinary thing happened to me an hour ago. You have read novels, haven't you?"

"Of course. What do you mean?"

"Can't you guess? Just try to guess."

"Tell me what it is, I beg of you. You are torturing me."

"Yes, that's true. No one could guess it. Well, as I was coming back from the faubourg St Honore, this is what I found while crossing the Champs Elysees." With some difficulty she drew forth from the depth of her pocket a black stuffed thing which she held for a moment as though trying to decide how much it weighed. Then her face grew grave, as if she were about to do something important, and she held the object toward her husband with a gesture that said, "See, and give your opinion."

Cerveau took it and said, after he had turned it over and over again: "It's a pocket-book."

"The inside—look inside!" commanded his wife.

He opened it carefully. Several slips of paper dropped out. As he was not examining it quickly enough to suit her, she snatched it from his hands. "Give it to me. There!" She opened the first piece of paper her hand grasped. "Do you understand? These are foreign shares. I don't know how much money each one represents, but I'm ready to wager they mean quite a sum."

"Yes, yes, they do," stammered the amazed Cerveau. "It is very strange. They are certainly foreign shares. And you found this?"

"Yes. In the Champs Elysees. I stepped on it A little more and I would have fallen."

"Somebody must have lost it."

"Of course."

"If you wish, we will take it to the police headquarters after dinner. It will give us some place to go for our evening walk. What do you say?"

"Why, of course. I had no idea of keeping it," she answered impatiently.

They sat down at the table, both out of temper, like persons who have a disagreeable task to perform. Suddenly she said to him:

"Morin, who is at the Bourse, is going to lunch with us tomorrow. I am rather curious to find out through him the value of those papers. Suppose we wait a while before we give them up. There is plenty of time."

He was overjoyed at finding her so willing and readily consented.

They told the story to Morin the next day, and after he had carefully examined the papers, he exclaimed: "Russian—Austrian railways. This is luck! They are worth at least forty thousand francs!"

Forty thousand francs! They both jumped to their feet. Why, that was a fortune. "And you know," continued their friend, "in a few years they will double their values. I'm well acquainted with these things." Then he laughingly added: "Heavens! if I were only in your place!"

Cerveau was thoroughly shocked and interrupted him: "Oh, Morin!"

"Well, you may be right after all," answered the man from the Bourse. "Honesty is too complicated a thing for me to understand."

He seized his hat and left them somewhat coolly.

In the afternoon they went to headquarters, gave up the pocket-book and returned relieved and pleased with themselves. Then life resumed its ordinary course, and eight monotonous months passed by. Towards the middle of the ninth month, Madame Cerveau gleefully said to her husband: "Would you believe it? The other day I went to find out who had called for the pocket-book. It has not been claimed! It is still there!"

"What difference do you suppose that makes to me?" he asked.

"Don't you know? The difference for you, the difference for us is, that if nobody appears within four months, as one year will have passed since we gave it up, the money will belong to us."

"Is that true?"

"Of course!" And she clapped her hands.

From that moment they lived in the most painful and continuous excitement. Cerveau would mutter each morning as he dressed: "If only the owner does not put in an appearance!" And each evening, on returning from his office, he would say: "Has he shown up?" They made so many visits that the chief grew weary of seeing them. They began to think that Providence was working for them as time went on, and they would startle each other by declaring together: "We shall have it!"

They could not sleep at night. They would seat themselves by the bed, and by the dim light of their candle they would build air-castles. They wavered between a farm in Beauce or a villa by the seashore. They had already decided to name the latter "Villa Leonie." In any case they would have a man-servant; they would buy a great deal of silverware. They would live to be very old, and would never be sick. Then, when they suddenly realized that this precious treasure did not yet belong to them—that they might lose it at the last moment, they would become furious, as if they were under the immediate danger of being betrayed, of being robbed. At times they would grow tender and would say with tears in their voices: "Our poor money!"

One evening, in a confiding moment, he said to his wife: "At any rate, we shall not have stolen it."

Only one week remained before the end of the time so ardently desired. Cerveau resigned his position. What was the use of working, now that he was rich? He saw on the fourth page of a newspaper: "Swiss chalet for sale at Petites-Dalles." He bought it for ten thousand francs, and promised to pay in fifteen days.

At last, January twelfth, which was the happy, the blessed day, dressed in their best they both went to police headquarters and, after having signed their names, tremblingly received the pocket-book from the officer. The long waiting was over and they went to the church and offered thanks by lighting a candle in that sacred place.

They had invited Morin to dinner, planning to surprise him, and if the truth mush be told, in no wise sorry that they had an opportunity of crowing over him.

They gave him no hint of their good fortune until the dessert was brought on and then they gave full vent of their joy, telling the good news with joyous, excited cries. Cerveau brought forth the pocket-book which was hidden back of the handkerchiefs in a bureau drawer. Morin took it and cast his eyes over the papers.

"Russian and Austrian railway shares!" he exclaimed. "They've gone down during the last six months, my poor friends. Why, you will be lucky if you get three hundred francs for them now! Didn't I tell you that would happen?"

Miss Bikley—So you have given up advocating woman's rights?

Miss Passee—Yes; I now go in for women's lefts.

Miss Bikley—Women's lefts? What's that?

Miss Passee—Widowers.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Prices continue to back and fill awaiting the decision in the trust cases with the trend of the market lower. Steel has been the target for the bears and on rumors of a cut in finished steel products the professional element concentrated its efforts on this stock and prices have yielded a couple of points. Speculation in stocks is at a low ebb, nearly all the business is confined to the local crowd and sentiment seems to be changing to the bear side. The long delay of the Supreme Court in handing down so important a decision is a disturbing factor and the rank and file of the trade would welcome any kind of a decision in order to get this factor out of the market. The underlying conditions are all in favor of a better market. Money is cheap and a drug. Crop conditions could not be better and it looks as if we would harvest an abundance of everything. This will be reflected in the market a little later on.

Wheat—There has been no change in the general legitimate position of the market but all the bearish influences have been known so long that they have been more than discounted and have been worn threadbare as price-making factors. Briefly summarized the winter wheat crop outlook is fine on an unprecedentedly large acreage, spring wheat seeding has begun under splendid conditions of weather and soil and the domestic call for old wheat is of a listless, hand to mouth sort, with nothing to stir it to life. Export outlet continues lacking for the reason that our nearest competitor, Canada, is underselling, and India, Australia and Argentine are doing likewise. Reciprocity with Canada is progressing precisely as expected and indicates that the Canadian wheat soon will be competing here directly, the same as it already is in Europe. The leading spring wheat millers appear to have overbought both cash and futures and are taking their losses in the flour rather than in the wheat market, somewhat to the disarrangement of the winter wheat miller trade. Thus far this year the visible supply of wheat at the centers of accumulation has been decreasing steadily as compared with steady, though small, increases at this time last year. From now to the end of the crop year the decreases will have to be liberal to keep pace with those of a year ago.

Corn—Europe took another spurt of buying corn in America last week, the first of real importance since the buying of early winter based on the crop failure in Argentine. The buying at that time was overdone. Much of the corn arriving in Europe later was winter shelled out of condition and did not go far with the consumers. The European buyer has found that the Danube would be a poor reliance and has sold little. The foreign demand has come at an opportune time to take care of the winter fleet that moved out of Chicago with the opening of navigation last week. The bulk of this corn has already been disposed of, and there have been further sales of corn for June shipment.

Cotton—The feature of the advance during the past week has been the continued good trade demand in Manchester, unseasonable wet and cold weather in the south and the increasing strength of the statistical position together with continuous buying of July and August by the bulls of last season. The short interest has been materially reduced which has somewhat weakened the technical position of the contract market but on the other hand the demand for account of bullish spinners seems insatiable, and we hear that bulls have not yet completed their lines and stand willing to absorb all speculative offerings, which would seem to preclude the probability of more than the usual temporary setbacks of from 10 to 20 points in the near future, at least until more reassuring crop reports are forthcoming from the south.

Modern Eve

He—Would you scream if I kissed you?
She—Yes, of course, I would.
(Silence.)
She—George——
He—Yes. What is it?
She—F-father's deaf.
(Tableau.)

Could Be Trusted

The late Lord Young of the Scottish bench was responsible for enlivening many a dull case. One of the best remarks that ever fell from his lips was the reply to a counsel who urged on behalf of a plaintiff of somewhat bibulous appearance:

"My client, my lord, is a most remarkable man, and holds a very responsible position; he is manager of some waterworks."

After a long look the judge answered:

"Yes, he looks like a man who could be trusted with any amount of water."

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Santa Fe

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

one of them. But what is a dead Gladstone to a living Aked? I longed to say something about the possible relation of illiteracy and intellectual intolerance, but I was too utterly crushed beneath the blow. In my heavy dogmatic garments I shivered, despite the warmth of the doctor's tone and the doctor's smile. Finally I gathered my sharded dogmas together and asked, pleadingly, almost piteously, as one begging for mercy:

"How about baptism? Do you regard it as a sacrament?"

"As a sacrament, but not as an essential," replied Dr. Aked calmly. "Its necessity is a matter between the individual and his God. In my church the baptized and the unbaptized sit together."

"But don't you inquire whether they have been baptized?" I asked weakly.

"Whether they have been sprinkled as children with a little water? Or immersed as adults?"

There was unfeigned astonishment in the doctor's voice.

"Why, I would never think of inquiring! It is of so little importance!"

Plainly any further questioning would have made me an object of commiseration. But having made heavy inroads on Dr. Aked's condescension I did not want to draw upon his pity. So I went away, feeling very old-fashioned as I took my leave of this clergyman whose religion, like his clothing, is cut to the mode of the moment. But as I went something which had been suggested by his words on baptism bothered my bewildered mind. Finally it came to me—a sentence from the Bible still literally interpreted by the "illiterate" among whom the "old view" of the Bible is not "dead and gone." It runs something like this:

"Go therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

The Orderly

(Continued from Page 9.)

was all tarnished, and the soldier's cap, faded by the rain and the mud. Frechou walked erect in his French uniform, trying to conceal his grief from the enemy's curious glances.

After the ceremony was over the major sent for Frechou.

"My lad," he said, "I shall not take advantage of your noble spirit of devotion in coming here. You are now free to go when you please." At the same time he presented the French soldier with a safe-conduct.

"Thanks, major," anwsered Frechou, as he made him the proper military salute.

In a few moments he was on his way back to the French camp. Thanks to the safe-conduct he passed through the enemy's lines without any difficulty and, once outside those lines, he hurried on in his eagerness to join his regiment. On the way he thought of his captain whose body was lying yonder in the midst of the enemy. Oh, how gladly he would fight from now on to regain that bit of territory!

Then his mind dwelt on the German major. He was puzzled at the generosity of this Prussian. Could it be true that this officer had sent him back free, without one condition? That German was certainly a fine fellow! Frechou had kept his safe-conduct in his hand all the time, and his curiosity was aroused to learn the name of this man who was so different from the other eaters of sauerkraut. He opened it and read the name: "Marchal."

The name astonished him. It was not German, arousing none of the bitter hatred with which anything Tuetonic fills the Frenchman. Who could this man be, commanding the troops of the enemy and yet bearing a French name?

And more than his name was French; there was something that had made the orderly, entirely ignorant of that distant Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which drove so many staunch French Huguenots to other lands, utter the cry which the major had answered with a smile:

"There's the making of a Frenchman in you!"

Barber—Hair getting a bit thin, sir. Ever put anything on it?

Main in Chair—Yes, my hat.

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SOME DATES

May 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31
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While not the longest, one of the most interesting automobile tours made during the past season in the East was that of Ty Cobb, the champion right-fielder of the Detroit Tigers, from Philadelphia to Atlanta. The trip was made in the Chalmers car presented to Cobb by Hugh Chalmers as a reward for his making the highest batting average in major league base ball last year. The car was equipped with Diamond tires.

In extending its sales activities to the French capital, the Packard Motor Car Company has departed from a long established policy which limited its field to the United States, Canada and Mexico. Herbert Hughes who came up through the Packard shops and now ranks as a technical expert, will look after the selling end of the enterprise in Paris as well as aiding Packard tourists in getting through the red tape of the continent. Up to the present time the Packard establishment in Paris has been devoted to extending Packard service to owners who had taken their cars abroad.

Auto Notes

The automobile seems to have particular attractions for the stars of the theatrical firmament. Recently Lew Dockstader's leading minstrels made appearance on San Francisco streets in a big Oldsmobile touring car. The machine was equipped with Diamond tires.

Ray McNamara, the noted Premier pilot who took his car through last season's Glidden tour with the best score of all entries, is in San Francisco making headquarters with the Cartercar Auto Co., local distributors for Premier machines. He states that when he left the factory it was in a flourishing condition and working to its fullest capacity in an endeavor to keep abreast of orders.

S. G. Chapman, local distributor for the Oakland, Hupmobile and Abbott-Detroit, reports that a feature of his trade this season has been demand for the Oakland "30" car. This machine made its first appearance a year ago last winter at the New York national automobile show and experienced such a demand in consequence that the factory had to send out word to agents to stop booking orders for it until those then listed were filled. According to Chapman the Oakland "30" roadster has particularly large sale this year.

Captain Cole, president of the Pacific Motor Car Co., reports that demand for Stevens-Duryea cars is greater this than during any previous season. In reply to insistent calls for immediate shipments the Stevens factory are putting models en route for San Francisco with all possible dispatch. Three shipments, carrying a number of fore-door, torpedo and Berlin types, are now on their way to the local distributors.

In announcing its 1912 line of cars, the Packard Motor Company of Detroit supplements its well established Packard "30" and "18" with a Packard "Six." This new Packard, like the others, is made in a variety of open and enclosed styles so there is a complete line of each of the three sizes.

Chief Iserman of Kenosha, Wisconsin, has given out a statement in which he says that a Rambler fire truck has now been in service five months, during which time it has answered thirty-nine alarms and made as many more trips on inspection runs. The total cost of upkeep for the five months, including gasoline, oil and water, is $6.85 or $1.37 per month.

The Pioneer Automobile Co. has had a particularly busy week shipping cars to their country dealers. Whitmore of Stockton has just taken a shipment of three machines for that city and placed orders for three carloads more. Phillips of Sacramento has received four carloads of Chalmers and Hudsons within the past few days. Three machines were placed on boat for shipment to Eureka. Two more cars were billed through to Rio Vista besides shipments to Fresno, Modesto, Visalia and Santa Rosa.

The President of San Salvador has recently placed an order for two Lozier cars, one a limousine to be used on state occasions, the other a Lozier Lakewood touring car for the personal use of the President in touring the republic.

C. C. Hildebrand, assistant general manager of the Chalmers Motor Co. and E. P. Brinegar, president of the Pioneer Automobile Company, have just returned from a visit to the Sacramento, Stockton, Fresno, Modesto and San Jose subagencies for the Chalmers cars. "I am greatly impressed," says Hildebrand, "with the wonderful promises that this season offers for prosperity in Northern California. Everywhere we found prophesies of record crops this year. It is evident that the automobile trade is to be the largest ever experienced in the out-of-town territory."

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Palace H tel,
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Third & Townsend Sts. Depot,
Broadway & 13th St., Oakland

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA MOHR, also known as ANNA LOUISE MOHR, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Anna Mohr, also known as Anna Louise Mohr, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anna Mohr, also known as Anna Louise Mohr, deceased.

NORMAND W. MOHR,
Administrator of the estate of Anna Mohr, also known as Anna Louise Mohr, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 29, 1911.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building,
No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES WARNOCK, Deceased—No. 11,327, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will of James Warnock, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, (which said first publication occurs on the 8th day of April, 1911), to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James Warnock, deceased.

LAWRENCE F. WALSH,
Executor of the Last Will of James Warnock, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 8, 1911.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Atty. for Executor,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-8-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,365.

HATTIE ELIZA POND, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. POND, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: William H. Pond, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, and on the ground of defendant's habitual intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY H. DAVIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
495-497 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-10

ORDER DIRECTING PUBLICATION OF NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR CONVEYANCE OF REAL PROPERTY BY ADMINISTRATOR

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2710, New Series; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of DAVID B. ALEXANDER, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of David B. Alexander, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition praying for an order and decree of this Court authorizing and directing him to convey to Christie Barricklow and Addie Barricklow certain real property situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Elsie Street, distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet southerly from the point of intersection of the said westerly line of Elsie Street with the southerly line of Santa Marina Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Elsie Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Elsie Street and point of commencement; being Lot Number 47 of Block Number 2 of Fair's Subdivision of Holly Park Tract.

which said real property the said deceased agreed to convey to said Christie Barricklow and Addie Barricklow by a written contract set forth in said petition;

It is hereby ordered, that Thursday, the 11th day of May, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are hereby fixed as the time and place of hearing said petition;

It is further ordered that notice of such hearing be given by publishing a copy of this order once a week for four successive weeks before said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which publication is hereby ordered to be sufficient notice of said hearing.

Dated, April 3, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed April 3, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. G. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

E. I. LYNCH, Atty. for Administrator,
1013 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-8-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY KELLY, Deceased—No. 11,352, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Henry Kelly, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wallace A. Wise, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, at Room 1402, in The Western Metropolis National Bank Building, number 625 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Henry Kelly, deceased.

EDWARD H. KELLY,
As Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Henry Kelly, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, April 4, 1911.

WALLACE A. WISE, Esq., Atty. for Executor,
Rooms 1402 to 1404, The Western Metropolis Nat. Bank Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-8-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,310.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALBERT HANSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrixes of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Hansen, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrixes at the office of Aitken and Aitken, 957 Monadnock Building, 681 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Albert Hansen, deceased.

ANNA A. FEE,
EDNA C. WILSON,
Executrixes of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Hansen, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 1, 1911.

AITKEN and AITKEN, Attys. for Executrixes,
559 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-1-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,748, Dept. No. 3.

ALMA McWILLIAMS, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L. McWILLIAMS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Joseph L. McWilliams, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten (10) days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty (30) days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Plaintiff,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,230; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JENS P. HANSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Jens P. Hansen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at her office at No. 901 Balboa Building, Southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Jens P. Hansen, deceased.

ANNE MAGRETHA PEDERSEN,
Administratrix.
Dated, San Francisco, California, April 29, 1911.

C. B. SESSIONS and S. S. McCAHILL,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
901 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal 4-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,463; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD M. ROBERTS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard M. Roberts, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, Room 1012 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Richard M. Roberts, deceased.

ROBERT L. ROBERTS,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard M. Roberts, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 29, 1911.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Atty. for Executor,
Room 1012 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2997, New Series; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of BRIDGET MARTIN, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of Bridget Martin, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 16th day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator authorizing and directing him to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed April 6, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Atty. for Administrator,
1013 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4260, New Series; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GIACOMO BRUSCO, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of Giacomo Brusco, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 16th day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator authorizing and directing him to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed April 6, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Atty. for Administrator,
1013 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD HUGHES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Edward Hughes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of T. J. Sheridan, her attorney, at No. 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward Hughes, deceased.

ALICE HUGHES,
Administratrix of the Estate of Edward Hughes, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 8, 1911.

T. J. SHERIDAN, Atty. for Administratrix,
No. 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-8-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,342, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE F. WHITCOMB, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Emeline M. North Whitcomb, Executrix of the estate of George F. Whitcomb, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Corbet & Selby, 1201 First National Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George F. Whitcomb, deceased.

EMELINE M. NORTH WHITCOMB,
Executrix of the Estate of George F. Whitcomb, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 8, 1911.

CORBET & SELBY, Attys. for Executrix,
1201 First National Bank Building, San Francisco. 4-8-4

A Complicated Case

"Of course, doctor, German measles are seldom serious?"

"I never met but one fatal case."

"Fatal?"

"Yes. It was a Frenchman, and when he discovered it was German measles that he had mortification set in."

Letters

"Flowers From Medieval History"

Last year Paul Elder and Company of this city started "The Companion Series" with a pretty volume of handy size called "By the Way," which consisted of travel notes from the able hand of Agness Greene Foster. Now the second volume of the series has been published. It is "Flowers from Medieval History," a series of essays on the French Gothic written by Minnie D. Kellogg. Miss Kellogg was a member of a well known San Francisco family who died while her charming book was on the press. This fact gives it a melancholy interest altogether aside from its unquestioned worth as a contribution to the study of a fascinating department of art. Like its predecessor in the series this is a book which it is a delight to hold in the hand; a delight also to the eye of the discriminating booklover. It is printed on mellow-toned American drawing paper and tastefully bound in semi-flexible book linen. The illustrations are a great feature, being duotone mezzogravure prints of subjects pertinent to the text. Miss Kellogg displayed an unusual insight into the spirit of the past and her rendition of the quaint medieval legends will linger in the memory of every reader. The book is introduced by practical itineraries for cathedral trips in Normandy. Two of these are arranged for the traveler whose time is limited and one more complete for the motorist. The scope of the essays may be gleaned from some of the chapter headings: Mystics as Builders, The Golden Madonna of Rheims, The Mystic Cathedral of Chartres, The Grandniece of the Grand Inquisitor and Stray Leaves from Old, Old Books. Miss Kellogg's treatment may be gauged from the following bit about the Children's Crusade: "A veritable allegory of the Age of Faith was presented on the great stage of history in 1212, when two enormous armies of little boys and girls started from France and Germany singing, to march to the Holy Land; if any of these children turned back, none of them seem to have found their old homes. As far as is known to history, one child alone returned as an aged pilgrim, to tell the tale,—how the bones of the children strewed the mountainside;how they had been embarked on unseaworthy vessels to be sold into slavery; how few, how very few, ever reached their goal; how few, how very few, ever remained pure and holy. Connected with this tragedy was a horrible pope and a horrible doge, but now they seem but foils to the purity of the children, it was all so long ago. And that the mystic beauty of that little legion may live lyrically in our life, the Twentieth Century has set their pathetic march to music in stately oratorio; for pure aspiration is the melody of melodies, the veritable flower of history." The book is one which the traveler with a love of art will find of the utmost value. It is interesting to note that the next volume of the "Companion Series" will be "Comfort Found in Good Old Books," the series of essays now appearing from the pen of George Hamlin Fitch in the Sunday Chronicle.

A Fine Story by Gustav Frenssen

Just about often enough to keep hope from dying out completely, there comes along a book which calls for capitals. One does not complain of the average output of the publishing houses, which is all good enough of its kind and provides pleasure if not profit for the average reader, as the average play suits the intellect of the average playgoer, but there are a few others who would welcome better things. If merit were a gauge of recognition, "Klaus Hinrich Baas" would be hailed at once as an achievement. It is a translation from the German of Gustav Frenssen, the work being done by Esther Everett Lape and Elizabeth Fisher Read. "Klaus Hinrich Baas" is the story of a selfmade man, the son of Holstein peasants, who raised himself by his own efforts to the status of a prosperous Hamburg merchant, and though we have novels enough on the same subject written by American authors, there is almost nothing in common between them and this admirable piece of work. Our Americans are successful because they are merciless. They place before them the accumulation of a fortune and they neither stop nor stoop until it is accomplished, usually through speculation or "law honesty" which enables them to gouge their competitors, but Baas rose step by step through industry, foresight and a certain peasant persistency allied with caution which was in his blood. Though some of the incidents are unconventional, to say the least, they are related with such matter of fact simplicity as to deprive them of any hint of eroticism. The author, Gustav Frenssen, is familiar with the life which he depicts. He is a native of Holstein, and like the Baas, the name appears in records as far back as records have been kept. Like his hero, he, too, is of humble birth, his father having been the village carpenter, and his education has been self-acquired, or at least through his own efforts. He was pastor of a Lutheran congregation until his books attracted general attention and fashionable folk began to elbow his humble parishioners from their pews. Then some of the strait-laced took exception to the unconventionality of his stories and he resigned to devote himself to literature. It will be a long and weary wait before any English-speaking preacher will give us such work as this, a convincing plain narrative of what might easily be facts, without preaching or moralizing. Those who are familiar with the author's Jorn Uhl will find "Klaus Hinrich Baas" a worthy successor. Published by the Macmillan Company.

A Good War Book

The strongest testimony to the interest and popularity of Major Robert Stiles' "Four Years Under Marse Robert" lies in the fact that this is the fourth time since its appearance in 1903 that it has gone to print. Major Stiles has not attempted to write a history of the civil war or even a complete history of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, but as he was one of the first to enlist and saw a good deal of active service, being fortunate enough to escape both wounds and capture until shortly before the surrender, his reminiscences and recollections have the interest which only experience can furnish. After reading "Four Years Under Marse Robert" one can well understand Sherman's reference to "the fury of the non-combatants," for no one who has passed through such experiences or whose nearest and dearest have been subjected to such horrors could regard even a trifling war as a diversion. A good book for any one to read and an excellent supplement to the digest of the school histories. Published by the Neale Company.

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TOWN TALK

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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NANCE O'NEIL

In David Belasco's production of "The Lily" at the Columbia Theater.

TOWN TALK

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What's in a Nickname

That vociferous yellow journal, the Philadelphia North American, has come to the conclusion that a nickname for the common enemy is essential to the cause of Progressiveness. A very good nickname has been in use for some time, one that grew out of the vitals of the issue, and it has the merit of originality and peculiar significance. The epithet "standpatter" was coined in a moment of inspiration. It is distinctly an Americanism, and as such it has a claim on us that is not to be ignored. But the editor of the North American regards "standpatter" as inadequate to describe those persons who are satisfied with the existing order of things. He has decided to call them Tories, thus exhibiting a preference for what is old while affecting to be champion of the new. But for that matter the penchant for nicknames is itself very old. The history of politics and religion is the history of nicknames. It has been said that nicknames are "the talismans and spells that called and set in motion all the combustible part of men's passions and prejudices which have been so much more effectual than reason in the grand concerns and petty details of this turbulent life." Men who have reason on their side have no use for nicknames, which, after all, are but relative terms, each nickname having its countersign and deriving its force from its antithesis. A Tory implies a Whig. Does the editor of the North American wish to imply that he is a Whig? The Whigs were once known by the cant name of "the Talents" which was successfully applied in derision as a stigma, causing them to be held up to ridicule and to become obnoxious to the public. But if the "Standpatters" are to be known as the Tories for the reasons advanced by the editor of the North American then it would be fitting to designate the opposition as Jacobins. The spirit that animates the apostles of the new Democracy is the jacobinical spirit. It is the spirit that has animated factious politicians since the dawn of history, the spirit that appeals to the turbulent inclination of the multitude, incessantly persuading it that the Constitution of the moment is bad for the very reasons which constitute its excellence. The quarrel between this spirit and the standpat spirit is the ancient irreconcilable quarrel of Conservatism and Innovation. The editor of the North American and all the clan for which he speaks would have us believe that Innovation has always been in the right and Conservatism always in the wrong. This of course is far from the truth. Because there can be no progress without experiment, without periodical dissatisfaction with the existing arrangements of society, it does not follow that the reformer is always in the right. We know that quite frequently he has been in the wrong, that he has brought much mischief into the world, that in risking the indisputably good for a chance of better he has precipitated nations into abysses of misery. As Emerson tells us it is characteristic of reform to kick with hoofs, to run to egotism and bloated self-conceit and to end in hypocrisy and sensual reaction. It is the business of conservatism to check this kind of "reform run mad," to stand by the past which has baked the loaf when they to whom the bread has given strength would demolish the oven.

Our Innovators

Politics as it is practiced in Washington these days means all for power under the guise of a zeal for the public interest. Questions of political economy that once divided powerful parties are now of minor importance. The paramount question now is not one of policy but of fundamental principles: whether we should approve visionary schemes of unattainable perfection and reconstruct the fabric of government or stick to the institutions under which the nation has grown great and prospered. This is an issue that ought to give us pause. It is an issue that calls for calm and unimpassioned discussion, but never did it arise in any country without breeding a furious party spirit, without filling the political arena with men inflamed with the heat and pride of controversy. Our leading politicians today are typical of the period in which they have come to the front. The grand contest in which they are engaged is one of precedence and infallibility. As is invariably the case, on the popular side, the side that directs its appeals to popular ignorance, popular egotism and popular prejudice, are men who would tear their country to pieces to prove that they are the only persons fit to live in it; men who pose as angels while raising hell; who could not be otherwise than intolerant even though they were championing the cause of toleration. These men are the prophets of reform, the apostles of innovation. They would make for us a new government. Now to make or repair the constitution of a State with an eye to the due distribution of its powers is a matter that requires not only a knowledge of human nature and of the science of government but the most delicate skill united with a religious regard for the rights of all elements of the community. Consider the character and attainments of our leaders of reform; ponder their qualifications for the task of improving on the workmanship of the incomparable geniuses by whom this government was founded. Isn't the very circumstance that a La Follette and a Bourne, a Bryan and a Woodrow Wilson, are the head, front and inspiration of all the energies that have been consecreated to the work of tearing down and remodeling the edifice of State enough to fill any intelligent man with the gravest apprehension? These are men who by their conduct have made it obvious that politics with them is the science of exigencies. Statesmen these that while affecting to be mindful of the next generation are preoccupied with thoughts of the next election. They have studied the science of government not half so much as their own interests, and they are skilled in nothing so much as the game of politics and the business of conducting a campaign.

The New Jersey Candidate

Governor Woodrow Wilson left home this week to swing round the western circuit. "It is announced on the Governor's behalf," says the Examiner, "that this tour is not a campaign in any sense"; also, that "he will discuss political issues on the trip only in a broad non-partisan sense." How singular that the distinguished gentleman in whose behalf this disingenuous announcement is made should hold the opinion that the people are not suspectible to the artifices of the deceiver! The whole country knows that Governor Wilson is hotfoot after the nomination for President. His campaign was opened months ago. He has been cultivating public affection with consummate art and much energy. Since his election to office he has been devoting as much attention to politics as to the duties which he is sworn to perform. To pretend that there is no political significance in the business which has taken him from home is to say the least indicative of a tendency to subterfuge. Governor Wilson believes of course that the people will not doubt the sincerity of his announcement. And yet he was quoted in last Sunday's Examiner to the effect that the people are very shrewd and very quick to comprehend a tendency. "The only thing you have to prove," he says, "is that you really mean to serve them, that you mean what you say, and that you are not in the least afraid of the man that is crooked." And he adds, "I have heard men of large affairs declare that it might be a good thing to set up a monarchy in America because the votes of the masses are too difficult to manage. I have heard this doctrine preached again and again by men who ought to have known better." Yet the Woodrow Wilson boomers tell us that this gentleman is not a politician in the common acceptation of the term. They tell us he is an eminent and respectable scholar, a model of dry judgment, of clear and passionless equanimity, a genuine patriot concerned for the future of his country. This is not the impression we have received of the ex-president of Princeton University. A scholar he may be; doubtless he was a principled citizen of high ideals in the days when as a private citizen he was numbered among the personal friends of Grover Cleveland; but if we are not very much mistaken the job-chasing virus is now in his system, and he would sacrifice principle to gratify his ambition. This is no hasty judgment. We have watched Woodrow Wilson in the course of his evolution. It is because we believe him to be a scholar, because we know him to be a student of history, because Grover Cleveland found him to be a congenial companion, that we now size him up as the

spoiled darling of the mob playing the game of selfish calculation with his ear to the ground and his eye alert for opportunity. Fancy a man having political principles and qualities of heart and mind that would one day endear him to Grover Cleveland and the next to William R. Hearst! Assuredly the scholar who was once on terms of intimacy with Cleveland is not precisely the same individual who today merits the confidence and applause of our illustrious Proteus of journalism and politics and who coddles the mob with the kind of flattery that has been the staple of demagogues in all ages of the world's history. Some minds are so constituted that no sooner do they apprehend the tendency of their times than they feel the temptation of their times. Typifying the practical politics of his day, Woodrow Wilson is going about echoing the superficial notions of the hour, and there is an awkward insincerity lurking in the very felicities of his expression. Does anybody one degree removed from imbecility believe that Woodrow Wilson believes the people are so sagacious and so just that they are fit to be governed by what Edmund Burke described as "the most shameless thing in the world—a pure democracy"? Will flubdub about the intelligence of the multitude and warnings against monarchical tendencies be accepted as non-partisan sentiment when they emanate from an aspirant to the Presidency whose political faction has for its slogan "Let no Republican institution stand in the way of the absolutism of the majority"?

His Fatal Indiscretion

It is said that the rough treatment which M. Bernstein, the playwright, has received in Paris may be justly attributed to the anti-Semitic feeling which was revealed when the Dreyfus affair held public attention. This hypothesis seems hardly reasonable in view of the fact that Jews are as prominent in the theatres of Paris as managers and mummers as they are in French art and French finance. The greatest French actress, Sara Bernhardt, is a Jewess. So is Mme. Simon. Guitry and Tarride are Jews. Successful authors like Coolus, Tristan Bernard and Porte-Riche are Jews. Several of the leading dramatic critics are Jews. The real name of the critic who signs himself Ernest Lajeunessee is Kohn. No hostility has ever been exhibited toward any of these persons or toward their performances. Why then was Bernstein's play "Apres Moi" withdrawn after its premiere? Why did the Camelots du Roi mob the theatre? Doubtless the Camelots hate the Jews, but they could not have stirred up much feeling against Bernstein had it not been that he was a deserter from the army, and what was worse, had he not insulted the army. Bernstein was a popular success long before the production of "Apres Moi." He has been producing plays for ten years, and he is recognized as a man of great talent. But not till "Apres Moi" was put on did the people of Paris learn that he was a deserter from the army. Immediately after the premiere, a well-known journalist, M. Urbain Gohier, published a letter which he had received in 1900 from Bernstein who was living in Brussels. The most offensive passage in the letter was as follows: "I am a deserter from the army, and I am proud of being one. I deserted after seven months under the flags, seven remarkable months which cost me first a deal of money, and later on, when my money ran short, bitter irritation. I suppose it is useless to tell you that most of my officers were either forgers or blackmailers. I have run away to Brussels." The publication of this letter created a great sensation in Paris, affording a fine pretext for appeals to latent prejudice against the Jews. The Comedie Francaise was mobbed by the Camelots du Roi who deny that their action proceeded from professional jealousy. They take the position that as the Comedie Francaise is a national institution endowed by the State it should not be open to a man who has set an example of anti-patriotism and insulted the French army. There is certainly much to be said in support of this sentiment. Bernstein has pleaded that his desertion was a youthful indiscretion, and that he had taken advantage of the first amnesty to return to France and join his regiment again. But his enemies have learned that he rejoined not his regiment but a favored corps in which there is very light service from which nevertheless he was exempted through the influence of Madame Simone le Bargy. So Bernstein did not improve the situation by his defense. But even had he expiated his desertion he could not wipe out the insult to the officers of his regiment. As a playwright he must remain tabu in Paris, but the publicity he has received will enable him to put money in his purse in foreign parts. He is one of the most prolific of dramatists, and his plays are not for the high-brows. There is no intellectual appeal in them. He strikes at the nerves and has yet to miss fire.

The "Third Degree" in India

The "third degree" as administered by the police authorities in India is now the subject of investigation in the House of Commons. Few things show more distinctly the English character than the jealousy with which individual rights have been guarded under the British flag. For centuries the English have been a peculiarly jural nation. The inquisitorial trial has never found favor in England, nor any method of ascertaining the truth other than that provided by the rules of evidence. But far away from the seat of government in India where the authorities deal with a peculiar class of criminals they have resorted to practices that would be tolerated in no country where the principles of Anglo-Saxon justice prevail save, perhaps, in the United States of America. It was because of these practices that to make the law in fact what it is in theory the Evidence Act of 1872 was passed. It contains these words: "No confession made to a police officer shall be proved as against a person accused of crime." This law was designed to prevent secret police inquiries such as are conducted in this country, but lately it has been learned that the law has been obeyed in the letter but not in the spirit. Whilst confessions to policemen are in name inadmissible they are in fact admitted every day by a simple device. The policeman who has, by fair means or foul, obtained a confession from a suspect, takes him before the nearest magistrate and gets that functionary to record the confession after duly inquiring from the suspect whether the confession is voluntary. Of course the prisoner who has had a confession wrung from him will not divulge the fact when he knows that he is to return to the custody of the police. And it is because of this state of affairs that the Government of India is once more under investigation. In this connection it is worthy of note that the methods of prosecuting officers have been somewhat improved in this State. The dynamite suspect who confessed in Los Angeles was told by the district attorney that he would be given no promise of immunity. In other words he was not bribed to make a confession. For that reason his testimony will carry some weight. It was not so long ago that testimony was purchased with immunity in this city and the men who confessed indicted for not giving the right kind of testimony, having failed to adapt their testimony to the subtleties of the prosecution theory. Nor were they indicted for perjury, but for the crimes that had been condoned. And one of them who subsequently changed his testimony to fit the case was forgiven and the indictments were dismissed. How incredible does it all seem as we review the circumstances now that our passions have subsided! Yet we who induced such enormities when blinded by passion have now under consideration a proposal to take unto ourselves the power of recalling our judges that we may make more of them as responsive to our caprices as were the two that outraged the decencies of civilized society.

Our Intellectuals

From the New York Times we learn that since the days of George Bancroft and Andrew W. White the American post at Berlin has been considered "the special oyster of the intellectuals," and that consequently "the selection of a man like Seth Low, Nicholas Murray Butler or Benjamin Ide Wheeler" would give satisfaction. Shade of Motley! is this the best we can do in the way of "intellectuals" at this stage of our history? Seth Low is the amiable gentleman who made a fizzle of municipal politics in New York; Nicholas Murray Butler is the gentleman who paraded his erudition at a German university in a great array of borrowed plumage, reciting as original an essay in Latin written for him by Professor Peck; and Benjamin Ide Wheeler!—well Benjamin Ide Wheeler is the Panjandarum of Berkeley who believes that T. R. is the reincarnation of the Homerican Mars and who expects to go to Teddy when he dies. "To be honest as this world goes," says Shakespeare, "is to be one man picked out of ten thousand." To be an intellectual as this country goes is to be a pedant picked out of ninety million worshipers of a fetish called higher education. Verily mankind liveth but for the few and to justify those ambitions which make "flies of men and wildernesses of whole nations."

Perspective Impressions

The author isn't the only man who has his hard-luck story turned down.

One may admire Bernhardt immensely and still be unimpressed by Consul Merou's poetry.

Sarah Bernhardt is a melancholy person. She used to sleep in a coffin; now she has a doctor for a traveling companion.

After they have shortened the Decalogue the biblical reformers might give us the Sermon on the Mount in tabloid and abbreviate the Lord's Prayer.

Supervisor Bancroft's objection to horse cars is that "it is difficult to carry on a conversation while riding in them." And what worse fate can befall Bancroft than that of encountering a bigger noise than himself.

At Bernhardt's age camera courage might give way before caution and go unrebuked.

Says Representative Lemuel Paggett of Tennessee: "What part the aeroplane will take in the next conflict between nations I am not able to state." How shortsighted!

Mr. Hearst asks: "What is the recall that it should be so much opposed?" It's a contrivance by the general use of which the influence of the yellow journalist will be greatly increased.

"Bushy hair," says Gavin McNab, "is the dark ambush of a fogbound mind." Whereupon former Mayor Taylor felt that his whiskers were not unwrung while Judge Lawlor betrayed the emotions of a galled jade. A case of two ducks with one barrel.

No man is more blessed with riches than he who can give every man his due without impoverishing himself.

The Grecian ladies counted their age from their marriage not from their birth. Perhaps that's what Sarah Bernhardt intends to do.

The man that believes the Democrats are going to slash the tariff is that wonderful, incredible mortal, the average citizen, whom you can convince of almost anything if you first assure him that you favor the recall because you have faith in his intelligence.

Now it is said that John Hays Hammond hopes to be Taft's running mate next year. For elasticity the Hammond leg is without a peer. There is no length to which it cannot be pulled while the Hammond conceit holds out.

A Ballad of Trees and the Master

(Published by Request))

Into the woods my Master went
Clean forspent, forspent,
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent, with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him.
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content,
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

—Sidney Lanier.

Correspondence

Such a Notable Utterance

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: You have repeatedly said that the direct primary and the other devices of the new Democracy were so warmly advocated by Mr. Hearst and other demagogues of journalism because they will increase the prestige and influence of these pestiferous molders of public opinion. I was reminded of what you have said when I picked up the Examiner last Sunday and found that John Temple Graves had been interviewing statesmen in Washington for the purpose of eliciting encomiums on his employer, Mr. Hearst. Wouldn't it nauseate you to read the drivel of these populistic statesmen who have been kowtowing to the great mogul of journalism! Populism is already bearing fruit. It doesn't require a telescope to see the apotheosis of Hearst in the distance. Have you been reading the stuff to which I refer? There was more of it Monday; all apropos of a bum speech made by the shrinking violet in New York. Thus Mr. Graves, former candidate for Vice-President: "The notable peace utterance made by Mr. William Randolph Hearst in his speech at the Aeronautical banquet in New York on Thursday night has given risc to cordial and approving comment at the capital today." Indeed! What was this notable utterance? Mr Hearst said there would be no war; that war belonged to the black barbarism of the past and that aeroplanes belonged to the white peace of modern civilization. O! a most notable utterance. Notable enough to startle the whole world. Positively a world-shaking utterance! So brilliant, so profound, so original, bespeaking a most monumental intellect. It is the utterance of a prophet of the old school, a towering scholar of the pregnant present. Let it be megaphoned to the four winds to be carried to the remotest corners of this universe. Carnegie? Pshaw! the Laird of Skibo had better look to his sheet-metal thunder, now that Jupiter himself has shaken his locks and spoken in his voice that halts the spheres. Naturally so notable an utterance did give rise to approving sentiment in Washington, especially as John Temple Graves of the Independence Leg with writing pad in hand went about prodding the pliable statesmen. What statesman of this Democratic era will keep silent when invited to speak for publication? Assuredly no garrulous Champ Clark. Listen to this noble Populist who is said to measure up to the requirements of the Big Job: "I regard Mr. Hearst's peace speech as a most fortunate and important declaration. Am glad he made it. It is inspiring," etc., etc. This is the sort of approving sentiment that Mr. Graves evoked exclusively from those statesmen who pronounce the direct primary and the recall inventions of God for the redemption of the nation.

Yours truly,
—A Roundhead.

Some Lipograms

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Perhaps "Hibernian" would appreciate a specimen or two of lipogrammatic verse. The lipogram as you know is a species of verse in which a certain letter either vowel or consonant is altogether omitted. One of the earliest poets to try this kind of verse was the Greek poet Lasus (538 B. C.) who wrote an ode upon the Centaurs and a hymn to Ceres without inserting the letter "S" in the composition. The most difficult form of the lipogram is the one that contains but a single vowel, as for example:

Persevere. ye perfect men,
Ever keep the precepts ten.

Here are two more specimens:

The Russo-Turkish War

War harms all ranks, all arts, all crafts appal;
At Mars' harsh blast, arch, rampart, altar fall!
Ah! hard as adamant a braggart Czar
Arms vassal-swarms, and fans a fatal war!
Rampant at that bad call, a Vandal band
Harass, and harm, and ransack Wallach-land.
A Tartar phalanx Balkan's scarp hath past,
And Allah's standard falls, alas! at last.

The Fall of Eve

Eve, Eden's empress, needs defended be;
The Serpent greets her when she seeks the tree.
Serene she sees the speckled tempter creep;
Gentle he seems—perverted schemer deep—
Yet endless pretexts, ever fresh, prefers,
Perverts her senses, revels when she errs,
Sneers when she weeps, regrets, repents she fell,
Then, deep-revenged, reseeks the nether Hell!

The authors of the foregoing are unknown.

Yours truly,
—Antiquarian.

Berkeley, April 29.

Varied Types

XX—WILLIAM DALLAM ARMES

By Edward F. O'Day

One is apt to think of a university professor as a leisured person passing a life of scholastic retirement, emerging for an hour or two every day into the quasi-publicity of the lecture room but speedily returning to the preferred society of learned volumes, with orders not to be disturbed. Perhaps that is the life desired by university professors; perhaps some of them actually attain it. Most certainly Professor William Dallam Armes of the University of California does not.

Professor William Dallam Armes is the university impresario, the presiding genius of the Greek Theatre. Everything that happens in the Greek Theatre happens under the auspices of Professor Armes. Theatrically speaking he is the resident manager, the cashier, the box office, the press agent, sometimes even the stage director. To all intents and purposes, it may be said, Professor Armes IS the Greek Theatre—all except the cement work, the acoustics and the audience. He is responsible for the half-hours of music on Sunday afternoon and the whole hours of music on other occasions. Bernhardt and Maude Adams, Nance O'Neil, Margaret Anglin and William H. Crane were "his" stars when they appeared at the Greek Theatre. He is preparing now for Bernhardt's second appearance and after that he will have Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern on his hands. So intimately is Professor Armes connected with the Greek Theatre that when the University authorities lent the theater to the Pacific Theological Seminary in order that that eminent seminarian Colonel Roosevelt might deliver an Earl lecture, they lent Professor Armes with it.

It strikes me that Professor Armes is overworked; that he needs an assistant. He's going all the time and some of his tasks are hardly in consonance with the popular notion of professorial dignity. But he takes a great delight in them just the same. He doesn't complain of overwork. On the contrary, he tells of it with a frank enjoyment which shows how much he loves every crowded busy hour of the day. He is not even ashamed to act as an amateur policeman.

"It's all in the day's work," he says.

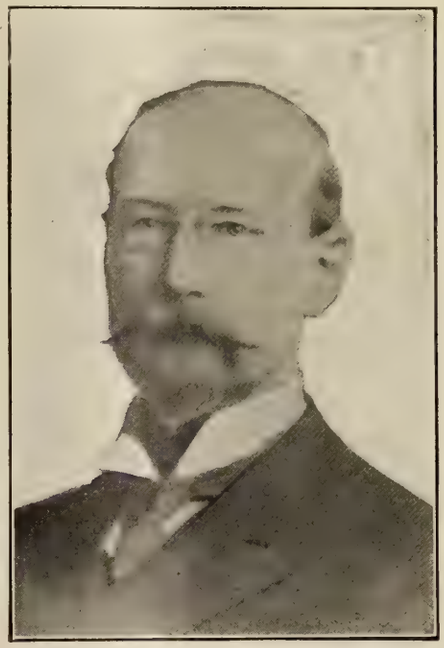
That Professor Armes does not balk at police duty I learned by the evidence of my eyes. I was standing with the professor at the lower entrance to the Greek Theater while the cadet band was giving the half-hour of music. He was telling me about the day Colonel Roosevelt spoke there.

"I found that a number of mischievous boys in the crowd had mirrors and were dazzling the eyes of the guests of honor on the stage," said the professor. "So I sent four policemen in plain clothes into the crowd with orders to confiscate the mirrors and put the offenders out. What do you think? One of the mischievous persons was a woman of fifty! But out she went just the same!"

While the professor was talking I noticed that some boys in the upper tiers of the theater were throwing paper darts on those below them. Here, thought I, is a chance for the professor. And it was.

He ran over to the special policeman and pointed out the mischief-makers on the farther side of the theater. He gestured with a cane and was not a bit disconcerted by the attention he attracted. The policeman started for the seat [illegible] and the professor hurried after him. [illegible] and pairs of eyes followed them. It was a diversion, an unexpected number on the program and the crowd enjoyed it. When the policeman and the professor finally located the offenders, there was a pause. Evidently they were surly and unwilling to leave. I had visions of a lively row. Suppose they should assault the policeman and the professor? But no; they got up and went out, looking very crestfallen, while the crowd cheered. The policeman and the professor ran after them and a hundred people or so deserted the music in anticipation of a scrap. But there was none.

"It would be funny," mused the professor when he returned after this trifling incident, "if one of those chaps was really the captain of the football team. But no doubt the man who said so was mistaken."



WILLIAM DALLAM ARMES

Evidently the friend of Bernhardt and Maude Adams and all the illustrious others, does not know the captain of the football team. But athletics is not art and the busy entrepreneur of the Greek Theater cannot find much time to spend in the Stadium. The professor's day frequently crowds into the night.

"I see where I don't get much sleep from now on," he confided. "The time that Bernhardt was here before there was a night when I didn't go to bed at all but just worked right through from one day to another. But I don't intend to do that again. As it is my days are filled up. I lecture every day including Saturday from eight to ten and devote the rest of the day to my dramatic work. I've been so busy during the past year that I've only had one day's vacation. I was ill for six weeks but I worked just the same. Do you know, I don't even see the great performances in the Greek Theater. When Maude Adams was playing 'As You Like It' I was in my office with her manager, closing up the accounts."

The professor's office is his bed room at the Faculty Club. It is the workshop of a busy man. Books line the walls and packages of posters, hand bills and programs clutter the floor. A collection of cigar boxes serves for a filing cabinet. On his table is a box office chart on which he checks up the seats for the Bernhardt performance as they are sold. With lively interest he produced pictures of the wonderful Sarah and of Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern.

"When they come here I'll have these autographed and add them to my collection," and he referred me to the walls. Autographed pictures of Maude Adams, Nance O'Neil, Billy Burke and other stars occupied the space not preempted by books.

"Some time I'll have this office fixed up in true theatrical style," he said.

It was a characteristic speech, I thought. This man's heart is in the theater. He loves it. Actors and actresses have a fascination for him. He is unaffectedly pleased with the work which brings him in touch with them. And he is proud of his friendship with theatrical folk.

"It's a strange life they lead," he mused. "They make friends quickly, go away for years, perhaps, and return to take up the acquaintance where it was broken off. In the meantime you may receive a picture post card, but they never think of telling you where you may write to them. I've even received post cards from them in Africa."

So evidently the players like Professor Armes too. John Drew came to see him once and came again bringing Miss Billy Burke. Richard Mansfield sent him a greeting a month before he died. These things are meat and drink to him.

He told me of the innumerable players who want to appear at the Greek Theater. Even a prize fighter wanted to give a performance there.

"Once a manager said to me in New York, 'You're going to have a great season in your Greek Theater.' I told him that we hadn't booked a single performance. 'Why, to hear them tell it,' answered the manager, 'every soubrette on Broadway who is going to San Francisco is going to play at the Greek Theater.'"

A lot of his time is given to the penning of diplomatic epistles to ambitious stars, explaining why it will be impossible to allow them to give performances there.

"One manager said that he would spend a thousand dollars on the performance. I told him we allowed the students that sum for their little affairs and that if he would make it five thousand we might consider the matter."

So you see, it is a costly honor. Professor Armes says that both Maude Adams and Margaret Anglin lost money on their performances.

"But the advertising is invaluable," he explained. "Their managers did not expect to make money. It was a labor of love. Why, night after night Miss Anglin came to Berkeley after her San Francisco performance and worked for hours just to get the proper light effects. I've been at the Greek Theater with her till half past two in the morning. I thought I would

(Continued on Page 22.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Reno Divorce Publicity

There was consternation among those members of the Reno divorce colony who had not yet filed their suits when they learned recently that the first move had been made to stop the practice of sealing complaints in divorce actions. For several months the newspapers of Reno, Carson City and Goldfield kept up an agitation against the concealment of the allegations in divorce complaints, on the ground that it opened the way to fraud in the service of summons upon the defendant. Frequently the plaintiffs in divorce suits claim they do not know the whereabouts of the defendants and secure from the court an order to publish the summons in the local newspapers. No hint is given as to the former home of the couple in the published statement, nor does it develop until the action comes to trial. If the whereabouts of the defendant has been designedly concealed by the plaintiff in order that a contest may be avoided, it is too late to get into touch with that defendant, and a judgment is usually rendered in favor of the plaintiff upon default of the defendant, who probably knew nothing of the action being brought. It has just been held that when the complaint is filed in the county clerk's office it becomes a public document and should be accessible to inspection.

The Virtues the French Admire

The idea that Frenchmen, especially residents of Paris, have loose ideas about the marriage tie and womankind in general is dissipated through a unique newspaper test. "What is the most excellent point in woman?" a paper asked of its readers. The paper asked each person to name the ten virtues he prefers in a woman. Sixty virtues have been named. The seven first have always been at the top of the poll since the beginning of the ballot, in the following order: Goodness, orderliness, devotion, thrift, gentleness, intelligence and amiability. This is a tribute to the essential solidity of the French people. First of all they ask for goodness, and secondly for orderliness, in their women! The former virtue has scored 21,308 votes, and the latter 18,470. The fact that devotion comes third, with 17,904, would tend to show that many of the voters are men. It will startle some hasty judges of French character to find that only 2,306 voters mentioned elegance as one of the ten most excellent things in women, which takes only the thirty-first place on the list. It will surprise everybody to learn that pride is asked for in women by only 528 voters, and that its place is fifty-second on the list. But perhaps the most instructive point of all is the sixtieth and last virtue, meekness, for which only ninety-six men voted.

Libel in Germany

If there are journalists in this country who are gravely dissatisfied with the existing libel laws, they should console themselves with thoughts of what might happen to them on the other side of the ocean. Thus in Berlin, the other day, two editors of the Morgenpost were fined $25 each, as an alternative to ten days in jail, for publishing a story, made out of whole cloth, in which no names were mentioned. According to this veracious narrative, an officer, who was also a count and owned a castle, had grievously wronged a young girl, the daughter of a sergeant, and driven her into an insane asylum. Her heart-broken father, after marking the count for life, died of apoplexy in the most approved manner. In short, it was a most charming melodrama, and, like most melodramas, entirely imaginative—as both the editors had to confess on the stand. Now, in American yellow journals the skill of the writer in "faking" so charming a yarn would have been richly rewarded; in Berlin, the two men responsible had to answer for libelling every officer in the Imperial army who is a count and owns a castle, and the service is full of them. Every officer of the army, the prosecuting attorney insisted, was injured by that publication, and the court agreed, substituting fines for the imprisonment asked by the state. If there is a touch of the comic in all this, it will none the less make many Americans wish that our libel laws could in some way be extended so as to make newspaper "faking" an uncomfortable trade in this country.

The Study of Leprosy

Mr. John Jackson, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, has brought to the Missionary Exposition at Boston an exhibit showing the recent developments of medical treatment of lepers in India, China and other Eastern countries, and predicting a cure of their disease. The bacillus of leprosy was identified by Dr. Hansen of Norway thirty years ago. In the time that has since elapsed the specialists have endeavored in vain to make cultures of the germ. But the professors at the United States Government Research Station at Molokai, Hawaii, have lately succeeded in developing the bacilli of leprosy to the third generation. Mr Jackson informs us that "this clears the way for a further stage of experiment, namely, the actual search for a serum that would prove a real remedy." As it required thirty years, however, to develop the cultures, Mr. Jackson believes that the development of a remedial serum may cover an extended period. The ground for encouragement that this process may be hastened lies in the fact that medical research is becoming well endowed and has brought into its field a capable and numerous body of investigators.

Detective and Thief in One

The public's faith in the infallibility of the French secret police has been greatly shaken by the accidental discovery that one of Paris's most dangerous criminals, who went under the name of "Nick Carter," and who had vainly been sought for all over France, was, in reality, a Police Inspector named Warze, one of the best detectives that Prefect Lepine has had at his disposition for over three years.

After having gained for himself the reputation of being the shrewdest man on the force, Warze began to mix with doubtful characters, and, for the last twelve months, has been the chief of one of the worst gangs of thieves operating in the capital. The most sensational robberies which have gone unpunished lately were due to this band, whose elusiveness baffled every effort.

Some months ago the police decided to get at the bottom of the mystery of these burglaries and placed the matter in the hands of Warze himself. Needless to say that Warze, once in charge of the investigation, enjoyed a fine holiday and employed his leisure in scheming ever more daring robberies, all the time sending long, detailed reports, which convinced his chiefs that he was following different good clues. In private life Warze was known and respected as a quiet, gentlemanly man. The almost incredible double life of this Arsene Lupin and Raffles thrown into one might have continued for a long time had he not been given away by a petty thief arrested the other day for a small robbery.

Snobbery at School

The recent todo at Annapolis over the case of Miss Beer who received a public apology for the slight put upon by the cadets who refused to dance with her at a hop because she was a governess, need not excite too pessimistic feelings. Snobbery is a weakness of the young and the hard knocks of life eradicate it from all but the incurably mean. In England there is probably more of it than here. Thus a writer testifies in a letter to a London paper: "I come in contact with a large number of lads, and I can speak with certainty of the evil effects of snobbishness on the life of the young. One lad I know, a tradesman's son, of more than average ability, refused point blank to go to Oxford, although his parents were people of ample means, preferring his liberty in the cramping conditions of a city office. Another, whose father has made a large fortune by combined genius, perseverance and honorable dealing, has been sent to one of the younger universities, presided over by a scholar of world-wide fame, where he is not so likely to be "looked down upon." Still another, now reading for one of the learned professions, whose father was a London merchant of comparative wealth, distinct ability and universally recognized integrity, confessed to me that his life was made so unbearable at a boarding school much patronized by the sons of small army men, doctors, lawyers and indigent curates, that he begged his parents to send him to another school, with such earnestness —vowing that he would run away if his request was not acceded to—that at length he was permitted to have his way. This high-spirited and sensitive lad endured at the hands of his schoolfellows, who were for the most part inferior to him, as a matter of fact, in almost every possible respect, indignities quite incredible to those who may not be conversant with the particularly vicious sort of cad one meets at these "schools for the sons of gentlemen."

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The Signal

W. Garchine (From the Russian)

Simeon Ivanov was a gate-tender on the railroad. The little cottage where he lived and worked was eight miles from the nearest station. Not far away, the chimney of a big spinning-mill loomed vast and black against the sky. Not another dwelling was in the neighborhood, with the exception of a few huts for the railroad laborers.

Simeon Ivanov was a sickly and feeble man. He had gone through the war with Turkey as captain's orderly. After having discharged their duty, they both, captain and orderly, returned home unwounded. The officer took leave of the man and returned to St. Petersburg. As for Ivanov, he came back to his village, where sad news awaited him. His father was dead, his little child dying and his poor wife, exhausted with hard work and misery, was on the point of succumbing. Ivanov courageously started in to work, but everything seemed in league against him. The little one whom they loved so tenderly faded away and died in spite of their care, leaving a terrible void behind him. Everything seemed to be on the point of ruin. In despair the poor souls decided to leave the village and to seek their fortune elsewhere.

One day Ivanov found himself on a railroad train and, in passing a station, he thought he recognized one of his former officers in the station master. He looked at him eagerly, and the man, turning, seemed equally surprised to see Ivanov. He hurried over to gree him.

"Your name is Ivanov, isn't it?" asked the station-master.

"Yes, my captain," answered Ivanov joyfully.

"What are you doing here, old comrade?" said the other.

Then Ivanov told him all his history, his misfortunes, his misery, his despair.

"Well," said the station-master, trying to hide the emotion he felt at the recital; "where are you going now?"

"That is more than I know, myself, my captain."

"But how is that? You don't know where you are going?"

"That is the exact truth, my captain," replied Ivanov in a trembling voice. "I haven't an idea where I am going, nor where to go. I want to find work, no matter at what, so that we need not starve."

The station-master gave him a look full of pity, then, after reflecting for a few moments, he said in a very friendly voice: "Listen, old fellow, stay here for a little while. You are married? Where is your wife at this moment?"

"She is a servant in the house of a lawyer in Koursk."

"Well, then write to her to join you here. I will get a pass for her. In a very short time one of our little houses will be vacant, and with it the post of a gate-tender. I will ask the general-manager to give this post to you. Have courage, old friend, and count on me!"

"Oh, how is it possible to thank you, my captain!" cried Ivanov, overcome with gratitude.

He was established at the station forthwith. While awaiting the departure of the gate-tender whose place he was to take, Ivanov tried in every way to make himself useful. He sawed wood, carried water for the kitchen, swept the platform of the station and watered the flowers.

In a few days his wife arrived. Ivanov put their slight baggage into a hand-cart and took it to the new home. The little house was new and warm and had a mite of a garden attached to it; on the sides spread a piece of ground, rather less than two acres, and in the midst of this was an immense tree, whose shade covered the entire yard. The poor souls were in a heaven of delight over their new surroundings; they built a thousand air castles, each more beautiful than the last; they would buy a horse and perhaps a cow as well; then they could sell butter and eggs in town.

Could it be that their good luck, so long awaited, so eagerly desired, had come at last?

The next day, Ivanov received all the accessories necessary for the business of a gate-tender —two little flags, one green and the other red, some English wrenches for the bolts on the rails, a cord, a big broom, and a little time-card which showed the passing of trains. At first Ivanov could not sleep at nights. He pored over his schedule and feverishly watched the clock. Two hours before a train was due he would leave the house and inspect minutely every inch of track, try all the screws and then go back to sit on his door-step, eyes alert and ears open to the slightest sound, expecting each moment to hear the whistle of the locomotive. Then, little by little, he grew accustomed to his new position, and his nerves steadied themselves. Didn't he know his time-card by heart?

Summer came and his work grew lighter. There was no more snow to sweep away, and, morever, the trains of this line were not very numerous.

Two months passed thus. Ivanov began to get acquainted with his fellow-workers, the neighboring gate-tenders. One of them was an old man, grave and silent, who was awaiting his retirement. The other, the one who was stationed nearer to Ivanov, was young, very tall and emaciated, pale and nervous.

The first time that the two neighbors met on the tracks, Ivanov humbly doffed his cap. The other looked at him askance. "Good morning," he said, then turned his back and walked away without another word.

The next day Ivanov met the wife of his strange neighbor.

"Well, friend," said he; "your husband is not much of a talker, is he?"

The woman did not reply immediately. After an instant of thought, she said: "What would you want him to talk about? Each to his own affairs in this world. And may God help us all!" And she, too, walked away.

Yet, by dint of patience and good humor, Ivanov finally triumphed over his comrade's peevishness. Almost insensibly they drifted into a very close friendship. Often they walked together to inspect the track, then, seated on the grass, pipes between their lips, they confided to each other their various haps and mishaps.

Basil spoke seldom, but, to make up for his silence, Ivanov, a born talker, held forth on every possible subject— his wife, his father, the beloved child snatched from their arms only too soon, his birthplace and his poverty.

"Yes, neighbor," he was fond of saying; "I have suffered much since I came into the world. There are people who have luck, who live happily, free from care. Ah, well, I, who have never harmed anyone, have never had any luck. Nothing succeeds with me!"

Basil did not reply immediately; he shook the ashes from his pipe against the edge of the rail, rose, and said with a sigh:

"It is not luck, neighbor, that is against us; it is men. There is not, in all the world, a beast more wicked, more dangerous, than man. Even wolves will not eat each other. A man would gladly eat one of his fellows—eat him alive!"

"Hum! Wolves are not quite so tender-hearted as you think."

"Really? Well, all the same, I repeat that if men were not so cruel and so greedy, there would be some chance of happiness on this earth."

Ivanov sat thoughtful.

"I don't know, I'm sure," he said at length; "you may be right about it. But, in any case, if we are unlucky, it is the Almighty who orders it so."

"If that is your tune," answered Basil passionately, "I have nothing more to say. If you try to lay all the blame on the good God, if you have not the courage to battle, yourself, against your troubles, then you are nothing but a rag!"

He turned on his heel and walked off without a word of farewell. Ivanov rose in his turn. "Neighbor," he said reproachfully; "why do you speak so roughly?"

But Basil failed to hear him. Ivanov watched him fixedly until his lean silhouette disappeared around a turn. When Ivanov reached home he said to his wife: "What an odd fish that neighbor of ours is!" and repeated the conversation to her.

Yet the friendship did not suffer from this outburst. The next day they met again on the track, shook hands and took up the same conversation.

"Well, brother, if it were not for man, we should not be passing our lives in these miserable huts," said Basil.

"Heavens and earth, man, what do you want? They are pretty good places to live in, after all!" replied Ivanov.

"They are, are they?" cried his friend. "What a fool you are, to be sure, my poor Simeon! For having lived so long you have drawn very small profit out of life. You may have looked at much, but you have certainly seen little! Think, for just a moment, what existence must be for us poor people, whether we live here or elsewhere. The rich prey on us, they suck our blood while we are young and strong, but once we become old we are cast aside like useless rubbish. How much do they pay you a year?"

"Not much, to tell the truth; twelve rubles."

"And I get thirteen and a half. Permit me to ask, why this difference? In justice we should each receive twenty rubles a month in addition to our light and fuel. Who, then, allots us these twelve or thirteen rubles? Answer me that, if you can! And you dare pretend that it is possible to live decently on such pay? Understand me, it is not a question of the two or three miserable rubles, more or less, that we receive! Last month I happened to be at the big terminal station. The president of the road was there, just passing through. I saw him—I had that great honor. He got into a private car and stood looking out of the door at the common crowd! Oh, I am not going to stay long at this job, I can tell you. I am going to get out of here, no matter where I go!"

"And where will you go? Here you have a comfortable fireside, you have a little corner of ground, your wife is industrious, devoted and faithful."

"A corner of ground, you say! You have not seen this famous corner of ground. It is nothing, and worse than nothing. Listen to me! Last

(Continued on Page 23.)

Private Wire—New York, Chicago. Western Union Code

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Where Sounds the Surf

(Rondeau)

By Henry McDonald Spencer

Where sounds the surf its melody
From time unto eternity,
From western shores to weird Cathay;
There would I watch the dolphins play
Like nymphs in flashing ebony.

How happy might we mortals be
To join the Nereids' revelry
And in their golden caverns stray,
Where sounds the surf.

The waves, untamed of time, are free,
As when they bore the Argosy;
The billows surge as on that day
When, wet and wanton, from the spray
Arose the goddess of the sea,
Where sounds the surf.

The Spectator

Moore Getting 'Em Together

Charles C. Moore has been in no hurry to accept the presidency of the World's Fair Executive Committee. His is really a case of the office seeking the man, and in this instance without doubt the very best available man was sought and found. But Moore is not eager for honor. He is eager, however, for the success of the Fair, and on his return from the East he signified his willingness to accept the presidency provided he could be assured that there were others who were capable of self-sacrifice. He resolved to do some interviewing, to find out what men would pledge themselves to co-operate with him and give him their time as well as their advice. To every man who urged him to accept the position he addressed this question, "Well what are you going to do?" Talking it over with one member of the committee to whom I am indebted for the information he said: "I think I have a pretty good conception of what this position will cost me in time and money. If I decide to take hold I know I shall be appalled at the prospect. I'm not going to take hold unless I am made to feel certain that you and the others will work in harmony with me and with one another." Harmony is the keynote of all Moore's heart-to-heart talks. He insists that all recollection of the late unpleasantness incident to the grand work of civic regeneration must be extinguished.

He's a Hustler

In all probability with Moore as president the conclusion will be reached that there will be no need of a director-general. Moore is a man of rare administrative ability. In his line of business he has few peers in all this country. He has competed with the biggest mechanical engineering firms in the United States, and more than one of them has had to take a back seat. He goes in for the finest talent, and no price is too high for the man he wants. He has had former admirals of the navy on his staff. And Charley Moore is a San Franciscan from the ground up. As a boy he learned his business in a little shop south of Market street, and his office is still below the main trolley. He is a hustler by nature, a great organizer, and a man of inexhaustible energy.

For a Tonic
nothing better can be used than the Italian-Swiss Colony's fine PORTS and SHERRIES. Every drop is alive with the health-giving properties of perfect grapes grown in sunny California.

Question of the Hour

I quote:

Is it a frame-up? still remains the question of the hour in this town, where there is supposed to be bitter opposition to union labor. It was the question when the news of the arrest of the McNamara brothers and McManigal first came over the wires Saturday night, and it is the question today, when the case seems to be tightening and strengthening its grip on the three prisoners in the county jail. Surprising and significant is this attitude of doubt and suspended judgment. Given any other crime in which twenty-one lives had been sacrificed, and the showing already made against the three suspects, would be sufficient to inflame public sentiment to an almost dangerous degree.

The foregoing is from the Labor Clarion, you conjecture, or from the Voice of Toil or from some other authorized mouthpiece of trades-unionism. You are wrong, gullible reader. It is from our own kept Bulletin of April 28. It purports to be from that journal's Los Angeles correspondent. Labor unions are powerful in San Francisco. By them may circulation be stimulated, and Mr. Older is thus and therefore playing to their gallery. And thus are we afforded an excellent illustration of the truth of the epigrammatic bon mot which made Mr. Older famous as a wit in the circle which he adorns. "There is no sewer through which I'll not crawl for a dollar," said Mr. Older proudly beaming on his company; "but of course if it is too small to crawl through, you will have to make it worth my while to enlarge it."

Because It's Burns

Not the least singular part of the Bulletin's statement, however, is that it is true. Public judgment is suspended: the people do ask, "Is it a frame-up?" And why? Solely because one William J. Burns stands sponsor for the arrests. Had the same arrests been made, the same story told, by the Pinkertons, the chief of police of Los Angeles or of San Francisco there would have been no public hesitancy or dubiety. The character of the arresting officer would have carried conviction of the honesty of his motives and the integrity of his statements. But Burns, the same Burns caught by Rabbi Kaplan doing a little sleight-of-hand work with Ruef's immunity contract in a safe-deposit vault, is again sleuthing for contingent blood-money as he did in San Francisco with all his old familiar machinery in good working order, and naturally the question falls from a thousand lips, "Is it a Burns frame-up?"

The Incredible

But the absolute and unfailing fatuousness of the Bulletin once more makes for the merriment of man. In kowtowing to the unions Editor Older fails to perceive that he is damning his former side-partner Burns. If the public fears a frame-up, as the Bulletin says, it does so only because Burns is so strongly discredited and despised as to be believed capable of a frame-up that would send innocent men to the gallows. It seems incredible that this is the same Burns from whom, according to the Bulletin of other days, Lancelot could have learned chivalry and Arthur kingly honor.

He Didn't Do It

Still from the tomb the voice of Biggy cries to remind us of "the deep damnation of his taking-off." William Murphy the engineer who was in charge of the police launch Patrol when Chief of Police Biggy was crossing the bay on the night of his mysterious death has gone crazy. He is obsessed with the hallucination that somebody has accused him of some awful crime. Incessantly he exclaims, "I don't know who did it, but I swear to God I didn't." The supposition is that he has been brooding over the Biggy tragedy. Nobody has ever suspected Murphy of having had

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a hand in Biggy's death. If his mind was affected by the tragedy it was doubtless because of the terrible shock he suffered when he learned that the man whom he believed to be the only passenger on the launch had disappeared in the darkness of the night. A Coroner's jury was convinced that Biggy's death was accidental; that he fell overboard without uttering a cry loud enough to be heard by Murphy. But the Coroner's jury didn't hear all the testimony. The written report made by Police Commissioner Kyle to Mayor Taylor was a piece of evidence that was suppressed. This report told the story of Biggy's interview with Kyle just before the chief went aboard the yacht. This report has never been made public. Mayor Taylor refused to receive it as official thus preventing publicity. In that interview Biggy told why he was being hounded by the Graft Prosecution which he had formerly served. The Evening Post charged that the man behind the conspiracy against Biggy was William J. Burns who wanted to give "protection" to vice. Burns threatened to sue the Post for libel. The Post dared him to do so, and he quickly left for the East. It is known that at the time of Biggy's death he was on the point of making sensational disclosures. And so one may harbor the thought that his death was not accidental without being suspected of romanticism.

Miss Peach—Now, Senator, look me straight in the face and tell me if you don't think we women should have the vote.

Senator (gallantly)—The eyes have it.

Rader Up and Doing

Competition stimulates the energies of men in the pulpit as well as of men in the counting house. Witness the feverish endeavors of the Rev. William Rader, D. D., since the advent of the Rev. Charles Aked, D. D. Before the coming of Dr. Aked his contemporary Dr. Rader pursued the even tenor of his way in a path paved with tradition. He entertained his flock in the old familiar way, giving them their money's worth in sermons more or less platitudinous, but never attempting to vindicate his resourcefulness or his inventive faculty. He led a very quiet life. Calvary Presbyterian Church under Dr. Rader's guidance was safe, sane and conservative. The pastor cut no capers. He posed as a civic patriot occasionally but not any more so than the average minister who believes that he should be the expositor of political as well as religious sentiments. Now he is the busiest man in the whole parish. Apparently he has determined that Dr. Aked shall not monopolize the limelight. Two weeks ago he started a clinic for the indigent sick and an employment bureau for poor wage-earners. A little later he issued a dodger announcing "A Mass-meeting of the California Prison Commission at the Calvary Presbyterian Church" for Sunday evening, April 30, with himself, Rev. Martin Meyer, Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge and Charles Montgomery as the spellbinders of the occasion. "The public is earnestly invited," said Dr. Rader. "We don't want your money, but we do want your sympathy and influence to help bring about more merciful humane conditions."

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Aked the Homeopathist

Dr. Aked must realize by this time that he is not the only headliner on the salvation circuit. In Dr. Rader he has a very keen and resourceful rival, a gentleman who has had some training in yellow journalism, having once been employed to give color and tone to the editorial utterances of the Boughten Bulletin. But Dr. Aked is still a novelty, and therefore he enjoys a big advantage. Dr. Aked is in demand about town. Last week he was the star performer at the Commencment Exercises of the Hahnemann College and proclaimed himself a homeopathist, paying enthusiastic tribute to homeopathy and Dr. Ward. Such high tribute did he pay to Dr. Ward that that modest gentleman was suffused with blushes. And so warm were the encomiums which he fashioned for homeopathy that his hearers wondered how he can reconcile his sentiments with those that he is expected to utter at the commencement exercises of the Cooper Medical College for which he had been already billed.

Bernhardt and Jean Richepin

Many are the old stories about Bernhardt that have been revived during the past week. That of her first meeting with Jean Richepin of the French Academy is worth repeating. Richepin had been a good deal of a vagabond, wandering about Europe and gathering the material for the stories and plays which afterwards earned him a fauteuil in the Academy. One night in Paris he went to see Bernhardt play and was carried away by her genius. He determined to meet her and made his way to the stage door. There he encountered the usual throng of caped and monocled johnnies waiting with their floral offerings for the great artiste. But when she appeared at the threshold Richepin cleared them away like so many figures of straw, lifted her violently into his arms and kissed her. Bernhardt started to uncork the vials of her wrath—and she can be terrible when she is aroused—but catching a glimpse of the handsome fellow with piercing eyes and blonde beard who was holding her captive, she changed her mind. She gave him her card, begged him to call a cab and allowed him to accompany her to her home. It was two years before the ardor of that sudden friendship cooled.

Sarah to Lady Brassey

Another facetious story goes that at a reception in London a blundering flunkey announced, to the consternation of everybody, "Mademoiselle Bernhardt and son." Lady Brassey came later and met the great actress who immediately introduced Maurice. "But Mademoiselle, I did not know that you were married," said Lady Brassey. "I am not and never was," Sarah replied. "Mais, votre fils—." "Ah! mon fils—c'etait une accident d'amour."

The Thinness of Her

When Bernhardt first came to this country slenderness was not as violently sought and as elaborately accentuated by our women as it is today. So the boniness of her was the subject of much jesting. An Oriental potentate who was invited to meet her in Paris, it was recalled, had remarked, when asked what he thought of her: "In my country we drown such women." "All flesh is grass," quoted a Chicago paper shortly after her arrival; "Bernhardt must have been raised during a drought." A minstrel joke of the day involved a guess as to what sort of a Christmas present Sarah received in her stocking. "A lightning rod," was the answer. Nobody ever thought in those days that Bernhardt would have the courage to exhibit her legs on the stage in such plays as "L'Aiglon" and "Hamlet." Her extreme thinness excited more interest than her art. One odesmith broke forth with:

"How thin is Sarah Bernhardt, pa,
That shadow of a shade?"
"My boy, she's just about as thin
As picnic lemonade."

A Boston paper was responsible for the following: "Sarah Bernhardt will come to this country to play Rosalind. As Sarah can't possibly play it for the sole purpose of showing her legs, it is barely possible that we may see a good performance."

Sarah's Regimen

We used, in those old days, to hear more of what Sarah ate and what she drank and how she managed to keep thin. The interviewers seem to be more scrupulous nowadays about asking for these domestic details. We only learn from one that she eats little bits of ham and spinach and from another that she soaks her toast in her coffee, not very enlightening for those feminine readers who long to get rid of their encroaching adipose. In former years she used to tell how she consumed vast quantities of fish and eggs "by the dozen, ten a day very often." And she used to confess her partiality for champagne. She was never much of a believer in fresh air, pointing out that she re-

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tained her fresh complexion despite the ten or twelve hours she spent every day in the bad air and artificial light of the theater. Even when she took her vacations at Belle Isle-on-Sea she never went out without muffling up her face to protect it from the breezes.

When Sarah Weakened

Nothing has distinguished Sarah Bernhardt from other women of international renown quite as much as her indifference to the opinion of Mrs. Grundy. She has always been quite frank in her unconventionalities. Hypocrisy is not in her. She has lived her life as she saw fit to live it and after many a hard fight has mastered public opinion and compelled the conventional to accept her as she offers herself. I can recall only one instance when she weakened before the clamor of the mob. That was when Oscar Wilde fell from his high estate and was loaded with the abuse of a pharisaical public. Shortly before he had written "Salome" for Bernhardt and she had put it in rehearsal. If she had produced it, or even paid him for it as she had agreed to do, the money so earned would have been very handy for his defense in court. But she did not dare to play it and repudiated the arrangements which she had made.

Her Bitterest Foe

It was only a short time ago, by the way, that Bernhardt's bitterest foe died in Paris in great misery. I refer to unfortunate Marie Columbier who attacked Bernhardt in a book called "Sarah Barnum" which gave a highly colored and, to a great extent, an untruthful account of Bernhardt's life. The men and women who had figured prominently in Sarah's colorful career were introduced under assumed names but their identity was easily established. The book was the outgrowth of jealousy, Marie Columbier being a rival actress. It circulated all over the world, but did not do the harm which it was intended to do. Marie Columbier was discredited, lost her professional standing and gradually sank lower and lower while Bernhardt's fame grew steadily.

Her Famous Coffin

It was Aurelien Scholl, one of the wittiest and best known journalists of the gay and naughty Second Empire period who gave to the world the story of Bernhardt's coffin, often considered the greatest press agent story ever published. It was in 1876 that Bernhardt, then "a mere scabbard of white silk," as Rostand called her, decided upon preparing for death. She was playing "La Fille de Roland" at the Comedie Francaise and every night she was prostrated with fatigue. She was haunted with the fear of death and had herself measured for a coffin, a delicately beveled and burnished toy of pearwood ornamented with her initials in silver and her motto, "Quand-meme." She showed the coffin to Scholl and he elaborated the story, telling of the souvenirs which Sarah had placed beneath the satin lining. He faked a love letter and affixed the signature of a rival journalist, nearly precipitating a duel.

"Do you think I am really your affinity?" asked Solomon's 985th wife coquettishly.

"My dear," said the wisest guy, "you are one in a thousand." He got away with it too.

Joaquin's Buttons

Moved by the published statements that Joaquin Miller was dying, statements which the tough old poet quickly disproved, Nat Goodwin was telling some friends at the Lambs Club of the costume in which he once saw Miller in this city. "He was arrayed gorgeously in a Klondyke reindeer suit and the buttons were all gold nuggets, each of the approximate value of $1700. I don't remember how many of those buttons there were, but I can see 'em yet. I have seen some pretty costly buttons on the front facades of some of the gilded youth on this and the other side of the Atlantic, but as far as I am a judge I think the old poet carries the palm in that direction, and I've done some button buying myself, both for feminine and other adornment." That man hasn't a soul above buttons who would deny Nat Goodwin's right to speak with authority on buttons, but who, I would like to know, ever heard of the gold nuggets that buttoned Miller's reindeer suit? Who except Nat ever saw them? I'm afraid Nat has been pulling the long bow.

His Funeral Pyre

But Nat Goodwin is not the only person who has been pulling the long bow at Joaquin Miller. One of the exuberantly gifted imaginative writers for the New York Sunday supplements has been telling what Joaquin Miller's funeral will be like. I learn that "when Joaquin Miller dies in excess of three quarters of a million people are to be treated to a spectacular cremation." There are interesting particulars. The funeral pyre is of solid masonry and adjoins the poet's home on "The Hights." Here also are cypress and cedar trees in the form of a cross "plainly visible from San Francisco and Oakland." And then we have a glowing picture of the dead poet figuring as the center of attraction in a spectacle observed by "nearly a million people." The idea is extravagant enough to fit into one of Joaquin's poems.

Kent Surprised Them

From one of the Washington correspondents I learn that the Republicans in the Congress are asking one another, "What kind of a Republican is this fellow Kent of California?" It seems that the question was elicited by Kent's tariff speech, a speech which was delivered when the House was "almost empty," I read, but which Kent's brother congressmen took the pains of perusing in the Congressional Record, that storehouse of literary tidbits. One of the expressions in the speech which caused wonderment was this: "Those who assume that the tariff is a means of creating prosperity or of creating wealth are much better at juggling and at picking coins out of the air than was Herman the magician. If we cannot tax ourselves rich, we can prove poker to be a productive industry." I wonder at that statement myself, for the simple reason that I am not quite sure that I get the drift of it. Kent's attitude on Canadian reciprocity also caused some surprise. Before the vote was taken he said: "It must be shown that the measure is not an undue discrimination against certain

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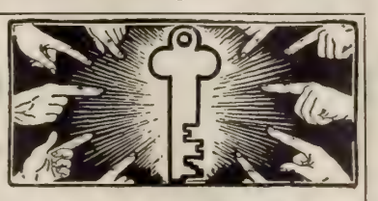

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classes. It must further be shown that the measure is for the benefit of the average of those of our people engaged in occupations that fit our country, with less regard for occupations that are tariff-created and therefore exotic." Kent's Missouri attitude was removed, for he voted for the bill. Then he explained why he voted for it: "I do not consider it to be entirely fair, but believe it a step in the right direction, though taken with the wrong foot." All of which helps to elucidate, if not Kent's state of mind, at least the state of mind of those congressmen who are surprised at our Bill.

Politics on the Embarcadero

Those who find delight in tracing the complicated mazes of State and local politics should not overlook the situation on the water front. The salty breeze that blows along East Street or the Embarcadero, as it is now more elegantly designated, is surcharged with the stuff of storms. All is not well in the councils of the Board of Harbor Commissioners and those who have keen eyes for the shadows cast before by coming events are looking for a shakeup. The placidity of Governor Johnson's appointees was first publicly disturbed when Commissioner Joe Dwyer differed with Commissioner Marshal Hale over the awarding of concessions in the Ferry Depot. A mild remark made by Hale elicited from Dwyer the acid statement that "Mr. Dwyer was not accounting to Mr. Hale or to anybody else for the votes he cast" and in the asperity of the retort there was a world of things untold. Now it is being whispered that Hale is disgusted with his job and is already selecting careful phrases for a letter of resignation. It is being told that the commission is threatened with disruption on the reef of patronage. It seems that when he made his appointments Governor Johnson told the commissioners that they were to have a free hand in the distribution of patronage and that this gubernatorial promise turned out to be a joke, the humor of which Hale, for one, does not appreciate. I am informed that the exigencies of the United States senatorial contest were such that to insure the election of Judge Works the Governor had to cultivate certain friendships the symbols of which are jobs which the Harbor Commissioners must distribute regardless of their own friends and their own ideas about patronage. It will be exceedingly awkward for the governor to have a resignation fired at him so early in his term and undoubtedly he will do everything in his power to ward off the threatening trouble. We can but wait and watch developments.

The Governor and Tom Finn

Second only to the mayoralty contest in interest will be the mad scramble for the shrievalty. The three men who fought this fight two years ago, Sheriff Finn, Larry Dolan and Fred Eggers, are once more in the field and other redoubtable Richmonds are buckling on their hand satchels and passing out their pasteboards. Into this fight the Governor will find it necessary to inject his influence—once again on account of friendships made during the session of the Legislature. In the senatorial contest and in other matters of import Sheriff-Senator Tom Finn did yeoman's service for the Governor, lining up most of the San Francisco statesmen and voting them like the legislative sheep that they so frequently are. He believes in reciprocity and will expect the Governor to reciprocate by lending a helping hand in the shrieval competition. It looks as though the Governor will have "to come through." It is a distasteful situation for many reasons, chief of which is the undeniable fact that Finn is not a reformer in any acceptation of the term approved by the Governor and his sympathizers.

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The political wiseacres are watching to see how the Governor will behave in what they insist on regarding as an unpleasant predicament.

A Chance for Charlie Hanlon

The rumor that Anna Held and "Florrie" Ziegfeld have separated, never to come together again, has been revived during the presence of Ziegfeld and the "Follies" company in San Francisco. Ziegfeld dislikes this story, but it will crop up as long as he continues to star Lillian Lorraine of whom Anna, as a rival artiste, is extremely jealous. Before leaving this city Ziegfeld stated that he would arrive in New York at the same time that Anna Held would arrive there from Paris, but friends of the latter insist that she has written letters declaring that she will never return to this country. No doubt she has designs on the Parisian stage. In the interests of domestic harmony I would suggest that Charlie Hanlon try his hand at reconciling Anna and "Florrie." Charlie is very friendly with husband and wife. More than that, he has been able to maintain terms of cordiality with Miss Lorraine in San Francisco without alienating Anna's esteem. He is therefore a diplomat and might succeed in keeping the Ziegfelds together.

Olga versus Sarah

In New York they are saying that Olga Nethersole "beat Sarah Bernhardt to it." This is not the language of art but the vulgar parlance of the irreverent stage folk who look at stars with a microscope that brings to light many hidden things. In unsophisticated San Francisco we were given to understand that the Nethersole offered "Sister Beatrice" as a pure and disinterested sacrifice on the altar of art. But in New York they put it differently. They say that when Bernhardt announced that she would give a performance of the Maeterlinck play here and then hold it for her repertoire in Paris, there was a long distance consultation between the Nethersole and her managers. They immediately secured the American rights to the play and Olga produced it. New York regards this as "putting one over," but as I have remarked before, New York hasn't much of a soul.

The Long Stage Waits

The audience which attended the first presentation of "Sister Beatrice" by Olga Nethersole at the Savoy could not understand the long waits between the first and second and again between the second and third acts. There was no change of scene and the interminable pauses protracted the play beyond midnight. I am told that it was a case of sulks. The Nethersole was not pleased with the size of the audience or with the reception of the double bill. She was particularly exasperated when some people in the audience laughed at what was meant to be serious business. So she punished the audience by keeping it waiting till its patience was exhausted and its appreciation for art dulled by sleepiness.

Fan—Are you a married man?
Dan—I don't know; the jury is still out.

Another Hearst Daily

That most prolific of journalists, William R. Hearst, is about to extend his influence to the Northwest. Negotiations for the purchase of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer have ceased, too much money having been asked for it, but Hearst will have a Seattle daily nevertheless. He has decided to start a new one. His only reason for trying to buy the Post-Intelligencer was that he wanted an Associated Press franchise. This he cannot have. But Hearst has a very good news service of his own, and he improves it with every new paper that he starts. Though Seattle already has two morning dailies it is the morning field that Hearst will invade. The Times of Seattle is one of the most prosperous dailies on the Coast.

"Bud" Fisher's Luck

The sale of the Mutt and Jeff plaster statuettes reminds me of the remarkable success which "Bud" Fisher has won as a sporting page illustrator. I am told that the manufacturers of the manikins paid Fisher a cash bonus of $40,000 before they placed their wares on the market. From his published book of drawings and from his vaudeville engagements Fisher has drawn other golden streams; and of course he

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is receiving an unusually large salary from Hearst. And yet it was only a short time ago that Fisher was an unknown youngster drawing pictures of A. Mutt at the races for the San Francisco Chronicle. From what I hear, I am afraid that Fisher is not careful of his money. His prosperity has aroused in him a feverish desire for spending and he is an over-enthusiastic student of the giddy life that is lived along the Great White Way.

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Exeunt the Goo-Goos

The Good Government League of which Isidor Jacobs is the presiding genius, is just realizing that it is dead. The Goo Goos, as they are irreverently called, committed hari kari more than two years ago when they were caught trying to tab the political views of voters by means of markings concealed beneath the postage stamps of their campaign envelopes. After that the league's power, whether for good or evil, disappeared but the organization lagged superfluous on the political stage, forever trying to resuscitate its influence. It was a rude shock when the members of the Municipal Conference refused to have anything to do with its meetings. Fondly enough the Goo Goos thought they recognized in the municipal conferees those pretensions to political rectitude of which Isidor Jacobs is the champion exponent and when the word went out that there was to be no communion between the two bodies, Jacobs and his associates nearly expired from astonishment and chagrin. I am told that Jacobs now definitely despairs of the welfare of his beloved city. But he is chary about expressing his despair in public places. He has kept in the background for some time, preferring that others in the league should receive the full force of the attacks leveled at the organization. The attacks, however, have been few; on the principle, no doubt, that de mortuis nil nisi bonum.

Bob Davis, Playwright

Our old friend Bob Davis who is actively engaged under the more respectful designation of Robert H. Davis in guiding the destinies of the Munsey publications in New York, has just produced a play. To be exact, it is a playlet and of the "thriller" variety. It is entitled "$1,000 Reward" and embodies a harrowing tale not unmixed with comedy, pathos and romantic love. The reward has been offered for "The Keno Kid" who had the misfortune to slay "Faro George." Pursued by the sheriff "The Keno Kid" comes to an adobe hut where an entrancingly beautiful and superlatively virtuous young lady of the alkali country resides with her father as chaperon. The worst thing about "The Keno Kid" is his name; he is really very lovable and it is a case of mutual devotion at first sight. Of course she believes him when he asseverates that "Faro George" drew first and therefore deserved to be slain. She gives him food and advises him to take a nap in her father's bed. He takes the advice, most unfortunately, as it turns out; for the sheriff needs that reward for campaign expenses and is hot on his trail. He comes to the adobe hut and handcuffs "The Keno Kid" while he is sleeping the sleep of the just. But things happen swiftly. "The Kid" and the girl disarm the sheriff, make him break the handcuffs and compel him to admit that he saw "Faro George" draw first. All the critics agree that this is the greatest play that has been written since "The Bandit" convulsed theatredom.

McClatchy Is Shocked

Charles McClatchy, the genial editor of the Sacramento Bee, who is traveling in Europe, is a good deal shocked by the marble and bronze nudity which he has been encountering in Rome. He can't just get used to it, having spent so many years in Sacramento where all the statues are clothed with the utmost decorum out of respect for the feelings of the modest legislators who sojourn there every two years. But Charley is doing his best to overcome his predilection for draperies. Thus he writes to his faithful subscribers: "You have to grow accustomed to many things over here—one of which is the startling nakedness of the public statues. They are certainly frankness itself. Nothing is omitted from the male figure that even a medical student could suggest. And now and then, in statue, in painting, or in tapestry work, you run across a representation of the female form divine which could do service as an illustration for a doctor's book. And fathers and mothers bring their little girls to these public places and public exhibitions, where they gaze upon these things by the hour, and seem to think nothing about it."

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

At the Bernhardt Premiere

On Tuesday morning I scanned the papers eagerly to see what the bavardes, those delicious emphasizers of the joy of living, had to say about the reappearance before a San Francisco audience of Madame Sarah Bernhardt. I was not disappointed in my anticipation of amusing reading. The bavardes are nothing if not independent in their investigations and individual in their impressions. They very seldom see things from the ordinary viewpoint. On this occasion their diversity of opinion is almost classic; certainly, it is worthy of comment. The bavarde of the Call, for instance, tells us that it was "a large and fashionable audience" and that the "gowns of the women were never more beautiful," which latter statement embodies extremely high praise, for San Francisco sometimes exhibits wonderfully

Photo, Francis Bruguiere
MISS HELEN DU BOIS
A charming girl who lives at San Rafael and is prominent in the doings of smart society in this city.

smart first night audiences. The bavarde of the Examiner, on the other hand, remarks that "it was not the usual first night audience." "But," continues this cunning writer, "it was just as fashionable an audience." That is very nice of the bavarde, is it not? Then what perverse imp of scribbledom impelled her to continue the sentence with a disparaging "although"? There is as much malice in her "although" as there was virtue in Touchstone's "if." Read what she says: "Although one noted that the many laces, the silks and even the jewels were mostly of a fashion worn by the belles of a generation or two ago. Many doubtless were the same gowns and the same jewels worn by the women who greeted this incomparable grande dame on her first visit to San Francisco." After perusing that I can only express my feelings in an inelegant but heartfelt "Wow!" For if you recall, it was more than twenty years ago that Bernhardt first came to this city; so those gowns, those laces, those jewels must be very very old. How in the name of miracles were they saved through fire and earthquake? After reading that blast the comment of the Chronicle bavarde is mild. She merely remarks in passing, as though chary of giving details, that "the society element predominated" and that there were "beautiful gowns and many jewels."

The Culture of the Audience

That Bernhardt opened to an audience of unusual cultivation I am assured by these same bavardes. One says that there was present a large representation of the colony of students, scholars and literati in addition to the society folk who of course must not be mistakenly regarded as studious, scholarly or literary. Another tells us that scores of the women present had been studying the French dramas in the original all during the winter, but points out rather discouragingly for these martyrs to enthusiasm that even for those who did not understand a word of French the entire performance was perfectly plain, the language of the players being from the heart. French spoken from the heart apparently needs no translation. It is interesting to learn from another bavarde that the lovers of French art and literature, "of whom there are many in society," expressed their intelligent appreciation of the play. Now what is one going to gather from this complexity of bavardistic utterance? I find myself bathed not in light, but in darkness visible after conning these cryptic statements.

A Less Flattering View

However, as I was there myself, I feel that perhaps I may be pardoned for expressing a personal opinion based on observations. In the first place, it was not a very swagger audience. One couldn't compare it for a moment with a representative audience at a concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society; or even with such an audience as invariably turns out for the first night of a Barrymore or a Drew or a Mrs. Pat Campbell. One missed a lot of beautiful women whose beautiful gowns add to the luster of many of our first nights. Where they were I am at a loss to explain, but I wouldn't be surprised if some of them who have seen Bernhardt many times here and abroad preferred the strictly American enchantments of Blanche Ring and her musical comedy company at the Savoy. As to those who were there, undoubtedly some were able to follow Bernhardt's rapid utterance with understanding. But they were either to the language born or wonderfully accomplished masters or mistresses of French. Hundreds about me read the printed argument of the play with eagerness and lack of shame, apparently not caring whether or not their linguistic shortcomings were exposed to the derision of the highbrows. I saw a lot of people applauding sentiments which they could not possibly understand and laughing at witty sallies which Rostand couched in a phraseology that was above their meager knowledge. And yet I would not say that there was a great deal of pretense. Several people had the courage to confess to me that they didn't understand a word Bernhardt or any other of the players declaimed. Others brightened perceptibly when they caught a "maís" or a "oui" or a "non" and seemed to feel that after all French was not so difficult.

Why Many Were Absent

I think I have an idea why so many of our smart first nighters were absent. It is largely the fault of the bourgeois element in our population. This element, as we all know, is not very swagger but it is intensely serious and loves the good things of art. It was responsible for the run on "L'Aiglon" in the book shops and the libraries, just as it was responsible for the exhaustion of the local supply of copies of the "Old Curiosity Shop" when the Dickens play was given by Max Figman at the Alcazar. It went to the

Photo, Francis Bruguiere
MISS MARY KEENEY
The beautiful and accomplished daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney whose marriage to Mr. Talbot Walker will be an important social event.

box office in Geary street as soon as the seat sale commenced and stood patiently in line until it secured its tickets. Naturally it got some of the best seats in the theater. And if it couldn't afford to pay three dollars for a seat, it cheerfully paid less and didn't seem to mind if its financial deficiencies compelled it to sit in the balcony or away back in the gallery, for that matter. And so it happened that when hoi aristoi sent messengers for "the best seats in the house," hoi aristoi found that they were already sold and decided to stay at home. Perhaps hoi polloi should be blamed for its selfishness; then again perhaps it should not. Personally I like to see hoi polloi crowd hoi aristoi out of the good seats once in a while and I have noticed that the bourgeoisie can enjoy a good performance even if it does wear clothes that are a little old-fashioned. Our aristocrats, of course, could never enjoy Bernhardt except in garments of the latest cut.

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Burlingame Did Not Turn Out

Neither Mrs. Eleanor Martin nor the members of her charming family were in evidence at the Bernhardt premiere, a fact whose social significance, if it has any, I am at a loss to fathom. Burlingame was not in evidence, although its leading citizens are insatiable first nighters. With the Martins, the McNears, the Taylors, the Magees and Miss Jennie Crocker were conspicuous by their absence. About the only representative of the clan was Mrs. Joseph D. Grant. Now why did they all stay away? Is it possible that they did not care to submit their minds to the intellectual strain of watching a French play? I am quite sure that if Mrs. Frank Carolan had happened to be in town, they would have appeared in force or else forfeited her good opinion. She wouldn't care to invite to that salon of hers to which we all look forward so eagerly any Blingumite who missed the Bernhardt premiere.

Young Mrs. Martin

What a wonderful woman is the Queen Dowager of San Francisco's smart set. As wonderful in her way is Mrs. Eleanor Martin as the distinguished French woman who is entertaining us this week at the Columbia where rapt audiences have marveled at the eternal youth of her art. Like the divine Sarah Mrs. Martin has grown old gracefully. Her heart has resisted the frigidity of winter's snows. Her gray hairs are like the soft light of the moon that silvers over the evening of life. Hers is a cheerful, kindly, sunshiny old age. As I saw her enter the concert hall at the St. Francis on the night of the Heinemann concert last week I thought of the many stories I heard about the keenness of her appetite for nocturnal diversion. In this respect she's the youngest woman in society. When there's anything doing worth while Mrs. Martin desires to be on hand. No early, luxurious couch for her. Rather the passing show, be the hour ever so late. Sometimes closed lids testify to a weariness of the flesh, but the spirit never falters. When Mrs. Martin appeared at the concert a murmur rose from the fashionable throng which I had not the slightest difficulty in interpreting. "Now start up the band," was unmistakably the sentiment. And presto! the singer appeared. Seated out in the front of her box Mrs. Martin beamed on the great vocalist and her applause was generous while it lasted—but, alas! as the night wore on Mrs. Martin faded into the background. I wondered whether the delicious music had summoned the gentlest of the deities.

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Miss Dietrich's Engagement

So carefully did Miss Albertine Dietrich guard her engagement to John Jerome Alexander Jr. that even her most intimate friends were surprised when the announcement was made last week. Miss Dietrich is the daughter of Edington Dietrich by his first wife who was formerly Miss Allie Tucker, one of the most beautiful girls in Oakland's exclusive set. Miss Dietrich's aunts are Mrs. George McNear (Etta Tucker), Mrs. Edward Brayton (Ena Tucker) and Mrs. August McDonald. The first wife of C. O. G. Miller was pretty Mae Tucker who died years ago. Miss Dietrich's mother has been dead some years, since which time Miss Albertine, although very young, ran the household for her father and mothered her two young brothers until last year when her father married again. Young Alexander belongs to a prominent Portland family. No date has been set for the wedding as the prospective groom is still attending college. In connection with the secrecy of the engagement Miss Dietrich tells an amusing story. Her little brother, at the time her father contemplated marrying a second time, took it upon himself to station himself in front of the house and inform every passerby of the approaching nuptials. So Miss Dietrich profited by her father's experience and did not let her young brother into the secret until the night before the announcement when she called him to her, saying: "I have a great secret to confide in you, but you must promise faithfully you will not tell anybody." He solemnly promised, so Miss Dietrich said, "I'm going to marry John Jerome Alexander." The boy said, "Oh! how fine! I won't tell. Won't Mr. Alexander be surprised when he hears it!"

Dan Cupid is Busy

Engagements are still being announced and every week adds one or two of society's belles to the list of engaged girls. I am told another member of the Foster family of San Rafael, Miss Lou Foster, is betrothed to the brother of one of her intimate friends, a bride of last year, and that this may be announced before next winter. Society is disappointed at losing one large wedding of the year which will take place in Cleveland where Margaret Calhoun will become the bride of Paul Foster. The Calhouns went East this week to open their home in Cleveland and the marriage is planned for next fall. Lou Foster will go East to be one of the attendants. By this marriage two large families will be united. There are half a dozen young people among the Fosters and as many in the Calhoun family of whom Margaret is the first to wed. Of the Fosters Mrs. Kuechler, Mary Foster, and Mrs. Draper, Anna Foster, and Will Foster are all married and their homes on the Fair Hills estate near their parents make an interesting settlement which the Paul Fosters will join after their marriage.

At the Bohemian Club

Among the younger girls who attracted attention by their stunning appearance at the Bohemian Club on last Saturday was Miss Helen Grey who wore orchids which reached from her shoulder to her waist line, almost hiding her pretty face.

Miss Schultz's Bonnet

Miss Elyse Schultz has acquired the reputation of wearing lovely hats. She has a great variety of them and seems to appear in a new one at least once a week. Her Easter bonnet this year was a small black straw that fitted close around her face and had ear flaps of apple green. There was a mass of apple green tulle on the crown and only a fair youthful face could have been successfully framed in it. Her friend Jenny Lee has a violet hat this spring of rough straw turned up in front and decorated with small bunches of violets. The two girls were teaing at the Palace the other day in their new millinery.

Pity for a Pencil Woman

I have just heard a good story about a prominent clubwoman who helped sell pencils for the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children. She was stationed in front of the St. Francis on the first day of the sale and proffered her pencils to those who passed in and out of the hotel. An Eastern man who had arrived that morning was accosted and purchased two pencils from her. While she made change he noticed that the woman appeared to be intelligent and was neatly clad. His surprise at her vocation found expression in words which she repeated with great appreciation to her friends at the close of the day. "I should think a woman of your intelligence could find something better to do than selling pencils," he said kindly. Her reply was that it was the best thing she could find to do at the time.

A Word of Cheer

Let not our society girls who are going to the Coronation be downcast because Queen Mary objects to the hobble and harem skirts. The queen is not likely to visit her displeasure on all the women in London. She will confine her

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censorship to the gowns of those who appear at the Coronation ceremony. And not many of our girls will get into Westminster. Miss Jennie Crocker may be fortunate in this respect and so may Miss Eliza McMullin who will be with the Hays Hammonds, but the rest of our girls may wear their hobbles in London to their hearts' content. Though of course the fashion may be discouraged by the queen's pronunciamento.

In the Social Spotlight

The L. L. Baker family are planning to leave the city for their summer place in Shasta county about June 1. Mrs. Baker has one of the picturesque bungalows at Castle Crag Farm where the family spend a part of each summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and the F. L. Moodys are to join the Castle Crag colony of smart set folk for the summer.

Mrs. Geo. M. Pullman, widow of Geo. M. Pullman of Pullman Car fame was at Paraiso in her private car for a few days. Mrs. Pullman will spend the summer and fall in Europe, and is planning to spend a month at Paso Robles next spring.

Mr. S. O. Johnson of Berkeley has taken his family down to Del Monte for a stay of several weeks. Mr. Johnson is fond of golf and spends part of every day on the links.

Mrs. J. E. Thone and Mrs. B. N. Rowley are sailing today (Saturday) from New York for their summer in Europe. Mr. Thone and Miss Alma Thone are keeping their apartments at the Hotel Victoria where the Thones make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Coryell of East Oakland motored down to Del Monte the last of the week, taking with them in their car Dr. Humphrey Stewart.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: Miss Wickersham, Sanford Sachs, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Fanning, H. C. Nelson, Jay W. Adams, Mrs. Charles Farquhar, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Garner, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sellers, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Page, C. H. Lawton, Mrs. B. L. Boardman and Mrs. J. L. Conners.

Mrs. Robert Pitcairn of Pittsburg arrived in her private car Thursday with a party of friends and will remain at Del Monte for a more or less extended visit.

Mr. Ludwig Schwabacher has his large touring car with him at Paraiso Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Schwabacher will be there for three or four weeks and take a full course of the baths.

Miss Dorothy Boericke, the talented daughter of Dr. Wm. Boericke, has just returned from a six months' visit in New York and Boston and has spent a few days at Paraiso.

Among recent guests at Paso Robles were: W. M. Mason and son and P. D. Mason, Los Angeles; Dr. E. J. Rothwell and wife and F. P. Smith and wife, New Westminster, B. C.; Wm. R. Davis and wife, San Francisco; Fred W. Babbitt, Pizmo Beach; W. D. Josephi, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Crane, maid and chauffeur, Chicago; Mrs. H. E. Wilbur and chauffeur, Mrs. B. E. Cole and maid, Miss Belle E. Brown, Boston; O. W. Morris, Chicago; E. H. Nodehouse, A. M. McBride, Honolulu; H. R. Decker, Houston; C. A. Alisk and wife, Portland; Mrs. M. A. Hanlon, John Hanlon, Miss Tanchforce, nurse, Pennington, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Mosier and Master Mosier, Los Angeles; W. E. Kinkle and wife, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. G. Deakin, Berkeley; S. S. Daugherty, Detroit; Mrs. Louise Wormser and Miss Brunnier, San Francisco.

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The Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon"

Edward F. O'Day

The supremacy of this actress has long since become a tradition of the stage and there are none among us who may be so temerarious as to question her position. Only for us to raise our hats to her genius, as to that of a Siddons, a Rachel, a Ristori, paying our little unexacted tribute for the privilege enjoyed by our elders, the privilege, namely, of seeing her at her best. That privilege the inexorable march of time drumming along in its terrible pathway years and the fatigue of years, wrinkles and hardening arteries and a heart beating wearily in a withering breast, has denied us. We have been admitted just before the ringing down of the curtain, when the star is breathing short and quick from the exhaustion of a long though glorious performance and it is not for us to measure the waning powers by the severe standards that would have seemed meanly inadequate in the glorious yesteryears. Bernhardt vidi tantum? No, it is something more than that. The fire still burns fiercely in that aged bosom. The soul has not been constricted by the tightening grip of inexorable Time. But the tenement of the immortal spirit is verging to decay and almost one is tempted to pass the melancholy judgment, "vox et praeterea nihil." If one could sit with closed eyes and drink the music of that insuperable voice! If one could look only with the kindly eye of imagination! If one were not compelled, by the traditions of the theater and—let us confess it—by a curiosity not to be denied, to scan the figure, to study its every movement, to weigh the vigor of the spirit against the too obvious infirmity of the flesh! There sat near me one whose hearing was imperfect. For that person the voice of Bernhardt was scarcely a thing to reckon with. The sight of her was all. And I thought, Suppose conditions were reversed; suppose there were no Bernhardt to see but only a voice to hear? But no, that is going too far. There is much to see, much that it would be an irreparable loss not to see and remember. Not the physical contours certainly. There was nothing of the Eaglet there. The frail beauty of that too senstive plant flowered in Maude Adams but did not bloom for a moment in Bernhardt. (Surely when Rostand wrote the play for this aging woman he paid her an audaciously Gallic compliment, among all compliments ever paid to any women on her age the classic, the ultimate compliment, a compliment that the passing of a decade has turned to a grim, a jovian pleasantry.) Not her movements. For they are slow and carefully considered against the possibility of strain. How seldom she crosses the stage! Not more than twice or thrice in an act. How pitifully dependent is she on the support of judiciously scattered tables and chairs. How cunningly does she contrive that the flashing of a cane or the lashing of a whip shall give her almost constant contact with some bit of furniture that is stable and unyielding! And how heavily she leaned her distressed weight on the arms of her fellow players when it was necessary to smile through the ordeal of repeated curtain calls. But in her face, not scanned too closely—for then the sad lines that tighten about the eyes and relax about the mouth of one enriched and impoverished by age are unavoidably noticed—in her face, seen not too piercingly, there is the magic of perfect mimetic control. All the passions have been mirrored in that marvellous countenance, all the subtleties of civilization have molded its long curving lines, all the thoughts of the poets, the dreamers, the doers of ten Parisian lustra have put their impress there. It is the playground of a thousand fancies, the battlefield of a hundred emotions. Smiles dance across its brightness, frowns lower in its gloom; the flashes of hope, the headlong dartings of despair, hopes that kindle, doubts that paralyze, realizations that finally slay, all live their fevered tumultuous lives through the three short hours when the face of Bernhardt has become the face of the Eaglet. Yes, one must watch that face, that transfigured face, as well as hear that voice to know the best of the Bernhardt of today. And in what play could one wish to know her more than in "L'Aiglon"? For it is an epic of the stage, a flight on modern wings into those tremendous places where Homer and Milton abide at the right hand and the left of Shakespeare with all that is human for their footstool. It is the "Hamlet" of a paler century, embodying all that was great and all that was evil in the life and death and influence of a greater than Caesar or Alexander; embodying it with supreme irony in the puny form of a foredoomed boy. The pageantry of a hundred victorious stricken fields moves to its stately Alexandrine measure; the blood of a million victims saturates its living lines. It speaks to the soul like a trumpet. It begins with the happy chatter of women; it reaches its tremendous climax on a haunted battlefield that speaks with myriad voices to a haunted soul; it ends with death. Too much, this, for the face of an aged woman to express and for the voice of an aged woman to utter, wonderful though that face and that voice may be. Youth or the crafty simulation of youth there should be too. Bernhardt's time for that has passed, but nevertheless to see her face glow and darken like the face of the Eaglet, to hear her voice run the gamut of emotion like the voice of the Eaglet—this is much. It is to share personally in a great part of the tradition that is Bernhardt. A little later and it will be too late. Let us be thankful that we came before the last curtain fell.

BLANCHE RING
Who is making such a hit in "The Yankee Girl" at the Savoy.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Russian Symphony

Not for many moons has San Francisco had so fine a tribute paid to its love of music as that which is implied in the visit of Modest Altschuler and his big Russian Symphony orchestra. The importation of this splendid body of musicians to this city for a series of concerts is one of the most ambitious of the many Greenbaum achievements, and nothing short of the utmost enthusiasm on the part of music lovers will attest adequate appreciation of the enterprise. This symphony orchestra is one capable of the very highest effects. At the opening concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium last Sunday afternoon music was heard that was indeed a medium between the spiritual world and the sensual. This was especially so when Liadow's "Enchanted Lake" was played. It was like echoes of the invisible world, abounding as it does in notes of divine concord that might have emanated from a mysterious bourne somewhere between the region of thought and the domain of phenomena. Altschuler is a man of poise and poetical imagination under whose baton composers are interpreted con amore making you feel that you were bidden to a feast of pleasure rather than to a session of pedantry. While the feature of the performance was quality and swing Altschuler lured from his huge body of men pianissimos that were thread-like. The most pretentious piece on the program was Rachmaninoff's second symphony in E minor, a very elaborate work, impressive and stirring. In two "Caucasian Sketches" were introduced obligatos that were clean-cut and the technique impeccable. Some interesting music history will be made in this city during the stay of this big, robust orchestra with its masterly instrumentalists and magnetic leader. —L. V. R.

Blanche Ring in "The Yankee Girl"

For the pleasure which Miss Blanche Ring is affording the town in "The Yankee Girl" at the Savoy one cannot but feel deep gratitude. Sometimes one is inclined to think that there has been a surfeit of light musical entertainments, but the thought is banished by such offerings as this. The situations are unfailingly amusing, the lines and lyrics by George Hobart are bright, the music by Silvio Hein falls tunefully on the ear and the company is full of ginger. Miss Ring is an engaging stage figure. She is pretty, possesses the charm of an unassumed vivacity and smiles a crooked little smile that is irresistible. Her voice is equal to all the requirements of the music and her songs are given with so much gaiety of facial expression, so much liveliness of limb that it would be churlish to look for flaws. Having banished the adipose that troubled her a few

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years ago she presents a lissome figure that must be the delight of her modiste, for that artiste has provided her with gowns that even an uninitiate in the secrets of feminine attire can admire with intelligent enthusiasm. When she appears in tights, be it noted for the benefit of the esthetes, she reveals a pair of legs that are beyond reproach. What other musical comedy star of her magnitude is deserving of the same high compliment? I pause for a reply, but hear none. Emboldened by the silence, I take the opportunity of lamenting the fact that Miss Ring appears in those tights for only a few minutes. Let her not be afraid of critical eyes; she can

COUNTESS CLAIRE KNUTH, Pianist
With her husband, Count Viggo and their ancient castle, Raunstrup.
Photo, Bushnell

bear inspection. Be brave, Miss Ring, no matter how many opera glasses are trained on your nether limbs! Harry Gilfoil is a very funny low comedian. Some of our supersensitive theatergoers don't like low comedians any more, just as they don't like tights. But that should be no discouragement. There are enough of us left with laughter on tap for players who know how to fall down stairs and to imitate animal noises, to make the continuation of the old traditions worth while. Two youngsters near me followed Gilfoil's antics with such overflowing enjoyment that they simply couldn't sit still. They either leaned forward, every muscle tense with pleasurable excitement, or leaped up and down in their seats in an ecstacy of joy. And all the time their eyes shone with merriment and their little voices pealed the sweetest music in the world. Those kids supplied the sort of criticism which shows like "The Yankee Girl" deserve.

—Edward F. O'Day.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Sydney Ayres at the Alcazar

Sydney Ayres who has earned favorable reputation as a leading stock actor in several Eastern and Pacific Coast cities will make his first appearance in San Francisco next Monday evening at the Alcazar, and Henri Bernstein's great play, "The Thief," has been selected as the medium of his introduction. In the cast with him are Izetta Jewel and the best talent of the regular company. Of all the Bernstein works there is none that achieved a more emphatic success in England and America than "The Thief." Unlike the average adaptation from the French, it subordinates a sex problem to real dramatic strength and its construction is exceptionally brilliant. The central figure, Marie Louise Voysin, is one of the most remarkable depictions of woman's indefinable vanities and impulses that has ever been drawn

"The Lily" is Coming

Following Bernhardt, a Belasco triumph, "The Lily," will receive its local premiere at the Columbia Theater next Monday night, May 8, with its complete New York cast headed by those distinguished artists Nance O'Neil and Charles Cartwright and including the favorities Julia Dean, Alfred Hickman, Ethel Grey Terry, Antoinette Walker, Oscar Eagle, W. C. Holden.

The Mary Garden Concerts

At last we are to hear and see Mary Garden, dubbed "The Sarah Bernhardt of the operatic stage." On the concert platform she is said to invest every "lied" or ballad with the same personal magnetism which she puts into her wonderful operatic interpretations and such simple works as Gounod's "Ave Maria" and "Annie Laurie" take on new beauties and meanings when given by her. With her we are glad to welcome Signor Arturo Tibaldi, the violin virtuoso, and Mr. Howard Brockwey, the eminent composer and pianist. The dates announced by Manager Will L. Greenbaum are two Sunday afternoons, May 21 and 28, and Thursday night, May 25, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. In Oakland Mary Garden will sing at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday night, May 23.

The Russian Orchestra's Final Concerts

This Friday night, May 5, the features of the program of the Russian Symphony Orchestra will be the "Prelude" to Act II of Victor Herbert's and Joe Redding's opera "Natoma," Edgar Stillman Kelley's Chinese Suite "Aladdin" and Beethoven's immortal "Fifth Symphony." At the Saturday matinee in addition to a beautiful program of orchestral works with Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony on it, Master Pepito Arriola will play the difficult "Concerto" in E flat by Liszt accompanied by the orchestra. A rare program of novelties has been arranged for the Sunday afternoon farewell. Tschaikowsky's "Symphony" No. 4, Conus' Suite "Child Life" and the "Prelude" to Humperdinck's "Koenigskinder" are among the good things promised.

The Russians at the Greek Theater

The Russian-Wagnerian festival at the Greek Theater this Saturday night promises to be one of the greatest musical events ever arranged in that wonderful auditorium. Altschuler and his fifty artists, assisted by five vocalists, will offer a program of Russian works by Glinka and Tschaikowsky, a complete ballet suit, "The Nutcrackers," the stirring "March Slav," excerpts from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," "Siegfried," "Tannhauser," "Gotterdammerung" and "Die Meistersinger." The "Qintette" from the last named will be sung by Mmes. Dimitrieff and

MARY GARDEN
Famous songbird coming to Scottish Rite Auditorium for three concerts starting May 21st.

Joel Hulse and Messrs. Ormsby, Nicholson and Schwahn.

Another Week of Blanche Ring

Blanche Ring will begin her second and last week at the Savoy this Sunday evening in "The Yankee Girl." Her bookings have been so arranged that she will stay over for an additional performance, Sunday night, May 14. Monday evening, May 15, the Savoy will be closed, and on Tuesday the distinguished Shakespearean stars, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, will begin a season of fifteen performances.

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The Countess Knuth Recital

The piano and vocal recital of the Countess Claire Knuth will be given next Thursday evening, May 11, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Particular interest attaches to the appearance of the Countess, aside from her musical talents, because she is a cousin by marriage of the Emperor of Germany and connected with other branches of the nobility of northern Europe. This will be her first appearance on the Pacific Coast. Victor Gomez, the well known local 'cellist, will be heard with her and Miss Mabel Shellbach of San Jose will be the accompanist. The instrumental selections include numbers from Rachmaninoff, Schumann, Beethoven and Sibelius and the vocal numbers will be from Schubert, Tosti and Gounod.

A Good Bill at the Orpheum

Anyone desiring a good laugh should see the one-act comedy which W. H. Murphy, Blanche Nichols and their company will present at the Orpheum next week. It is entitled "From Zaza to Uncle Tom" and tells the troubles of a road company. Mr. Murphy and Miss Nichols have played this skit over 1,100 times in New York. Among the recent important importations of the Orpheum are M. Golden and his Russian Troubadours who make their first appearance here next week. Eight men and five girls take part, all of whom excel as singers, dancers and musicians, their star feature being the playing of the Balalika. George W. Jones and Ben N. Deely will present their offering entitled "Hotel St. Reckless." J. Francis Dooley, a popular song writer and composer assisted by Miss Corinne Sayles, a dainty comedienne, will introduce a melange of fun and song which he quaintly calls "Pavement Patter." Next week will be the last of Clarice Vance; The Marvelous Millers; Clark and Bergman and Sam Chip and Mary Marble.

BLANCHE NICHOLS

Who will appear with W. H. Murphy in "From Zaza to Uncle Tom" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Pepito Arriola to Give Recitals

Pepito Arriola, the marvelous boy pianist, has been re-engaged by Manager Greenbaum for two recitals which will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, May 14, and the following Saturday afternoon, May 20. On each occasion the gifted lad will play programs of the greatest musical importance and beauty. Special popular prices will prevail and children will be given the best seats at the rate of fifty cents. Pepito will also play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon May 19, at 3:30. The same scale of prices will prevail.

In the Limelight

Wilson Mizner has been so successful with "The Deep Purple," his dramatization of the "badger game," that he has contracted to deliver six one-act plays this summer. He will write them when he has nothing more interesting to do.

Los Angeles is becoming quite a place for what is called, "trying it on the dog." Edgar Selwyn tried out his successful "Country Boy" there and will soon let the natives pass judgment on a new play. "The Dollar Mark" and "The Undertow" were among the other plays which were launched there.

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SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 14th at 2:30

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BALDWIN PIANO USED

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The buying of stocks was a little more aggressive toward the end of the week and the short interest which had been growing nervous over the quiet strength of last week began to cover more freely. This resulted in substantial gains in most of the active issues and the movement has the appearance of being continued next week There is little expectation of Supreme Court decisions Monday but the street seems inclined to believe that they will be handed down May 15. There is nothing on which to base an opinion but it has influenced some outside buying for a turn in the interim. Trade conditions continue unsatisfactory pending Supreme Court decisions but crop prospects and unusual abundance of cheap money warrant higher prices for good dividend paying stocks later on.

Wheat—Deliveries on May contracts began this week and in all probability will continue to the last minute of the last business day of the month The open short interest is large. May has been traded in since June 12 last. There is a large residue that has accumulated at the various centers because of the fact that practically throughout the crop year the ordinary trade channels have been dammed up as far as the foreign outlet was concerned. This has not yet been opened. If a vigorous selling campaign is to be inaugurated it is hard to see where the buying field is to be found. Continental European stocks are still largely in excess of those of last year (which were counted excessive), and the total supply in and afloat for Europe reaches the enormous total of 109 million bushels or about 14 million bushels more than last year. Meanwhile Europe is getting weekly about two million bushels of foreign wheat above her estimated weekly requirements and Russia is due to begin her heavy spring shipments. It is too early to form any opinion of the ultimate wheat crop outlook. The concrete things known of it thus far are that the winter wheat acreage is practically the largest ever seeded and that the condition is fairly good. The spring wheat acreage has not yet been seeded but the great bulk of it is already in the ground under fine conditions, with evidence of at least a full acreage in our own northwestern states and a very largely increased acreage in Canada.

Corn—The effect of the advance in corn prices the week before last was vastly to increase the marketings at primary centers last week and to shut off a good part of the demand from abroad. The latter had nevertheless previously absorbed a great deal of property, and this grain is now moving, or will move later. Last weeks primary arrivals were double those of the corresponding week of both last year and the year before. This was a little remarkable in view of the fact that Spring work on the farm is fully under way, producers being therefore too busy to make the corn.

Cotton developed marked strength in the past week largely by professional manipulation crowding shorts and endeavoring to create alarm on account of the lateness of the season and the heavy rains along the central and western gulf regions. It is too early to figure on the planted acreage, as there is still plenty of time for this work. The lateness last year did not impair crop results. The rains of the past week have been unusually heavy along the gulf, but outside of a portion of Louisiana, the flooded sections are not factors in the cotton production. The market will have for some time the shortage of supplies to be used in lifting prices and should the spinners demand more than last year, the market will repeat recent performances. Selling of the new crop has been quite general and those who are not prepared to carry their sales against the rail of traders should not venture into the market. To the persistent seller who can finance his operations the market is very attractive in the new months.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

never again see an actress work as Maude Adams worked until Margaret Anglin came."

Miss Anglin he considers a very great actress and Nance O'Neil too, but in an uneven fashion. But to see them he must cross the bay. He is too busy to watch their plays in Berkeley.

That is why I think he should have an assistant. Professor Armes should not be expected to do it all. Why should he have to superintend the ousting of mischievous boys who fling paper darts? Why should he have to worry about the distribution of programs and the filling of money orders for tickets? Why should he have to worry about missing chairs for the cadet band? Some of these details should be taken out of his hands. And yet, I wonder whether he would be pleased to see his labor lessened? I am not sure. He loves it all, loves it with the ingenuous love of a boy for a bat or a bag of marbles. And he admits he loves it. There is no pose about it. He does his work and lets it go at that.

Is the work well done? Well, they know about the Greek Theatre all over the world. Professor William Dallam Armes must find a bit of satisfaction in that undeniable fact.

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Capital Paid In	750,000.00
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Total Resources	5,613,737.73

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Deposits	23,938,906.68

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Paid Up Capital	$ 4,000,000.00
Reserve and Undivided Profits	1,381,800.41
Deposits	23,939,522.61
Cash and Sight Exchange	9,747,534.71

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Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,580,518.99
Employees' Pension Fund	$ 109,031.35
Deposits December 31, 1910	$42,039,580.06
Total Assets	$44,775,559.56

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NEW SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest from Date of Deposit

On account of its prominent central location and convenience to the daily shoppers on Market street, who desire to avail themselves of a strong bank to deposit their savings, the City and County Bank at Fifth and Market streets has requested and been granted a new certificate by the Superintendent of Banks to conduct both a commercial and savings business. In order to introduce its new savings department the bank will allow interest from date of deposit on all accounts opened between March 27, 1911, and May 1, 1911, at the rate of 4 per cent per annum. The City and County Bank was incorporated April 23, 1902. Its assets are over $1,500,000.00. The directors are: Matthew Nunan, president, Hibernia Brewery; L. V. Merle, capitalist; C. A. Malm, C. A. Malm & Co., mfgrs. trunks and valises; Otto A. Jungblut, president August Jungblut Co., mfgrs. billiard and pool tables; A. J. Lowenberg, president; Joseph L. Goldsmith, cashier.

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The Signal

(Continued from Page 9.)

spring I planted a few cabbages, and one day along came the superintendent. 'What have you here?' he called out roughly. 'How have you dared to plant anything without asking the permission of your superior officers? Dig these things up at once!' He was drunk," added Basil gloomily; "and probably that was why my cabbages displeased him. 'Three rubles fine,' he growled as he left!"

Basil sat silent, emptied his pipe and then, in a very soft voice: "A little more and I should have killed him!" he said.

"Oh, come, neighbor," said Ivanov; "you get excited too easily!"

"Not at all, old man, but I am just, and I want others to be just to me. Oh, he'd better not come back a second time, this thief of a drunkard, or I shall make a complaint!"

And Basil did, in effect, lay a complaint before the chief.

The chief of transportation was inspecting the road, for at any moment there was expected the arrival of a delegation of engineers and high functionaries from St. Petersburg. Some much needed repairs were made; telegraph poles were painted; everything was overhauled. Ivanov worked faithfully the entire week; he put all his domain in perfect order, then mended and brushed up his best suit of clothes; the copper plate that bore his number shone like the sun. Basil, too, was not less industrious.

At last the great day arrived. The chief of transportation stopped in front of Ivanov's dwelling. The latter hurried to his superior and made his report in a most military manner. The chief seeemed pleased.

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Since the second of May, sir," replied Ivanov.

"Thank you, that is all right. Who is at Number 64?"

The superintendent, who happened to be standing near the chief, said quickly, in a tone of suppressed anger: "Basil Spiridov!"

"Ha!" sneered the chief. "He is the man of whom you gave me so unfavorable a report, last year?"

"The same, sir," replied the superintendent.

"Very well! Now we will go and see this terrible Spiridov."

And they started in the direction of Number 64.

Ivanov watched them anxiously into the distance, thinking, "Dear me, I wonder what is in store for my poor neighbor?"

Two hours later he started toward Basil's home. Suddenly he saw, far up the track, the long, lean silhouette of his friend. Basil came forward slowly, a thick stick in his hand, a bundle slung on his back, the side of his face muffled in a white linen bandage.

"Well, neighbor," called out Ivanov; "where are you going?"

Basil Spiridov approached. He was scarcely to be recognized; a deathly pallor overspread his bony face, his hair was in disorder and his eyes burned with a sinister light.

"I am going to the city—to Moscow—to try to see the president himself," he faltered in a voice that trembled with tears.

"Ah, no, friend! What could you do there? You want to make a complaint? See, now, old comrade, be wise and give up such foolish plans. Please do! Stay with us and forget the evil they have done you!"

"Forget it! Never, brother; it is too late to talk of forgetting. You see—he struck me in the face—my blood flowed! I shall never forget it as long as I live! But he shall live to remember me!"

Ivanov took him by the hand. "Basil, I beg of you, don't go to such lengths; you will not be any better off for it!"

"Oh, I know that very well; you spoke the truth when you talked of luck. No matter! If I, personally, cannot benefit by it, at least I can have the consciousness of having suffered for justice and truth!"

"Come," said Ivanov; "tel me just what happened."

"Well, the chief inspected everything minutely —he even came into my hut. I knew he would be severe with me, so I had put all in the most perfect order. He found nothing to criticize, and was about to withdraw when I handed him my written complaint. Then, suddenly, he cried: 'What! Animal, brute! I come here to make an official inspection and you dare to trouble me with your dirty little garden? Before you are standing the highest functionaries of the government, and you have the impdence to speak of your cabbages!'

"I couldn't restrain myself; I let go my tongue —oh, not much—just a few words. But the chief took offense. Suddenly I felt something burn on my cheek. I didn't budge; I stood and took it as if it were my due. They left. Then I came back to my senses; I washed off the blood that was flowing from my cheek and nose, and I left, too!"

"And your house?" asked Ivanov.

"My wife is still there—she knows as much about the business as I do. And, in any case, I shouldn't worry about it. May the devil take them and their road!"

Basil rose and took up his bundle. "Farewell, comrade," he said. "I don't know whether I shall get any satisfaction where I am going, but at least—"

"What!" interrupted Ivanov. "You are going on foot?"

"Oh, don't be uneasy," said his friend. "I know the fireman on one of the freight trains. He will give me a lift, and in that way I can reach Moscow tomorrow.'

The two friends parted with an embrace. Basil started off alone on his weary way.

Nothing more was heard of him; his wife toiled night and day; she had grown pitifully thin, and her face and eyes were swollen with tears.

One day Ivanov met her.

"Well, neighbor," said he kindly; "your husband has not returned yet?"

The poor woman made a gesture of despair and hurried silently away, furtively drying her eyes.

Simeon Ivanov had learned, when he was quite a small boy, to make little whistles out of elder twigs; at present he gave up nearly all his leisure moments to this innocent pastime. When he had made a certain number he gave them to the conductor of one of the trains, a friend of his, and this man undertook to have them put on sale in town, at two copecks apiece

Some time after Basil's departure, Ivanov left his house one day, after having charged his wife to take his place at the passing of the six o'clock train, seized his pruning-knife and started happily for the woods, to gather material for his whistles. About six hundred yards from the railroad track there was an immense swamp nearly covered with elder-bushes. Ivanov cut a dozen or more

A DAINTY TOILET ARTICLE

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June 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 28, 29, 30.
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28.
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30.
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† To destinations marked † tickets will also be sold on October 12, 13, and 14.

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long branches, tied them carefully together and started for home without any particular haste. The sun was already low and the silence of the hour was broken only by the twitter of a few belated birds and by the murmur of the leaves.

Ivanov drew near, unconsciously, to the track, when suddenly upon the silent air fell a sound like that of steel striking steel. He quickened his pace. "What can that be?" he thought.

Now he found himself in an open space. In front of him stretched the track, straight and glittering, mile upon mile, and there, immediately opposite him, crouched a man, apparently very busy and very much absorbed. Ivanov walked softly toward him.

"He is trying to steal the bolts!" flashed through his brain.

He came nearer, troubled at the situation and wondering how best to approach the man. Suddenly the latter rose; in his hand he held a bar of iron; this time he raised it in the air and then pushed it under the rail, leaning with all his might upon the improvised lever. The rail moved and fell over on the bank.

Ivanov felt stunned; he tried to cry out, but the sound died on his blanched lips. He had recognized his old comrade Basil, who was now running away at the top of his speed.

"Basil!" he cried. "My old friend, my brother, come back, in the name of heaven! Lend me you bar——. We still have time to replace the rail. No one shall ever know of it, I swear to you! Oh, come back—save your soul from such a sin, I implore you!"

But Basil did not come back; he sought shelter in the woods and soon disappeared.

Ivanov stood, as though turned to stone, by the side of the displaced rail. His bundle of twigs fell unheeded to his feet, as he calculated the hour. An express train was almost due to pass this, and nothing on earth could stop it. His little red flag was, of course, at home. Nothing, either, with which to replace the rail! He must run to the house and get some tools! Would God come to his aid? He began to run with all his might. Less than five hundred yards separated him from his cabin when the whistling of the approaching train rent the air, shrill and sinister. It was six o'clock; in less than two minutes the train would pass!

"God save the souls of those innocents!" he implored. "Oh, the poor passengers, the poor unsuspecting men and women! And children, too, doubtless, poor little helpless things! There they sit so quietly, never dreaming of harm, happy to be traveling so fast! God give me wisdom, show me what to do! No, there is not time to get home and come back!"

Ivanov turned in his tracks and ran back again desperately, without knowing what he did. Suddenly he seized one of his elder-branches, then ran on a little farther. The locomotive was coming nearer; he heard a vague distant puffing. Then the rails began to tremble slightly. His strength failed him; he could run no more.

Ivanov stopped at three hundred yards from the fatal place. A sudden idea flashed into life. He took off his hat and drew and immense handkerchief from his pocket; then he seized his pruning-knife. He made the sign of the cross.

"May God be my help!" he murmured.

Quickly he made a deep gash with his knife, in his left arm just above the elbow. The blood flowed red and warm. He sopped it up, feverishly, with his handkerchief, spread the handkerchief out to make it as large as possible and fastened it to the end of his elder-branch. Waving this improvised danger-signal ahead of him, he hurried up the track, as nearly as possible following his instructions for conduct "in case of danger."

He stands there, upright; he waves his flag frantically. The heavy machine is very near now. The engineer does not see him—alas, if they come any nearer, all is lost! It is impossible to stop the monster in so short a space. And the blood keeps flowing. Ivanov presses his elbow tight against his side; he strives to collect his senses but in vain——. "I should have cut deeper," is his one thought. His head swims—he cannot see clearly—a deafening buzzing sounds in his ears—he seems to hear the tolling of bells—

Now he can no longer see the train, no longer hear a sound, but the one fixed idea haunts him and tortures him ever and ever: "Ah, I shall not be able to stop it! I am falling—and my little flag, too! God, forsake me not!"

Ivanov fell, and with him fell the little flag of blood. But a hand seized it suddenly and waved it aloft. The engineer saw the signal, reversed the lever and stopped.

The crew jumped off the train, and the passengers came trooping from the coaches to see what had happened. On the ground lay stretched a man, unconscious and bathed in blood; and near him another man, very tall, very lean and very pale, held, fixed at the end of a slender elder twig, a handkerchief from which the blood dripped in streams.

Basil cast one look around him, lowered his head, and said in a trembling voice:

"Arrest me! It was I who displaced the rail!"

"Pa, what's a metrical romance?"
"Well, this month's gas bill is one."

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SOME DATES

May 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31
June 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 28, 29, 30
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28
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Auto Notes

One of the neatest booklets that have appeared this season in connection with the automobile trade has recently been issued by the Stevens-Duryea Company and is entitled "What Is Your Ideal of a Motor Car?" While built up largely around the principles of Stevens-Duryea construction the discussion in the booklet is so comprehensive as to be of decided value to any prospective automobile buyer. The pamphlet is most artistically arranged.

Among cars to find recent favor in the Nevada gold mining districts is the Chalmers "30." When Calvin C. Eib, vice-president of the Pioneer Automobile Company, visited Nevada less than a year ago the Chalmers was securing its first introduction to that section. Since then the Chalmers has been employed in the hardest service that the mining activities entail and with the result that demand for it has been increased with great bounds. Last week the Pioneer Automobile Company made delivery of Chalmers "30" pony tonneaus to two Goldfield mining men, one machine going to Adolph Muller and the other to J. G. Thompson. Both purchasers took delivery of the cars in San Francisco and will drive then through to Goldfield within a few days.

J. B. Halstead, the prominent business man and capitalist of this city, has just taken delivery of a fore-door five-passenger Haynes touring car from the local branch of the Haynes Auto Sales Co. Mr. Halstead intends to do some extensive touring this spring, in which service his new Haynes will be used. Ben Lomond and Rowardennan in the Santa Cruz mountains will be among the first places visited. Mrs. Halstead will accompany her husband on the tour.

W. K. Cowan, distributor for Rambler automobiles for Southern California, reports that trade in the South is exceptionally good. The sales for the month of January, February and March of this year have been double those of the season of 1910. He also reports that prospects were never brighter than they are at this time, all of which speaks well for the 1911 Ramblers. Mr. Cowan is very popular with his customers, and he prides himself on the fact that if he once sells a man a car he sells him his second and third car.

A letter forwarded to S. G. Chapman, local distributor of Oakland, Hupmobile and Abbott-Detroit cars, from the Lininger Implement Co. of Omaha states that that city has become a very live motor car distributing center this season. The Lininger Implement Co. handle the Oakland car and the letter declares that they are placing the Oakland torpedos as rapidly as they arrive from the factory. The cars go largely to wholesale firms for use of their traveling salesmen.

In turning over its shops from the 1911 to the 1912 line of cars, the Packard Motor Car Company of Detroit made notable progress towards its goal of continuous production at an even rate. Thirty-five Packard cars were shipped from the factory the last two days in March when a clean-up was made for the season of 1911. Two weeks later the first of the dealers' demonstrators for 1912 were on their way to the Packard to purchasers of new cars will commence early establishment in Chicago. Regular shipments in May. All shipments follow a regular schedule conforming to dealers' allotments. These are made with a view to maintaining a uniform distribution of cars to all parts of the country.

ZEROLENE

(Just remember the name)

The One Oil for All Gasoline Motors

"When you find a better oil than Zerolene—use that oil."

For all types of cylinders and bearings. Made in one grade only—Nothing to remember but the name—Zerolene. In sealed cans with patent spout. Barrels for garage trade.

Sold by most dealers; if not at yours, write to the

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)
461 Market St., San Francisco

Woodworth Treads

The Protector that Does Not Chafe or Hurt the Tire

There are many imitations; most of them will injure a tire more than they will save it.

The Woodworth Treads have been on the market for years, and have had the test of time.

They are **puncture-proof, non-skidding** and will save double their cost by prolonging the life of the tires.

They fit all makes of pneumatic tires. Anyone can apply them. Full directions with every tread.

Get Woodworth Treads, forget tire troubles, and have your Anti-skids always on the tires.

Send for circulars giving full description and prices.

Chanslor & Lyon Motor Supply Co., Inc.

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ORDER OF PUBLICATION TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF GUARDIAN FOR ORDER TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,018; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY L. MacDONALD, an Incompetent Person.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition presented and filed on the 23rd day of January, 1911, by Peter MacDonald, the Guardian of the person and estate of Mary L. MacDonald, an incompetent person, praying for an order to mortgage certain real estate belonging to the said Ward, that it is necessary that such real estate should be mortgaged:

It is hereby ordered, that the next of Kin of the said Ward and all persons interested in the estate appear before this Court on Monday, the 29th day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of this Court, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why the realty, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, being lots 10 and 11 in Block D of Silver Terrace and known as number 26 Flora Street, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in the petition, namely Five Hundred and no-100 Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet, and reference is hereby made to the petition on file for further particulars.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this Order be published for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, April 26, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

GEORGE F. OWEN, Atty. for Guardian,
Shreve Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,230; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JENS P. HANSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Jens P. Hansen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at her office at No. 901 Balboa Building, Southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Jens P. Hansen, deceased.

ANNE MAGRETHA PEDERSEN,
Administratrix.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 29, 1911.

C. B. SESSIONS and S. S. McCAHILL,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
901 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal 4-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FLORENCIO ALVARADO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned William F. Rhea, Administrator of the estate of Florencio Alvarado, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said William F. Rhea at the office of Franklin P. Bull, 805 Pacific Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Florencio Alvarado, deceased.

WILLIAM F. RHEA,
Administrator of the Estate of Florencio Alvarado, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6, 1911.

FRANKLIN P. BULL, Atty. for Administrator,
805 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA MOHR, also known as ANNA LOUISE MOHR, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Anna Mohr, also known as Anna Louise Mohr, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anna Mohr, also known as Anna Louise Mohr, deceased.

NORMAND W. MOHR,
Administrator of the estate of Anna Mohr, also known as Anna Louise Mohr, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 29, 1911.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building,
No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES WARNOCK, Deceased—No. 11,327, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will of James Warnock, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, (which said first publication occurs on the 8th day of April, 1911), to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James Warnock, deceased.

LAWRENCE F. WALSH,
Executor of the Last Will of James Warnock, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 8, 1911.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Atty. for Executor,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-8-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,365.

HATTIE ELIZA POND, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. POND, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: William H. Pond, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, and on the ground of defendant's habitual intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY H. DAVIS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
495-497 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. 3-4-10

ORDER DIRECTING PUBLICATION OF NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR CONVEYANCE OF REAL PROPERTY BY ADMINISTRATOR

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2710, New Series; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of DAVID B. ALEXANDER, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of David B. Alexander, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition praying for an order and decree of this Court authorizing and directing him to convey to Christie Barricklow and Addie Barricklow certain real property situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Elsie Street, distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet southerly from the point of intersection of the said westerly line of Elsie Street with the southerly line of Santa Marina Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Elsie Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Elsie Street and point of commencement; being Lot Number 47 of Block Number 2 of Fair's Subdivision of Holly Park Tract.

which said real property the said deceased agreed to convey to said Christie Barricklow and Addie Barricklow by a written contract set forth in said petition;

It is hereby ordered, that Thursday, the 11th day of May, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are hereby fixed as the time and place of hearing said petition;

It is further ordered that notice of such hearing be given by publishing a copy of this order once a week for four successive weeks before said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which publication is hereby ordered to be sufficient notice of said hearing.

Dated, April 3, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed April 3, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. G. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

E. J. LYNCH, Atty. for Administrator,
1013 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-8-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY KELLY, Deceased—No. 11,352, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Henry Kelly, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wallace A. Wise, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, at Room 1402, in The Western Metropolis National Bank Building, number 625 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Henry Kelly, deceased.

EDWARD H. KELLY,
As Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Henry Kelly, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 4, 1911.

WALLACE A. WISE, Esq., Atty. for Executor,
Rooms 1402 to 1404, The Western Metropolis Nat. Bank Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-8-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,748, Dept. No. 3.

ALMA McWILLIAMS, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L. McWILLIAMS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Joseph L. McWilliams, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten (10) days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty (30) days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Plaintiff,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-10

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT

WESTERN STATES AMUSEMENT COMPANY, a Corporation—Location of Principal Place of Business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of said Company held on the 29th day of April, 1911, an assessment of ten (10c) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in gold coin of the United States, to the Secretary of said Company at its office, 817 First National Bank Building, No. 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the 5th day of June, 1911, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 26th day of June, 1911, to pay the delinquent assessment thereon, together with cost of advertising and expense of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. P. REESE,
Secretary Western States Amusement Company. Office, 817 First National Bank Building, 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-6-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Supreme Court, State of California, in and for City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,445.

Estate of HERMAN WESTERFELD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of F. J. Castelhun, Attorney at Law, Rooms 117-118 Investors Building, 787 Market Street, in said City and County, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased.

MARY L. WESTERFELD,
Administratrix of the Estate of Herman Westerfeld, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6, 1911.

F. J. CASTELHUN and JOHN A. McGEE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Rooms 117-118 Investors Bldg., San Francisco. 5-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,463; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD M. ROBERTS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard M. Roberts, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, Room 1012 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Richard M. Roberts, deceased.

ROBERT L. ROBERTS,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard M Roberts, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 29, 1911.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Atty. for Executor,
Room 1012 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2997, New Series; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of BRIDGET MARTIN, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of Bridget Martin, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 16th day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator authorizing and directing him to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed April 6, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Atty. for Administrator,
1013 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4260, New Series; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GIACOMO BRUSCO, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of Giacomo Brusco, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 16th day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator authorizing and directing him to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge

Filed April 6, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Atty. for Administrator,
1013 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO SELL REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 8589, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of FRANK STOHR, an Incompetent Person.

Clothilde C. Nicholl, the guardian of the person and estate of Frank Stohr, an incompetent person, having this day presented to the above entitled Court and filed herein, her petition, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain real property and certain personal property belonging to the said incompetent person, for the causes and reasons therein set forth, and it appearing to this Court from the said petition that it is necessary, in order to maintain and support said incompetent person, that the said real estate described in said petition and said personal property described in said petition, or some part of it shall be sold,

It is hereby ordered by said Court that the next of kin of said incompetent person and all persons interested in his said estate, appear before this Court in the Courtroom, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 1st day of June, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said estate, as prayed for in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

And it is hereby further ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 26th day of April, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge

H. M. ANTHONY, Atty. for Petitioner,
372-4-6 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

One of the most important of recent sales of motor cars for use of traveling salesmen is that of four Hudsons to Rosenberg Sons Co., the wholesale dealers in dried fruit. The delivery of these cars was made by the Pioneer Automobile Co.

The Haynes Auto Sales Company made several deliveries last week to country purchasers Among the cars that went was one to J. A. Moffit and Son of Lemon Cove.

Letters

A Fine California Story

Here is a novel with a new and unexpected interest, the "eternal triangle" with the third corner held not by a rival man or woman but by a horse ardently desired by both hero and heroine, with such diametrically different motives that it almost disrupts the human romance. Hitherto Lucia Chamberlain has devoted herself to social interests and city life, and her "Coast of Chance" and "The Other Side of the Door," both novels of San Francisco, are amongst the best of their kind, but in "Son of the Wind" she has gone up into the high Sierras, where, it is evident to any one who knows the country even casually, her knowledge has not been culled second hand. It is a book amongst ten thousand, clean and wholesome, a love story that leaves one with neither the desire to consign it to the flames nor to stuff one's ears to avoid hearing intimate secrets not meant for others to know; an out-door book which does not patronize nature and an animal story which does not half-humanize and wholly belittle the horse. The characters, all out of the common, are still believable, and the atmosphere so true that one might almost expect to find Raders, with its dilapidated gate posts, its abandoned well spring, and its housewifely mistress, her head wrapped turbanwise and broom in hand, stepping out to the porch to interrogate the unexpected arrival. We have an ABC of California novelists, Atherton, Bonner and Chamberlain, and the least of the three, if there be a least, is not Lucia Chambelain. We are indebted to the Bobbs-Merrill Company for what richly deserves to be a best-seller in the best sense of the term.

The Annals of Ann"

How old was Ann? She herself asserts that she was at the "gawky age," but there are those who are born gawky and never get over it. Again she says she was young enough to love puppies and old enough to appreciate Washington Irving, though her knowledge of the author appears to have been confined to a single work, the "Alhambra." She keeps fresh flowers before her bust of Byron, but almost up to the last page she still enjoys licking Mammy Lou's cake spoon, but all the while she has keen eyes and ears for one subject, the love-making of her neighbors and relatives and now and then she dips her fingers into the match-making pies. Her observations and intuitions are so shrewd that one suspects her of being on the verge of a romance of her own to be revealed in every coming chapter, yet up to the last page nothing of the kind is even hinted at. "The Annals of Ann" is an amusing bit of light literature, readable by young or old if one happens to be in the humor for just this sort of thing. It will serve admirably to tide over a time of tedious waiting and keep one in good humor the while. The author, Kate Trimble Sharber, appears to have succeeded admirably in performing the task she set herself, and after all, success consists more in hitting the mark than in aiming at impossible heights. Illustrations are by Paul J. Meylan. From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

For Southerners

Three small booklets recently issued by the Neale Company make their appeal to the Southern historical and patriotic associations. The first, "The Genealogy of Jefferson Davis," clears some obscurities in tracing the descent of the Confederate president. "For Truth and Freedom," a thin volume of fewer than seventy-five pages, is made up of the commemoratice poems written for the dedication of monuments, the meeting of Confederate veterans, the reunions of commands and other similar gatherings, by Armistead C. Gordon, Rector of the University of Virginia. The third, about one hundred pages, is also a collection of verse by Bishop Beverley Dandridge Tucker.

Book Notes

It is a pleasure to come upon Alice Wilson Fox's "Hearts and Coronets," the story of an English girl who, when we make her acquaintance, is about fourteen years of age. Older folks may read "Hearts and Coronets" with pleasure. It is issued by the Macmillan Company. It is not often that they publish young people's books and when they do it is safe to assume that here is something above the average.

Amy Brooks has brought her "Randy" series to a close and now the little sister Prue who flitted through their pages, is to become the motive of a new set. The children are healthy, normal little folks living in a New England village not far from Boston. They sew doll frocks, play at keeping store, go berrying and attend Sunday School and various frolics without making life a burden to their elders and setting a bad example to little readers. The events which fill their days are void of sensation save as they loom large in the eyes of the children, and their exploits and adventures are such as will interest little girls of ten or twelve and under. From Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

Prepared for the End

Friend (of dying magnate)—Then you think the end is near?

Doctor—Yes; he has made out a list of the epigrams, good deeds, and stories that he wishes to be attributed to him after his death.

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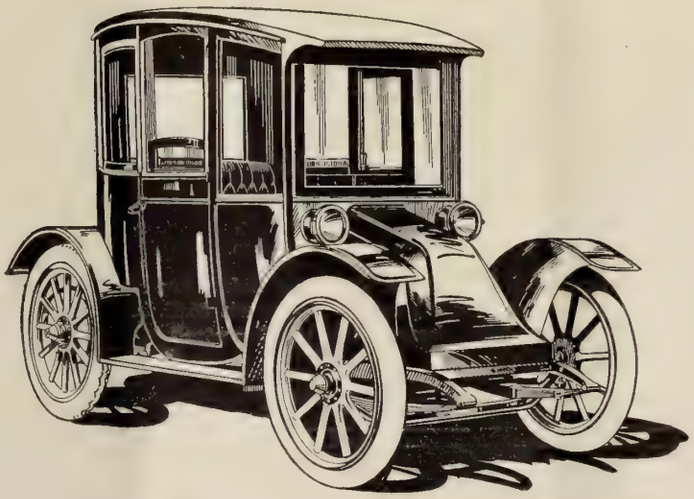
THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

The Famous

HUPP-YEATS ELECTRIC



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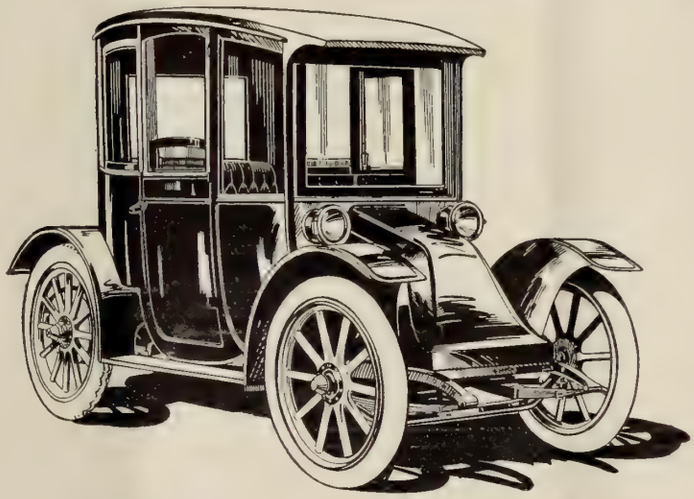

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX San Francisco, May 13, 1911 No. 976

MISS JULIA MARLOWE

Who will appear in a joint starring engagement with Mr. E. H. Sothern at the Savoy Theater.

TOWN TALK

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The Fallen Prophet

The man of unbridled tongue, the copious, inveterate talker who speaks an infinite deal of nothing, while he is always at odds with somebody will frequently be at odds with himself. For the man who talks much thinks little and is inclined to violent revulsion of sentiment. It is characteristic of this individual to be bigoted and intolerant even in his reversals of judgment. After taking all sides of a question he wonders how anybody can support any one of them. Who better illustrates this species of polemic than our former hero, the illustrious T. R.? Once more he has rushed into print with his gratuitous counsel. This time he enunciates a fundamental principle. He has come to what is true and he utters it with the ponderous gravity of a sage who has discovered something new. Speaking of the attitude of the labor leaders toward the dynamite suspects he says: "It is grossly improper to try to create a public opinion in favor of the arrested men"; also, "The one and only question is as to the guilt or innocence of the men accused"; also, "They are entitled to an absolutely fair trial." Platitudinous and timely. But unfortunately T. R.'s current counsel will hardly carry the same weight as did his admonitions in other days when he was on the other side of the question. It is distinctly remembered of course that as President of the United States T. R. deliberately ignored the principle which he now professes to cherish. In seeking to create public sentiment in favor of men accused of crime the labor leaders are following distinguished example. They are following the example set by T. R. when he was striving to create sentiment against Moyer and Heywood, and also when he was responding to the requests of Older and Spreckels for letters and telegrams designed to prejudice prospective jurors in this city against the higher-ups.

Publicity Not For the Elect

In the philosophy of contemporary politics nothing can be more conducive to the health of the nation than publicity. Secrecy whether in politics or in business is regarded as the soul of evil designs. Hence the rule that our public servants must be permitted to pry into our affairs to see that no prestidigitateur in the domain of commerce has anything up his sleeve, so to speak. The books of a corporation, whether it be engaged in selling transportation or dealing in junk, must be open and accessible to certain gentlemen vested with brief authority. Politicians themselves are expected to govern their lives and their thoughts after the manner of Cato so that all the world may see the one and read the other. There must be no secrecy about campaign contributions. Everything must be open and above board. Big business especially must have the lid taken off. But what big business is of such vital interest to the people as the big business of the State? This question we are constrained to ask because from reading the veracious dailies we have received the impression that a haze of mystery hovers over the official acts of our upright and esteemed harbor commissioners. Perhaps this impression should not be. Mystery is another name for ignorance. If the reporters were omniscient all would be perfectly plain. But in default of omniscience among the argus-eyed might it not be well for the Hon. J. J. Dwyer to forego the privilege which he arrogated to himself when he curtly announced that he was not to be cross-examined by Commissioner Hale as to why he rejected the highest bid for the lease of the flower stand? If publicity is good for big private interests, why not for big public interests? Mr. Dwyer is usually one of the most transparent of men. With a cheek "apter than the tongue to tell an errand"; a face true whatsoever his hands are; an eye legible as a book; his whole countenance the title page to a dandy volume, yet there are times when he lapses into umbrage and excites curiosity. This is the same Dwyer who received a fee from Rudolph Spreckels for patriotizing professionally; but for what particular service he was paid there has never been the kind of explanation that would satisfy the querulous and unsympathetic. That he rendered good and sufficient service none but the unregenerate would ever doubt, for he shared at once and in advance of all other regenerators the confidence of District Attorney Langdon and the lamented Elisor Biggy. He had greater opportunities than anybody for advancing the public interest, and that he was not adequately compensated is to be inferred from the circumstance that Governor Johnson put him on the pay-roll of the State where he is again vindicating his patriotism with such disinterested zeal that were it not for the rampant passion for publicity we should not hazard the impertinent suggestion that cross-examination is in line with public policy.

The Railroads

Partly in response to the demand for publicity, and partly to avail himself of the advantage of publicity, John J. Byrne, the assistant passenger traffic manager of the Santa Fe railway system, has issued a few tables of figures that may be studied to good effect by lovers of the square deal. Clearly it is Mr. Byrne's purpose to appeal to the judgment of such fair-minded people as may be influenced by the generalizations of the populistic statesmen who are cultivating public approval by their hostility to the railroads. These agitators have succeeded in creating the impression that the railroads are imposing unjust burdens on the people, that they consist largely of watered stock and are fattening off enormously outrageous profits. From Mr. Byrne's figures we learn that the Santa Fe is capitalized at $53,000 per mile of line, while in England the average capital is $274,000 per mile; in Germany, $111,000 per mile; in France, $140,000 per mile; in Canada, $69,500 per mile; in the United States, $58,000 per mile. In the recent construction of the Belen cut-off in New Mexico an account was kept of the cost of construction, and it averaged $40,845 per mile without any charge for right of way for terminal stations or for equipment. And this construction was over ground presenting no extraordinary or unusual obstacles. During the year ending June 30, 1910, the gross earnings of the Santa Fe were $107,543,250, and out of that vast amount after paying five per cent on preferred stock, six per cent on common and four per cent on bonds, it had a surplus of only $365,846. Its operating expenses amounted to $71,082,238. Assuredly it wouldn't require much of a cut in freight rates to wipe out the surplus. It is instructive to note that out of every dollar paid out by the Santa Fe in 1910 forty-two cents went for labor, ten cents for material such as rails and nine cents for fuel while only five cents went to the investor. Perhaps there are many merchants and farmers who wouldn't care much if railroad investors didn't get a cent, but if so they are shortsighted individuals. The prosperity of this country depends in no small measure on the prosperity of the railroads. Henry Harrison Lewison in an article entitled "What Is the Matter With Business" which appeared in American Industries last December, called attention to the significant fact that the industries then depressed were those directly or indirectly connected with railroad construction or maintenance. And of course when those varied industries are depressed it means that there is depression in the labor market. Mr. Lewis said: "A reasonable advance in freight rates and a letup in railroad prosecution on the part of national and State legislatures will do more to help prosperity than any other thing."

The Slow Senate

That distinguished propagandist of progressive politics, Mr. John Temple Graves, complains that the Senate is not so energetic and speedy as the House of Representatives. He would have the Senators transact their business with greater promptness and despatch. He points with much satisfaction to the alertness of the Representatives and to their quick achievements. That which excites the approval of Mr. Hearst's former candidate for Vice-President makes it easy for us to understand why he is in favor of electing Senators by direct vote and making them sensitive to popular whim. It is evident that Mr. Graves does not appreciate the principle on which the legislative department of this government is constituted. He may be aware of that principle, but if so, in his superior wisdom he contemns the apprehensions of the builders of the Con-

stitution. Those old fogies believed in the virtue of deliberation. In the literature of constitutional history we find that in the philosophy of the Founders rapidity didn't mean progress. Some of them probably had in mind the words of Shakespeare: "Wisely and slow—they stumble that run fast." Doubtless some of them had read the old fable of the tortoise and the hare. Some of them, perhaps, were influenced by the proverb, "The longest way round is the shortest way home." At any rate they never intended that the Senate should be as fast as the House of Representatives. They supposed that the Representatives, by reason of the manner and mode of their selection, would be precisely what they are—record-breakers, alert statesmen eager to vindicate their responsiveness to public sentiment. And indulging this supposition they felt that in taking care of the majority of the moment they should take care also of the government for all time. So they sought to establish a legislative chamber a few degrees removed from public clamor, one that might be partial to the minority, but that nevertheless would be powerless to do great evil. And even of that body they were apprehensive. They considered the probability of its acting with too much haste in a time of national excitement on some treaty with a foreign nation, and though they gave it exclusive jurisdiction in the matter of treaties they provided that for the ratification of a treaty a two-thirds' vote should be required. The sentiments of those timid Founders are nowhere so well expressed as in Story's work on the Constitution. He says: "There are particular moments in public affairs, when the people, stimulated by some irregular passion, or some illict advantage, or misled by the artful misrepresentations of interested men, may call for measures which they themselves will afterwards be the most ready to lament and condemn. In these critical moments, how salutary will be the interference of a body of respectable citizens chosen without reference to the exciting cause, to check the misguided career of public opinion and to suspend the blow, until reason, justice and truth can regain their authority over the public mind." So we see the Senate is really expected to go slow. But it is going too slow to please the Progressives. They look forward to the time when we shall get quicker action from that august body. Let us hope that by that time wars and rumors of wars shall indeed have ceased.

The Evils of Education

A millionaire by the name of Crane has set many schoolmasters and a few editors by the ears. He is going about as a propagandist against the evils of higher education. His critics call him a fanatic. And a shrewd journalist, to indicate the absurdity of Crane's philosophy, gravely tell us that according to the millionaire's reasoning Plato, Socrates and Aristotle were "the most designing and desperate criminals of history." This is hardly the logical conclusion to be drawn from the plutocratic agitator's utterances. The ancient philosophers did not hold the same views regarding education that are held today. The purpose of education according to their views was to teach men how to think and how to behave, to discipline the mind and the heart; in short, to make men capable of worthy actions. What is the purpose of education today? It is to enable men to achieve success in the business world. By education in ancient Greece men were refined; by education today men are brutalized and vulgarized. Furthermore education in ancient times was not for the many but for the few; it was reserved for those who had the capacity to make use of it. Today it is given to everybody without discrimination; and education without capacity is a crime. Now Millionaire Crane is not singular in his views about education. He is echoing the sentiments of educated men; of a Hazlitt, for example, who said it was better to be able neither to read nor to write than to be able to do nothing else. In this age of education-while-you-wait, in which learning, even in the faculties of our universities, is often a substitute for common sense, how innumerable are the college graduates who suffer from the misfortune of having acquired the knack of reading and writing! Hazlitt though a college man had no extravagant notion of the value of learning. "If we wish to know the force of human genius," he said, "we should read Shakespeare; if we wish to see the insignificance of human learning we may study his commentators." And Hazlitt himself was one of them. A much more profound thinker than Hazlitt may be quoted in support of the views of Millionaire Crane. No less a scholar than Herbert Spencer was of the opinion that education artificially pressed forward was extremely dangerous to society. "Mischief results," he says in one of his latter-day essays, "when intellectualization goes in advance of moralization." He argued that society was not to be benefited by artificially increasing intelligence without regard to character. "To measure the influence for good or evil which a forced intellectual culture produces on a nation," says Spencer, "there is no better way than to contemplate the teachings of the daily press and to observe the effects wrought." Yet Spencer did not live to see the British press emulate faintly American journalism of the twentieth century. No prescience had he of the effects that are now to be observed; yet he declared that education was conducive to the spread of anarchism. He argued that education intensifies the emotional life, and as in average human beings the lower emotions are more powerful than the higher, education adding to the force of all emotions increases the relative predominance of the lower. It will be said that Spencer was in favor of keeping the poor in ignorance. He was not. He was in favor of letting enlightenment spread normally in accordance with the laws of supply and demand, holding that even the poor who had bequeathed the right stuff to their children would see that their children were not reared in ignorance, and that as a result there would be a multiplication of the fittest instead of a multiplication of the unfittest. Millionaire Crane tells us that education makes criminals. Herbert Spencer was of the same opinion; that is, he was of the opinion that criminals are made by artificially increasing intelligence among all the people and without regard to character. And he said that as social security is thought to be so supreme an end that to achieve it citizens are made to go to war and risk death; as there is absolute subordination of the individual to society, then why should it be unjust to leave the citizen without public aid in educating his children? These sentiments though uttered only a little more than a decade ago by one of the greatest philosophers of his age, are in this day and generation decidedly heterodox. Yet is it not as a result of the spread of that most dangerous of all things, "a little learning," that we are now distracted by political and economic agitations fomented by superficial statesmen and university pedants? The most dangerous members of society are to be found in the faculties of our universities—professors incapable of receiving any more than a little learning who discourse on sociology as though it were one of the exact sciences and disseminate pernicious doctrine among persons as much inclined as themselves to be arrogant, dogmatic and incendiary.

The Cry of the Lover

(From the German of Heine by Bayard Taylor)

Thou hast diamonds and pearls and jewels,
  Hast all the heart wishes in store;
And, ah! thou hast eyes so lovely—
  My darling, what wouldst thou have more?

And upon thine eyes so lovely,
  That pierce my heart to its core,
Uncounted songs have I written—
  My darling, what wouldst thou have more?

Alas, with thine eyes so lovely,
  Thou hast tortured and wounded me sore;
Thine eyes have compassed my ruin—
  My darling, what wouldst thou have more?

And, because of thine eyes so tender,
  Have I ventured more and more,
And so much, ah, so much have I suffered—
  My darling, what wouldst thou have more?

Perspective Impressions

Trying to make our politics better than ourselves we appear to be making a bad job of it.

The Mexican revolution will probably be known in history as the arbitrament of the manifesto.

Rev. Bradford Leavitt told the Unitarians of Fresno that the Bible was responsible for republican government. Which proves conclusively, no doubt, that the Greeks knew the Bible.

Queen Alexandra will not attend the coronation. The divinity that hedges royalty does not prevent a dowager queen from feeling vulgar feminine jealousy.

Between Bram Stoker who says she was a man and Dr. Owen who insists she had two sons and two daughters the Virgin Queen seems destined to acquire the new distinction of sexual versatility.

How is it that none of the critics said of Bernhardt, "Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety"? Did they deliberately refrain or did they forget?

"The most itinerant Governor that we remember," says the New York Sun, "was Joe Folk." Governor Woodrow Wilson bids fair to catch up before the end of his term.

President Jordan of Stanford told an interviewer that once in an obscure town of Japan a native boy pinched his arm and ran away exclaiming, "He's real! He's real!" But one may be real without being genuine.

The Alaskan mob that dumped three hundred tons of Canadian coal into the sea in emulation of the Boston tea party would probably have preferred to handle a hundred odd pounds of pinchot.

Lord Decies has justified his existence. For his child wife's trouble he has invented the phrase "appendicular disturbances."

It has been discovered that Bacon wrote Paradise Lost, the Rubaiyat and Don Quixote as well as the Shakespearean plays. In time one may learn that the only thing he didn't write is the Novum Organum

Says Lincoln Steffens: "The people in the East are watching Governor Hiram Johnson very closely." And doubtless so good a man will bear watching—what?

"Coming down to the days when Rome sat enthroned on her seven hills, we find that Socrates was both bald and whiskered," says Professor William Dallam Armes. And yet, in our ignorance, we always thought Socrates was a Greek

Correspondence

Another Macaronic

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Here's a macaronic which I saw in a high school paper printed in Needham, Mass., about ten years ago. It is more varied in its use of language than any verse I have ever seen.

—A Reader.

Ich Bin Dein

In tempus old a hero lived
Qui loved puellas deux;
He ne pouvait pas quite to say
Which one amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui-meme un beau matin,
"Non possum both avoir,
Sed si address Amanda Ann,
Then Kate and I have war.

"Amanda habet argent coin,
Sed Kate has aureas curls,
Et both sunt very agathae
Et quite formosa girls."

Enfin the youthful anthropos
Philoun the duo maids,
Resolved proponere to Kate
Devant cet evening shades.

Procedens then to Kate's domo,
Il trouve Amanda there,
Kai quite forgot his late resolves,
Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed, smiling on the new tapis,
Between puellas twain,
Coepit to tell his love to Kate,
Dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever et anon
At fair Amanda's eyes,
Illae non possunt dicere
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi-vow
With cheeks as rouge as wine,
And offering each a milk-white hand,
Both whispered, "Ich bin dein."

A Poet's Buttons

Dear Editor: I note in the last "Town Talk" your doubt of Mr. Miller's having owned that coat with the Golden Buttons. You err. I've seen it—a beautiful thing made, as were the trousers, of deer-skin. The buttons, eight or ten in number, were nuggets given him by admirers in Dawson. Each contained about (at a guess) $40 in gold. They were clasped by thin bands of copper, through which ran a scarlet ribbon. Mr. Miller gave them away, one by one, to fair women (that great poet is magnanimous enough to declare that they are all fair). The last of the lot is now in my hands, its unworthy recipient having sold it to me for $50—less than I'd care to part with it for now. But the gifts of the great pass from hand to hand.

Sincerely yours,

—George Sterling.

A Criticism of Our Critics

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: What an emotional lot your San Francisco dramatic critics are! Coming from New York where all of us are so sophisticated and where the dramatic critics are particularly blase and uninterested, I cannot but note the juvenile sensibility of your theatrical reporters. They weep like convent girls in their salad days. At least, so I infer from their articles. I have followed them rather carefully during this Bernhardt engagement, being naturally curious to see what they would say of Sarah. In New York, you know, we are not too rapturous in our applause of this aging woman. But here, how different! She can still work miracles, for I suppose it is a miracle for her, Moses-like, to strike the rocky heart of a critic and make it gush. Thus one of your critics, speaking of "Madame X," says: "If there was a dry eye in the audience I failed to see it. Indeed, I did not see anything very clearly, for reasons which do not concern you." Another one saw "Jeanne d'Arc" through "a mist of tears." He says it "left my soul too shriveled and palsied for calm utterance.' God bless his soul, how susceptible he is! No wonder "Madame X" left him "limp and trembling" and that as "Camille" came to a close he was "almost stunned." Now let us hear how a third critic was affected at "Madame X:" "I, hardened as I am to such scenes, felt my barometer dropping dangerously near the indications for a downpour." In other words, he didn't cry but came perilously near it In "Camille," however, the impulse was too strong to be overcome. The performance, says this critic, brought "quick tears to film a thousand eyes unused to respond to theatrical emotion or stage tricks." Very naively he admits, "I was too deeply affected to analyze." Your poor tender-hearted critics! What a damp week they had of it. How many handkerchiefs they must have saturated! I do hope they recovered from their emotions before they returned to their offices, otherwise they must have rusted their typewriters. You see, I cannot take this emotionalism seriously. I have lived too long near Forty-second and Broadway.

Sincerely yours,

Saturday, May 6. —Manhattan.

Idiotic Interrogations

Is it cruel to beat a retreat?
Can you blow the horn of plenty?
Who takes care of the road to ruin?
Is the spur of the moment very sharp?
Will the skeleton-key open a deadlock?
Can you register a vow at the post office?
What is the best season for raising hopes?
Why should well-water ever be unhealthful?
Is a sea-horse in anyway related to a bay mare?

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Varied Types

XXI—ARTHUR F. MATHEWS

By Edward F. O'Day

"Your views on California art?"

"I have none."

It was very discouraging. Here was a California artist, one of the best, and he had no views on California art. I studied him with increased curiosity. Suppose an actor should confess that he had no views concerning the tendency of the drama. Suppose a newspaperman should admit that he had no views concerning the running of a newspaper. That actor, that newspaperman would be in a class by himself. And so with the California artist who has no views on Caliofrnia art. He is unique.

That his name should be Arthur F. Mathews makes the matter all the more surprising. Not that it isn't a good name, despite the owner's deprecation. ("It doesn't look well in print," he says; "it isn't foreign enough.") But the name of Arthur F. Mathews stands for fifteen years of teaching at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, and a man who has taught for fifteen years in a California art school ought to have views on California art.

And he has. It is only that he is shy about expressing them. I am not sure that 'shy' is the word. He looks shy. He is undeniably sensitive. But it seems to me that his backwardness, his diffidence is purely a matter of verbal expression. He talks in a low tone that is sometimes hard to hear, like the unaccomodated tone of a deaf man. His words come slowly. They are evidently well considered. He thinks as he talks and sometimes stops talking to think, so that at times you think he has finished when he has merely paused. But when you have listened to him a while you realize that here is a man with decided views, a thinker who expresses his thoughts simply, letting them accent themselves.

Looking at him I could not believe that he lacked views on California art. There was plenty of room for them in that remarkable dome of his. One could easily imagine that his high broad brow bulged with them. 'Tis a head to delight the caricaturist, overlarge for the rather frail body, a triangular head with big eyes looking unimpassionately through big lenses, a short undistinguished nose and an extremely sensitive mouth beneath a thick mustache, the triangle being roughly pointed by an almost equally sensitive chin. Truly the sort of head one would suppose to be crammed full of all sorts of ideas. And so it proved.

California art being inseparably connected with the Art Institute, I asked him about the Institute. In my ignorance of things artistic I supposed that he was still connected with it. But he hasn't been there since the fire.

"Who succeeded you?" I asked.

"I haven't the slightest idea," he replied. "I take so little interest in the Art Institute that I know absolutely nothing about it."

Almost I gasped. Here was frankness with a vengeance. For fifteen years a teacher at the Art Institute; during eleven of those years its director. And he doesn't know who his successor is! Verily, your artist must live a detached life. Or else—

"I resigned after the fire," he explained. "At first they thought I was playing a bluff but they found they were wrong about it. I told them that I didn't propose any longer to travel in a circle. In my time at the Institute I traveled the same circle three times and at the end I found we were back to a very rotten system."

Yes, he said 'rotten,' but he said it so gently that it didn't sound nearly as crude as it must look. And he proceeded to elucidate.

"The whole American educational system is run in the same way. Technical institutions are run on the same principles as the public schools. Discipline is everything. The pupils must be quiet, they must be attentive, they must remember that somebody is hanging over them and watching them.

"But really, there is nothing in this system. In a technical school each pupil should follow his individuality. You've got to break him of bad tricks of course; but every professional man should be allowed to modify rules to suit himself."

Sounds as though he might be criticising

Photo, Laura A. Armer

ARTHUR F. MATHEWS

Stanford, doesn't it? But he was speaking of our Art Institute where, many think, the artistic temperament runs riot. But it hasn't enough swing to suit this quiet-appearing man. That is one reason why he quit.

"I'll never teach again," he says; "I'm absolutely through with teaching. One has to fight too many outside influences. Only one pupil in a hundred has a liberal viewpoint. They all think they must go abroad to finish their studies. As soon as they get that notion they stop working and wait for the opportunity to go abroad. The European schools are no better than the American schools but our pupils must go to Europe. Nine out of ten come back with some half-learned tricks picked up from a second or third rate artist who happens to be the vogue. They take the pose that they are bringing us something. They oppose the man who was responsible for their training and use the name of some foreign teacher as an advertisement.

"So what's the use of giving up two days a week to such pupils? You are only laying the foundation for opposition to your own school. You're not building up California art. You're simply defeating yourself all the time. That's why I abandoned teaching."

Here then were some views on California art. They were offered slowly, calmly, but the personal element was unmistakable. Mathews would be very piquant if he would only name names. Discreet as he is in this respect, he is still exceedingly entertaining. Especially when he gets into full career with his views on California art, the views he discouraged me by pretending that he did not possess.

"The time has got to come," he said, "when we shall get over our so-called cosmopolitanism and be ourselves. We are not cosmopolitan; we are merely provincial. And artistically we are in the position of France during the third medieval period."

I displayed my provincialism by looking very blank.

"In that period," he unriddled, "the people never used their native genius, but hired Italians. The so-called Renaissance was the destruction of the expression of the French people in art. They have never had any since. Later on they got the Academy, but the Academy stands for fake classicism. Our Art Institute, in '89 when I went there to teach, imitated the Academy system."

Which, I take it, is a most artistic knock at the Art Institute. Particularly if taken in connection with Mathews' earlier remark that the Institute has been traveling in a circle. It seems to insinuate that fake classicism holds sway at the school on Nob Hill.

"The Institute," he went on, "was run at that time according to the ideas of what an average American thought such a school ought to be. I simply smothered the whole thing. It took me three years to do it but I did it. I was not a teacher. I was merely a visitor, a critic. I went to the school twice a week. Frequently I learned more from the pupils than they learned from me. We had a larger number of promising men and women at that time than at any other time in the history of the Institute. There were Piazzoni, Martinez, Raphael, Isabel Hunter, Aiken and Lucia K. Mathews. It was the most vital Institute period I know of. The only period like it was in Emil Carlsen's time when Mary Brady, Evelyn McCormick, Guy Rose and Peixotto were trained.

"But it's rather useless to run an art school here. Why develop native talent if one must go somewhere else to get recognition? I had the right idea when I was fourteen years old. I wouldn't go to an art school here. I went to Paris."

"Yes," he said in answer to a question, "native sons have hard work getting recognition here. They usually have to get it abroad first. But if the public sees fit to starve a group of painters, it's the public's business."

"Does the local public do that?" I asked.

"Did San Francisco ever do anything else?" he countered. "Why if I had to depend on this city to buy my pictures—."

He did not finish, but I gathered an impression which is probably entertained also by Colonel Trumbo.

"You see," he resumed, "we have no criticism here based on a rational foundation. We have

(Continued on Page 22.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Progress in Turkey

The Turks throughout the world recently celebrated the second anniversary of the elevation of Mohammed V. to the sultanate of the Ottoman Empire. Two twelvemonths have passed since the gates of the Yildiz Kiosk were battered down and Abdul Hamid was carried off to the seclusion of Salonica. They have been two years of accomplishment. The rich are no longer virtually prisoners of the Sultan; the midle classes may travel throughout the empire without let or hindrance and may meet socially without fear of persecution; country people and villagers now pay their tax but once a year, and not, as formerly, several times under pressure of imprisonment and the bastinado. The navy, by the addition of new ships and the training of seamen by efficient foreign officers, has become strong enough to cope with the fleets of the smaller neighboring States; the army, reorganized, is well fed and clothed and is a force to be reckoned with in the armed camps of Europe. The great problem of government by constitution has not yet been solved, but there are good reasons for hopefulness. The Young Turks have proved their honesty of purpose.

Works, "A Freshman Senator"

This is the disrespectful appellation which the New York Sun applies to Senator John D. Works. The Sun was not impressed with Works' maiden speech in which he advocated the initiative, the referendum and the recall. "In these happier times," says the Sun, "it may soon become the custom of the Senate that the older members shall hold their peace altogether while wisdom speaks out of the mouths of babes and sucklings." "The latest popular toys" the Sun calls the three engines of uplift for which Senator Works pleaded and goes on to state that if the statesmen of the Senate think that there are votes in them they will give them to the people on the principle of "anything to amuse the children."

From Fresno's Ivory Tower

Sitting in his ivory tower in the raisin-scented metropolis of the lower San Joaquin Chester H. Rowell settles the servant problem. With a few swift dashes of his learned pen the editor of the Fresno Republican disposes of a question that is vexing millions in all parts of the world and passes on to more congenial subjects. 'Tis thus that our genial contemporary applies German transcendentalism to a question that ought really to belong to pragmatic philosophy: "It would be a blessing for humanity if housekeeping as a menial task of petty detail could be definitely done away with. If every family had no work except what they were willing to perform for themselves if the occasion required, and were willing to pay definite wages for when perforce it was done by others, there would cease to be such a thing as flunkeyism except among those who are flunkeys by nature. There would be no houses kept except by those who were willing to undertake the burdens of caring for them, and exemptions from life's daily tasks would be accorded only to those ill or decrepit, or those whose time could be made more economically valuable by devoting it to some other occupation, leaving housekeeping to those unskilled in different employments." What a message of cheer this must be to the housewife who haunts the employment agencies!

An English View of Italy

The Italian jubilee now being celebrated arouses melancholy thoughts in the Saturday Review of London, a Tory journal which usually confines its faultfinding to republican institutions and lends its moral support to kingdoms. "The existing condition of Rome and the position of the Pope," says this exceedingly conservative organ, "are standing reproaches to Italian statesmen and a trouble to the conscience of Europe. Fairminded people cannot help asking themselves whether it is compatible with the dignity of a great nation, or of one that claims the title, and that has the privilege of harboring in its capital the spiritual head of so large a part of Christendom, to allow a deliberate policy of menace and insult to be pursued against him by municipal officials if not by the direct agents of the Government." The Review enumerates items of this policy; it comments on "the partial futility of the present position of Italian royalty;" it calls attention to the "grotesque insistence upon the virtues of the first monarch of United Italy." "The ultimate object," it points out, "is not to commemorate the 'Honest King,' but to insult the Pope." And again: "Freedom from external aggression and a sympathetic attitude on the part of the great mass of mankind have given every chance to the new regime, but the result in these respects after fifty years is only too palpably not what the least exacting sympathiser had a right to expect . . . Every excuse being made, therefore, modern Italy is a grave disappointment to her friends, who include all that care for art, history, or literature. She has invited the world to rejoice with her after fifty years of self-government, and to celebrate her achievements. After due consideration, we are bound to confess that the joy of mankind to be sincere must be moderate." This is certainly not the view of modern Italy industriously flashed to foreign eyes by the Methodists and Waldensians of Rome and Florence.

The Troubles of Santa Cruz

The roar of the combers on the bar at Santa Cruz is drowned in the noise of horrendous disturbances. Santa Cruz has a labor war on its hands—or at least Fred Swanton has. Because they pretend to find that Swanton's beach musicians play out of tune with the sweet harmonies of unionism the State Federation of Labor has placed its ban on the entrancing summer resort and has supplicated all good organized workingmen to ignore it in their plans for the coming vacation. But at last accounts Swanton was going right ahead with the plans for opening his big new beach hotel just as though he had not been anathematized. To add to the uproar in Santa Cruz one of the unsuccessful candidates for mayor in the recent election has sued an unfriendly editor for libel. From the Watsonville Register the editor of which is far enough away from the seat of war to hazard a jest on the subject, I extract this perplexed and perplexing comment: "As the matter stands no one knows if it is libel for a paper to say at an alleged meeting, an alleged person with an alleged jag, said he saw the alleged portrait of an alleged colonel appearing in an alleged patent medicine advertisement in an alleged newspaper in the alleged town of Milpitas, said advertisement alleging the alleged colonel had been cured of an alleged complaint by the alleged use of Peruna, or not."

Politics and a Play

"Apres Moi le Deluge," M. Henri Bernstein remarked with bitter wit when his play was withdrawn from the boards of the Comedie Francaise after the demonstrations that accompanied the first performance. And now Paris is being deluged with charges that mix drama and politics so bewilderingly that it is hard for an outsider to understand them. It is being said that the anti-Semites cooperated with the Royalists in the riots and that the withdrawal of the play was a triumph for the sentimentalists—outsiders can only regard them as such—who sport in their button-holes the white carnation, symbol of allegiance to Phillippe, Duke of Orleans, "the effete Bourbon exile." The publication of the late Waldeck-Rousseau's private papers has fanned the flame of republican and royalist hostility and Paris is enjoying the delicious shudders that accompany the thought of a possible coup d'etat. How American press agents must envy M. Bernstein!

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What the Spirits Said

By Noelle Roger (From the French)

They had reached the desert, the luncheon having been as mournful as usual, in the narrow little dining-room. Mechanically Dr. Clamessan pushed the piece of Gruyere cheese across the table to his wife. She shook her head with a gesture of indifference and weariness that he had noted many times in past years. Then he folded his napkin and laid it down on the table, while the maid of all work stumbled in and carried away the dishes. Then Mme. Clamessan spoke.

"We have no more coal," she said. "I will write for some. Can you pay for it on delivery?"

The doctor answered hesitatingly. He was looking over some papers that he had taken from his pocket. Then he rose to go out.

"It is so beautiful outdoors today!" exclaimed the little blonde girl who had been looking out of the window, very silent hitherto. She flattened her nose against the pane without daring to open it. All she could see was a square of deep blue sky above, and below, in the court-yard, a shrub that was just beginning to bud.

Then Claire turned and said: "Oh! grandfather, if I only could—how happy I would be to go with you this afternoon." She stopped, knowing how impossible was her wish, and then she added in a pleading tone: "It is so long since we have had a walk together, grandpapa. It would do you good. I know we can see some lilacs in bloom."

He looked at her thoughtfully, and it seemed to him that he saw in this child the image of her dead mother, his daughter, who had grown up under his roof and whom he had scarcely ever noticed, but who had the tender, loving heart character of her mother.

"Please, grandpapa," pleaded the little girl.

"But, Claire," said her grandmother, "what are you asking for? A whole afternoon lost! And your grandfather is so anxious never to lose an afternoon at his work. You can go out with the servant a few minutes, if you wish to, when she has finished washing the dishes." Then, after a moment's silence, Mme. Clamessan turned to her husband and said: "I have heard that the Bretels gave a dinner last week. They failed to invite us, the same as the others do. They were the last friends we had—nobody ever invites us any more."

The doctor looked up. "It is our own fault," he said. "We never go anywhere, we never see anybody. We haven't paid a visit for ten years. Do you regret your decision?"

She turned away, wearied.

"I? Oh, no. One must choose, as you have often said, between work and friends, if one wants to do something in this world; and we have made our choice."

"I am just on the point of making a remarkable discovery," he said. "Soon, I think—"

"Ah!" she replied.

He looked at her, astonished that she seemed to take so little interest in his work. As he looked it seemed to him that he had not seen her for a long time. He saw her pale, dull, indifferent, as if she were about to vanish altogether out of his life. " How old she is getting," he thought, rather astonished that he hadn't seen it before. "But then, I am so little at home, I have no time, I have no time."

Then Claire came up to him and took hold of his coat. "Grandpapa, we have so few days when the sun shines. Let me at least go to your office with you."

The old man smiled. "Well, yes, if you wish it."

Too soon, according to Claire's idea, they reached the sombre portals of the Institute of Anatomy. Slowly they climbed four flights of stairs, and then the doctor stopped before a door, unlocked it and said to the child in hurried tone: "Good-bye, little one, good-bye."

"And are you sending me home already?" she cried. "Oh, grandpapa, let me go in just for a minute. I won't bother you a bit."

She trotted after him through the immense room, every side of which was filled with shelves, upon every one of which were scores and scores of human skulls.

"It smells awfully stuffy in here," exclaimed Claire. "Let me open the window."

She opened one of the windows and looked out. On the other side of the street were some small houses buried in foliage. "Oh, grandpapa, there are flowers down there," she exclaimed, "lilacs and yellow sunflowers, and oh! some peonies, and I see a gentleman and a lady watering them."

"They have nothing better to do," growled the doctor.

"You prefer your old skulls," she said, gaining courage now that she was away from the heavy atmosphere of home. "Ah, but you have skulls —and such a lot of them! You must have received some new ones, grandpapa?"

"Yes, I have just received a new lot from the hospital. A splendid collection." There was a note in his voice that Claire understood.

"Well, good-bye, grandpapa," she said. "I know I am bothering you."

"Good-bye, little one," he said.

Now there was silence in the great room—a silence broken only by the scratching of the doctor's pen. The hours slipped by unnoticed. The doctor had lost all sense of hearing; he seemed to be lost in some other world. The skulls all about him on the shelves seemed to deepen the silence. The more ancient were of the color of old mahogany; some were spotted with green and dark brown; many were broken and the sutures gaped widely. Some, lacking the lower jaw, seemed to grin horribly. Some of the newer ones, cleaned by a modern process, shone like new toys. Some had the soft tones of pale ivory, with jaws holding full sets of pearl-like teeth. These laughed, too, some cynically, some bitterly, some broadly. The laughter never subsided, it was always there; grotesque, sometimes atrocious. The shadows in the empty orbits seemed to form eyes which gazed fixedly at the man bent over his desk, writing, as silently as they were.

"Ah," thought the doctor to himself, as the shadows of evening crept into the room, "it may be a bad half hour for me, when upon the day of the last judgment all these people come to claim their heads."

But his new discovery absorbed him, body and soul. He began to see whither it would lead; he saw that all philosophies would be overturned, theologians would tear their hair in impotent rage. He had discovered the origin of man; no denial was possible, and he felt the intoxication of victory.

"This is a moment worth living for," he exclaimed as he arose and paced back and forth.

Thicker and thicker, closer and closer, the shadows had crept into the room. It was entirely dark now, but he felt his way back to his chair and sat down. A strange lassitude overcame him. He noted, however, how very dark it was, and then suddenly he heard the door open.

"Who is there?" called the doctor.

Only silence, but he could feel that there was someone there; noiselessly, someone had entered the room.

"Who is there?" he called out again in a severe tone, thinking that some medical student was trying to play a trick on him, but there was no answer. He tried to get up and push the electric button, but some strange weight seemed to hold him down. He fumbled about his desk and then in his pockets, seeking a match, and when he could find none, called out again, this time very angrily: "Enough of this! Who is there? Answer at once!"

Only silence. Then the door opened and closed again and then again. Many persons seemed to be coming into the room and clustering about him. The doctor felt some terrible event was happening. His forehead was covered with a cold perspiration and he trembled in every limb. He had been unable to find a match and now he felt that he would not dare make a light.

Then he heard a voice, very close to him—such a weak and tremulous voice as he had never before heard in his whole life. It said: "Doctor—doctor, we are come—we are come." And then another voice, even more pleading, more tremulous, if possible, repeated: "We are come." Then many quavering voices took up the same refrain.

The doctor trembled, for he remembered his joke: "On the day of the last judgment, I will pass a bad half hour, when they come to ask for their skulls." And now it seemed to him that this half hour had come.

The voices began again, incessantly: "Doctor, give us back—give us back—"

He sat upright in his chair and called out sternly: "They are all there, all of them. Take them." Then the thought of his great discovery encouraged him, and he added: "They have been of service to me, of service to Science. The work is finished—you can take them, take them all!"

There was a deep silence for a while and finally the doctor heard a sad voice say: "We will await your pleasure, doctor. You, the great scientist, will surely know how to pick them out—"

At this statement the doctor felt a cold chill run through him from head to foot. "That depends," he stammered. "I have them here from all parts of the world."

"We will help you," said a voice, a little firmer and more distinct that the others. "I was born in a little village in Brazil. My father became an enormously wealthy man. All that wealth can give, I had. You can surely easily recognize my skull, the skull of a man of importance."

At such ignorance the doctor almost burst out laughing. "No," said he, "your bones do not differ from those of the poorest beggar. I cannot give you any satisfaction. Help yourself; you will find the Brazilian skulls on the right, down there, third shelf."

Then the doctor heard another voice. "When I was young, I killed an enemy. What men call justice compelled me to pass all my life shut up in a dungeon. Rather would I have had the justice of God! The judges said I was a degenerate.

(Continued on Page 23.)

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The Spectator

Another Municipal Scandal

Once more San Francisco has a graft investigation on hand, a very fragrant one, too. The present scandal is the result of an experiment in sanitary regulation of the "oldest profession on earth." This experiment had the sanction and approval of some very distinguished clergymen who take a deep interest in sublunary as well as spiritual affairs. Had they been more worldly wise they would not have rushed in with enthusiasm to pluck roses from briars; nor had an upheaval of nature occurred could they have been thrown into greater panic fright than that which seized them when they learned that the finger of suspicion was pointing at their beneficent enterprise. They behaved rather like ordinary, unanointed mortals not immune from the taint of scandal than like gentlemen of the cloth, public confidence in whom cannot be shaken.

The Identifying of Leffingwell

This brand new municipal scandal involves two men who have very intimate relations with Mayor McCarthy, and it is therefore embarrassing to him; especially so as he is about to plunge into his campaign for re-election. Naturally it is all very grateful to his enemies, and they are pushing the investigation with great zeal; so much so that they appear to be concerned more about the immediate political effect than about the consequences to the persons to whom crime is imputed. Now it is important to the people that if crimes have been committed the guilty persons should be punished, even though they be public officials. We have had enough of bungling in such matters in the past. It would be a good thing to send an official grafter to jail once in a while. But from the methods that are being pursued there seems to be little chance of accomplishing anything. We are told that Elmore Leffingwell, the Mayor's secretary, has been identified as a man who had certain dealings with Thelma Leroy. Now when there is a question of identity to be settled there is a proper way of settling it. That was not the way pursued in this instance. If Thelma Leroy had been required to pick Leffingwell out of a group of men, and had picked him out, her testimony notwithstanding her reputation would now be of some value.

Some Recall Judges

Of very few of our jurists can it be said that they are happy men, being full of the present, its bounty sufficing them. They are all concerned about the constitutional amendment providing for the application of the recall to the judiciary. It is a significant fact that in the whole State, of the two or three judges who have expressed themselves in favor of the recall there is not one who has not cultivated public opinion more assiduously than he has cultivated a familiarity with the fundamentals of law. All of them have been candidates for the Supreme Court, and all of them are known to the legal profession as judges who have practiced law by ear. Each argues in favor of the recall on the same principle, the very shallow principle that if the people are competent to elect they are also competent to recall. Of course the truth of the matter is the people are not competent to elect. If they were competent to elect there would be much less occasion for complaint about the judiciary, and it is because they elect that judges who might otherwise be efficient are far from being so. If the people were competent to elect judges there would be hardly any need of courts so little litigation would there be. If the people were competent to elect nine-tenths of the lawyers in the State would have to find some other means of livelihood, for the incompetents would have no practice. Again, supposing that the people were competent to elect judges, how does it follow that they are fit to handle such a dangerous weapon as the recall? There is the same difference between the employment of the elective franchise and the employment of the recall as there is between the use of a carving knife and the use of a bowie. It is all a question of mood. When a man dissects a fowl he is not in the same mood as when he seizes a bowie. Another point that appears to be overlooked by the advocates of the recall; one that is of paramount importance: it is not altogether a question of competency on the part of the people, but a question as well of independence on the part of the judiciary. Justice is impaired in the degree in which judges lack independence. A judge under our system is never so impartial as the day after election, and never so unfit for duty as the day before election. Yet the advocates of the recall would have every judge perpetually on the eve of election.

Angellotti for Chief Justice

While on the subject of judges I am reminded of one who, though full of the present is also anxious about the morrow's hidden season. Not content is he to do what lies clearly at hand. His grand business is to indulge anticipation, to see what lies dimly at a distance, to conjure pleasant visions on the cloud-curtain of the future. This is our young and restless friend, Justice Angellotti, who is under the spur of ambition, struggling with destiny. He is delighting his mind's eye with an image of himself in the chair now occupied by Chief Justice Beatty. Realizing that the hours have winged feet he has taken time by the forelock and marked the seat which is not to be vacated for four years as the goal of his ambition. As Chief Justice Beatty has signified his intention to retire from the bench at the end of his term it is of course with the best of feeling that Justice Angellotti enters himself as a candidate for the exalted office. It may seem rather early for Justice Angellotti to open his campaign, but in these days of progressive politics it is indeed the early bird that catches the worm.

The Rise of an Engineer

The report on the street that Samuel Naphtaly, the engineer, has left the Fleishhacker interests to become the chief engineer for the Great Western Power Company serves to remind me of the rapid rise of this young man. In his new position he will command a magnificent salary and will take his place among the great engineers who have been or are now identfied with the gigantic power projects of the West. His success is due to natural capabilities reinforced by unremitting study and a love of his work which keeps him continually "on the job." Naphtaly is a son of the well known attorney and it was his father's dearest wish that he should study for the bar. As a boy, living with his parents at the California Hotel, he was forever tinkering with the boilers or the elevators or repairing push buttons. So his father abandoned his own predilection and saw to it that the youngster received a thorough grounding in electrical engineering. Afterwards he bought him an interest in the Emporium power plant, one of those cellar plants which supplied power to neighboring stores. From there young Naphtaly went to the gas company where he speedily proved himself an expert engineer with a special talent in economizing power. From the first he saved the supply of power on Sundays and holidays when less needs to be generated than on weekdays. From the gas company he went to the Fleishhackers and now he has left them for a bigger field. Those who know say that he has a great career ahead of him. That the broadening of his horizon will not change

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his habits of work is probable. It is not uncommon to see Naphtaly, after a hard day's work, rushing home to dress for dinner and the theater; then you are likely to see him, about midnight, supping in some cafe with every appearance of leisured enjoyment; but later still it may be that you will notice him speeding about town in his car, studying questions of power or lighting which cannot by their nature be attended to during the day. I am told that he sometimes snatches his sleep in a chair between activities.

The Light and Power War

This mention of Naphtaly reminds me that the big interests are even now lining up for what will undoubtedly be a very important and a very interesting light and power war. There are many angles to the situation but at the points of particular vantage we find the Great Western Power Company, the San Francisco Gas and Electric, the Municipal Light and Power Company and the United Properties Company. Here are aggregations endowed with millions and brains that will make things hum before they are through. Back of the Great Western Power Company stand the immense Hawley interests. This corporation has a strong hold on Alameda County and is already in the local field, bidding for electric business. The Municipal Light and Power Company is also competing with the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company in the sale of electricity. The Smith-Hanford interests in the United Properties Company are strong in Oakland and are building some seventy miles of conduits in this city, besides buying up all the small cellar plants making electricity and steam that they can lay their hands on. Of course the fight will be warmest in this city, but it is also waging in Oakland where the Hawley and Fleishhacker interests are competing with the United Properties Company. And in the background, threatening to enter the local field, hovers John Hays Hammond, assisted by John Coffey Hayes. Hammond has consolidated the Tuolumne power properties and the Legrange properties created by the late Jeff Doolittle and is awaiting his opportunity. He controls enough sources to supply power for the whole Coast. Naturally the power people are asking, When will he get busy?

That Atrocious Sign

By the way, if old Claus Spreckels could see the atrocious electric sign which son Rudolph has spread across the front of the Claus Spreckels Building as an advertisement for the Municipal Light and Power Company, he would turn in his grave. Old Claus was proud of his building and would never allow it to be disfigured. His son John D. sympathized with this feeling and did everything in his power to deter people from calling it the Call Building, its right name being the Claus Spreckels Building. But Rudolph does not share this sentimental feeling. Perhaps, too, he saw a chance to plague John D. by the disfigurement.

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Sore at the Governor

I heard a man conversant with the inner workings of politics remark the other day that the feeling of soreness cherished by the members of the recent legislature toward Governor Johnson surpasses anything of the sort exhibited for many years. He prophesied that when the next session is held the holdover Senators and the reelected assemblymen would be prepared to swat his excellency hip and thigh. It is a bold prophesy, for two years may heal many wounds. But the examples of the prevailing sentiment which he gave me were interesting. There is Senator John Curtin of Sonora. He had charge of the constitutional amendment for the reform of taxation and worked hard between sessions to insure its adoption by the voters. He gave his time and money to an educational campaign, made expensive trips, hired stenographers and neglected his large law practice. Then he put in a bill of four thousand dollars for expenses. On the last day for signing bills he went to Sacramento to see the Governor. But he didn't gain admission to the august presence. The Governor was too busy to grant him audience. So Curtin returned to Sonora vowing vengeance, and his expense bill was killed. Senators Welch and Hare of this city had an experience of much the same kind. With Senator Wolfe they had been appointed on a between-session commission to investigate the high cost of living. They put in expense bills of $1500 apiece. They too went to see the Governor on that last day for the signing of bills. At first they were denied audience, but they persisted and managed to see the Governor after cooling their heels in the ante-chamber for a long time. But their claims were not allowed. The Governor explained that he would prefer to have the Board of Control pass on such bills, but as there is no board of control yet they will have to wait two years for their money and may not get it even then. I am told that what Welch and Hare said about the Governor would not look well in a family journal. Their associate, Senator Wolfe, probably recognized the futility of importuning the Governor. Instead of going to Sacramento he went East with Henry Ach and Thomas H. Williams. His destination is Nauheim where he will take the cure for his rheumatism and where he will have little occasion to meditate on petty politics.

Unmolested Morals

Among the measures vetoed by Governor Johnson was the one known as the net container bill. This was the bill designed to improve the morals of trade, or rather to put an end to one of the dishonesties of trade. The bill provided that there should be a plain statement on every package of the quantity or weight of the contents. What the objection was to this bill I have not been informed. What better legislation could be enacted than such as might diminish the illicit practices, the venial deceptions, the direct thefts of certain manufacturers? Assuredly legislation of this kind is in line with the most vehement professions of the current upright Administration. It is committed to nothing more strenuously, more emphatically, than to the purification of morals by commandments with penal attachments. And it is not to be gainsaid that of class morals there are not to be found any more in need of improvement than those which are embalmed in what is known as "customs of trade." Then why was the net container bill sent to the limbo of forgotten legislation? Who protested and why? Was it some distinguished packer of decayed fruit? or was it some wizard who employs five quarts to the gallon?

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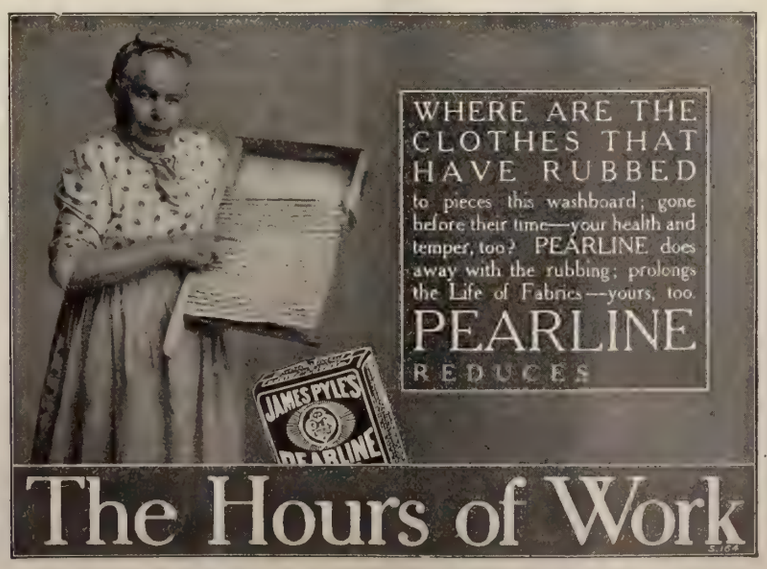
Kent and His Friend Cobb

From Washington came the news last week that a protest had been made to the Senate Com-



mittee on judiciary against the confirmation of Charles W. Cobb, nominated recently as assistant attorney-general for the Interior Department on the recommendation of Representative Kent; whereat there was much indignation among the sycophants of the prodigal millionaire of Marin county. The gravamen of the protest against Cobb's appointment is that he will be placed in charge of the case against Kent's cattle company indicted for illegal fencing of public domain in Nevada. It is pointed out that the relations between Kent and the Interior Department are analagous to the relations that existed between that department and the Cunningham claimants during the Ballinger regime. Secretary Fisher and Representative Kent are intimate friends, and the Secretary has the power to render valuable service to the California and Nevada land baron. With Cobb on the job matters will be greatly facilitated in the manner most gratifying to Kent whose pull even now is apparently prodigious; for though indicted about a year ago his company has never been prosecuted. What reason there is for the delay is not apparent. In accordance with custom the Department of Justice was asked to report as to the advisability of proceeding with the trial on the indictment or permitting Kent to settle with the government by paying damages. Kent, it is said, is in favor of the settlement course; but this is incredible as it must be remembered that the rectitudinous reformer from Marin is a representative of the League of Justice, one of the cardinal principles of which is that when accused of crime one is presumed to be guilty, and therefore if innocent will insist upon vindication.

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The Patriotic Cobb

Whatsoever be the truth as to Mr. Kent's attitude in the matter it is clear he has not been pressing the case to trial in his eagerness to vindicate his corporation. On the other hand it is clear he has been trying to get an intimate friend into the Department of Justice; also that he has received aid from President Taft who, of late, has been falling over his own feet in his mad haste to conciliate insurgents. How well Representative Kent has succeeded thus far the appointment of Cobb indicates, and how pleasing the appointment was to Representative Kent we learn from the Boughten Bulletin, which tells us what a good man Cobb is, what a great patriot, as was evidenced when patriotism was put to the test in this city, since Cobb was not one of the lawyers who "put their talents on the bargain counter"; which is true as we all know because the transcript of testimony in the Calhoun case shows that Cobb was taken in on the ground floor by Francis J. Heney, who made him his partner and compensated his patriotic self-sacrifice through the medium of the fructiferous Spreckels leg which yielded for this particular purpose twenty-five thousand dollars in hard cash exclusive of office expenses.

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All defenders of Kent are not hypocritical purveyors of cant. He has some defenders who believe in him; who have such faith in his purity that they would not even enter into a discussion of the practical way in which he conducted his campaign. Among these sincere admirers of Congressman Kent is the Candid Friend of the Call, an excellent, typical partisan whose constancy to the only viewpoint that is ever available to him is never to be shaken. He was an ardent supporter of the cabal against Ballinger. Like a true partisan he made that quarrel personal to himself. He believed everything that was said against Ballinger, never for a moment letting "his frail thoughts dally with faint surmise." But now that the shoe is on the other foot he is bursting with indignation. He quotes a despatch from Washington telling of the relations between Kent and Secretary Fisher and then vociferates: "The malicious spirit of the foregoing is obvious without explanation"; also, "The half veiled and insincere attack on Kent is rather pitiful." To be sure it is. From the narrow viewpoint of this bigoted partisan, how could it be otherwise? Our judgments are indeed determined less by intellectual processes than by our feelings which are governed by our likes and our dislikes. If it were otherwise how little of fanatical partisanship there would be in the world!

Such a Nice Man!

From a gentleman recently returned from Washington I have received some interesting news with reference to Kent. He tells me that Kent's status as a statesman has been fixed for all time. Asked how it was fixed he told me this story: "According to the conventions of the House when a Representative has a speech to make he gets an allowance of time from his party floor leader. When Kent wanted to deliver his maiden speech he went to the Democratic leader and asked for time to roast the tariff. It was given to him; and sotto voce the man by whom it was given expressed his opinion of the Republican congressman from California. This was Kent's introduction to the House, and the manner of it was enough to fix his status, but as though to render himself unique and memorable the distinguished reformer devoted most of his time to a tirade of abuse against his predecessor, Duncan McKinlay. Have you any more like him in California? is the question Washington statesmen are now asking."

A Fiasco in Finance

The assets of the Sunset National Oil Company have been sold under the hammer by the referee in bankruptcy who coverted them into forty-six hundred dollars cash. Thus ends another chapter in the financial history of organized labor. The Sunset Company was organized

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by labor leaders to promote speculation among wage-earners. It was the "laboring man's oil company." The predatory plutocrat was barred therefrom. None but the faithful union man was to be permitted a slice of the turkey, and by union men about fifty thousand dollars was subscribed. Local union men have learned another costly lesson, and they are said to have become so wary that now they are reluctant to put up for the defense of the dynamite suspects. Some of them aren't sure the money will reach its destination.

Commandeering an Organ

There was great excitement, not to say consternation, in the Tapestry Room of the St. Francis last Thursday night. And well there might be, for a gang of perspiring, coatless and hatless men suddenly rushed into that sacred abode of music, gossip and liquid refreshment, and rushed out with the organ. The musicians were too bewildered to protest and the guests looked on in dumb amazement at what they regarded as the most daring and most public robbery that had ever been perpetrated. Those who followed the gang to the street saw them lift the organ into an express wogan, bundle in after it and disappear in a mad clatter of flying hoofs and grinding wheels up Geary street. The explanation came later. Just before the curtain rose on the last act of Bernhardt's "La Sorciere" at the Columbia it was discovered that the property man had neglected to supply an organ. There was a panic behind the scenes. Organ music supplies one of the indispensable effects for the close of the Sardou play, and there was no organ in the theater! Edward J. Sullivan, the manager of the Bernhardt company, tore his hair in frenzy and muttered terrific cuss words. But suddenly an inspiration came to him and he hastily telephoned to James Woods, the manager of the St. Francis. "I want to borrow the St. Francis organ," he yelled. When the situation was made clear to Woods he cheerfully lent the organ; but before he could send word to the Tapestry Room an express wagon full of huskies was bearing it to the theater. The act went off well and nobody in the theater knew of the eleventh-hour contretemps which had so nearly spoiled the play.

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The Origin of the Statuettes

There is an interesting story in the marketing of the Mutt and Jeff statuettes. Realizing the financial value of the ideas embodied by "Bud" Fisher in his comic creations Hearst had the drawings copyrighted in seventy-five different forms. But Hearst never thought of Mutt and Jeff statuettes. It remained for a Los Angeles bartender to conceive that happy idea. This man, one Gilroy, took George Cline, a sporting goods dealer of the southern city, into his confidence. Cline saw the moneymaking possibilities, so the twain interested Joe and Dan Murphy of this city. Joe Murphy gave up the champagne business for the new venture and has seen no reason to regret the move. The profits of the sales which are large wherever the original pictures are known, must be divided between the Hearst News Syndicate, "Bud" Fisher, Gilroy, Cline, a New York sculptor named Whittier who designed the manikins and the Murphys. But there is a handsome profit for all.

Mrs. Atherton's New Novel

The novel on which Gertrude Atherton will soon commence work in her favorite city of Munich will be founded on the play of "Julia France" which she wrote for Mrs. Fiske and which that actress is expected to produce next winter. "The usual way," says Mrs. Atherton, "is to dramatise a novel or novelise a drama. My play is written, and before it appears I am going to write the novel, which is another affair altogether. What strikes me is the thought that this is pre-eminently a woman's epoch, as there have been other women's epochs in the history of the world. That is the big canvas behind the play and novel, which last, I suppose, will occupy me all summer. When winter comes I shall probably settle in Washington in order to write another 'Senator North.' My American publisher and friend, whom I humbly obey, says a new

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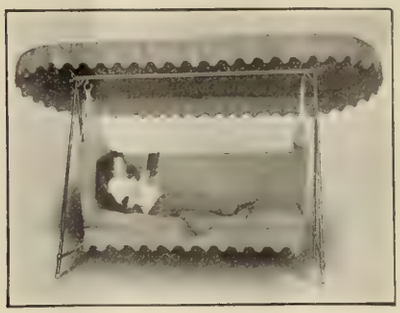

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COMMERCIAL SAVINGS FOREIGN

world of American politics has evolved since 'Senator North' was written and no doubt he is right, as usual."

Hearst's London Paper

Although William Randolph Hearst denied emphatically that he had bought the Weekly Budget of London, it has been established conclusively that the paper stands in the name of Hearst's father-in-law and it "is understood" that Hearst himself supplied the money with which papa-in-law acquired it. When interviewed Hearst stated that the Budget had been bought by Blakely Hall, lately the Hearst representative in London. But he studiously avoided stating that Hall had transferred the property to George Leslie Willson, the father of the beautiful woman who is Mrs. William Randolph Hearst. The purchase price was $15,000. Now there is no incongruity in supposing that Hearst advanced this money, part in cash and part by promissory note, as it is said he did, for Willson is not regarded as a man of means. Just why Hearst makes such a mystery of the transaction is something of a puzzle. Perhaps premature publicity interferes with some of his deep laid plans.

Buckley at His Old Tricks

The exoneration of Dandridge H. Bibb in the Superior Court the other day was what might have been expected. While traveling in the East Bibb was arrested at the instigation of "Chris" Buckley, the former political boss of unsavory memory, and charged with having fraudulently sold a piece of property. From the testimony in the case it appeared that Buckley swore out the warrant to compel Bibb's return to the State in order to get his deposition in a civil suit pending in San Jose. There was a time when Buckley could do that sort of thing with impunity. That was before he found it expedient to become a fugitive from justice. In all probability he will find that it is expensive to indulge at this late day in the practices of the halcyon period of his career, for Bibb intends to sue him for damages.

Marin's Eternal Problem

A boon of inestimable value has come to our aristocratic colony of Ross Valley; indeed to every person whose home is in the beautiful, picturesque county of Marin. This boon is a choice bit of literature, the finest thing for summer reading in a hammock that ever emanated from any press; that is, provided the hammock be within sound of the voice of the melodious mosquito. This brochure is entitled "Farmers' Bulletin No. 444." It was issued by the Department of Agriculture. The author is Dr. L. O. Howard, a profound student of the mosquito in his infinite variety. He has made a valuable contribution to the sum of human knowledge. His work abounds in hints to the great mass of mankind. Under the pregnant head "Remedies for Mosquito Bites," he says that by holding the wounded hand to a hot lamp chimney "the irritation of mosquito punctures will be relieved instantly." The hot chimney is a sovereign remedy accessible to the humblest and the lowliest. But it is only for the brave. Less drastic treatment may be employed. The wet end of a piece of toilet soap rubbed gently on the inflamed surface will be found efficacious, though not as effectual as applications of ammonia, alcohol, glycerine, indigo or iodine. If one prefers not to be bitten one may employ certain aparatus. Says Dr. Howard, "Take a tin cup containing kerosene, attach it to a pole and when you see Culex or Anopheles on the ceiling press the cup over him and he dies." The doctor tells us that by this method "the majority of the mosquitoes in

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a given bedroom can be caught before one goes to bed." But the doctor has never lived in Ross Valley in midsummer, and he doesn't know how swiftly the ranks on the ceiling are recruited. Still even in Ross Valley one doesn't have to go early to bed.

Smudges and Fumigants

Naturally it will be suggested that all mosquitoes don't roost on the ceiling. For the capture of the others a trap has been contrived. It is a box 12 by 12 by 9 inches in the top of which is a revolving piece of wood that fans the air, thus cooling the recess and luring the unwary songbird of the swamps to destruction. It is very simple, but the trapper must facilitate matters by engaging in the chase with a feather duster. The inventor of this trap has caught as many as eighty-three of the winged beasts in a day. For the languid who have no sporting blood in their veins Dr. Howard recommends certain protective liquids. But as these evaporate during the night one must have an alarm clock and anoint oneself about daylight especially where the yellow fever abounds for the yellow fever mosquito is on the wing at dawn. The doctor is an enthusiast for smudges and fumigants. The best fumigant is Pyrethrum powder, but to be effective it must be used in a closed room and the fumigator must remain enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Dr. Howard is very discouraging to persons who think that the best way to deal with mosquitoes is to attack them in their breeding places. He says extermination is impossible because mosquitoes breed not only in marshes but in urns in cemeteries, in the tracks of horses, flower vases, in the very smallest receptacles. A swarm of thousands may come out of the water contained in half of a beer bottle. So what's the use.

The Get-Together Spirit

At the Olympic Club banquet Saturday night William Greer Harrison was the guest of honor, and on being introduced by President Humphrey he was given a most uproarious greeting. When the noise subsided he remarked that so cordial a welcome seemed to argue that the hole had been filled up. This allusion to the big excavation that was made in the Olympic club's lot in the last days of Mr. Harrison's administration evoked more thunders of applause. It was an allusion that everybody understood, for the making of that hole caused a great deal of soreness. The members believed it was a grievous and expensive blunder, and Mr. Harrison was much censured though he had but followed the advice of an architect. The hole has been filled up, and the new club building has taken shape, and the Olympians being prosperous and happy once more are now inclined to remember rather the valuable services rendered by Harrison in the days agone when the club was far from affluent than the unfortunate mistake that provoked unpleasant criticism. The banquet, by the way, was a joyous affair, and some rattling good speeches were made. Justice Melvin phrased felicitously some beautiful sentiments touching the State of California which warmed the cockles of his hearers' hearts. William H. Crocker was both facetious and grave, and as happy in one humor as in the other. He touched on the subject of the Exposition, which, he said, would be well worth the money subscribed and voted if it had but one result and that the reconciliation of the jarring interests of this community. So far as he was concerned, he said, notwithstanding his own experience, he was willing to wipe out the past and join hands for the common good.

They Forgot the Trowel

The laying of the cornerstone of the new Olympic Club went off smoothly, but there came near being a hitch in the ceremonies. The corner stones of important buildings are usually laid with silver trowels properly inscribed. But at six o'clock of the evening before the Olympic Club ceremony it was discovered that everybody had forgotten about the trowel. It takes time to make a silver trowel and it takes more time to engrave it. But the Olympians were not dismayed. They hunted up the manager of one of our big jewelry establishments and had him open the shop and summon silversmiths. Work was commenced at once and continued through the night. When the ceremony took place the following afternoon the silver trowel was ready.

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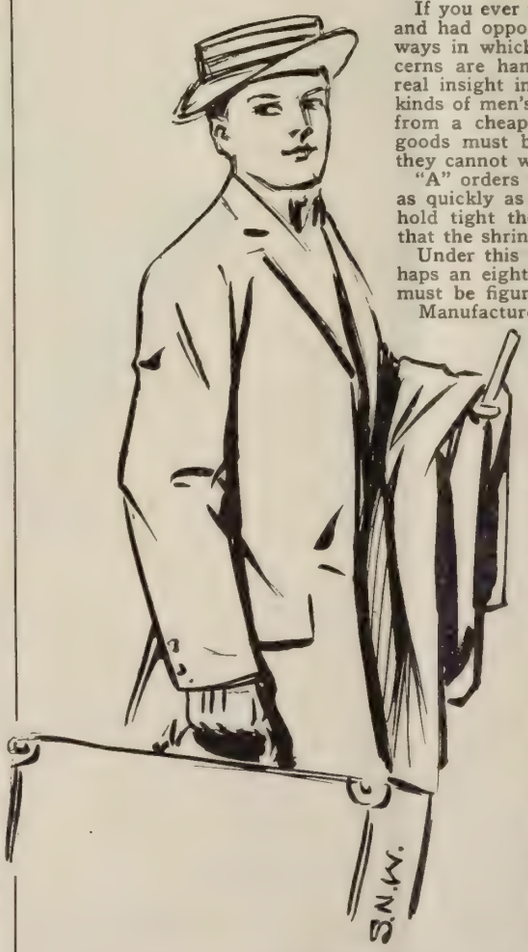

If you ever were in a shrinking plant in New York and had opportunity to notice the difference in the ways in which materials for different clothing concerns are handled there, you would get your first real insight into the different costs of the different kinds of men's clothing. Here comes a lot of goods from a cheap manufacturer we will call "A." All goods must be nominally shrunken, you know, or they cannot well be advertised as such.

"A" orders his goods passed over the steam roller as quickly as possible, and the man is delegated to hold tight the other end of the piece of cloth so that the shrinkage will be as little as possible.

Under this arrangement "A" stands a loss of perhaps an eighth of a yard to the piece, all of which must be figured in his estimates of cost.

Manufacturer "B" sends over some materials to be shrunk. He is a trifle higher in class, and is willing to allow a little more generously for shrinkage, say a quarter to a half a yard to the piece.

Manufacturer "C" wants his goods really shrunken. His orders are to do a good job, to water-shrink them, whether the loss is three-quarters, or a whole yard, or even more to the piece. His loss is greater and his cost more but when his fabrics are made up into suits, they hold their shape.

We belong to the "C" class of manufacturers, and with thoroughly shrunken goods to start on we spare no pains in their subsequent manufacture.

The result is the perfect "WOOD" CLOTHING FOR MEN, which we are turning out from our New York factory and selling here and in our Oakland stores.

It is only of recent years that our manufacturing department has reached such a state of high efficiency. But this is the way "WOOD" CLOTHING is being made now. Never mind what happened before the fire, or how our suits were turned out then. The world is moving, and this business is keeping up with the band wagon of progress.

See the new samples of "WOOD" ready-made clothing for men now on sale at $15, $17.50, $20 and $25

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Those Crocker Pearls Again

A correspondent whose calligraphy shows many signs of undue excitement, writes me anent the Jennie Crocker pearls. This fair unknown—she is a woman and all women are fair in print—professes to have discovered that Miss Crocker is in possession of the pearl necklace which she is supposed to have lost at that celebrated ball at the St. Francis. And how does my correspondent prove this interesting, if unimportant assertion? By reference to the recent society vaudeville at the Valencia Theater. In that vaudeville, you remember, Miss Crocker with Miss Merritt Reid, Mrs. Fred McNear, Mrs. Worthington Ames and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, tripped forth in a musical number, "Look out for Jimmie Valentine," wearing a jupe-culotte gown. Then

Photo, H. Pierre Smith

MISS RUBY GEORGE

A charming young woman whose engagement to Mr. Clifford Martin was announced recently at the home of Mrs. Payne.

Willard Barton, Walter Hush and Arthur Hooper, as the musical burglars, discovered the long-lost string of Crocker pearls on the person of Miss Crocker. All very pretty and entertaining. But my correspondent will have it that the pearls used were the real simon-pure pearls which Miss Crocker is supposed to have lost. She gives me alleged details of the alleged loss—this sounds like journalese skating the thin ice of libel, but really the whole thing is allegatory—which it would be indiscreet to publish here. All I can say is that if Miss Crocker really has the original pearls supposed to have been lost beyond recovery, I for one am not surprised. Suppose they had been misplaced instead of stolen? It would have required superfeminine courage to say so after all that pother had been kicked up.

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A Gambling Club for Women

That was an interesting account which appeared in the papers a few days ago about the Monterey Club in Grant avenue and its membership of women who go there to gamble through the medium of the great American game of poker. The story gained notoriety, you recall, because one of the women whose people are said to be prominent socially in Philadelphia while her husband is said to have a Pittsburg coal baron for a father, objected to the loss of $57 and summoned her hubby to help her express her indignation. Afterwards the husband disappeared and reappeared to account for his absence with a remarkable narrative of kidnaping. It was all very entertaining. But the newspapers merely scratched the surface of the story. And that is just as well. It would cause too much trouble if the whole truth came out. As a matter of fact the Monterey Club numbers in its membership many women who do not have to reach across the continent to establish their social prominence. They are very prominent socially right here in San Francisco. Some of them love to gamble for the excitement of the thing, while others gamble to add to the pin money which is allowed them in rather generous sums by their husbands. Gaming has run high at this curious establishment. The names of those women who have won and lost hundreds of dollars at poker will never be published, I hope. Such a publication would serve no good purpose and cause no end of trouble. The same applies to the women in the club who eschew poker but who have been devoting themselves passionately to the insidious pastime of "playing the ponies." For this pastime every facility was afforded at this club. Equal facilities for the quenching of thirst with pleasant but perilous alcoholic beverages were provided. Take it all in all, this was an establishment unique in local annals. It is just as well that too much was not learned of its membership by the prying reporters.

The Ladies Please Him Not

A very popular young chap who is vice-president of one of our largest and most successful dry goods establishments which maintains branches in Paris and New York, entered the St. Francis a few days ago with a blue bachelor button displayed on the lapel of his coat. The symbol of confirmed celibacy excited the astonishment of his friends who did not look upon this blade as one who cherished sentiments of anything but the deepest admiration for the gentler sex. So they asked him about the significance of the flower. In his most picturesque diction which he always flavors with rich Gallic wit he expressed an extremely unsympathetic opinion of women. And then his friends remembered that the engagement of pretty Miss Jennie Lee to whom he had been very devoted was a feature of the morning news.

Mrs. Alexander is Here

Mrs. Henry Alexander of New York is receiving much attention from the friends of her daughter Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt Jr. She is a youthful appearing woman who might be taken for the sister of her daughter. They bear a strong resemblance to each other and by many people Mrs. Alexander is voted the prettier. Mother and daughter were lunching at the St. Francis a few days since and attracted admiring glances. Mrs. Alexander wore a purple cloth suit with black braiding and a hat of purple straw in one of the new shapes. Mrs. Roosevelt's costume was blue and she had a becoming red bow on her hat. Mrs. Roosevelt, by the way, is partial to low collars. Most of her frocks are finished with them and she has some Irish lace collars that are the work of her own hands. Miss Harriet Alexander of New York who was

MRS. ALFRED ROSENSTIRN

Who previous to her recent marriage was Miss Sylvia Talbot.

presented at court in London last week is the cousin of Mrs. Roosevelt as well as of Miss Jennie and Templeton Crocker. She is the daughter of Charles B. Alexander whose wife was Hattie Crocker.

Is Miss Schultz Wavering?

The fact that Miss Elyse Schultz was observed one day this week at Shreve's giving orders for the fitting of a large diamond ring has caused many to wonder whether this interesting girl is wavering in her devotion to single blessedness. There may be something in this speculation. Miss Schultz has had lots of suitors, but the attentions of two men are particularly marked

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INTERIOR DECORATION AND OBJECTS D' ART
TEMPORARY OFFICE, GRANADA HOTEL TELEPHONE FRANKLIN 422

at the present time. One of them is a lawyer prominent in his profession. His intimates have usually regarded him as a bachelor of the discouraging confirmed variety, but one is never surprised when a confirmed bachelor capitulates to the charms of a pretty girl. The other devoted man is a millionaire of considerable note. Was it one of these who presented the diamond ring without taking the exact measure of Miss Schultz's finger?

The Count's Devotion

The announcement of the engagement of Count de la Rocca of Colon, formerly connected with the French Consulate in this city, to the daughter of a French official, will bring to mind his deep devotion to pretty Miss Elsie Tallant. Although his affection was not reciprocated by the charming belle, who was a debutante at the time, he persisted in his attentions and freely confessed his love to many of her society friends. It is related that the first evening the count (who could not speak English) met Miss Tallant he paid her the compliment of saying that she spoke the most perfect French of all the young ladies he had met in the West, an opinion he did not change when he knew her better. Apropos Miss Tallant, her friends will be pleased to hear that she has entirely recovered from her long illness and is at present in New York with her mother. She is a great favorite in social circles in the metropolis. Mrs. Tallant has taken an apartment and will remain until late in the Fall.

A Novel Luncheon

To Mrs. Robert Davis of Berkeley belongs the credit of a most novel luncheon. It was given recently at her home. The invitations called it a "cafeteria luncheon" and it justified the description in every detail. From an improvised counter the guests, numbering some ninety-eight, took tiny trays, napkins, forks etc., and then helped themselves to chicken pie, salad, buttered toast, almonds, cheese, crackers and ices. Funny signs were hung about the room. One sign read: "The managers have strained every lobe of their brain to further the interest of patrons and hope they will meet with every discouragement." Miss Constance Davis and two or three young debutantes were dressed as waitresses. After luncheon a basket was passed around with cigars and cigarettes which, although made of chocolate, looked so natural that Mrs. Spencer, the conventional mother of Mrs. Davis, became horrified and showed her disapproval by leaving the room. When she was satisfied that the cigars and cigarettes were of candy she returned. Among others present were Mrs. J. K. Armsby, Mrs. Charles Belden, Mrs. George Plummer, Mrs. Goodlove, Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mrs. House, Mrs. William P. Treat, Mrs. Grim, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Towle, Mrs. E. Van Bergen, Mrs. Williard Wayman and Mrs. George Roe.

Samuel Newhouse, richest of Utah's millionaires, is at the St. Francis for a long stay.

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Joshing a Princess

The eastern prints have not received with proper seriousness the intelligence that our Princess Abigail Wahikaahuula Kawananakoa has been "commanded" to the Coronation. It is not often that we of this western edge of civilization find an opportunity to bask vicariously in the smiles of royalty and we wish that more importance would be attached to an event of this sort by our scoffing neighbors on the Atlantic seaboard. But they are incurably derisive. I find one of them commenting on the regal command: "I wink me the eye." Is this jealousy or what? I do not like to read that "Abby is ambitious beyond bounds, and it appears as if some press agent is endeavoring to give her a boost." That is neither polite nor accurate. Neither is it very funny to chronicle that "some wag has expressed curiosity as to whether she intends to put up at St. James Palace or Windsor Castle." And I do not like to read that her "husband's title is said to be one given to him by courtesy when the Sandwich Islands had their comic-opera monarchy of dusky rulers and court attendants." Princesses should not be joshed. They are entitled to respect, although they rarely receive it in this hopelessly democratic republic. No doubt when the "Princess Can o' Cocoa," as she is sometimes called for convenience, reaches London she will be accorded the deference which is her due.

The Princess Disappointed

The Princess Kawananakoa, by the way, disappointed the curious on the occasion of the recent wedding of young Jay Gould and Anne Douglass Graham in New York. It had been rather needlessly heralded that the Princess would appear at St. Thomas's Church in her famous Hawaiian humming-bird cape. This cape is of tiny feathers from a bird that inhabited the high altitudes of one of the Hawaiian Islands, and the species is now extinct. As each bird had but one feather, this forming a sort of topknot, the difficulty of gathering enough to make a cape may be imagined. The cape which the Princess inherited is a bright almost iridescent yellow, and although very old, is in perfect condition and wonderfully beautiful. Worn over a black gown, thus suggesting the Hawaiian royal colors, it would have been very striking. Too striking for a wedding, thought the Princess; so she did not wear it. Whereat the idly curious were greatly aggrieved. One New York bavarde wrote that "it was hot enough on the day of the wedding to make any native Sandwich Islander regret that conventionality forbade the adoption of the national costume of the ancestors of the lamented Kalakaua"; which shows that even New York bavardes can dip their pens in malice.

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Breach of Promise in Merced

Down Merced way they are sympathizing with George Bloss who has been sued for breach of promise by Mrs. Bernice Bird Dixon who wants $50,000 for her damaged affections. In March Bloss was married to an estimable young lady of Merced and their honeymoon was rudely interrupted by the action of Mrs. Bird Dixon. He is one of the wealthy ranchers of San Joaquin Valley where his father George Bloss Sr. amassed a fortune. The old man's only daughter married Julian Thorne of San Francisco and is prominent in the social life of the city.

Miss Whitney's Marriage

The wedding of Miss Mildred Whitnew and Mr. Ernest Stillman will be a brilliant affair in June. There will be a reception at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. William Reding in Presidio Terrace. The bride's sister Miss Lillian Whitney will attend as maid of honor and Miss Louise Reding, stepsister of the bride, will be

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the little flower girl. The bride's maids will be Miss Miriam McNear, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Dorothy Woodward, Miss Cora Otis and Miss Maud Wilson who will then be Mrs. Effingham Sutton. There will be six ushers, four of whom will come from New York with the groom. The two ushers from this city will be Effingham Sutton and John Cassell. Mr. Stillman, the groom-to-be, is a son of Stillman, the banker of New York. The couple will reside in New York after their marriage.

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Box Office opens next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co's. Mail Orders now to Will. L. Greenbaum, accompanied by check or money order.

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The Mersfelder Musicale

Jules Mersfelder, assisted by Frank B. Keever, entertained at one of the informal musicales of the week in his new studio at Van Ness avenue and Union street. Half a hundred guests were invited to meet Miss Violet Silver, the brilliant child violinist. The talented girl rendered several exquisite numbers, the best appreciated, perhaps, being the "Angel Seranade" by Schubert, which she sang in a rich voice to her own accompaniment on the violin, assisted by Mr. Salz at the piano. The rest of the program was contributed by Miss Ella Atkinson, Miss Maude Atkinson, Mr. Salz, Miss Evangeline Sale and Joseph Rosborough. Among other guests were Dr. and Mrs. Larence, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Shorb, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Shorb, Mr. and Mrs. Ross C. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Masten, Mrs. George Carr, Mrs. James C. Crawford, Mrs. Pearl Ervin Thomas, Mrs. Lillian Marsh, Mrs. Kirk Shiely, Mrs. Cosgrove, Mrs. Stirling Mighels, Blanche Partington, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Jeanette Rapeen, Miss Rose Dean, Miss Edwards, Miss Lea, Dr. Ayre Williard, Phillip Paschel, Lieutenant Burr, M. Nelcutt of the French Consulate and Percy Mills.

The Mills Club Luncheon

The annual luncheon of the Mills Club was given on Tuesday at the rooms of the Sorosis Club in Sutter street. The Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood gave an interesting musical program of mandolin and guitar duets, the numbers being interspersed between toasts during luncheon. The music was greatly appreciated and the "Aloha" which was the last offering evoked considerable tender feeling. It was particularly appropriate, as Mills College was started by Dr. and Mrs. Mills in the Hawaiian Islands. The gathering was the largest in the history of the club.

Professor Wanrell Marries

The wedding of Professor Joaquin Wanrell and Mrs. Catalina de Carranza which took place last week at the home of the bride was a surprise to the many friends of the talented singer who regarded him as a confirmed devotee of single blessedness. But now that he has seen the error of his bachelor ways he and his cultured bride are being showered with felicitations. Mrs. Wanrell is a member of one of the fine old Castilian families of the city. Her daughter Mrs. Fay Molera, formerly Miss Fay Carranza, has been heard frequently in concerts here. Professor Wanrell has won artistic honors in two hemispheres. He graduated at the Madrid Conservatory and has sung in opera in the great European cities and in South America. He first came here to sing in grand opera at the Tivoli and has been a resident of the city ever since.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Richard E. Mulcahy has returned from Europe after an absence of nearly three years, where she has been traveling for her health. The death of her son caused her health to break down and while not entirely recovered, she is much better. Mr. and Mrs. Mulcahy have opened their summer home at Fair Oaks.

Mrs. J. Russell and son and Miss F. Nunon are registered at the Hotel Victoria from their home in Jacksonville, Oregon.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Eastland at Burlingame came up to the St. Francis with her host and hostess for an informal luncheon at which Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Thornwell Mullally, Willard Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bishop and Mrs. F. McLeod Fenwick were present.

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Nance O'Neil in "The Lily"

By Edward F. O'Day

I went to the Columbia eagerly, possessed by lively anticipations. I promised myself an evening of pleasure unalloyed. There was the pleasure of seeing Nance O'Neil again which, to one who has followed her career with sympathy from the old days of Oliver Twist and Lady Teazle through Shakespeare and the lesser tragedians to Ibsen and Sudermann and even to vaudeville, cannot help being a great pleasure. To see what changes had been wrought in her by the substitution of David Belasco for McKee Rankin in the managerial position was worth going forth for to see. Had her voice been tamed of its primitive husk, had her emotional amplitude been submitted to a banting process? One who had followed Nance O'Neil from theater to theater in San Francisco would naturally be interested in finding answers to these questions. But there was another reason for the pleasurable expectation. I refer to Miss Julia Dean. It is quite a few years now since Julia Dean fluttered the hearts of susceptible youths in ingenue roles at the California Theater. After she parted company with James Neill and Edythe Chapman she went to twinkle on Broadway and she comes back to us, possessing no mean reputation. With Nance O'Neil and Miss Dean in the cast any play should hold great interest for a San Franciscan. And when that play is a Belasco play—Belasco must be a hypnotist. (His press agent would probably say, a thaumaturge.) He casts a spell over his actors and actresses, so that waking or sleeping, on the stage and off they see Belasco, talk Belasco, think Belasco. They subordinate their own talents, sink their own individualities. And when Belasco writes a play, or carpenters a play out of rough hewn lumber supplied by others, the same hypnotic influence is apparently exerted on the critics. They trot out their superlatives and apologize that grammar has not supplied a supersuperlative degree of comparison. So when we have the opportunity of welcoming Nance O'Neil and Miss Dean in a Belasco play, there is no reason why we should not go to the theater with more than ordinary curiosity. By the presentation of "The Lily" curiosity is satisfied, but our lively anticipations are not all realized. "The Lily" is a good play, a play of continuous interest, a play with one scene in which Nance O'Neill and Miss Dean have considerable opportunity for evoking heart throbs. But it is not a play that justifies the use of superlatives. It is not a play to show Nance O'Neil at her best. It is really a better play for Miss Dean than for Nance O'Neil. For Nance O'Neil has only one scene in the play. She does not appear in the first act; during the second act she is merely a figure; during a great part of the third act she is obviously waiting for her opportunity; in the fourth act she is again submerged. Her opportunity comes in the third act, but it is not the big opportunity it has been cracked up to be. In her impassioned outburst she produces two or three quick revulsions of feeling in her audience, but the whole thing seems to fall a little flat at the end. The stuff of deep emotional stirring is not there. We look for great things and they do not appear. We find that Nance O'Neil has been patiently waiting for a climax which is not tremendous, as we had been assured it was. I would much rather hear and see her in that curse scene in the good old-fashioned "Leah the Forsaken" or "The Jewess," as she used to call it. Between "The Lily" and "The Fires of St. John" there is no comparison of opportunities for Nance O'Neil. One play is Sudermann; the other is Belasco and Belasco is ever tricky instead of sincere. The evocation of deep emotion is beyond him. Whether it was beyond the French authors from whom he adapted "The Lily" I do not know; but I venture to say that there is more of Belasco than of Wolff and Leroux in the play. One may always venture a statement of that sort about a Belasco adaptation. No doubt the Belasco influence is good for Nance O'Neil. One may grant that without admitting that the Rankin influence was bad. Let us not forget that Rankin was the man who gave us Nance O'Neil in "The Fires of St. John," the play in which she transcended her best previous efforts. Belasco may find a play for her which will do for her what "The Music Master" did for that other Belasco star, David Warfield. But to my mind "The Lily" is not the play. It must be a bigger play and it must offer Nance O'Neil bigger chances. She is an actress of considerable range and her vigorous powers should not be pent up all evening, for sudden release in a single scene. Miss Dean's lesser powers are given more adequate play and she rises splendidly to her opportunities. The whole company does. It is a carefully selected company. If David Belasco will only select a new play for Nance O'Neil as carefully as he has selected this company, he will give us a chance to point with joy and pride to the fulfillment of all our prophesies about this remarkable woman. I sincerely hope that we shall have that chance soon.

BESSIE BARRISCALE
Who in conjunction with Howard Hickman will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Gossip of the Theatre

Sothern and Marlowe in Shakespeare

Blanche Ring will make her last appearances in "The Yankee Girl" at the Savoy Theater this Sunday evening and those distinguished Shakespearean stars, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will come to the McAllister street playhouse for two weeks, commencing Tuesday, May 16. The repertoire for the first week will be as follows: Tuesday night, "Macbeth"; Wednesday night, "Taming of the Shrew"; Thursday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet"; Thursday night, "Hamlet"; Friday night, "Twelfth Night"; Saturday matinee, "Macbeth," and Saturday night, 'As You Like It." On Monday night Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe will play at the Greek Theater, Berkeley, presenting "Macbeth," and the Savoy will consequently be closed on that occasion. The new Sothern and Marlowe presentation of "Macbeth" will be the most pretentious Shakespearean production these two eminent artists have yet given to the American stage. For nearly two years they have been steadily elaborating their ideas of the great tragedy, spending ceaseless hours studying all the different authorities and versions, to gain as much accuracy as possible. Scene painters have turned out, under Mr. Sothern's direction, the greatest effects of their skill and experience in the twenty scenes of the play, and last summer Miss Marlowe brought from England, after a ceaseless study of the authentic costumes of the eleventh century, wonderful exemplifications of the costumer's art. In the supporting company are Frederick Lewis, Sydney Mather, Rowland Buckstone, William Harris, Malcolm Bradley, Albert S. Howson, Eric Blind, John Taylor, Frederick Rowland, Alma Kruger, Lenore Chippendale, Mrs. Woodward and Norah Lamison. Owing to the elaborate nature of the performances, the curtain at night will rise at 8 o'clock sharp and at 2 o'clock at the matinees. The repertoire for the second and last week, commencing May 22, is as follows: Monday and Tuesday night, "Merchant of Venice"; Wednesday and Thursday nights, "Macbeth"; Thursday matinee, "As You Like It"; Friday night, "Romeo matinee, "As You Like It"; Friday and Saturday nights, "Romeo and Juliet."

The Mary Garden Concerts

The Mary Garden concerts will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium and the sale of seats

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MARY GARDEN

Famous songbird coming to Scottish Rite Auditorium for three concerts starting May 21st.

will open next Wednesday morning at Sherman Clay and Co.'s where mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum. The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, May 21, when the artist will sing the "aria" from her first great success "Louise" by Charpentier, the "aria" from Puccini's "La Tosca," the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria" with violin obligato and songs by Debussy, Rogers and Arthur Rosenstein. At the second concert, Thursday night, May 25, Miss Garden's numbers will include the "aria" from "Thais" by Massenet, "Waltz" from "Madame Chrysantheme" by Messager, "The Hawk Song" from the Herbert-Redding opera "Natoma" and songs by Massenet and Campion. The farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, May 28, when the "aria" from "Natoma," the one from Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" and songs by Messager, Tschaikowsky, Bemberg, Leroux and Amy Horrocks will be the prima donna's offerings. At all concerts interesting violin works will be played by Mr. Arturo Tibaldi and piano numbers by Mr. Howard Brockway.

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Gould at the Orpheum

William Gould will appear at the Orpheum next week. He is now as big a favorite "on the road" as he is in New York where he is considered one of the best of raconteurs. Accompanying Mr. Gould and contributing greatly to the success of his act is pretty Hattie Lorraine. They are presenting dainty and witty vaudeville with a number of catchy songs of which Mr. Gould is the writer. He sings well, tells bright and funny stories effectively and realizes that vaudeville audiences assemble to be amused. Howard Hickman and Bessie Barriscale who will make their vaudeville debut, like "good wine, need no bush." For several seasons they have demonstrated their great histrionic ability at the Alcazar and are deservedly great favorites in this city. Their appearance in vaudeville is due more to accident than design. At the last benefit for the Charity Fund of the Theatrical Managers' Association they appeared with great success in a one-act play written by Mr. Hickman entitled "Disqualified." Morris Meyerfeld, president of the Orpheum Circuit, witnessed the performance and was so delighted with it that he immediately offered them an engagement. Tom Waters who shortly sails for England where he is under contract to appear at the Tivoli and other English music halls, will be an enjoyable feature of next week's bill. His performance will include his inimitable pianologue, together with a monologue of wit, song and mimicry. A wire performance will be given by the little Cuban Robledello.

Pepito Arriola's Concerts

Pepito Arriola, the wonderful boy pianist and the greatest musical prodigy of the generation, will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium in two farewell recitals. The first concert will be given this Sunday afternoon, May 14, when Beethoven's Sonata Op. 53 (Walstein), a group of seven Chopin works, three Schumann gems and two Liszt compositions will be given. The farewell appearance will be on Saturday afternoon, May 20, when Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," a group of six Chopin works and numbers by Daquin, Scriabine, Rubinstein and Liszt will be given. In Oakland Pepito will play at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, May 19, at 3:30 p. m., offering the same program as on the following day in San Francisco and including the beautiful "Sonata Appassionata." Manager Greenbaum announces tht children will be given the best seats at these Arriola concerts for fifty cents.

"The Call of the North" at the Alcazar

"The Call of the North," adapted by George H. Broadhurst from Stewart Edward White's successful story, "The Conjuror's House," will be given its first presentation in San Francisco at the Alcazar, commencing next Monday night. Robert Edson used it as a starring vehicle season before last, and Paul Gilmore heads a touring company now playing it in the East. Many competent critics have pronounced it even more picturesque and interesting than "The Wolf," a play with somewhat similar locale and characterization. All the scenes are laid at Conjuror's House, a Hudson Bay Company's trading post, which is divided from nearest civilization to the southward by 600 miles of wilderness. Sydney Ayres will have the principal role, with Izetta Jewel, Viola Leach, Will R. Walling, Charles E. Gunn, Louis Bennison, Burt Wesner, Charles Schad, and the other regular Alcazarans in appropriate parts.

Mary Garden in Oakland

It has been arranged to lay off the entire stock at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, on Tuesday night, May 23, in order to present Mary Garden and her assisting artists at an evening concert. The big theater will no doubt present as brilliant a scene as at the memorable Tetrazzini concerts when even the stage was overcrowded. The program on this occasion will be the same as at the opening concert in San Francisco. The sale of seats will open Tuesday, May 18, and mail orders should now be addressed to H. W. Bishop.

John Drew Coming

"The Lily" will continue as the attraction at the Columbia for a second and final week commencing next Monday night. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday. John Drew will be the next attraction at the Columbia, opening his engagement there on Monday night, May 22. The Frohman star is presenting this season a new comedy called "Smith" from the pen of W. Sonerset Maughan. The author hits out straight from the shoulder in his newest play, and his arraignment of heartless, senseless, childless women of the fashionable world is intensely bitter. Leaving its purpose out of the question, the piece is a distinct novelty. Drew is supported by an especially fine company including among others Mary Boland, Isabel Irving, Sybil Thorndike, Jane Laurel, Morton Selten, Hassard Short and Lewis Casson.

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NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda—No. 13,7333; Dept. No. 4.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of GEORGE and WILLIS MONTGOMERY, Minors.

Notice is hereby given that I will as Guardian of the persons and estates of George and Willis Montgomery, Minors, sell all their right, title and interest in and to the property hereinafter described to the highest bidder at private sale on Monday, the 22nd day of May, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock at Room 901 Williams Building, 693 Mission Street, corner of Third Street, San Francisco, California, for cash, gold coin of the United States of America.

The following is the real estate to be sold as above specified: A two-fourths interest in all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Ripley Place, formerly known as Prospect Place, distant one hundred and eighty feet easterly from the southeasterly corner of Ripley Place and California Avenue; running thence easterly along said southerly line of Ripley Place two hundred feet to the westerly line of Folsom Street; thence at right angles southerly along said westerly line of Folsom Street three hundred and sixty feet to the northerly line of California Avenue; thence at right angles westerly and along said northerly line of California Avenue two hundred feet; thence at right angles northerly three hundred and sixty feet to the southerly line of Ripley Place and the point of commencement. Being Lots numbered 175, 176, 177 and part of 178 of the Precita Valley Lands, as per map of Precita Valley Lands, drawn from actual survey by Milo Headley and recorded March 14, 1860, in the Recorder's office of said City and County of San Francisco, in Map Book I, page 85.

Dated, May 10, 1911.

FLORENCE E. MONTGOMERY,
Guardian of the Persons and Estates of George and Willis Montgomery, Minors.

LLOYD C. COMEGYS, Atty. for Guardian,
901 Williams Bldg., 693 Mission St., San Francisco. 5-13-2

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Aside from the weakness in the Chemical stocks, the stock market was practically featureless the past week. Traders sold Virginia Chemical, American Agricultural and American Cotton Oil shares for no better reason, apparently, than that they offered less resistance to selling pressure than other active stocks. The remainder of the market had a firm undertone despite the efforts of traders to force a further reaction but while there was good support, no aggressive buying was in evidence. It is believed in good quarters that the market will be held within narrow bounds this week to await the action of the Supreme Court next Monday when it is generally expected that at least one of the important trust decisions will be handed down.

Wheat—Last week was an eventful one in the wheat trade and this week will see fully as important developments. The wheat delivered on May contracts went into strong hands and a start has been made in shipping out the hard winter wheat. Meanwhile shorts bid prices up to a point which has made the market a target for wheat from every direction, some States which have sent no wheat to Chicago since the Leiter deal in 1898 taking a hand. Shorts in May wheat have been placed in an unpleasant predicament by the taking in of the cash wheat by strong people and are straining every nerve to procure the wheat for delivery on their contracts rather than pay losses in the pit. The weather is beginning to be a market factor, and while conditions in the winter wheat belt are almost perfect the same cannot be said of the spring wheat belt. The plant in the northwest while not actually suffering from lack of moisture is in need of it, and should the weather remain dry for the next ten days it will be a factor in making the price and will be reflected in the September option.

Corn—Deliveries of cash corn on May contracts last week were much lighter than expected and fell into strong hands. Corn delivered was promptly forwarded East by lake and the May shorts were assisted by the longs who bid up prices sharply. The advance prices stimulated sale by the country and shut off foreign and industrial demand. The country is counted upon to ship freely as the weather has been ideal and the crop is about all planted.

Cotton—The cotton market scored a further advance during the past week owing to the continuance of unsettled wet weather in the cotton belt. Precipitation in South Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas was quite heavy, while light to moderate rains fell almost continuously in all other sections of the cotton region. There was a large demand for spot cotton in the early part of the week at Liverpool, and while there was a smaller business in spots at the close of the week in the English market, the fact that unsettled weather still prevailed in the south was the sustaining influence of the market. Trade conditions in the United States remain unsatisfactory, especially in textiles, curtailment being increased in the north and south. In England, however, the situation is different, a good trade being done with India, owing to the small crop in that country. It is to be presumed that since indications are that the world will take all of last year's crop, it is logical to assume that there will be about the same quantity of American cotton September 1 next that there was visible last year, say about 782,000 bales. That manipulation will be attempted this summer is a foregone conclusion, as New Orleans only holds a stock of 96,000 bales compared with 118,000 bales a year ago while New York only possesses 164,000 versus 243,000 in 1910 when August cotton sold at 20 cents owing to the very unfavorable prospects for the crop then prevailing. This year the outlook for the new crop is better than at this time last year. The increase in acreage will be enormous and fertilizer will be used on a more extensive scale. The weather will be the dominating influence, nevertheless, and for that reason and because of possible and probable manipulation in the summer months, we favor trading in the new crop months.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

no modern criticism. The critics don't observe. If they would only give their impressions as individuals, their observations would be of great value to the community and to the artists. The artist would know what the average person thought of his work. But the criticism we have is of no benefit. The critics always describe my pictures as low-toned. I never painted in low-tones in my life. I paint in the middle key; my pictures are middle tones. But—"

And Mathews made a gesture of resignation as we rose to our feet. Clearly the art critics of San Francisco were not worth many words. Perhaps I should have gone to their defense, but I didn't. I am not entirely at home among low and middle tones. I merely said:

"You must have been joking when you said you had no views on California art."

Mathews smiled.

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What the Spirits Said

(Continued from Page 9.)

It will be easy enough for you to find my skull."

"No," said the doctor. "Modern science cannot do that. You might look among those that have large, square jaws, but even then I doubt if you find it."

"But for me," said a soft, female voice, "you can give me my skull. You can surely find it in a minute. I was one of the most beautiful women in this country; all the other women were jealous of me and three men committed suicide for the love of me."

"You are in error," replied the scientist. "Let me tell you, poor child, let me tell you that a bare skull gives no indication of former beauty."

Then a young voice spoke, in accents of despair. "You can't find mine for me, then? From my earliest youth my parents forced me to study. I was poor. I sacrificed all the joys of youth, I lived like an ascetic, never taking an hour for amusement or recreation. People told me that I would be compensated later, that I would be celebrated. As you sow with such earnest labor, so will you reap, they said. I died at the age of thirty, killed by overwork. Of what good to me were my joyless days? And now, supreme irony of fate! I am going to have to take the skull of some imbecile or happy man."

"So it is," said the doctor sadly.

And the voice continued, fainter: "And I sacrificed all my life, all my life in vain."

"In vain," repeated the doctor mechanically.

"What an atrocious swindle," murmured the voice as it died away in the distance.

"Swindle,' yes! And you would have said the same thing had you enjoyed your hour of triumph," said another voice. "I died at the hospital the other day. Some years ago my books sold by the thousand. I was famous. My publisher grew rich. But a few years passed and no one remembered me any longer. In the bed next to mine at the hospital, the sister of a great poet lay dying. In his day he was a great man and now no one cares if his family starve to death. Yes, such is life. Where did you put the last lot you got from the hospital?"

"Over there," said the doctor, "in the left-hand corner. I have not sorted them out yet."

"Doctor," said a hoarse voice, "you know that little village in Auvergne where I was born some centuries ago—"

"Yes, yes," answered the doctor. "In the Auvergne. The people there had a very peculiar formation of the skull."

"The people then said I was an idiot. The boys threw stones at me in the streets and I was compelled to live alone because everyone thought that my ideas were those of a crazy man. Since then I have found out that I was just three centuries ahead of my time. But what the stupid majority of men cannot understand they rail at. I had a large head, a forehead full of bumps. They called me 'the fool,' and I have since learned that I was a man of genius."

"You!" exclaimed the doctor. "I can fix you all right! There, on the right, second shelf, number four. You can take it without hesitation. I have very few from your part of the country, and aomng them is an enormous and deformed s':ull." And then he added to himself: "I always thought that it was the skull of a lunatic."

Now there came to him a soft, plaintive whisper. "You can perhaps find mine, doctor. I suffered all my life the tortures of the damned. I had caries of the bones."

Delighted to be able to give a definite answer, the doctor unhesitatingly reached over and, feeling in the dark, picked up a skull.

"There you are," he said. To his inexpressible horror he felt the skull taken from his hand and carried away, and the same voice said: "Many thanks, doctor."

But the others, dissatisfied, were scolding and reproaching him: "He cannot recognize any but those who were ill! What is the good of his science and knowledge? What is the whole thing good for anyhow?"

Anu the words he had heard came back to the doctor: "And I sacrificed all my life, all my life, in vain! What an atrocious swindle!"

And now all the beings that had surrounded him seemed to be stealing away, vanishing. He only remembered these words:"What an atrocious swindle!" He reviewed his existence. From his earliest youth he had had no thought but to gain knowledge, to acquire a great reputation. Every hour of leisure was ruined by the thought that he was losing time. He began to hate his friends. He married almost thoughtlessly and at once began to teach his wife that she must respect his work, that she must not cause him to lose any time. Yes, if he had only known it, how the long intimate talks, evenings passed at the theater, suppers with friends, nights of love, render easier the labor of the morrow! If he stopped for a moment to play with a child, he reproached himself for losing precious minutes. How many years of life had he wasted, suffering himself and making others suffer, to gain time to devote to his scientific studies? "I have sacrificed all my life, all my life." Then he thought of some moments of triumph. He had written some books, and then, this new discovery! But what was this discovery? Some one would have made it, sooner or later, and he, in the meantime, might

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56 Retail stores in Principal Cities.

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Back East Excursions

Santa Fe

Good for return until Oct. 31, 1911

SAMPLE FARES

New York	$108.50
Chicago	72.50
Kansas City	60.00
St. Louis	70.00
†Denver	55.00

SALE DATES

May 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31.
June 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 28, 29, 30.
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28.
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30.
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

† To destinations marked † tickets will also be sold on October 12, 13, and 14.

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J. B. Duffy, General Agent, 673 Market Street, San Francisco. Phones, Kearny 315 and Home J 3371.
J. J. Warner, General Agent, 1112 Broadway, Oakland. Phones, Oakland 425 and Home A 4425.

Those Desiring the Very Best Service

go Santa Fe

have lived; at the moment of death he might have had loving hands and loving thoughts about him.

"What an atrocious swindle!"

There came a light tap at the door; it startled the doctor. He looked about him and was surprised to find that the room was not quite so dark as it had appeared to him before. He seemed to awaken from a dream. But before he could move he saw a white form and heard the joyful voice of Claire calling out:

"Oh, grandpapa, you are here, are you not? Grandmama sent me to tell you that dinner was ready. She thought you had forgotten the hour as you have done so many times before. But what darkness here! Wait a moment, and I will turn on the light."

"No, no!" exclaimed the doctor in a curious voice. "No, don't turn on the light, little girl." But her little hand had already touched the electric button, and the doctor blinked under the flood of white light. He looked about him in terror. The great room was as it had always been, and Claire was coming toward him, laughing, her little hands outstretched.

"You look so funny, grandpapa! Have you been working hard?"

He looked about him and thought, with a feeling of intense relief: "Perhaps I have only been dreaming." Then he said to the child: "I was very tired; I think I fell into a doze."

"Poor grandpapa," she said tenderly. "If I had not come you would have stayed here all night."

The idea of passing the night in that hall filled her with horror.

He went to her and, lifting her up in his arms, said: "Did you have a nice walk? You bring in a breath of the springtime with you."

"Oh, I picked some lilacs and put them in my belt," she exclaimed. "If you knew how beautiful they are! The cherry trees are already in bloom and the cuckoo-flowers are beginning to open."

He smiled and took her to the window. "Tell me," he said breathlessly. "Are they pretty, the white cherry trees? And what do the cuckoo-flowers look like? Could you not teach me to enjoy the flowers and the sunshine?"

She looked at him, astonished. "But grandpapa, you never do anything but work!"

"See," he said, pointing to the sky in which the stars were beginning to appear, while in the west a pink glow still remained, "tomorrow we will have pleasant weather again and we will go and take a walk together, and you will teach me all about these things; you can teach me so many things, little one, I have wasted so much of life and I have so little time left to live; so little time left—to live."

A Piper

A piper in the streets today,
Set up, and tuned, and started to play,
And away, away, away on the tide
Of his music we started; on every side
Doors and windows were opened wide,
And men left down their work and came,
And women with petticoats colored like flame,
And little bare feet that were blue with cold,
Went dancing back to the age of gold,
And all the world went gay, went gay,
For half an hour in the street today.

—Seumas O'Sullivan.

Introducing Mr. Spiffkins

"Aunt Mary, this is my friend Mr. Spiffkins." "I'm sorry. I didn't quite catch the name." "Mr. Spiffkins." "I'm really very deaf; would you mind repeating it?" "Mr. Spiffkins." "I'm afraid I must give it up—it sounds to me just like 'Spiffkins.'"

Milo

The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY

At your Club or Dealer's or
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York

DAYS——NIGHTS——SUNDAYS
HOLIDAYS

Our Vaults Are Open for Business

We will rent you a box now and date your receipt from the time your rent expires in any other Safe Deposit Company in California

Boxes $4.00 Per Year

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Cor. Market and New Montgomery Sts.

San Francisco

3

Routes to select from in arranging your Summer Trip East this year under the extremely low round trip excursion tickets on sale many days during the months May to September 1911, via the

Southern Pacific

SOME OF THE RATES ARE

Colorado Springs	$ 55.00
Atchison	60.00
Leavenworth	60.00
St. Joseph	60.00
Omaha	60.00
Council Bluffs	60.00
Kansas City	60.00
St. Paul	73.50
Minneapolis	73.50
Duluth	79.50
Chicago	72.50
St. Louis	70.00
Houston	60.00
Dallas	60.00
Memphis	70.00
New Orleans	70.00
Washington	107.50
Baltimore	107.50
Philadelphia	108.50
Boston	110.50
New York	108.50
Toronto	95.70
Montreal	108.50
Quebec	116.50
Portland, Me.	113.50

SOME DATES

May 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31
June 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 28, 29, 30
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7

Ask about the attractions and advantages offered by our Sunset, Ogden and Shasta Routes. Send for our Passenger Agent to call and explain routes and help you outline your trip. No charge. We'll be glad to do it.

TICKET OFFICES:

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32 Powell Street — Market Street Ferry Depot
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SAN FRANCISCO

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,593; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of NATHAN P. BUNDY, Deceased.

Ellen L. Bundy, the Administratrix of the estate of Nathan P. Bundy, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate and personal property of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Court on Monday, the 12th day of June, 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Ellen L. Bundy, Administratrix of the estate of Nathan P. Bundy, deceased, to sell so much of the real estate and personal property of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, May 6, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed May 6, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

DANIEL A. RYAN, Atty. for Administratrix,
1001-2 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 5-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Supreme Court, State of California, in and for City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,445.

Estate of HERMAN WESTERFELD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of F. J. Castelhun, Attorney at Law, Rooms 117-118 Investors Building, 787 Market Street, in said City and County, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased.

MARY L. WESTERFELD,
Administratrix of the Estate of Herman Westerfeld, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6, 1911.

F. J. CASTELHUN and JOHN A. McGEE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Rooms 117-118 Investors Bldg., San Francisco. 5-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FLORENCIO ALVARADO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned William F. Rhea, Administrator of the estate of Florencio Alvarado, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said William F. Rhea at the office of Franklin P. Bull, 805 Pacific Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Florencio Alvarado, deceased.

WILLIAM F. RHEA,
Administrator of the Estate of Florencio Alvarado, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6, 1911.

FRANKLIN P. BULL, Atty. for Administrator,
805 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHANN H. T. BRANDT, Deceased—No. 11,253; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the estate of Johann H. T. Brandt, deceased, to the creditors of, and to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, David Cosgrave, Room 706 Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Johann H. T. Brandt, deceased.

LILLIAN WRIGHT, Administratrix.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

DAVID COSGRAVE, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 706 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 5-13-5

Auto Notes

Endeavors of local automobile dealers to be the first to send their cars over the summit of the high Sierras this spring should be stimulated by an offer of a silver trophy, just made, on the part of the Lake Tahoe Tavern, for the car that first reaches the Tahoe resort over the new State Highway which runs from Sacramento via Emigrant Gap and Truckee to the lake. Great interest has attached for several years past to various endeavors to cross the Sierras while the road was still spotted with snow and to be the first machine to accomplish the feat has always been considered a distinction of first importance that carries with it a decided advertising value. The offer of the Tahoe cup, however, is among the first of the attempts to give recognition to these various endeavors. The unprecedented fall of snow of this past winter is another feature that will tend to add zest to the attempt. It is said that as much as thirty feet of snow piled up in places along the road this year. The thaw, however, is progressing rapidly and in early June, it is expected, the route will open up in fine condition for regular touring.

Mr. Willis Polk, the well known architect, has taken delivery of one of the well known Hupp-Yeates coupes from Cuyler Lee, the local distributor. Mrs. Polk drives the car around San Mateo, her summer home, where it attracts considerable attention.

As an indication of the state of the automobile trade, it is interesting to learn that the sales of the Lozier Motor Company from the New York City branch, during the month of March, were the largest in the history of the Company. In view of the fact that the Lozier is one of the highest priced cars made, this unusual demand indicates not only the healthy condition of the automobile trade, but that the demand is not confined to cars of the cheaper class.

L. H. Peterson, manager of the Pacific Grove Garage and sub-agent in his territory for S. G. Chapman, was in San Francisco recently and took delivery of a Hupmobile touring car which he drove back to Pacific Grove. Peterson reports an unusual amount of automobile touring in his part of the state this spring, which has meant good business for the motor car trade. Just previous to taking his latest Hupmobile Peterson had an Abbott-Detroit shipped to himself at Pacific Grove.

The Pacific Motor Car Co. has been advised that the order placed by the De Laval Separator Co. of New York for Cole 30 runabouts has been raised from 20 to 50 machines with indications that 300 will eventually be taken. The De Laval firm, which is the largest of its kind in the country, will use the cars for its traveling salesmen throughout all the Eastern and middle Western states. This will doubtless constitute the most extensive use yet made of motor cars by any one firm.

Announcement has been made by The Thomas B. Jeffery Company, manufacturers of Rambler Motor Cars, that plans are now under way for the general extension of the nation-wide sales and service organization of this big concern into all the important provinces and cities of the Dominion of Canada.

In an effort to keep up with the demand for trucks, the directors of the Packard Motor Car Company of Detroit have authorized new construction which will practically triple the capacity of the truck shops. By distributing parts of the work to other portions of the plant the company has been able to produce three trucks a day. The increase in facilities will give the truck shops proper a normal capacity of five trucks a day, which is needed to keep up with orders at the present rate.

JOIN the

Golden State Excursion—

The high class personally conducted excursion to

Oregon
Washington and the
Canadian Rockies

Leave San Francisco
JUNE 6th, 1911

Round Trip $82.50

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Make Your Reservations Now

See Any Agent

Southern Pacific

Ticket Offices:

Flood Building,
Palace Hotel,
32 Powell Street,
Market Street Ferry Depot,
Third & Townsend Sts. Depot,
Broadway & 13th St., Oakland

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA MOHR, also known as ANNA LOUISE MOHR, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Anna Mohr, also known as Anna Louise Mohr, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anna Mohr, also known as Anna Louise Mohr, deceased.

NORMAND W. MOHR,
Administrator of the estate of Anna Mohr, also known as Anna Louise Mohr, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 29, 1911.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building,
No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-5

ORDER OF PUBLICATION TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF GUARDIAN FOR ORDER TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,018; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY L. MacDONALD, an Incompetent Person.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition presented and filed on the 23rd day of January, 1911, by Peter MacDonald, the Guardian of the person and estate of Mary L. MacDonald, an incompetent person, praying for an order to mortgage certain real estate belonging to the said Ward, that it is necessary that such real estate should be mortgaged:

It is hereby ordered, that the next of Kin of the said Ward and all persons interested in the estate appear before this Court on Monday, the 29th day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of this Court, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why the realty, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, being lots 10 and 11 in Block D of Silver Terrace and known as number 26 Flora Street, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in the petition, namely Five Hundred and no-100 Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet, and reference is hereby made to the petition on file for further particulars.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this Order be published for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, April 26, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

GEORGE F. OWEN, Atty. for Guardian,
Shreve Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,230; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JENS P. HANSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Jens P. Hansen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at her office at No. 901 Balboa Building, Southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Jens P. Hansen, deceased.

ANNE MAGRETHA PEDERSEN,
Administratrix.
Dated, San Francisco, California, April 29, 1911.

C. B. SESSIONS and S. S. McCAHILL,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
901 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal 4-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor and the Executrix of the will of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor and Executrix, at the office of W. I. Brobeck and Peter F. Dunne, Rooms 709-718 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased.

ALEXANDER F. MORRISON,
ALICE M. COWELL,
Executor and Executrix of the Will of Ernest V. Cowell, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

W. I. BROBECK and PETER F. DUNNE,
Attys. for Executor and Executrix,
Rooms 709-718 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco. 5-13-5

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT

WESTERN STATES AMUSEMENT COMPANY, a Corporation—Location of Principal Place of Business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of said Company held on the 29th day of April, 1911, an assessment of ten (10c) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in gold coin of the United States, to the Secretary of said Company at its office, 817 First National Bank Building, No. 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the 5th day of June, 1911, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 26th day of June, 1911, to pay the delinquent assessment thereon, together with cost of advertising and expense of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. P. REESE,
Secretary Western States Amusement Company. Office, 817 First National Bank Building, 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-6-4

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,748, Dept. No. 3.

ALMA McWILLIAMS, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L. McWILLIAMS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Joseph L. McWilliams, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten (10) days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty (30) days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Plaintiff,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JACOB BABLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Jacob Babler, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, Jeanette Babler at the law office of S. C. Wright, 1007 Mutual Bank Building, Market and Kearny Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Jacob Babler, deceased.

JEANETTE BABLER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Jacob Babler, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

S. C. WRIGHT, Atty. for Executrix,
Mutual Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-13-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,463; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD M. ROBERTS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard M. Roberts, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, Room 1012 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Richard M. Roberts, deceased.

ROBERT L. ROBERTS,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard M Roberts, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 29, 1911.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Atty. for Executor,
Room 1012 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAWRENCE O'KEEFFE, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary O'Keeffe, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Joseph Farry, Esq., her attorney, at No. 614 Kohl Building, Northeast corner of California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), deceased.

MARY O'KEEFFE,
As Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

JOSEPH FARRY, Atty. for Executrix,
No. 614 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-13-4

NOTICE TO APPEAR

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,488; Dept. No. 8.

LAFAYETTE HENDRICKS, Plaintiff, vs. WESTERN STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendant.

Whereas, an action has been commenced in the above entitled Court by the above named plaintiff against the defendant above named for the purpose of having stock certificate No. 656 of the said defendant for 10 shares of the capital stock of said defendant, which said certificate was issued in the name of the said plaintiff, cancelled;

Now therefore, pursuant to Section 328 of the Civil Code of the State of California, notice is hereby given to all persons claiming the said shares, or any of them, or any interest or lien therein or thereon, to be and appear before said Court on the 12th day of June, 1911, then and there to show cause why a new certificate should not be directed to be issued to the plaintiff and to set forth their right in or to such shares, if any they have.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the Above Entitled Court
By W. R. CASTIGNETTO,
5-13-4 Deputy Clerk

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2997, New Series; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of BRIDGET MARTIN, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of Bridget Martin, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 16th day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator authorizing and directing him to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed April 6, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Atty. for Administrator,
1013 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4260, New Series; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GIACOMO BRUSCO, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of Giacomo Brusco, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 16th day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator authorizing and directing him to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed April 6, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Atty. for Administrator,
1013 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO SELL REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 8589, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of FRANK STOHR, an Incompetent Person.

Clothilde C. Nicholl, the guardian of the person and estate of Frank Stohr, an incompetent person, having this day presented to the above entitled Court and filed herein, her petition, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain real property and certain personal property belonging to the said incompetent person, for the causes and reasons therein set forth, and it appearing to this Court from the said petition that it is necessary, in order to maintain and support said incompetent person, that the said real estate described in said petition and said personal property described in said petition, or some part of it shall be sold,

It is hereby ordered by said Court that the next of kin of said incompetent person and all persons interested in his said estate, appear before this Court in the Courtroom, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 1st day of June, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said estate, as prayed for in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

And it is hereby further ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 26th day of April, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

H. M. ANTHONY, Atty. for Petitioner,
372-4-6 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN MURRAY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of John Murray, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Norman A. Eisner, 1112-1114 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John Murray, deceased.

HELEN E. MURRAY,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Murray, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911

NORMAN A. EISNER, Atty. for Administratrix,
1112-1114 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Letters

The Stanford Quad, 1912

Here is a book of particular interest to Stanford men but not without a certain appeal to outsiders. It is a big book of more than four hundred pages, well done mechanically and editorially, a credit to J. W. Howell, its editor and to Bernard J. O'Donnell, its business manager. In the foreword one finds a characteristic statement. "The college year," we read, "has been a singularly active one despite the fact that everyone, entertaining the slightest hope of graduation, has been bound more closely to his books by the lines of increased scholarship requirements." To the rank outsider it may appear that increased application to study is the finest proof of collegiate activity, but the view is old-fashioned; it leaves out of consideration the athletic activities which are "the" activities of a university, at least in the opinion of the majority of masculine matriculates. In a prominent position at the beginning of the volume we find a full page picture of David Starr Jordan, which is all very well. On the opposite page we find some uncomplimentary remarks about war culled by Jordan from the writings of Sophocles, Schiller, Captain Brownell, John Easten Cooke and Bartholomew Dowling. The list is topheavy and the whole thing has nothing to do with college activities. It would have been more to the point to put on that page Dr. Jordan's interesting remarks about "systematic muckerism," as the doctor so fragrantly phrased the enthusiasms of baseball. The rest of the volume it would be invidious to criticise. It is full of good pictures, the drawings showing that Stanford bids fair to produce good artists in the future as it has in the past. In the record of student activities are visible a healthy versatility and a wholesome range of interests that command admiration. In the josh section the utmost restraint is apparent; it is not wise to monkey with the buzz saw at Stanford. The fact that Bernard J. O'Donnell, the manager of this publication, became involved in a characteristic Stanford imbroglio as editor of a college paper and had to leave college before the book appeared, lends it a factitious interest. In some future edition of the Quad a list of the "G. B. R's," or "graduates by request," would be a live feature. The list contains some very eminent names. Many Stanford men call it a roll of honor.

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Brand Whitlock made a ten strike with his first novel, "The Thirteenth District." "The Turn of the Balance" has become almost the bible of the prison-reformer. "The Happy Average," and "Her Infinite Variety" one can almost class as joyously optimistic. Now comes his "Gold Brick," a collection of short stories, mostly concerning some phase of political life, which have appeared from time to time in the magazines. From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"Maisie's Merry Christmas" is the first of three stories and gives its name to the volume in which it appears, the other two being "Jill and Lill" and "How Reggie Saw the Sphinx." They are designed for little girls under twelve and the author, Nina Rhodes, has earned such well deserved appreciation that parents and guardians are safe in purchasing any of her stories without investigation. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard are the publishers.

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"The Singing Mouse Stories" are none the less appreciated because they are not what would be expected from the author of such books as "54-40 or Fight," "The Law of the Land" or "The Mississippi Bubble." They are hardly stories in the accepted sense of the word, but rather reflections and fragmentary reminiscences such as come to lonely folk of middle age whose glances are more often into the past than into the future, whose memories outweigh their anticipations. Author, publisher and illustrator have worked in harmony to make "The Singing Mouse Stories" a truly desirable volume. From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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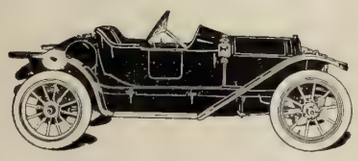
Vol. XIX. No. 977 SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 20, 1911 PRICE, 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY



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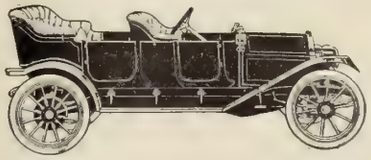

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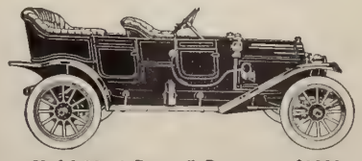

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, May 20, 1911 | No. 977

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TOWN TALK

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The Standard Oil Decision

In line with the cultivated disposition of the times to find fault with everything that results from the orderly processes of the institutions of our government there is much adverse criticism of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Standard Oil case. And according to the common practice of the times the authority for much of this criticism is the voice of the minority. We profess to venerate the opinion of the majority, to regard it as infallible, but whenever the opinion of the minority supports the general principle of dissatisfaction with the existing order of things the opinion of the majority is pronounced reactionary and anathema. Thus we find that the dissenting views of Justice Harlan in the Standard Oil case are regarded as sentiments of the utmost significance and importance, justifying the assumption that his associates have deliberately exceeded their power by amending an act of Congress. This notion is fostered by all the rampant demagogues who are eager to promote distrust and suspicion. According to their view Justice Harlan is the only sensible man on the bench, the one jurist who walks with God, whose dogmatic dicta must be accepted as final. Justice Harlan says that the Sherman Act must be interpreted literally, and because it has not been interpreted literally we are told that we must conclude that the Supreme Court has afflicted us with that fightful bugbear, judge-made law. Now what does the Supreme Court say? It says that the character of the acts which must be considered in restraint of trade under the Sherman Act is not described or defined. "It is obvious therefore," the court says, "that judgment must be called into play in every case to determine whether a particular act is embraced within the statutory classes, and whether if the act is within such classes its nature or effect causes it to be a restraint of trade within the intendment of the Statute." In other words as the act does not specifically enumerate everything that must be considered in restraint of trade it devolves on the court to inquire into the character of every act that is charged to be a violation of the law made by Congress. "To hold to the contrary," says the court, "would require the conclusion that every contract, act or combination of any kind or nature whether it operated in restraint of trade or not was within the statute." Now it was certainly not the intention of the Congress to prohibit every kind of combination. We know that our most radical, pupilistic statesmen have said time and again that there are bad combinations and good combinations and that it was desirable to abolish the bad and encourage the good. Who is to differentiate the bad from the good? Certainly the Congress is not to resolve itself into a high court to determine what particular combination is tolerable and what is not. Congress can do no more than make generic enumeration of acts that are contrary to public policy, and that is all that it has done. If it had done more as the Supreme Court has said it would have "limited the application of the Act unduly by precise definition, but while clearly fixing a standard—that is by defining the ulterior boundaries which could not be transgressed with impunity," it left to the court the duty of applying and enforcing the public policy embodied in the statute in every given case. In performing this duty the court must be guided by principles of law as it was in the Standard Oil case with the result that the Rockefeller combination was found to be illegal being a combination such as the Congress deemed bad because in unreasonable restraint of trade. Justice Harlan may think this a heterodox view of the matter, but Justice Harlan is not infallible. It is evident, however, that he is a very stout dogmatist, as much distinguished for opinionativeness as for his learning. The average dogmatist, as some one has said, thinks that his opinions are written in sunbeams and is always furious that his neighbors do not see them in his light.

The Mexican Revolution

The revolution in Mexico is distinctly a go-as-you-please affair. It has no tail, no head, no unity of purpose or of action. The spirit of it is anarchical rather than patriotic. Provisional President Madero is nominally the director-general of the revolution, but in several States there are insurrectos fighting at their own pleasure and not in deference to his orders. During the truce at Juarez fighting was reported in several districts where, apparently, nobody cared a tinker's imprecation what Madero was doing or intended to do. Madero's authority is limited to his immediate neighborhood, and even there it is far from respected, as is evident from the mutinous conduct of some of his officers. Mexico is really in a state of anarchy, which is confined, however, to States in which there is comparatively very little of civilization. The only important city that has faced anything like a crisis is Mazatlan, one of the chief ports of the Pacific. The fighting in Chihuahua has not threatened the security of the Government, and no battle in that State gave Diaz any uneasiness. If upheavals should occur in Vera Cruz, Guanajuata, Pueblo or Jalisco then there would be real anxiety in the War Department. Most of the fighting thus far has been conducted by banditti who have always been numerous in Mexico. There was a time in that country when the brigand's life was the only life for a gentleman and when the brigand chiefs were the aristocracy of the country, the one class that dominated and disciplined the masses. Diaz employed them as the instruments of his rule, and with their aid brought order out of chaos. The men who are now fighting him are the descendants of the banditti who were formerly loyal to the brigand Governors appointed by him to rule over the several States. Those Governors having passed away there is left very little of the loyalty that enabled Diaz to make modern Mexico, but on the other hand there is a great deal of dissatisfaction with his methods of developing the resources of the country.

Arbitration Cant

President Taft, practical man that he is, indisposed to glut himself with visionary luxuries or to let the mood optimistic tyrannize over common sense, is not giving much encouragement to the unctuous preachers of universal peace. He perceives that there is much cant in their gospel, much factitious enthusiasm behind their propaganda. So he admonishes us not to expect too much from an arbitration treaty between this country and Great Britain. It will not put an end to war; nor is universal peace to be perpetuated by the monarchs of the financial world. "We must realize," he says, "that we are dealing with a world that is fallible and full of weakness, and that the reforms that are worth having are brought about little by little and not by one blow." In his judgment we are likely to make more progress if we express our hopes with moderation "than if we proclaim that we have opened the gate to eternal peace with one key." Doubtless the President has been nauseated by the claptrap of the pedantic and other reformers who have been getting a lot of cheap notoriety out of their ostentatious zeal for universal disarmament. There is more humbug than sincerity among the peace propagandists. The agitation for arbitration is not to be discouraged, but as a dignified English writer has said, "Even Christianity suffers from advocacy by cant," and it is evident enough that the gospel of arbitration is being smeared with the slime of hypocrisy and the nastiness of newspaper enterprise. The virtue of the principle of arbitration is everywhere acknowledged, but even though it be adopted by Great Britain and the United States, even though it be agreed to submit every difference of every description, including the question of honor, to arbitration, the possibility of war between the two countries will not be extinguished. By the way, Disraeli once said that there were worse things than war, and the idea is still prevalent among intelligent men. War keeps patriotism alive and stimulates national enthusiasm. There are times when nothing short of war can distract men's minds from preoccupations that are worse than war.

An American Prize Opera

Whether we can boast an American musician capable of composing an opera worthy of production and admiration is a question which may shortly be answered. Some time ago the directors of the Metro-

politan Opera House offered a prize for an opera by an American musician. The prize was large enough to tempt the best musicians in the country, and it has been won by Horatio Parker, a man of world-wide reputation among connoisseurs of music,—a scholar whose accomplishments in the lyric art have won for him the recognition and esteem of the leading critics and composers in the European centres of culture. The news that the prize has been awarded to him will awaken the interest of students of music the world over, and there is even now much curiosity regarding the merits of his opera. A point to be noted in this connection is that Parker is almost unknown to the American public. This of course is because his name has never been associated with anything in the musical art that was not dignified and genuine. Our most celebrated composers are the prolific geniuses whose songs have made our musical comedy stars famous.

Progressive Oklahoma

Oklahoma, the fountain-head of culture sweetness and light to which all progressive statesmen turn for inspiration, affords the best object lesson in the philosophy of the initiative, referendum and recall to be found in this country. The people of Oklahoma have had nearly four years' experience of the new democracy, and now they are in retrospective mood, taking stock, as it were, and striking a trial balance, and they are not at all elated over the showing. To the editor of an Oklahoma journal, the Enid Events, we are indebted for a luminous summing up. He says "the initiative, referendum and recall are so unwieldy that their effectiveness is destroyed except as they are used by political or other firmly established organizations backed by plenty of money." After recounting several practical tests of what are now known as "the last best gifts of heaven to man," he makes this broad, discouraging assertion: "As a matter of fact the initiative, referendum and recall are practically the implements of the party in power, and can only be used by outsiders with difficulty." The editor of Enid Events talks like an unregenerate pessimist. He does not realize that the initiative, referendum and recall are bridges along the great boulevard of progressive politics that leads to the millennium. All the ditches have not yet been spanned. More bridges are to be built as soon as the people's engineers determine where they are to be constructed and of what material.

Another Conspiracy

The home friends and admirers of "Joe" Folk are bewailing the mutinous accidents of fate by which their hero, the renowned prosecutor of St. Louis, is gradually being forced into the background. To give ear to their laments is to plunge into a well of tears and extinguish utterly the lamp of hope. There is dejection in their every observation touching the political outlook. The sum and substance of their tale of woe is that a conspiracy has been formed to put Joe out of the running. The sad ones caught sight of the cloven hoof of the malign genius of this conspiracy when the tentative boom of the Hon. Beauchamp Clark was launched. In their judgment Clark is merely serving the sinister purposes of strategy, playing the part of a dragchain on the Folk chariot. With Clark in a receptive mood giving rein to ambition Missouri, even though it were disposed to unite behind Folk, cannot do so. The supposition is that the political leaders who profess to regard the lusty Speaker of the House as an available, potential standard-bearer, are in reality paving the way for Woodrow Wilson. Of course the truth is that beyond the borders of Missouri Joe Folk is nowhere regarded as a figure of national proportions. Here and there where there have been graft prosecutions he has a few sympathizers; as, for example in this city which he embraced in his itinerary on his recent hunting trip for the big game that will be rounded up in a convention next year; but the mass of the people have forgotten all about the man who prosecuted the grafters in St. Louis, while few of those from whose memory he has not faded have the slightest inkling as to any qualifications he may have for the Big Job. Yet Joe Folk measures up to the type of statesman whose star is now in the ascendant. The title to greatness these days is to be acquired by flouting the wicked and flattering the mob. So if Joe has it not it is because he has failed to keep himself in the limelight, which is in itself a feat requiring a certain order of ability. But the truth is that with his unfailing adherence to the good and the true he is a statesman whose moral worth and invincible willingness to serve the people whenever they ask him really entitle him to the most serious consideration.

The Genesis of Insurgency

Ray Stannard Baker, a philosopher of magazinedom, has written the history of the insurgent movement. From him we learn that the symptoms of it first appeared with the Greenback party thirty years ago and that after the statesmen of that party strutted their brief hour on the political stage came the wild-eyed Populists with their demands for the regulation of interstate commerce, a graduated income tax and more direct power of the people over their government. Then in the course of political evolution were generated the Progressivists who, as Mr. Baker truthfully observes, are making demands which would have shocked even the most radical of their prototypes of other days. But of the significance of this circumstance Mr. Baker is insensible. He regards the evolution of our politics as nothing more than the march of truth, that sublimest of all things, which comes with slow and doubtful step and adapts itself to the wily sinuosities of worldly affairs. Mr. Baker accepts the fundamental principle of insurgency as the truth because it is nothing more nor less than belief in the people,—confidence in democratic government. This to us is the incomprehensible thing about insurgency if we accept it as sincere, because if there is one thing in this world about which we may be more certain than anything else it is the folly of faith in the people, the absurdity of democratic government. Apparently the philosophers of the Baker school are unaware of the fact that truth is more a matter of experience than speculation. They have yet to learn that there is no progress in fundamental truth. We grow in the knowledge of its meaning and in the modes of its application, but whatever is fundamental is fixed and unalterable. Now there is a truth regarding democracy that may be accepted as fundamental, and it is this,—that democratic government has never been and can never be, unless we alter the scheme of creation, anything but government by the ignorant and unintelligent. This is as simple of demonstration as any problem in arithmetic. It is because this is so that as Sir Henry Maine says: "Of all forms of government democracy is by far the most difficult." He adds, "Little as the governing multitude is conscious of this difficulty, prone as the masses are to aggravate it by their avidity for taking more and more powers into their direct management, it is a fact which experience has placed beyond all dispute. It is the difficulty of democratic government that mainly accounts for its ephemeral character." Here we have stated a fundamental truth. Sir Henry Maine says it is established beyond all dispute, but of course he means that it is conceded by every great authority in the literature of political science from Plato to Lecky. But the fact is it is disputed by the new itinerant school of American statesmanship that sheds lustre on the Chautauqua circuit. Indeed the statesmen of this school stand for a proposition in flat contradiction of the principle which from experience has become a truism. No argument have they to present in support of the proposition that direct is preferable to representative government; no proof do they adduce from history; no speculative inquiry do they indulge in; but their case they rest on the bald dictum that whatever is wrong in our government can be remedied by vesting more power in the people. It is not even to be said that the elective franchise is in better hands than it was in when democracy was young; for as a matter of fact in ancient and even in modern democracies there were limitations on suffrage. So this is the incomprehensible thing about the progressivist movement,—that it postulates of all its devices something that can neither be demostrated nor plausibly maintained by sophistry; something that is quite as freakish as the Greenback party appeared to be before yellow journalism wrought its magic spell on the public mind.

N. F. Wilson R. P. Boyer Frank N. Fish Sinclair McLean

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Perspective Impressions

Dr. Owen says that Bacon murdered Shakespeare. And yet Bacon was not an actor.

Governor Wilson came and saw and conquered. He is really a spellbinder.

The situation of affairs in the royal family of Great Britain embodies an historic realization of the venerable mother-in-law joke.

It is gratifying to find that both sides won when the Supreme Court handed down its decision in the controversy between the Buck Stove Company and the American Federation of Labor. But part of this gratification may dwindle when A. F. of L. reads the decision more closely.

Governor Wilson was scheduled to give a bag-punching exhibition, but it turned out to be a boxing match

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It was indeed mixed company that Woodrow Wilson addressed at the banquet. It looked like a reconciliation party.

The Governor of New Jersey and the Governor of California were unavoidably prevented from meeting. But the Governor of California was unavoidably prevented first.

Congressman Kent of Kentfield has achieved distinction. The New York Sun says "He's an amoosin little cus."

Fifty Presbyterian ministers propose to abolish the social evil for one year. When this news reached Hades Sathanas chuckled and Beelzebub winked the other eye.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has the hearty assurance of the sympathy of the Bible class, the Chicago University and the Baptist Church.

"We don't care anything about patronage," says Meyer Lissner, "but we want every servant of the Southern Pacific turned out of the Federal service." It is to be hoped, of course, that as each member of the Federal brigade walks the plank Mr. Lissner will be good enough to suggest the right kind of man for the vacancy.

Correspondence

A Battle Piece

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Perhaps "Hibernian" would like to add to his collection "The Battle of Dundee." It was written by a St. Louis newspaperman to commemorate a battle fought during the Boer War. The Irish Transvaal Brigade (Boer) captured several hundred prisoners of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, "British."

Yours truly,

—John Linden.

P. S.—This is the jingle:

"The Battle of Dundee"

On the mountain side the battle raged; there was no stop nor stay;
Mackin captured Private Burke and Ensign Michael Shea;
Fitzgerald got Fitzpatrick; Brannigan found O'Rourke;
Finnigan took a man named Fay, and a couple of lads from Cork;
Suddenly they heard McManus shout, "Hands up or I'll run you through—"
He thought he had a Yorkshire tyke—'twas Corporal Donohue!
McGarry took O'Leary; O'Brien got McNamee—
That's how "The English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee.

Then someone brought in Casey; O'Connell took O'Neil;
Riley captured Cavanaugh while trying to make a steal.
Hogan caught McFadden; Corrigan found McBride,
And Brennan made a handsome touch when Kelly tried to slide.
Dacey took a lad named Walsh; Dooley got McQuirk;
Gilligan turned in Fahey's boy—for his father he used to work.
They had marched to fight the English, but Irish were all they could see—
That's how "the English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee.

Spillane then took Madigan; Shannahan took McGee.
While chasing Jerry Donovan Clancy got shot in the knee.
He cursed the Queen's whole army, he cursed the British race,
Then found the man that fired the shot—'twas his cousin, Martin Grace.
Then McGinnis caught an A. O. H. who came from Limerick town.
And Sullivan got an Orangeman from somewhere in County Down.
Hennessy took O'Harra—Hannigan took McPhee—
That's how "the English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee.

The sun was sinking slowly; the battle rolled along;
The man that Murphy "handed in" was a cousin of Maud Gonne.
Then Flannigan dropped his rifle, shook hands with Bill McGuire,
For both had carried a piece of turf to light the same schoolhouse fire.
Then Rafferty took in Flaherty; O'Connell got Major McCue,
O'Keefe got hold of Sergeant Joyce and a Belfast lad or two.
Some swore that "Old man Kruger" had come down to see the fun.
But the man they thought was "Uncle Paul" was a Galway man named Dunn.
Though war may have worse horrors, 'twas a frightful sight to see
The way "the English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee.

Just when the sound of firing in the distance fainter grew,
Ryan caught McCloskey, and Orderly Donegon, too.
O'Toole, he found McCarthy; O'Mahoney got Malone;
Duffy got a pair of lads from Connaught, near Athlone.
Then Dineen took O'Hagan; Phelan got Kehoe;
Dempsey captured Callaghan but Gallagher let him go.
You'd have thought the "Belfast Chicken" had tackled the "Dublin Flea,"
The way "the English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee.

Then Powers began to intervene—the Waterford Powers, I mean,
And took a lad named Keenan and a captain named Mulqueen.
Brady captured Noonan; Maher got McAdoo;
McGovern got O'Hanlon and Colonel McLaughlin, too.
'Twas near the hour of sunset, the battle was almost o'er
When McCormick came in with Hoolan and Lieutenant Roger O'Moore,
But 'twas a great day for Ireland, as you can easily see;
That's how "the English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee.
They marched them all to Kruger's town for supper and a bed.
O'Halloran was the rear guard; the way McNulty led.
When they got them to the race course the Boers were full of glee,
While Kruger never expected "so many English to see."
They told him they were Irish—it puzzled the old man's head,
For the Irish he'd seen were dressed in green, while these were togged in red,
But 'tis a passing story; on history's page you'll see
That 'twas "the English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee.

Is He a Cynic?

Editor Town Talk: Reading a newspaper account of the Rev. Charles Aked's baccalaureate sermon to the senior students of California University I find that he told the story of the Frenchman who when asked by a man about to start a new religion how to make it popular, replied: "You might allow yourself to be crucified." Dr. Aked added: "It was the hanging of Jesus Christ upon a cross that made the little hill of Calvary the greatest mountain in the world." I suppose this is in line with the sentiment that the blood of the early Christian martyrs was the seed of Christianity. But doesn't it jar on you to hear that a minister of the Christian religion quoted in a sermon the cynical suggestion that any person desirous of founding a new religion might make it popular by having himself crucified, thus implying that it is not by the principles but by one spectacular circumstance that we must account for the spread of Christianity and its hold on the mind and heart of mankind? It occurs to me that Dr. Aked who transfers himself from one sect to another with amazing facility is himself somewhat of a cynic in religion. Greater men than Dr. Aked have told us that Christianity won its way by its benevolent morality, by its system of truths, by its new order of ideas. They have told us that it "proves itself as the sun is seen by its own light; that its evidence is involved in its own existence."

Yours truly,

—A Christian

Varied Types

XXII—HARRY CHANDLER

By Edward F. O'Day

"Where did I put that letter? I had it only a few minutes ago. It was signed by the Black Hand and said that I was going to be blown up."

And Harry Chandler smiled. He is nearly always smiling. A smile is as native to his face as a military frown to that of his associate, General Harrison Grey Otis. At this particular moment, while he rummaged among multifarious papers and letters drawn by the handful from various pockets, his smile was engagingly good humored. It was as though threats of blowing up were the commonest, the emptiest things in the world. Had you not known of the fearful loss of life and property that came to the Los Angeles Times a short while ago, you might have thought that Chandler's smile bespoke the absurdity of all such threats. Knowing what had happened you might be inclined to criticise Chandler for smiling; you might have drawn an inference of callousness in the man who could treat such things lightly. But you would be wrong. The Chandler smile is not a reproach to the Chandler heart. There is no callousness there. It is simply that Chandler is by nature averse from pulling grave faces and has lived so long in the midst of danger that he has learned, not bravado but equanimity, not temerity but coolness. He smiles at threats, but he does not laugh at them.

This general manager of the Los Angeles Times has a magnetic personality. He is a big man in every way; heavy, broad-shouldered, strong in body. Strong too in mind, or there is no truth in physiognomy. The smiling eyes, the smiling mouth tell of determination and power. The careless movements are instinct with reserve force. The husky voice, one conjectures, could be let out with roaring vehemence, once this easygoing man was aroused. It is not hard to understand why General Otis took him up and made his fortune for him. A born fighter, like the General, he is unlike him in nearly every other respect. They make a great team.

Chandler did not find that letter. Evidently he pays little attention to that branch of his correspondence, though it must be large.

"I get one or two a day," he remarked.

But he can be methodical where method is important. He pointed to a dozen bundles of press clippings, tabulated and ranged with precision on his desk. They were editorial comments on the dynamite case and the arrest of the three suspects. He told me that he would go through them all; that he had been going through similar bundles since the case started. Which means that better than any other editor in the country he knows the condition of popular opinion on the subject. Of course he has his finger on the pulse of Los Angeles.

"Right after the explosion," he said, "the union labor men who had been on the fence with regard to the Times cast their lot with the unions. So did some men who were not union labor men. The rival papers helped to fool the people. But since the arrests were made and the evidence came out there has been a tremendous change. We have gained many sympathisers among people who were unbelievers before.

"As to the condition of public opinion in Los Angeles, I wouldn't say that it is wrought up. There is a determined feeling that the arrested men get a fair trial; that justice be done. But there is no excitement; no violence; no mob feeling; nothing to prevent the men from getting a fair trial.

"There is no such popular excitement as there was in San Francisco during the graft trials. Perhaps it is a difference of newspapers. In San Francisco the newspapers seem to think that they must do the popular thing instead of the right thing. The Hearst papers are typical of this attitude.

"When the Los Angeles Examiner was started by Hearst at the solicitation of the labor unions, it was announced editorially that the new paper would accept no advertising that was boycotted by the unions on account of its being published in the Times. The result was that the Los Angeles Examiner starved for a couple of years. But as the managers of the paper were changed from time to time it was finally discovered that no progress could be made by combatting the right sentiment of the community and the Examiner took those ads.—was glad to get them. Since the suspects were caught the Examiner in

HARRY CHANDLER

Los Angeles has printed more sensational and more exciting things against the dynamiters than the Times has. But the Examiner in San Francisco takes the other tack. In other words the Hearst papers in any community go where the business is. Mr. Hearst knows on which side his bread is buttered."

"Is unionism gaining in Los Angeles?" I asked.

"The unions are making herculean efforts," he replied; "but they are not succeeding. They are spending enormous sums. In the last labor parade it was particularly remarked what a lot of women were in line. But it turned out that only one in ten belonged to a union. They paid women five dollars apiece to walk in that parade and help make a showing. That's the way the money's going.

"And still they're asking for funds. It has been announced that if enough money is forthcoming the Appeal to Reason which is socialistic and anarchistic will be sent to every citizen of the State during the trial of the dynamite suspects. The last copy of the Appeal to Reason which I saw stated that it would probably be impossible to save the arrested men from conviction on account of the trumped-up evidence, but it added that if labor unionists would see to it that a Supreme Court favorable to union labor was elected, they could be saved in the higher court later on."

"Has Los Angeles anything to tell San Francisco about the labor unions?" I asked.

Harry Chandler smiled at the question, but his answer was unexpectedly conservative.

"It would be more or less offensive for us to try to tell San Francisco anything," he said; "but certainly San Francisco ought to take a hunch from Los Angeles. I believe that the large percentage of union labor men are honest and conscientious. That being the case it is hard to understand how they can back up rascals and advocates of violence. If this case opens the eyes of the honest men in the unions it will be a benefit to the whole of California, to the whole of the country."

That is not the way the ordinary individual would expect a Times man to talk. It is not the way union labor leaders represent the Times men as talking or thinking. But there can be no doubt about the sincerity of the utterance. It is interesting, by the way, to note that a question concerning the whole of San Francisco was answered by Chandler in exactly the way it would be answered if the whole of San Francisco were union labor or sympathetic with union labor. Noticing this and realizing that in San Francisco there is a large element opposed to unionism, I asked:

"Do you think a daily paper advocating the open shop and telling the whole truth about labor troubles would go in San Francisco?"

Chandler had evidently thought a good deal on that subject, for he was ready with his answer.

"Our fight for the open shop," he said, "was forced on us in 1890. It was brought on by editors who were greener than General Otis. Otis had been a printer and a member of the union. He knew the printers' strength and so when they demanded an increase of pay and an agreement with the employers, he was reluctant to start trouble. The printers walked out. The papers which had started the trouble capitulated, leaving the Times to fight the battle. It was a hard fight and for a long time the grass was very short for the Times. They scared, begged, intimidated our advertisers. But later on the business men learned that they were bluffing, that the boycott was a bogeyman. They saw too that the Times was consistent. So we got the support of the business interests and we grew and grew. Now we publish the biggest paper in the country. Last Sunday we published more advertising matter than the three San Francisco morning papers put together."

I waited for him to draw the moral from this summing up.

"It took the Times ten years of everlasting hammering to create a sentiment among the average citizens and to make its business prosperous. It would probably take the same time in San Francisco. It wouldn't be a matter of days or months or a year. Very likely it couldn't be done in five years. You see it takes a long time to put poison into the minds of people and it takes a long time to get the poison out. But in the end the San Francisco editor who tried it would find it worth while."

Where is the San Francisco editor who wants to make the experiment. Please don't all speak at once!

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The Secret of the Confessional

A case has been started before the Roman courts which has no precedent in the relations between Church and State since the fall of the temporal power, and is a new episode in the struggle which goes on continually between the American Methodists and the Vatican. Last month a sensational story appeared in the papers. A priest of Rome, Father Gustavo Verdesi, suddenly declared that he could no longer remain in the Church after the violation of the secret of the confessional committed by Father Bricarelli, a Jesuit, who, he said, had revealed what the former had told him under the seal of the confessional. Father Verdesi stated that in confession he had told the Jesuit that he had frequented some meetings of Modernists, for which he asked pardon. Father Bricarelli, using strong pressure and moral threats, urged Father Verdesi to give the names of other ecclesiastics who were present at the meetings. Verdesi at first refused; but later, on Bricarelli showing him an order from the Pope to mention other Modernists, and promising that the whole affair would be kept secret, he gave way and mentioned five of his best friends and companions, who, shortly afterward, were all deprived of their positions and punished; some even were sent away from Rome. Verdesi ended his revelations by saying that this fact and the injury he had done his friends, while he thought he was accomplishing a conscientious duty, revolted him so much that he could not remain a day longer in a Church which allowed such enormities, and he found assistance in the ever-open doors of the American Methodists. Father Bricarelli, instead of appealing to an ecclesiastical tribunal, has protested most energetically against the assertions of Father Verdesi, and has started against him before the Italian courts a suit for libel and calumny, asking the judge fully to investigate the case in order to collect evidence proving the absolute groundlessness of Verdesi's statements and to condemn him according to Italian law. Whatever the result of the case, its importance lies in this new departure of the Church in allowing Bricarelli to go before the civil courts of Italy on a purely internal dispute. There is no doubt that the Jesuit Father, before starting his suit, asked and obtained the permission of the Pope to do so.

A Japanese Revelation

Some astonishing revelations concerning the Japanese Army during the period of Japan's conflict with Russia have just come to light. In the first place, the army was much weaker numerically than had been supposed, the total number under arms during the entire war being less than a million, while the average strength was only 350,000, although the impression had been permitted to get abroad that the average strength was somewhere in the neighborhood of 800,000. Again, during the actual progress of the war and after its close reports were spread broadcast that the Japanese had become so proficient in the art and science of medicine that disease had been practically eliminated. Now, however, it becomes known that the percentage of deaths from disease was as great as in the Spanish-American war, although the Russo-Japanese campaigns were carried on in a more northerly and consequently healthier climate. This information should go a long way toward revolutionizing popular sentiment which condemned the so-called unnecessary waste of life in the Spanish-American war, and lauded the Japanese for their skill in conserving the lives of their soldiery.

Be Particular

when you buy wines. Insist upon securing the Italian-Swiss Colony's TIPO (red or white), Zinfandel, Burgundy, Chablis, or Sauterne. Each is positively the best in its class.

Is the Opium Traffic Passing?

A new agreement for the restriction of the Chinese opium trade seems to have been arrived at between the Celestial Empire and India. According to the London Times correspondent in Peking, this will lead to the extinction of the trade within a short time. There is room for this optimistic viewpoint, owing to the attitude of the Chinese Government toward opium, but the Indian Government is the great stumbling block to the eradication of the evil. The Indian Government is consistently opposed to the suppression of the opium trade and for purely selfish reasons. The Chinese Government, on the other hand, has actually done more than make good its promises of lessening the production and exportation. With the assistance of India, it is estimated, China could put a stop to the trade in two years. Her loss of revenue would be very great. But her sincerity cannot be questioned.

Cigarettes for Women

Those who pretend to know are of the opinion that the estimate furnished recently by one of the largest cigarette manufacturing establishments in the country that 95,000 New York women are addicted to the use of the weed is too conservative. Of late years the habit has been growing tremendously with not only the so-called "smart" women of the city but those without society's golden gate. The steady increase in the number of women who go abroad yearly and visit Paris and other continental cities where cigarette smoking by woman is regarded as an indispensable part of the daily regime, is believed to be responsible for the popularity of the "coffin nail" in the metropolis. One woman who has thus acquired the habit abroad encourages others at home to believe that there is nothing offensive in it. While it has been generally conceded that cigarette smoking by the fairer proportion of Gotham's population is enlisting new recruits every day, some surprise was occasioned by the announcement by the manufacturing concern in question that out of the total of 637,000,000 cigarettes sold last year in the United States, fully 8,500,000 were consumed by women. Chicago, next to New York, is the best customer. San Francisco is not high up in the list. In the widespread use of the cigarette by women, it is said the United States is following the present day trend of not only France, but England, Germany and Austria.

American Bonds in Berlin

Another crusade against the introduction of American securities into the German market has been launched in connection with the project to list $4,000,000 4 per cent. first mortgage gold bonds of the Southern Pacific & San Francisco Terminal Railway on the Berlin Stock Exchange. The flotation is proposed jointly by three of the strongest banks in the country. Opposition to the project, as in the case of the wrecked negotiations for the listing of $2,000,000 worth of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway shares, is led by the anti-American agrarian press, notably the Deutsche Tages-Zeitung, which declares that "the sooner notification is given from the proper quarters that the Southern Pacific bonds may not be listed in Berlin the better it will be for the general situation and for German economic conditions." Herr Dernburg's vigorous plea for a broader-gage view of the foreign securities has brought a torrent of abuse down upon the head of the ex-Colonial Secretary from the chronic anti-American elements.

And Still Germany Is Sore

Of the $200,000,000 spent by Americans in Europe last year only $25,000,000, it is estimated, fell to the share of Germany. Wherefore the Germans are complaining bitterly that wealthy Americans persist in visiting England and France and seldom go to Germany. For three years past Berliners have been doing their utmost to attract tourists, but with a comparatively small degree of success. It is complained that even Americans who patronize the two great German transatlantic lines nearly always disembark at a French or an English port and do not even get as far as Hamburg or Bremen. This year, with the coronation as a huge attraction, Germans have given up hopes of holding their own, but next year a big effort will be made to secure a fair share of the globe trotters' dollars.

"What Monte Cristo Missed"

Under this editorial heading the San Bernardino Sun reviews the figures for the season's citrus crop. Its comment is arresting. Monte Cristo, it says, "ought to have been an orange grower. Perhaps as an individual the orchardist is not yet a Croesus, but the figures on the aggregate crop are almost dizzying. The citrus crop for the season will be 16,000 cars more than last year. The gross value of the crop is conservatively estimated to be over $43,000,000, as compared with about $29,000,000 for last season. That crop, f. o. b. California, that is, with the freight and icing charges paid, is estimated to be worth about $28,000,000 to the growers and packers, as compared with about $20,000,000 for the former season. In other words, the California growers and packers get about $8,000,000 more net than they did last year. And of that increase, at least $2,000,000 comes to this county. And if insurging Representative Warburton can be kept on the reservation, and his free orange and lemon bill put on ice, next year may do still better by us. For the crop increases annually."

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15c. a Cake for the Unscented

The Linden Tree

By Heinrich Seidel (From the German)

A long time ago I stayed for some years in a small town where lived an old man who had been a college friend of my father's. I went constantly to his house and was treated with the greatest kindness.

Doctor Lindow was a handsome, jolly man of sixty, a great lover of nature and an enthusiastic gardener. He raised fine flowers and fruit, and his garden, facing the south and sloping down in terraces to a tiny lake, was in summer a veritable cornucopia of delicious things. It seemed to me simply miraculous what a comparatively small portion of ground could be made to produce by intelligent and judicious use of space. At the end of the garden, on a slight elevation, stood a fine arbor of lindens overlooking the peaceful lake, which was encircled by reeds and willows, and there I sat one beautiful August evening in animated conversation with the old gentleman, who was especially lively on this occasion. Before us on the table stood a huge dish, filled with delicious peaches, greengages and apricots, in the glasses gleamed an excellent brand of Rhine wine, and around us, through the stillness of the evening, echoed the merry voices of playing children, the grandchildren of my host.

Among these was a twelve-year-old boy, who distinguished himself by remarkable agility. Suddenly we heard his voice from the top of a tree which stretched its branches horizontally toward the shores of the lake.

"Grandfather!" cried the boy. "Watch how well I can do it now!"

With that he slid along one of the horizontal branches and hung suddenly by the knees from it, head downwards. To my horror he then let loose, adroitly seizing, however, the branch beneath, so that in falling his body turned and his head was again uppermost. And so, from branch to branch, sliding and plunging, always breaking his fall by repeated, well-timed grasping of the branches, he safely reached the bottom.

"Well done, my son!" cried Herr Lindow. "Come here a minute!"

After he had bountifully rewarded the lad with fruit he turned to me and said:

"That is an old family feat, taught to me by my father, and highly thought of because of the great service it once did me."

"What sort of service was this"? I asked astonished.

The doctor leaned back in his garden-chair and looked thoughtfully before him, like one who is arranging the facts of a story in his head, and then said:

"You know that as a student I was sentenced to ten years imprisonment in a fortress?"

"Oh, yes!" I replied; "at the same time Fritz Reuter was sentenced for the same reason."

"Exactly," continued Lindow, "only I was more fortunate than Reuter in one respect, as I was allowed to serve my term in the only little fortress of my native country, where I was comparatively well off. Properly speaking, this was really no longer a fortess, for the outworks had long since been demolished and all that was left was a citadel standing on a precipitous rock and used as a prison. There I had quite a comfortable room with, to be sure, a heavy iron-bound door and a strongly barred window cut deep into the thick wall. I was the only prisoner there, for the little principality had produced no more such political criminals, and I was allowed during the day a good deal of liberty, though at night I was carefully locked in. How, then, could I escape, since the rock had on three sides a steep fall of about a hundred feet, while the fourth, to which a winding road led, was sufficiently guarded by walls and strong gates with sentinels before them.

"I could not complain of lack of view for the rock was a last spur of the mountain chain dimly seen on the horizon and was the only appreciable elevation in a softly rolling plain. But probably nothing is more likely to intensify the longing for freedom than the continual unrestricted sight of it. This longing grew almost to a physical pain when on lovely Sunday afternoons in summer the people of the little town swarmed out on the different roads as from an ant-hill; when carriages and light-footed pedestrians cheerfully made their way along the road toward the hazy blue mountains; when the flags waved from the ruins outside the gates, while the colored dresses and light hats of the girls gleamed through the foliage and every now and then I could hear a muffled drum-beat or some other musical sounds, or the constant rolling of ninepin balls. Then would come fluttering up light-winged butterflies, resting a little on the sunny turf of the ramparts and then resuming their care-free, untrammeled way. The swallows, chasing each other around the old walls of the citadel, would dart close by me and cry, as if in mockery: 'Come with us, come with us!'

"One Sunday when this was all repeated it became too much for me and I betook myself to the other side, where I was rid of the sight of the town and all its merry doings. Here one side of the rock was washed by the river and beyond this stretched a wide heath. At my feet, however, in the angle made by the approaching river and the rock, was a large garden which belonged to the country-house of a well-to-do manufacturer. Like a map it lay there beneath me, with its neat paths, grass-plots and clusters of shrubs, but it was almost as desolate as a map, for, except an old gardener and his equally old wife, I had never seen a human being there.

"As I now sat there, my legs dangling over the edge of the rock, looked alternately at the neat green solitude at my feet and then away across the river over the monstrous heath, there occurred to me all at once a thought which intoxicated my brain to such an extent that I leaned back, clutching wildly at the grass, in the fear of becoming giddy and suddenly falling over. In the corner of the garden there stood an ancient linden-tree, so near to the rock as almost to touch it with its branches. Its enormous green dome was exactly beneath me, a distance of not more than twenty feet. Queer that I had never noticed this before! If I once sprang into it, the rest would be easy! Moreover there was no danger, for the elastic branches, thickly covered with foliage, would receive me gently and break the fall, and then, how often as a boy had I intentionally allowed myself to fall thus from branch to branch! That was a feat that looked more dangerous than it really was and it had often won me the applause of astonished spectators. If I carried that out here, I could be down below in a few seconds. And then I should be free!

"But for how long? I was without means, for naturally, being a prisoner, I was not allowed to have much money, and although the frontier was not very far away, my flight could be successful only if a carriage and fast horses were waiting for me. Moreover I had no passport, which was absolutely necessary for crossing the frontier. Where was I to get all those things?

"Still, it was not till later, after calm consideration, that these thoughts came to me. In the meantime I was so intoxicated by the thought of how easily I could escape that I reveled in it. In case I jumped down there and allowed myself to fall from branch to branch, the only thing to fear was that there might be too great gaps between the branches, or that these might stop at a good height from the ground. Going to another part of the rock, I lay flat down and studied the linden tree from a greater distance and from the side. The tree had attained such perfection of development as is possible only in a model tree of this species; the green dome showed no gaps of any kind and the lowermost branches hung down to the very ground.

"Suddenly firm, regular steps made themselves heard and recalled me from my reverie. They were changing the guard who was on duty in this part and it seemed to me prudent to show myself, as they might otherwise have searched for me. I went quickly around behind the ramparts and appeared in another place, seemingly very much bored, seated myself on an old cannon and looked down once more upon the lively country roads.

"But in spirit I was beside my old linden tree. I stood on the edge of the rock and sought a secure place to leap from. That I found. Now for it! My blood ran cold, but it had to be. How the green foliage roared around my ears! I had jumped exactly right, the branch yielded alarmingly beneath my weight, but did not break. I did not let go until it had bent deep down to the next one, and then I slid and plunged through the cracking smaller branches, deeper and deeper, from one branch to another, and soon I was at the bottom. Now down to the river and through the shallow summer-waters to the opposite bank! Here a small pine grove hid me momentarily. But I had to push onward, onward, over open spaces where I was visible for a great distance. Still on, on, to the frontier! Perhaps, after all, no one would notice me. A fugitive should have good luck. 'Bang!' What was that? An alarm-shot from the fortress. Now begins the wild chase!

"I had so completely lost myself in these thoughts that it was rather a relief to realize that so far I was not a hunted fugitive, but was sitting quite peacefully on an old cannon, on Sunday afternoon, building castles in the air.

"From this time on I could not get rid of the idea of flight, and, as often as I could do it without attracting attention, I studied my old linden tree, till I at last knew it by heart. What a countless number of times I made that momentous spring in my imagination! At the same time I tormented myself pondering how I could procure the money and other necessaries for the flight, making one plan after another, but never coming to any decision. For everything depended on my getting letters safely out of the fortress, and I knew no one whom I could trust.

"Meanwhile the summer holidays had arrived and one day as I looked down into the usually deserted garden of the country-house, I noticed a wonderful change. The sort of woman I was

(Continued on Page 23.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

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The Spectator

The Job Chasers

To keep peace in his political family, Governor Johnson finds, is a task that calls for much ingenuity. There is a great scramble for the loaves and the fishes on the water front, and the demand far exceeds the supply. And to complicate matters Harbor Commissioner Hale is disposed to recognize merit that has already been vindicated in service rather than to experiment with talent which has no other recommendation than political expediency. So the reformers are already at loggerheads. That stern young civic patriot, Hon. Ralph Hathorn, and that eminent, reliable and steadfast statesman, the Hon. "Dick" Welch, are almost on the point of quitting the reservation and throwing conniption fits. Hathorn is convinced that if there is such a thing as political gratitude in this wide world he will be appointed to the attorneyship of the harbor board, but the suspicion is beginning to haunt him that Arthur Elliott of the trans-bay region is slated for the job, and on some hypothesis he attributes the circumstance either to the activity or the apathy of Al. McCabe. "Dick" Welsh is of the opinion that the Administration will be guilty of indescribable folly by appointing anybody but himself to the office of chief wharfinger. Yet this folly is believed to be inevitable, for Fred. Sanborn is reported to have pronounced the alway-reliable and never-to-be-found-dodging Senator impossible. And Sanborn is said to be a power behind the throne.

Railroad Attorneys Rewarded

Two of the most significant appointments thus far made are those of Max Thelen, attorney for the railroad commission and Warren Olney Jr., attorney for the board of regents. These two lawyers were formerly associated in practice. Thelen was right-of-way attorney for the Western Pacific and Mr. Olney was also one of the attorneys for the company. Their appointment seems to bear out the assertions that were made during Governor Johnson's campaign to the effect that while he was hostile to the Southern Pacific he had no hard feeling against the Western Pacific. But of course no criticism is to be made of the appointment of these two talented lawyers. They have come into their reward having been very enthusiastic advocates of Mr. Johnson's election.

The Boor on Parade

An incident occurred at the luncheon given at the University Club in honor of Governor Woodrow Wilson by which it was shown that that eminent pedagogue, the Hon. David Starr Jordan, possesses the secret of making himself offensive as well as tedious. Seated some distance from the great schoolmaster was the venerable chief justice of the Supreme Court of the State. During the luncheon a gentleman by his side struck up a conversation with him on the Japanese question. Justice Beatty remarked that he regarded the Japanese as a menace to the State. The remark reached the capacious ears of Dr. Jordan, who, it is well known, believes that he has an estate for life in the Japanese question as a topic for discussion. This topic is to him what his bowling-green and the Widow Wadman were to My Uncle Toby. Dr. Jordan has constituted himself the universal defender of the Japanese. And so when he heard Justice Beatty's observation he blurted out in a loud voice what he probably regarded as a complete refutation of the sentiment. "Any man," said he, "who believes the Japanese are a menace to the State will be in an insane asylum within ten years." Justice Beatty calmly retorted that it was strange to find a man who would make such an argument outside the walls of a home for the feeble-minded.

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Steffens and the Commonwealthers

Last Saturday the members of the Commonwealth Club listened to Sir Jabesh Windbag in the person of Mr. Lincoln Steffens, muckraker, who has made muckraking pay because the country is full of commonwealthers. I am told that Mr. Steffens made "a deep impression" on the gentlemen of the Commonwealth Club, so deep an impression on some of them that they went away saying it was one of the finest speeches they had ever heard. I have since read extracts from the speech, and I found them to be precisely what I supposed Sir Jabesh capable of uttering—cant and claptrap and nothing more. And then I reflected: The men of the Commonwealth Club unquestionably are above the average citizen in intelligence, yet the agitation of the hour is for more democracy, for a government by men who will be guided by Sir Jabesh Windbag "or what other Cagliostro, Cagliostrino, Cagliostraccio" the accidents of the times may elevate to ephemeral prominence

The Magic Vision

The theme of Mr. Steffens' discourse was "What San Francisco Should Do?" And what do you suppose he thinks this community should do for its own betterment? It should quit waging war against corrupt men and "Show them all a vision of service." That's the formula for improvement in a few words. And the enunciation of it made a great hit at the Commonwealth Club. Doubtless it contains the germ of a bright idea, but what does it mean? Is there any Commonwealther who can interpret it? "Service," I believe, is the current cant epithet of transcendental reformers. It's like the card that runs wild in a game of stud-horse poker,—it may mean anything. "Show them all a vision of service?" Well, how is the vision to be contrived? And once contrived how is it to compel imitation or emulation? Strikes me that Mr. Steffens concentrates an infinite deal of nonsense into few words. But he is not to be censured for that. When one has a small fraction of sense to propagate it's advisable to perk it into epigrammatic shape that it may prick in.

The Compelling Consciousness

Along with the "vision of service" Mr. Steffens recommended the giving of "a consciousness of the city as a whole and the rousing of the interest of every living inhabitant in the details of a scheme of the city beautiful." This, too, is somewhat recondite and cryptic, but evidently it was easy of comprehension to the brainy members of the Commonwealth Club; nay, assuredly so since it made an instantaneous hit. Mr. Steffens is strongly in favor of the "consciousness of the city beautiful as a whole" for purification purposes. It is being employed in Boston, and by 1915 Boston will invite all the world to "come and see a city with its problems solved." No question about the efficacy of the new catholicon does Mr. Steffens allow. It's guaranteed to cure the most incorrigible and stubborn cases of municipal corruption, this vision of service united with a consciousness of the city beautiful as a whole. Soberly and in deadly earnest Mr. Steffens bathed the Commonwealthers with moonshine, dosed them with grinning inanity, slavered them with cant, and they were much enthused.

Is It His Magnetism?

The only hypothesis on which I can account for the hit made by Mr. Steffens at the Commonwealth Club is that he has so much personal magnetism that what he says is of no importance. It may be that he intoxicated their senses, ravished their understanding and subjected them to so powerful a spell that they could do nothing but admire and applaud. How else am I to account for the reception that was given his utterances at the Commonwealth Club? Fancy a Steffens getting up on his hind feet and telling men in their sober senses that the bar is corrupt because even its honest members think wrong. Naturally any man whose faculties are in good working order would be inclined to ask, "How does Mr. Steffens know they think wrong? Who made him the repository of eternal truth? By what process was his judgment made final?" Reading on I find this sentiment: "The man who honestly thinks it his duty to aid the business class to the detriment of any other class, may do so with the clearest conscience but he thinks wrong." This appears to be true enough, but who is it that thinks it his duty to aid one class to the detriment of another class? Here we have an assumption for which I doubt that Mr. Steffens can find justification. It strikes me as an ordinary instance of the construction of a straw man for the usual purpose.

Dr. Aked and the Bible

Opinion as to the soundness of Dr. Aked's utterances may be divided, but there can only be one sentiment as to their suggestiveness. Whenever he opens his mouth out flies something to give us pause. That his dicta are never original makes little difference. Preachers cannot be ex-

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pected to cultivate originality, even on ten thousand dollars a year. By putting new masks on the worn and wrinkled faces of century-old heresies they are sure to win newspaper notoriety which is one of the great desiderata in new-fangled pulpiteering. To regard Christianity as a system of ethics is not a new way of slurring Christian dogma. It is a way that is as ancient as Julian the Apostate and as modern as Dr. Aked. (The worthy doctor will forgive me for this juxtaposition of great names.) Centuries before Bob Ingersoll lectured the "mistakes of Moses" occupied the attention of half-baked scientists. And yet Dr. Aked slams the great old leader of the tribes with the fresh enthusiasm of Mark Twain weeping at the grave of Adam. In his baccalaureate address to the students of the University of California last Sunday, Dr. Aked quoted from Exodus: "And Moses put forth his hand and caught the serpent, and it became a rod in his hand"; commenting airily, "I am no more interested in Oriental magic than you are." All so-called miracles, it is plain, are magical; and the Indian fakir is employing the same methods of thaumaturgy as Christ and the Apostles.

The Old-Fashioned Scriptures

Dr. Aked is of that fin de siecle band who scouted the Bible as out of date. He probably does not know that the narrative of Moses stands today better verified than the narrative of any ancient historian. We are not living at the end of the nineteenth century, when the exposure of the "mistakes of Moses" was an easy road to popular favor, but at the beginning of the second decade of the twentieth century when the celebration of the tercentenary of the St. James version finds peculiar significance on account of the respectful attitude which scientists are assuming toward the historical value of the Mosaic narrative. But it is easier to flout than to dig; incomparably easier to call Moses an Oriental magician than to master the meaning of the ancient records that corroborate the Biblical accounts of his deeds. In other words, it is easier to indulge in destructive than in constructive criticism. I wish that Dr. Aked would ponder such utterances as the following which is taken from a recent article by George Holley Gilbert in the North American Review: "Whatever may be the relation of the historical criticism of the Bible to human civilization a thousand years hence, or ten thousand, it is now at the beginning of this twentieth century a relation full of vitality and instinct with hope. The services it has rendered and is rendering are enormous. It has not only saved the Bible in the day of the revelations of science, but it has justified the Bible's existence and mission to many of the foremost representatives of science itself. This will surely be held to be a distinguished service to human progress by all who believe that religion is a factor in this progress. Again, the modern method of interpretation is serving the cause of civilization by uncovering, as was never done before, the motives and ideals of that literature which of all the literatures of history is far the deepest, purest, and most inspiring. It is pouring into the channels of civilization, as from a newly discovered fountain of life, the waters that have power over the spiritual nature of man. It has made the Bible, even in this age of science, a greater magnet than it was in the days of Luther."

The Doctor on the Crusades

Dr. Aked, naturally enough, has no sympathy for the Crusades. He is not in tune with that wonderful movement of the ages of chivalry and faith. He calls the Crusades "the fashionable madness of the Middle Ages." No doubt he lists the Crusades, as Charles Mackay listed them in his volume of "Extraordinary Popular Delusions" with the Mississippi Bubble, the search for the philosopher's stone and the tulip mania. By so doing he exhibits the defects of a small mind that cannot grasp heroism when heroism is a religious motive. I would really like to hear his opinion of Joan of Arc. Meanwhile I am going to quote once again for his edification, this time from Minnie Kellogg's recently published book, "Flowers from Medieval History." She is speaking of the Children's Crusade: "A veritable allegory of the Age of Faith was presented on the great stage of history in 1212, when two enormous armies of little boys and girls started from France and Germany singing, to march to the Holy Land; if any of these children turned back, none of them seem to have found their old homes. As far as is known to history, one child alone returned as an aged pilgrim, to tell the tale,—how the bones of the children strewed the mountainside; how they had been embarked on unseaworthy vessels to be sold into slavery; how few, how very few, ever reached their goal; how few, how very few, ever remained pure and holy. Connected with this tragedy was a horrible pope and a horrible doge, but now they seem but foils to the purity of the children, it was all so long ago. And that the mystic beauty of that little legion may live lyrically in our life, the Twentieth Century has set their pathetic march to music in stately oratorio; for pure aspiration is the melody of melodies, the veritable flower of history." Does Dr. Aked see in this naught but "fashionable madness"? Perhaps his success as a fashionable preacher, as illustrated by his transcontinental trip in the palatial private car of a railroad president, causes him to believe that all religious enthusiasm is nothing more than fashionable madness.

"Any suggestions as to the music for the dinner tonight?"

"Well, play something loud with the soup course."

Kent and His Friend Cobb

From the San Francisco dailies one derives very meagre information of affairs in Washington. To keep posted on the subject of national legislation and national politics one must read either a New York daily or one of the leading newspapers of the interior. Even matters of local interest are neglected by our parochial press. Take for instance the squabble in Washington over the appointment of Charles Cobb as assistant attorney-general for the Interior Department. This is a matter that has excited a deal of interest in the East, but you would never know it if you confined your newspaper reading to the San Francisco dailies. I have been keeping track of it by reading the Washington correspondent of the Sacramento Union. From him I learn that the matter of the confirmation of Cobb's appointment was referred to a subcommittee of the Senate which requested Attorney-General Wickersham to submit a statement with reference to the indictment against Kent's land company and explain what influence Cobb could exert on Kent's case. Attorney-General Wickersham reported that Cobb would not handle the case as it has been practically concluded and awaits only reports as to the amount of damage done by Kent's fences. From this it is inferred that Kent has succeeded in persuading the Interior Department to withdraw criminal prosecution. But the subcommittee has learned that there is a second similar case against Congressman Kent that has never been acted upon, and consequently more light is requested.

He Threatened the Tribune

Kent's friends in San Francisco have been saying that the opposition to Cobb was started by local enemies of the Congressman from the second district in the hope of involving him in a scandal. But the truth is that Kent has been put on the defensive by the New York Tribune which recently recited the history of the indictment for the illegal fencing of public domain. The Tribune said: "Kent does not want this criminal prosecution to proceed further. Therefore he has made a proposition for compromise whereby the case may be settled on civil grounds, either by the payment of a sum equal to the injury supposed to have been done by his illegal fencing, or by satisfaction of fine, the amount of which is to be fixed in advance and based on the agreement of the Golconda Cattle Company, 'Billy' Kent, president, to plead to the criminal charge." The Tribune charged that if Cobb were confirmed it would be his official duty to pass

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upon the merits of the compromise proposition which his patron Kent has made, with the perfectly natural hope of escaping the penalty of criminal prosecution and the substitution therefor of a purely civil prosecution; in effect, of paying the government approximately the rental price of the lands which have been fenced. Kent announced one day his intention to sue the Tribune for libel, but the next day he modified his statement, saying he would consult his attorneys.

A Compliment for George Sterling

The conservative and scholarly "Review of Books" of the New York Times has just paid a high compliment to George Sterling, our poet. "Many a minor poet," says the editor, "has had his shot at aviation; but we have not happened to see any other poem, having this new art or science as its theme, in which the subject is treated with so much imagination and such literary skill as have gone to the making of 'The Black Vulture' from Mr. Sterling's 'House of Orchids.' The sonnet might have been written by William Watson." The sonnet runs:

Aloof upon the day's immeasured dome,
He holds unshared the silence of the sky.
Far down, his bleak, relentless eyes descry
The eagle's empire and the falcon's home—
Far down, the galleons of sunset roam;
His hazards on the sea of morning lie;
Serene, he hears the broken tempest sigh
Where cold sierras gleam like scattered foam.

And least of all he holds the human swarm—
Unwitting now that envious men prepare
To make their dream and its fulfillment one,
When, poised above the caldrons of the storm,
Their hearts, contemptuous of death, shall dare
His roads between the thunder and the sun.

Getting Ready for Hearst

In the newspaper offices of Seattle there is an air of suppressed excitement, a girding of loins and a general preparation for battle. For the editors of the Post-Intelligencer and the Times are getting ready to resist the invasion of William Randolph Hearst. Hearst's agent in Seattle, Dent H. Robert of this city, has already made an offer of $350,000 for a suitable site for a newspaper plant. The offer was refused and he is now considering other favorable locations. It is expected that the formal announcement of the foundation of the Seattle American will be made shortly. Meanwhile Editor Chapin of the Post-Intelligencer is in the East strengthening his news service connections and Editor Blethen of the Times has just returned to Seattle, having completed similar activities. The Times is served by the Hearst news bureau, but is ready to discontinue the service at a moment's notice and rely upon the Publishers' Press which is the rival of the Associated Press and the Hearst bureau. All Seattle is regarding the preparations for a journalistic struggle with intense interest and the general impression is that Chapin and Blethen will give Hearst a run for his money.

Raker on Redwoods

It fills me with pleasure to be able to announce that at last Californian oratory is being heard in the House of Representatives. It has been many years since a real blown-in-the-bottle, all-wool-and-a-yard-wide orator went to Washington from this State. Of course there was Congressman Ned Livernash, or Edouard de Nivernais as he prefers to style himself, but a jealous House refused to hear him until the last day of the session and then the Speaker's gavel fell after he had emitted one sentence. There is also of course Bill Kent of that ilk; but Bill, as he showed in a recent utterance, leans more to the poetical than to the oratorical side of debate. My orator is Judge Raker of Alturas, a Democrat unterrified and, let us hope, never to be gagged. Coming from Alturas in the land of Modoc Indians and lynching bees, Raker burst upon an astonished Congress the other day with the following tremendous bit of word painting: "In that section nature has lavished treasures and beauties which, once destroyed, cannot be restored in a hundred generations. I refer to the gigantic redwood trees, which occur in great groves in certain localities. One can ride for miles through primeval forests, which were planted by the Almighty before the Christian era. There one is in twilight at noon amid trees 38 and more feet in diameter, which go straight up without a limb for more than 100 feet, and whose crowns soaring 300 or 400 feet in the air form a vast canopy almost impervious to sunlight. Such great wonders of nature should not be permitted to fall before the woodsman's axe. These groves should be preserved for the people and the Nation for all time. They are as much a part of the people's heritage of delight and instruction as are the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, Mammoth Cave and other natural wonders." The deft mingling of dry statistic with glowing imagery in this passage was particularly admired. It was pretty generally agreed that one rarely found this sort of jeweled language, even in railway folders. Raker and his redwoods will probably become national figures as Chester Rowell would say.

A Trimmer on Principle

Governor Woodrow Wilson is a man of exceptional powers of fascination. At the banquet given in his honor in this city, which, by the way, Mr. Garret McEnerney presided over with great felicity, he made a most favorable impression, winning the confidence and esteem even

AUCTION

MONDAY, MAY 22, 1911

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12 O'clock Noon, by Order of the Court

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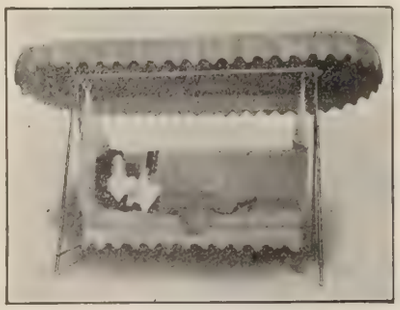

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of men who were inclined to regard him rather as an artful politician than as an earnest and sincere statesman. After his speech one of his hearers observed, "Well, if we must have a Progressivist for President Woodrow Wilson will suit me." From all that Governor Wilson has said of late I have come to the conclusion that he represents that class of statesmen of which George Savile, Viscount of Halifax in the days of Charles II, was the prototype. Savile was dubbed a trimmer, and he assumed the title as an honor, bearing it with vivacity and distinction. Everything good, he said, trims between extremes; the temperate zone between the climate in which men are roasted and the climate in which they are frozen; the English constitution between Turkish despotism and Polish anarchy. Savile trimmed between the two embittered factions of English politics. Always placid of temper, never prone to malevolence, he was forgiving and forbearing, never given to excessive admiration or furious opposition, he had nothing in common with those that flew from extreme to extreme. Apparently Woodrow Wilson has taken Savile for his political model. He is for making concessions but not for a metamorphosis. There are some things which he has no hesitation in disapproving. One of them is the recall for judges and the other is woman's suffrage. He appears to be a happy medium between Battle Bob and Uncle Joe. It is certainly to be said in his favor that he disdains to eat soap in order to frothe at the mouth and that the holier-than-thou attitude is excluded from his repertoire.

He Cultivates the Newspapermen

Governor Woodrow Wilson has a healthy respect for the power of newspapermen and in his "swinging round the circle" has been at pains to show his feeling in this regard. All reporters get the best of treatment from him and leave his presence mightily impressed with his personality. The local scribes who interviewed him consider him a big man. Particular evidence of Governor Wilson's attitude toward reporters was afforded when his secretary communicated with the Board of Managers of the Press Club and informed them that the Governor would esteem it a great honor to be invited to the club and given an opportunity to mingle with the "boys." Arrangements were immediately made to entertain him at dinner on Tuesday evening and the Governor was delighted. But unfortunately the local Bourbons had already arranged for those hours of his stay in the city and he had to cancel the engagement.

A Senator-Novelist

There is more than ordinary interest for San Franciscans in the announcement that ex-Senator Hansbrough of South Dakota is about to publish a novel. Not the same sort of interest, however, that will induce the senator's former colleagues to peruse the book. They are said to be awaiting its appearance with apprehension. It is called "The Second Amendment" and in it Hansbrough is said to have laid bare the secrets of the Upper House, to have told tales of lobby and committee rooms that should never be repeated and to have sketched portraits of the political bosses that will make them wince. Old San Franciscans will be interested in the novel because ex-Senator Hansbrough used to be a newspaperman here. He worked on the Alta and later on the Examiner but never mastered the business. Old John Timmons who worked with Hansbrough on the copy desk used to chuckle as he told stories of the latter's queer ideas about synonyms. He depended for his copia verborum on a vest pocket dictionary which he consulted with the most surprising results. But Hansbrough went to the Dakotas and made and married millions, finally landing in the United States Senate. He was retired some time ago in strange circumstances. He was done out of his seat by the "machine" of South Dakota while he was so ill that he could not lift his head from the pillow. It was more than a year before he rallied. Meantime his wife, a beautiful and talented young woman who had been an invalid during the greater part of their married life, developed a disorder that necessitated her confinement in a sanitarium. It remains to be conjectured from his novel whether these misfortunes have embittered the ex-senator; certainly they have not broken him.

His Crocodile Tears

One of our well known wine agents, accompanied by a millionaire from Victoria and two charming and beautiful women, went to sup at Tait's in the wee sma' hours of last Saturday morning. The wine agent ordered frogs' legs and a couple of quarts of wine. "While we're waiting," he informed his guests, "I think I'll go and pay a visit to the pet frogs in the fountain. They are very friendly and actually eat flies out of my hand." But he found no frogs in the fountain. He searched long and carefully, but they were not in evidence. Finally he summoned John Tait and asked what had become of the darling creatures. There were tears of deep emotion trembling on his lids, but Tait did not hesitate to impart the horrid truth. "The waiter is just placing those pet frogs on your table,"

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At this time we will place on sale about 2000 high class WOMEN'S SUITS, divided into four great lots. These are not suits left over or "off" styles, or poor colors, which have not proven salable in regular stock. But practically every suit in this great offering has been received within the last two weeks.

Eastern factories and our own New York factory particularly, have taken all their high priced suitings and made them up into splendid new models for us at PRICES WHICH ARE ABOUT HALF WHAT WE PAID FOR SIMILAR SUITS EARLY IN THE SEASON.

This is the reason, and the only reason, why prices such as we quote are possible on splendid new suits. Further particulars of this Great Sale will be found in the Sunday papers, and our big Market Street windows Saturday evening and Sunday will further illustrate the marvelous values of this sale and its bargain opportunities.

Not the least of the attractions of this sale will be this additional offering—

A SILK PETTICOAT
MESSALINE OR TAFFETA
FREE
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Choose your own style and color from a splendid big variety. You get the Petticoat FREE REGARDLESS OF THE PRICE OF THE SUIT.

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LOT 1—WOMEN'S TAILORED SUITS... $ 9.75
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LOT 4—WOMEN'S TAILORED SUITS... $23.75

Every suit entering into this sale shows a big saving. Make your plans to be here at this most important event Monday.

he said; "they were the last we had and you are going to eat them." Whereat the wine agent, overcome by grief and mayhap to some extent by wine, mingled his crocodile tears with the waters of the fountain.

The Santa Fe's New Boat

There was a delightful "housewarming" aboard the Santa Fe's new ferryboat San Pedro on Sunday when nearly three hundred guests were taken for an excursion about the bay. The placing of the San Pedro on the run between this city and Ferry Point, Richmond, signalizes the betterment of the transbay service of the railroad company and is an event of great importance. But aside from this last Sunday's excursion had a social side which appealed to the representative men and women who were invited to make the first run. There was good music from the Hawaiian band, a delicious noon repast and during the several hours of the trip around the bay a quality of summer weather that none could cavil at. The arrangements for the excursion were made by James B. Duffy, general passenger agent and C. J. Birchfield, general advertising agent of the Santa Fe. Among the points of interest visited were the Union Iron Works, where the new ferryboat was built, Fort Point, Black Point, the naval coaling station at California City, Vallejo and the Mare Island navy yard.

Huntington's New Treasures

There has been so much pother over the acquisition by Henry E. Huntington of the $50,000 Gutenburg Bible of the Hoe collection, that small attention has been bestowed on the other treasures which he has been gathering recently. At this same Hoe sale he bought through an agent William Blake's "Milton" for $9,000 and a Kilmarnock "Burns" for $5,800. Some time ago he bought the private library of the late E. Dwight Church of Brooklyn which was collected during more than half a century and is rated among the finest private collections in the world. The price he paid was $1,300,000. Among the books in this collection are Shakespeare folios valued at $200,000; the original manuscript of Franklin's Autobiography valued at $35,000; and the First Laws of the Colony of Massachusetts for which the State of Massachusetts once offered $25,000. The cataloguing of this library extended over more than three years and cost about $40,000. Huntington in the Hoe sale has acquired items for which Miss Green, Pierpont Morgan's librarian, was an eager bidder.

Honor for Lawrence

Chicago papers to hand tell the story of great honor recently paid to Mr. Andrew M. Lawrence, formerly managing editor of the Examiner. A banquet was given by the Illinois Democracy in the great banquet hall of the Auditorium Hotel to celebrate the services rendered to the party by the distinguished California journalist, and most fervid tributes were paid to him by statesmen from Washington and by leading officials of the municipal and State government. Representatives of the bench, bar and mercantile world spoke of Lawrence in terms of the highest praise attributing to him the credit for the recent great victory by which Carter Harrison became mayor of Chicago. Mr. Harrison presided at the banquet, and proposed for his own toast "The Great Fight." Lawrence responded to the toast, "The Power of the People." The banquet was the most noteworthy ever held in the Auditorium, the number of guests exceeding those at the big Roosevelt dinner held in the same hall several years ago. "Andy" Lawrence is now recognized as one of the most important figures in the politics of Illinois. Few men know the game of politics better than he. He tells his friends that his one disagreeable experience in the game occurred in San Francisco when he made Phelan mayor and was then given the double-cross.

A Chapter of Accidents

Hugo Weinberger, a civil engineer from Vienna who arrived in this city recently, does not know whether to regard his transcontinental trip as a diversion or as a penance. After traveling from Chicago to the Isthmus of Panama he arrived at the canal in time to see some unfortunate laborers killed by an explosion of dynamite. After returning to Chicago, he left there on the same train with the alleged dynamiters of the Los Angeles "Times." From San Diego he made an

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SOME DATES

May 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31
June 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 28, 29, 30
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7

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excursion into Tia Juana and was almost bayoneted for taking pictures of the fortifications. But the most nerve-racking incident occurred on his trip to San Francisco. A child was killed by the train on which he traveled.

He Swats Our Board of Education

Professor Suzzallo who used to shed the light of his learning on these parts but who is now lecturing on school administration at Teachers College, New York, has been making uncomplimentary references to our board of education. One of the features of the proposed new charter for New York is a paid board of education. On account of his experience in San Francisco the professor is against this. That experience, he tells the New York Evening Post, showed him that "such a provision recruits less able men for the school trusteeships, and leads to an interference of laymen in expert professional affairs." The paid board member, he says, was usually one of two types—"the man who looked upon the appointment as political patronage and who did no more work than was required to meet the legal requirements; and the man who felt he ought to keep busy all day, with conscience, because he was paid for it." Neither man pleases the professor; the spoilsman for obvious reasons; the conscientious man because he "tends to run across all bounds of layman service." Professor Suzzallo, it would seem, is a hard man to satisfy.

One of the Wilstachs

The presence in this city of Claxton Wilstach, business manager for Sothern and Marlowe, reminds me of the conspicuous success achieved in the business department of theaterdom by the members of the Wilstach family. Not so many years ago the three Wilstach brothers, Claxton, Frank and Paul, started in as newspaper reporters in the little town of Lafayette, Indiana. They caught on and moved to New York or Chicago. Then they got into the theatrical business and have manifested their capabilities by leaping to the top of the heap. Frank Wilstach was last here with William Faversham and Julie Opp. Paul, the youngest brother, was for a time manager to that difficult personality, Richard Mansfeld. He has recently shown his versatility by writing the spectacular drama "Thais" which is running successfully in New York. Frank Wilstach's son Jack inherits the family ability and is manager for Mary Mannering. The Wilstachs have many friends in this city and the coming of any member of the family is the signal for a lot of jollification.

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The Palmer Properties in the Santa Maria Oil Fields (Palmer Oil Co., and Palmer Union Oil Co.), offer to the investor—the safest, the surest and the largest profit paying investment during the next fifty years of any of California's great industries. The Palmer Oil Co. has paid 2 dividends in 2 months (one per cent per month) from two wells. Four wells now producing; three wells drilling. Palmer Union will duplicate Palmer on a larger scale. Send for Palmer Union Booklet entitled "California's Liquid Coal."

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The Palmer Oil Properties

Mr. Frank L. Brown has just returned from the Palmer properties where work is progressing rapidly and satisfactorily. Palmer wells No 1 and 2 are still flowing over 10,000 barrels per day, and fully 600,000 barrels of oil are now in storage on the property. Two new earthen reservoirs have been completed and three steel tanks of 55,000 barrels capacity each are being constructed, on account of the other five steel tanks being full of oil. The noise of the riveting machines sounds like the music of industry on the Palmer properties.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Letters Didn't Jibe

This is the story of a letter and it must be anonymous—not the letter but the story. To give names would serve no good purpose and would certainly inflict pain. (And yet the names are being given as the story makes the circuit of the tea tables. Gossips are not as considerate as Tantalus.) A young man prominent in society recently had the good fortune to become engaged to a young woman equally prominent in society. Their friends were delighted with the match and took occasion to say so. But among the friends of the couple is a matron of considerable prestige who admires the young man but for some reason, not clear, does not admire the young woman. So she wrote a letter of felicitation to the young woman in which it was made

Photo, H. Pierre Smith
MISS MARJORIE METCALF
An attractive young girl very popular in army circles. Her father is stationed at the Presidio.

to appear that the young woman had captured a paragon, a beau ideal, a Bayard sans peur et sans reproche, an Admirable Crichton, a what-you-will. Life for the young woman was to flower into supreme happiness in the company of that wonderful, that perfect young man. Naturally the young woman was delighted. She believed every word in that high-keyed bit of epistolary composition. And she showed it to her future husband. He read it with interest, but without exaltation. Surprised, the young woman inquired the reason. For answer he drew from his pocket a letter in the same handwriting. It was from the same matron and it was her confidential expression to him of her opinion of his future wife. Briefly, curtly she wrote to regret that she could not congratulate him on his choice of a wife. . . . That prominent matron is no longer on good terms with that young man. Even if he can forgive, his wife-to-be cannot and never will. What dangerous things letters are!

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MRS. EDGAR DE WOLFE
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The Coronation Crush

We hear much these days about distinguished society people who are to enjoy the inestimable privilege of seeing the Coronation. Every city of any size that boasts of a smart set has contributed its quota of eminent personages to the proud circle that is to be beamed upon by their Majesties. If all the fashionable ones who are reported to have received cards for the ceremony have really been favored then it is almost as bad as being out of the swim altogether not to have been bidden to the big show. But let the cardless ones not repine. The bavardes, I believe, have been letting their imagination rove. From a London journal that publishes authentic court news I learn that "Americans who will actually see the Coronation are not numerous." The writer says: "The Special Envoy, Mr. John Hays Hammond and Mrs. Hammond, the American Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, with perhaps the Chief Secretary of the Embassy and his wife are sure to be present." In addition to these there are sixteen American-born peeresses who are entitled to attend. In the gallery reserved for the personal friends of the King and Queen there will also be a few distinguished American ladies. Lady Carington will probably be among them and also Lady Paget, Mrs. George Cornwallis West. The Rear-Admiral who will represent the American navy with his wife will also be admitted to the gallery of the Abbey. If all the Americans whom the bavardes have favored with invitations were to be invited it would be necessary to enlarge the Abbey. The fact is that the ceremony will be witnessed by 7,000 people and that when all official passengers entitled to attend are admitted there will be room for just 670 also-rans. And there are some pretty prominent also-rans in the monarchies of Europe, and so numerous are they that after they are taken care of there will be no room for the intimate friends of our Envoy and Ambassador.

Mrs. Carolan Disappoints

Most decidedly it is not in anger but in sorrow that I find myself constrained to administer a reprimand to Mrs. Frank Carolan of San Francisco and Paris. Mrs. Carolan has grievously disappointed me. Here was a woman to whom I looked never to do the inadequate thing—and behold! she has gone and done it. I refer to her soiree of recent date in the Rue Chardin, Paris. To this soiree, one of a series, Mrs. Carolan bade the notables of cosmopolitan society in the gay capital of the world and for their entertainment she trotted out—whom do you think? Why, none other than Charles Kellogg, the bird-man. (Be it understood that he is not an aviator but a sort of aviary. He imitates the songs of all the birds that sing.) Now Charles Kellogg is a wonderful person, worthy of the greatest consideration, entitled to the greatest praise. But he is not the man to occupy the foreground at a Carolan soiree to which the adjectives "unique" and "original" are plentifully applied. Everybody who is anybody in the world has heard Charles Kellogg. Even on this edge of the footstool we have heard him warble and twitter and trill. So how came it that Mrs. Carolan gave him to blase Paris? Is there no new material for entertainment? The supposition cannot be considered for a moment. I am afraid Mrs. Carolan has descended one point in my estimation.

He Loves His Gramaphone

Always eager to record the latest quirks of fashion, I hasten to set down here the fact that Mr. William Mayo Newhall who is sojourning at Paso Robles, has his pet gramophone with him. This is something new. Hitherto most of our music-lovers, when leaving town for a short visit, have contented themselves with the hotel piano; but Mr. Newhall is something of a social arbiter and I look for a revolution in the musical diver-

Photo, Francis Bruguiere
MISS JENNIE LEE
Whose marriage to Lieutenant Albert Rees of the navy will be an important social affairs of June.

sions of swagger rusticators, in consequence of his innovation. It will not surprise me if, in a short time, canned music breathes its melancholy accents from every transom in our swell country hotels, testifying to the cultivated taste of the guests and inspiring the hearers with appreciation or dissatisfaction, according to their state of mind. I am informed that when Mr. Newhall is not riding or taking the baths, he is lending a sympathetic ear to the favorite tunes of his carefully selected repertoire; also that when he returns to the Pacific-Union Club he will give cards and spades to any member in his knowledge of classical and syncopated harmonies.

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Sleuthing a Wealthy Widow

The friends of Arthur Inkersley who until quite recently was a member of the Chronicle editorial staff but who is now living abroad with his bride, will be interested in the fact that his step-daughter has been an unwilling figure in a Parisian sensation. Inkersley, it will be recalled, married Mrs. Fearn, the widow of the Honorable Walker Fearn, United States Minister to Roumania and Greece and a member of the International Court of Egypt. Mrs. Fearn's daughter by her first marriage is Mrs. Seth Barton French, the beautiful widow of a wealthy New York banker. Mr. and Mrs. Inkersley have been the guests of Mrs. Barton French in her apartment in the Rue Benjamin Godard, Paris, previous to going to the Coronation. It was during their stay that the Paris police discovered that private detectives have been spying on wealthy American widows in Paris and furnishing intimate particulars about them to French noblemen who seek the information to aid them in their matrimonial ventures. The three principal widows who have been thus spied on are Mrs. Barton French, Mrs. William B. Leeds and Mrs. Malthus Hall, all of them important personages in the American Colony of Paris. Mrs. French had just returned after being the guest of her dear friend Queen Elizabeth of Roumania in the royal palace at Bucharest and was engaged in entertaining her mother and her step-father when the police discovered how she had been systematically sleuthed. The discovery made a great sensation in Paris and is still engaging much attention. The man who had set his mind on capturing Mrs. French by this outrageous method turned out to be Prince Aymon de Lucinge. He belongs to the family of that name and is well connected. One of his cousins married Count Stanislaus de Castellane. The Prince was best man at the wedding of Prince Victor Napoleon and Princess Clementine of Belgium. He has a big chateau and a mountain of debts, but Mrs. Barton French will not help him to pay them. She was very much cut up over the notoriety of the thing and the presence in Paris of Mr. and Mrs. Inkersley afforded her great consolation.

The Carter-McLaine Engagement

Miss Bonnie Carter whose engagement has just been announced to William McLaine is a daughter of the late Judge Carter of Fresno who died last year. The Carters are wealthy and prominent residents of Fresno. Miss Carter is a graduate of Stanford. William McLaine is a nephew of Mrs. Henry J. Crocker. It was on the McLaine ranch in Tulare county many years ago that Mrs. Charles McLaughlin first saw pretty May Ives. She brought her to San Francisco where she reared and educated her and left her a large fortune when she died. Billy McLaine has long been considered one of the most eligible bachelors in town. He is interested in the oil fields in Bakersfield where the couple will reside after their marriage.

A Lucky Bride-to-Be

Of all the brides-to-be over whom the bavardes spill their ink none is luckier than little Mildred Whitney who is the affianced of one of New York's greatest catches, young Ernest Stillman, the son of banker James Stillman of New York and heir to many millions. The betrothal is the result of a visit to Cambridge where young Stillman was a student at Harvard and met the dainty little Californienne who is blonde and pretty as a Dresden shepherdess. Both of them are very young and the engagement has lasted a year. It will culminate in a June wedding at Trinity Church that will be one of the fashionable events of the summer. The groom with his brother and four of his ushers will arrive from New York in a week and the quintette of rich young eligibles from the metropolis will cause a stir in society. Stillman and his bride will go to Europe on their honeymoon and will have a house in New York next winter. Mildred Whitney is a granddaughter of the late Marcus D. Boruck who was a political figure in California twenty years ago. He was the Beau Brummel of the Republican party and a handsome man of fine presence. Mrs. William Reding, mother of Miss Whitney, was his oldest daughter. A younger one is Mrs. Struve of Paris.

MISS ETHEL ANNE RODDA

A popular San Francisco belle whose engagement to Mr. Lewis Mistrot of Texas has just been announced.

Miss Weed's Engagement

Miss Dorothy Weed whose engagement has just been announced to Leslie Whitney, son of A. L. Whitney, is the only daughter of the late Merritt Weed who was the fiscal agent of Spreckels & Company. Mrs. Weed was formerly Miss Minnie Gannon, daughter of the late James Gannon, a member of the political triple alliance of Higgins, Gannon and Chute. The young couple met in romantic circumstances a year ago when young Whitney saved the charming miss from a serious auto accident. Leslie Whitney's father is head of a big business house. His mother was a Miss St. John, member of a prominent Eastern family. Leslie Whitney is a cousin of Miss Mildred Whitney and Miss Lillian Whitney, daughters of the late Calvin E. Whitney. Miss Weed returned last year from a tour abroad with her mother and has not yet made her debut in society. She is a cousin of Miss Claire Kennedy and Miss Elizabeth Short.

Miss Crocker's Accident

I cannot be too severe in my criticism of the newspaperman who gave to the world the news of Miss Jennie Crocker's accident at the Clark polo grounds in Hillsboro. Here is the way this vulgar scribe wrote: "Miss Jennie Crocker sustained a severe injury to her right leg yesterday afternoon when she ran into a hydrant." Did you ever hear such low language in your life? What are we coming to when the elect can be treated in this unworthy manner? Proper respect for the upper classes should have caused the newspaperman to write that important item of news something like this: "There was great consternation among the many friends of Miss Jennie Crocker, the beautiful and cultured multimillionaire, yesterday afternoon. Sorrow swept over Hillsboro, the municipality of millionaires; there was mourning in the country club at Burlingame; up and down the county of San Mateo in the palatial residences of our most important society people prominent matrons, bewitching maids, strong men and handsome chappies were dissolved in tears; and when the news of the calamity reached San Francisco there was a commotion that played havoc with the usual calm of Pacific Avenue and Broadway. For yesterday afternoon Miss Crocker was the victim of a heart-rending accident when, displaying that delightful vivacity for which she is loved, she ran into the iron discharge pipe of a water-main and sustained an abrasion of her aristocratic right lower limb. The accident will not prevent Miss Crocker from attending the Coronation." This, I submit, is the genteel language suited to such a matter.

Miss Josselyn's Adventure

Reports differ as to just what Miss Marjorie Josselyn said to the speed cop when she was overhauled in her big new car. One account had it that she explained that she was a novice and couldn't possibly be going very fast. Another account ran that she exclaimed: "Why, you can't arrest me. I'm Miss Josselyn!" Here is a wide divergence of opinion. It may seem a piffling matter, but really, in society nothing is piffling. All trifles are tremendous, for they lend themselves to chatter and society folk are so busy with more important things that they have an awfully hard time thinking of things to think about and talk about. So Miss Josselyn may be considered a benefactor. She has inspired some conversation in swelldom. Some of those with whom I have discussed this matter hold to the view that Miss Josselyn could not possibly have

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made the first statement because it smacks of apology and really swagger people never apologise to anybody or for anything. These experts are quite sure that if Miss Josselyn did not make the second statement, she should have made it. They feel that it has an aristocratic sound. One even said that it was worthy of Marie Antoinette which of course is absurd. You will observe that the discussion is entirely empirical. All doubts could easily be set at rest by asking Miss Josselyn what she actually said, but that would destroy a topic of talk. And in the matter of conversational topics, if in nothing else, society is economical.

An Interesting Engagement

An engagement which will interest particularly the members of our pioneer families is that just announced by Mrs. A. F. Rodda, of her daughter Miss Ethel Anne Rodda to Mr. Lewis Mistrot of Houston. On both her father's and mother's side Miss Rodda is descended from men who came here in the days of gold and left their impress on California history. Mr. Mistrot belongs to a well known Texas family. The wedding will take place in July.

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Mrs. Newhouse Will Be There

Samuel Newhouse, Utah millionaire, having been in our midst a good deal of late, it is interesting to note that his wife will be a prominent figure in London society during the Coronation festivities. Mrs. Newhouse is a woman of great charm and magnetism and has made for herself an impregnable position in London society. This is a great feat, but Mrs. Newhouse who before her marriage had not been socially prominent, accomplished it through her charm and culture. The late King Edward took her up several years ago and introduced her within the charmed court circle. She is an intimate of the Battenbergs who are noted for their loyalty to their friends. Her social rise has been accomplished tactfully and has offended none but the envious.

The Ban on Riskiness

When I travel far afield to point a social moral or to adorn a social tale, my object is simply and solely the betterment of my readers. For this purpose I beg leave to call attention to a bit of gossip that comes to me from the District of Columbia. It runs to the effect that war has been declared by Washington hostesses of the careful sort upon those hoary old sinners who tell awful stories at dinner parties, not scrupling to let them be heard by young and tender birdlings. I quote my authority: "Some fiery talk has been reported as coming from the highly respectable father of a girl who is less than twenty-five, and directed against a man at present attached to a high tribunal of the land and who has held many lofty posts here and abroad. This worthy has long been famous for the risque stories he poured into any listening ear, stories which were unpardonably vulgar and had not even the excuse of being witty. The average girl either condones such conduct or ignores it, and not one in a thousand has the courage to resent. But the girl of this paragraph did, and her father sitting nearby and noticing her anger asked the reason the moment the dinner was over. She gave him an expurgated version of the affair, but his temper was aroused nevertheless, and for a time things looked squally and decidedly uncomfortable for the man who would a raconteur be. Of course the occurrence has been retailed over the tea cups, and some experienced dowagers are of the opinion that girls who have not sense enough to keep such things to themselves and prevent the menfolks from getting one another by the ears should be kept in the nursery." But others take a more serious view of the situation and there is to be a campaign against riskiness this winter. Now that is just what we need here. The risque stories one hears at certain San Francisco dinner tables are inexcusable and if the tellers do not reform they should be excluded from all dinners at which buds are present. Verbum sapienti sufficit.

In the Social Spotlight

Among recent visitors at Paso Robles Hot Springs are: Mrs. Frowenfeld of San Francisco and her charming daughter; Mrs. Louise Wormser; A. B. Cannely, W. E. Thomson, W. H. Coanis, B. Barrett, S. R. Johnson, all of Maricopa; Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Lake, San Jose; Mrs. James McNeil, Santa Cruz; Mrs. Rachel M. Brown and daughter, Miss Edna Brown, Milton, Mass.; A. P. Kitching, C. N. Black, H. C. Thaxter, all of Redlands; H. M. Reynolds and wife, Mexico City; A. F. Ames, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Keith, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Robertson, Portland; C. W. Sturdevant, San Jose; John S. Scott, Santa Cruz; E. Holland, New York; Mrs. J. F. Sartori, Mrs. K. S. Vosbery, Mrs. H. J. Macneil, Mr. James Siauses, Dr.

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Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Laymance and Miss Grace Laymance stopped over at Paraiso Springs on their way south in their Stearns car.

The promotion of Thomas Keating of the St. Francis Hotel staff, to the position of general superintendent has been announced. He has been with the hotel for seven years. He is receiving many congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanfelt and Dr. and Mrs. F. Knowles of Los Gatos were guests at Paraiso for a few weeks stay.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. Trinkler, Miss Margaret and Miss Winter of San Jose were guests at Paraiso Springs for the week end, driving up in their car.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McGowan of Paraiso Hot Springs drove to Watsonville and Santa Cruz in their car and attended the Knights of Columbus celebration as the guests of the Peter Thompsons at their country home.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: Mrs. C. M. Hewit, L. H. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Dorn, Mrs. C. Sechrist, W. E. Cumback, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Moore, G. W. Seyfried, Willard Chamberlain, J. E. French, Mrs. Bruce B. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. R. Weistock, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Burnett, P. Noble, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Getz, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Callahan.

With her son, William Vett, the Baroness Wedell of Wedellsburg, Copenhagen, has arrived from the Orient and is at the St. Francis. Baron Wedell has been a guest of the hotel for some time awaiting the arrival of his family.

E. Black Ryan, the retired attorney for the Southern Pacific and for many years the private secretary of Senator Stanford, was toastmaster at a banquet attended by four hundred employes of the company at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beggs and daughter of San Jose drove to Paraiso in their Mitchell car with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Matson as their guests.

In the list of arrivals at Aetna Springs are the following: Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Seward B. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Poett, Mr. William D. Page, Messrs. Dellenbaugh Bros., Mr. and Mrs. John G. Rapp, Mr. Fred Meyer, Miss Clara Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, Mrs. Daniels and party, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Marshal Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rudgear, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Leahy, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McCoy, Miss Rofa Newport, Mrs. E. M. Newport, Mrs. James Moffitt, Miss Krug, Miss Hazel Lawley, Mr. A. G. Sang, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Miller, Mr. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. George Wilhelm, Mrs. Gertrude Tucker, Miss Sally Havens, Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Hammond, Mrs. R. E. Hammond, Mr. W. S. Burnett, Mr. Hanford Guinn, Mr. L. C. Steward, Mr. Geo. W. Fenwood, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Fuller, Miss Marian Miller, Mr. and Mrs. W. Watt, Mrs. Edwin Goodall, Mrs. Robert Rees, Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Cooper and Mr. Arthur Goodall.

Mrs. W. R. Sherwood, Mrs. Sarah L. Winslow and Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins are to join the colony of society folk who will spend the summer at Castle Crag Farm. The Farm will be ready to receive guests by June 1st, and already a number of Castle Crag cottages are engaged for the season.

Mrs. W. F. Morris entertained a company of friends at dinner at the Hotel Victoria on Thursday evening last. Her guests, who were seated at a round table in the private dining room, were Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warren of Del Monte, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gabriel of Oakland.

A trio of Eastern men registered at the Victoria during the week includes H. Verse, New York City, M. J. Slade, Castile, N. Y., G. Frye, Boston.

Mrs. G. S. Easterday, Mrs. J. S. Easterday and Miss Margaret Easterday are visiting in San Francisco from their home in Albuquerque, New Mexico. They are guests at the Hotel Victoria.

Philippines on the last transport. The Phipps family claim Washington as their home. During their stay in San Francisco they were guests at the Victoria.

The number of physicians registered lately at the St. Francis has been unusually large. Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Woodward came from New Orleans, Dr. and Mrs. James R. Rigg of Mt. Pulaski, Ill., arrived with Mrs. George Smith of the same town. From Santa Barbara came Dr. and Mrs. P. W. Miller.

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Notes on "Macbeth"

By Edward F. O'Day

Mr. Sothern plays only one-half of Macbeth well; to the other tragic half his romantic powers are unequal. For the Macbeth who pauses on the blasted heath, after the weird sisters have vanished, to ask his tempted soul, "Why do I yield to that suggestion whose horrid image doth unfix my hair and make my seated heart knock at my ribs against the use of nature?" and who repels, although half-heartedly the evil that is gathering in his soul with the specious, "If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me without my stir,"—for this Macbeth he has sympathy and copious ability of interpretation. The Macbeth of courteous gentleness who turns pretty phrases naturally, telling Ross and Angus when they have brought the tidings of his investiture, "Kind gentlemen, your pains are registered where every day I turn the leaf to read them," who tells Duncan, "I'll be myself the

E. H. SOTHERN and JULIA MARLOWE
In "The Merchant of Venice" at the Savoy Theater Monday and Tuesday nights.

harbinger, and make joyful the hearing of my wife with your approach"; who greets his wife as "my dearest love"; and who, in the midst of Banquo's murdering, can desire for his banquet guests that "good digestion wait on appetite and health on both";—this Macbeth lives in Mr. Sothern's acting. He is a Macbeth who is "too full of the milk of human kindness"; who "what he would highly, that would he holily"; or who at worst is an easy prey in the hands of fate and metaphysical aid. He is more the innocent flower than the serpent under it. It seems quite in keeping for Mr. Sothern's Macbeth to dwell on gentle things, to talk of innocent sleep, balm of hurt minds; but the awful significance of the words is lost. It does not seem that a murderer is talking. It is a philosopher musing who says, "I have lived long enough" or "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow," not a gore-glutted fiend. If Macbeth could be conceived as a Scottish Hamlet! But Macbeth is not that. We get conviction of only one-half of him from Mr. Sothern.

* * * * * * *

Much the same criticism applies to Miss Marlowe's Lady Macbeth. This woman is never unsexed. The milk is not turned to gall in her breast. The access and passage to remorse is not stopped up. She feels, we are sure of it, feels deeply the compunctious visitings of nature. Here is no woman to pluck the nipple from her babe's boneless gums and dash his brains out. Never! Her's is not the undaunted mettle to compose nothing but males. "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it." No, she wouldn't have had the evil courage even then. The Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare is, in the words of Hazlitt, "the great bad woman, whom we hate, but whom we fear more than we hate." Miss Marlowe doesn't fit the phrase. She goes directly counter to one particular of the part noticed by Coleridge. Lady Macbeth, he says, "evinces no womanly life, no wifely joy, at the return of her husband." But Miss Marlowe does. This part was for a Siddons to fill, if we may believe the critics of olden times, but not for a sweet wholesome Marlowe. Nance O'Neil was much more satisfactory in the part. And Madame Modjeska, most decidedly.

* * * * * * *

But then, these are two such difficult parts! In all the range of Shakespeare's women there is not a more defeating than Lady Macbeth. And only Lear and Hamlet are harder for the tragic actor than Macbeth. They speak too vigorously to the mind of the reader to give much intellectual enjoyment when the reader becomes a spectator and watches them on the stage.

* * * * * * *

The Greek Theatre production was a beautiful spectacle. Not as elaborate or as successful as the "As You Like It" of Miss Adams, but nevertheless worth going far to see. The lack of scenery was no drawback. Rather, by permitting the play to move swiftly from scene to scene, it was a positive advantage. Some spectacles were particularly effective, such as the vanishing of the witches. And others disappointed expectations. The battle had unlooked-for comic interludes. The knocking at the gate was amazingly inadequate. Do stage managers not read De Quincey? How any Shakespearean producer familiar with his essay could fail to wring the last jot of suggestion from that episode is inexplicable.

* * * * * * *

The company was a strong one. The Macduff of Mr. Frederick Lewis calls for especial appreciation. He was superb in that heart-tearing scene when Macduff learns of the slaughter of his wife and innocents. He reads blank verse beautifully. Unlike him Mr. Eric Blind who played Malcolm, read it execrably. The Banquo of Mr. Sydney Mather was exceptional. Miss Norah Lamison as the Gentlewoman showed the possession of an exquisitely modulated voice. The witches were eerie, but might have obtained better effects from their incantations. The Porter of Mr. Rowland Buckstone was a brief delight. He is a finished actor who won his audience by a dozen sentences, a great feat. Too bad his speeches were needlessly curtailed.

* * * * * * *

The text, we were informed, was that of the First Folio. But it was nothing of the kind. It was the slashed text to which we have perforce accustomed ourselves. To say therefore that the play was given "with a few omissions" was neither necessary nor justifiable. Why do Shakespearean players whose press agents are as careful as Mr. Sothern's and Miss Marlowe's to impress upon us the reverence shown to Shakespeare, countenance such misleading?

* * * * * * *

I noticed that when Mr. Sothern heard of his lady's death he exclaimed, "She would have died hereafter." Was this a slip of the tongue or a misreading of the line? Of course Shakespeare wrote, "She should have died hereafter." A small matter? Not at all, at least to one who understands in that exclamation the harassed cry of a bursting heart too crowded for another misfortune. Mr. Sothern's "would" destroys that meaning and substitutes a philosophical resignation that is out of character.

THE FIVE ARMANIS
Who will present their musical offering "A Night in Naples" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum

Gossip of the Theatre

John Drew Next Week

John Drew in "Smith" will be seen at the Columbia next Monday. Thomas Freeman, the part which he plays in this comedy, has some thoroughly serious moments and it is said that Drew has done nothing finer than the thoroughly serious setting he gives to the man's sterling character. W. Somerset Maughan is the author of the piece. It is a distinct novelty. Smith, the pretty parlor-maid with whom Freeman falls in love, and who doesn't mind letting a gentleman kiss her on the cheek if, as she says, it gives him any pleasure, but haughtily disdains the same gentleman's overtures when he proposes marriage to her, because she knows her place, is a new stage type, and the author has drawn her with a great deal of drollness and subtlety. Mary Boland is said to impersonate this character with wonderful charm. Isabel Irving, Jane Laurel, Sybil Thorndike, Morton Selten, Hassard Short and Lewis Casson are also in the cast. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The Mary Garden Concerts

The big musical and social events of the coming week will undoubtedly be the three concerts by Mary Garden, the most interesting personage on the operatic stage today and a woman who may truly be called a genius. Scottish Rite Auditorium will be the scene of these events, the first of which is scheduled for this Sunday afternoon, May 21, at 2:30 p. m. On this occasion the prima donna will sing the aria from Charpentier's "Louise," the work in which she made her first great success in Paris. The aria from Puccini's "La Tosca," the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria" with violin obligato and some groups of charming songs will complete Miss Garden's share of the program. The assisting artists will be Arturo Tibaldi, violinist and Howard Brockway, pianist-composer. The second concert is announced for next Thursday night, May 25, when the artist's principal offerings will be arias from Messager's "Mme. Chrysantheme," Massenet's "Thais" and "Herodiade," "The Song of the Hawk" from the new Herbert-Redding opera "Natoma" and some lighter lieder. The farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, May 28, with an entirely different program which will include the principal aria from "Natoma" and Puccini's "Mme. Butterfly."

Another Week of Shakespeare

In the week commencing Monday evening, Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe will bring their successful engagement at the Savoy to a close. The novelty of next week's performances will be "The Merchant of Venice" to be given on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe have given it the most elaborate production of any of their Shakespearean presentations. Portia has long been Miss Marlowe's favorite role, ranking in the appreciation of the public beside her Juliet and Viola. The repertoire for the remainder of the week is as follows: Wednesday and Thursday nights, "Macbeth"; Thursday matinee, "As You Like It"; Friday and Saturday nights, "Romeo and Juliet," and Saturday matinee, "Taming of the Shrew." Sunday evening, May 28, that favorite actress, Miss May Robson, will begin a week's engagement at the Savoy in a new play, "The Rich Mrs. Repton," by R. C. Carton, author of "Lord and Lady Algy" and other successes.

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689 Market Street San Francisco

"Sherlock Holmes" at the Alcazar

William Gillette's version of "Sherlock Holmes" will be the Alcazar's attraction the coming week, with Izetta Jewel, Sydney Ayres and the full strength of the company in well-fitting roles. Interest attaches to the fact that stage director Fred J. Butler will be seen as Professor Moriarty, a part in which he made a distinct personal hit when the play was last presented in the Sutter-street playhouse, about four years ago. But the chief reason for the revival consists of the fact that in the title role Sydney Ayres has done some of his most impressive acting as a stock leading man. "The Strange Case of Miss Faulkner," one of the most striking of Sir A. Conan Doyle's stories of the great detective, was chosen by Mr. Gillette as the basis of the play, and the adaptation adheres to the book as closely as stage requirements permit.

JOHN DREW

In his greatest comedy success "Smith" at the Columbia Theater.

Olga Nethersole has elicited the condolences of her New York friends. She wrote them that owing to the success of "Sister Beatrice" in San Francisco she would extend her tour and thereby miss the coronation. It seems that she just hates to miss it, too.

A Joe Hart Show at the Orpheum

Joseph Hart's production of Frank Craven's and George V. Hobart's one-act play "The Little Stranger" will be the headline feature at the Orpheum next week. The scene is a southern race-track and the story is of a broken-down "sport" who risks his last five dollars on a "long shot" to gain funds to provide for the little stranger expected at his home. Bowers, Walters and Crooker, "the three rubes," will present a comedy offering. The Five Armanis who come from the Orpheum's Paris affiliated theatre, the Alhambra, will appear in a musical review entitled "A Night in Naples." Another English music hall favorite has been persuaded to come to America and will seek the approval of the Orpheum audiences next week. He is Hal Forde and is known in London as "the swagger comedian." He has a sweet baritone voice, is of good appearance and well groomed. Forde possesses a repertoire of catchy songs and his original method of delivering them is expected to make him popular in this city. Bessie Barriscale and Howard Hickman will appear in a one-act dramatic episode by Mr. Hickman entitled "The Wrong Road" which affords these clever artists splendid opportunity for the display of realistic character delineation. Next week will be the last of Robledillo, Tom Waters and William Gould and Hattie Lorraine.

Pepito Arriola's Farewell

The final concert by the child marvel, Pepito Arriola, the most remarkable piano genius of the age, will be given at the Scottish Rite Auditorium this Saturday afternoon, May 20, at 2:30 o'clock. The "wunder-kind" will play the difficult "Appassionata Sonata" of Beethoven, Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice," a group of seven Chopin numbers, etc. A special rate of fifty cents to any seat will be made for children.

Mary Garden in Oakland

Mary Garden will appear in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Tuesday night, May 23, offering the beautiful program of her opening concert in this city. As evening concerts are rare occurrences in Oakland a large and fashionable audience will welcome the "Sarah Bernhardt of the Operatic Stage." The seats for this event are on sale at Ye Liberty box office only.

To prove that he could write a lyric offhand and win a bet from Harry B. Smith, the librettist, Florence Ziegfeld recently sat down to the piano and reeled off the following:

Lizzie girls, busy girls, up-in-the-air, dizzy girls,
Know-a-lot, turkey trot,
Like 'em? What? Whizzy girls!
Broadway pets, suffragettes, finest yet, the Lizzie girls,
Fizzy girls, quizzy girls,
Classy lassies, Lizzie girls!
Do you get 'em? Have you met 'em?
Nothing better, Lizzie girls
Quit your wooing, nothing doing, laughing, chaffing, Lizzie girls!

Beaulieu
(BOWL-YU)
A wine that is given the personal attention of the owner in every department of its progress.
Ask your dealer to supply you.
BEAULIEU VINEYARD
Rutherford, Cal.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Every day sees a small advance in security prices. Railroads and industrials alike are enjoying a better market. Standard issues have reached new high figures for the present movement. There is a notable revival in the output and absorption of bonds and short term notes, the publication of cheerful advices concerning the crops and an almost general growth of confidence in the financial community. Political prospects have brightened at home, Mexico is drawing up a peace compact and the impressive movement for an Anglo-American arbitration treaty, with all that would logically follow, has received a stimulus from events in Great Britain and at home. As to the decision in the trust case it was generally believed that it would be adverse and the best people in the trade look for a quick reaction. Crop prospects are very favorable at this writing and it looks as though we are in for a bumper crop of all commodities. Money is cheap and promises to be so for some time to come.

Wheat—Conditions have shaped a little more favorably for the owner of wheat. The favorable turn, although tardy, is being made the most of by the present owners of the cash and May delivery wheat here. They have already purchased a large percentage of their May troubles and July is as yet only a dim prospect with the delivery day at least six weeks away. It appears to be settled that the large May and cash wheat owners have entered on a long campaign and are already committed to the July delivery to a considerable extent. Even if the persistence in keeping July up is for no other purpose than to afford a profitable burial place for the May corpse, the attempt shows plenty of courage and resource and the trade has felt bound to respect it. General features of the situation are drifting rapidly towards normal. The world's available supplies have decreased rapidly and there have been sufficient crop ills in various parts to detract somewhat from the optimistic outlook of a few weeks ago. It all depends upon the harvest outcome and the market is therefore full of uncertainties and opportunities until a question of yield is settled.

Corn lost a trifle in price for the May delivery and barely held its own for the other months last week, despite the higher prices prevailing for wheat and oats. Receipts have been running more than double those of a year ago for several weeks. Last week's improvement in the eastern demand was lost this week and stocks should begin to show an accumulation. Weather conditions have been ideal for sowing the new crop and the acreage promises to show a fair increase over last year.

Cotton—The week, after having opened with a continuance of unfavorable wet weather in nearly all sections of the cotton belt, closes with a decided change for the better in climatic conditions in the southern States, and as a result, new crop prospects are more promising than they were a month ago. However, it will require the continuance of favorable, fair, warmer weather to make the outlook for the new crop satisfactory, as farm work is said to be somewhat behind and the fields need cleaning of weeds and grass while planting as yet has to be completed in all sections. Owing to the scarcity of cotton in the United States, (736,000 bales against 868,000 last year, of which only 154,000 bales are held in New York compared with 246,000 bales one year ago when the August position was cornered), spot cotton in the south has ruled stronger than the futures, due in part to the good trade demand at Liverpool. There are signs of efforts being made to manipulate the July option, and for this reason we would advise against trading in near months unless one be in possession of the actual cotton with which to make delivery. The successful termination of the probable manipulation will depend to a great extent on prospects of the new crop which in turn will be governed by weather conditions in the belt during the next two months.

Cruelty to Books

"The way some people handle books in street cars knocks that old Sunday school precept, 'Let not your angry passions rise' into smithereens so far as I am concerned," said the librarian. "I get especially wrathy when the abused books happen to belong to a public library. Most of them do belong there.

"Persons carrying a great pile of books are the worst offenders. A bunch of books carried under the arm get pretty unmanageable. They slip and slide around as if they had been greased.

"One way to prevent that is to slip the top cover of the bottom book inside the cover of the book just above it, and so on through the pile. The books cannot slip then, but heaven help the covers. They will get torn loose in no time.

"Every once in a while a subscriber who wants to save himself the trouble of chasing books in the streets locks a bundle of them together that way before leaving the library, but usually somebody who knows the effects stops him. In street cars he is free to do as he chooses unless some librarian catches him at it. Maybe they have no right to interfere then, but most of them do."

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS

Savings 108 SUTTER STREET Commercial

(Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

Capital Authorized	$1,000,000.00
Capital Paid In	750,000.00
Reserve and Surplus	220,331.45
Total Resources	5,613,737.73

Officers—A. Legallet, Pres.; Leon Bocqueraz, V.-Pres.; J. M. Dunas, V.-Pres.; A. Bousquet, Secty.; John Ginty, Cashier; M. Girard, Asst. Cashier; P. Bellemans, Asst. Cashier; P. A. Bergerot, Attorney.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

No. 4 MONTGOMERY STREET

	March 7, 1911
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$11,033,637.75
Cash and Sight Exchange	10,779,900.43
Deposits	23,938,906.68

Officers—Isaias W. Hellman, Pres.; I. W. Hellman Jr., V.-Pres.; F. L. Lipman, V.-Pres.; James K. Wilson, V.-Pres.; Frank B. King, Cashier; W. McGavin, Asst. Cashier; E. L. Jacobs, Asst. Cashier; V. H. Rossetti, Asst. Cashier; C. L. Davis, Asst. Cashier

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Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.

Anglo & London Paris National Bank

Sutter and Sansome Sts., San Francisco

	March 7, 1911
Paid Up Capital	$ 4,000,000.00
Reserve and Undivided Profits	1,381,800.41
Deposits	23,939,522.61
Cash and Sight Exchange	9,747,534.71

Sig. Greenebaum, Pres.; H. Fleishhacker, V.-Pres. and Mgr.; Joseph Friedlander, V.-Pres.; C. F. Hunt, V.-Pres.; R. Altschul, Cashier; A. Hochstein, Asst. Cashier; C. R. Parker, Asst. Cashier; William H. High, Asst. Cashier; H. Choynski, Asst. Cashier; G. R. Burdick, Asst. Cashier; A. L. Langerman, Secretary.

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Accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations, Firms and Individuals Invited

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

The German Savings and Loan Society

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Guaranteed Capital	$ 1,200,000.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,580,518.99
Employees' Pension Fund	$ 109,031.35
Deposits December 31, 1910	$42,039,580.06
Total Assets	$44,775,559.56

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells Fargo & Co.'s Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Officers—Pres., N. Ohlandt; First V.-Pres., Daniel Meyer; Second V.-Pres. and Mgr., George Tourny; Third V.-Pres., J. W. Van Bergen; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Asst. Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Asst. Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodellow, Eells & Orrick, Gen. Attys.

Board of Directors—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, George Tourny, J. W. Van Bergen, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

Mission Branch, 2572 Mission St., between 21st and 22nd Sts. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Manager.

Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement St., between 5th and 6th Aves. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

NEW SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest from Date of Deposit

On account of its prominent central location and convenience to the daily shoppers on Market street, who desire to avail themselves of a strong bank to deposit their savings, the City and County Bank at Fifth and Market streets has requested and been granted a new certificate by the Superintendent of Banks to conduct both a commercial and savings business. In order to introduce its new savings department the bank will allow interest from date of deposit on all accounts opened between March 27, 1911, and May 1, 1911, at the rate of 4 per cent per annum. The City and County Bank was incorporated April 23, 1902. Its assets are over $1,500,000.00. The directors are: Matthew Nunan, president, Hibernia Brewery; L. V. Merle, capitalist; C. A. Malm, C. A. Malm & Co., mfgrs. trunks and valises; Otto A. Jungblut, president August Jungblut Co., mfgrs. billiard and pool tables; A. J. Lowenberg, president; Joseph L. Goldsmith, cashier.

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The Linden Tree

(Continued from Page 9.)

accustomed to see about the fortress was not likely to make me very fastidious, therefore the pretty young girl of about seventeen down there seemed to me all the more a marvel of beauty and attractiveness and I was overcome by a feeling of gratitude to the Creator who had placed such a piece of perfection in the world. While the girl walked slowly through the garden, looking at everything, she was accompanied by a fourteen-year-old boy, who shot reed arrows into the air from a bow of ashwood and rejoiced in their high flight. By chance one of these arrows came right up to where I was and fell beside me. Through that the boy perceived me and drew his sister's attention to me. I took off my hat and, bowing, threw the arrow down again. My fate and presence in the fortress were known throughout the town, so probably these young people knew at once who I was. They talked together and looked up at me, the boy frankly and full of curiosity, the girl more hastily, but, it seemed to me, with an expression of compassion on her sweet face.

"As I was now incessantly occupied with thoughts of escape and connected everything immediately with this idea, it occurred to me at once that here was the way for me to put myself in communication with the outside world. If this pretty girl could not, perhaps, help me, she would certainly not betray a poor prisoner who put himself in her hands. Then the doubt began to torment me whether I should see the girl again. She might be only on a short visit in this country-house and never appear again. All the same, I went on composing in my head a long letter in which I gave a full account of my situation and of all that would be necessary to secure my freedom. When, towards evening, I was once more locked in my cell I wrote it carefully down and appointed noontime from twelve to one for the venture. Then everyone in the fortress was at dinner and I was freest from observation, especially as the sentinel near me generally indulged in a little quiet meditation at this time. The girl was to write her answer on a slip of paper, stick this on the end of an arrow with a little wax or pitch and get her brother to shoot it up to me.

"With feverish expectancy I waited the next day for the pretty girl to appear in the garden again, but in vain—it remained empty. Only the boy raced about for a while, practicing with long, slender rods, which he used as spears. At last, in the afternoon, I saw the light dress gleaming amid the foliage. The girl walked slowly through the garden and disappeared under the old linden tree. It seemed an eternity until she appeared again, but now she was strolling along the path just beneath me. Now was the time! I cleared my throat as loudly as I could and as soon as she looked up I showed her my letter, weighted with a stone. As she looked away, surprised and somewhat confused, I threw it down. It fell right at her feet and I noticed that at first she looked startled and went on without picking it up. Then she seemed to consider a moment, turned around, picked up the paper and went with it back under the linden tree. After a while she came out again and walked slowly towards the house. My heart contracted convulsively as she went away thus without giving a sign. But suddenly she stood still and gave a quick glance up at me. Then again she turned away, nodded her head impressively three times and then hastened to the house. I almost shouted aloud for joy when I saw this, and the whole evening I had the greatest difficulty in suppressing the unusual cheerfulness which had taken possession of me.

"The next day all went well. The boy came and shot his reed arrows, as if for practice, up against the rock. Then he took another arrow, aimed carefully and shot it up to me. It did not go far enough; I saw the airy messenger mount close up to my hand and then fall back. The second time he was successful. I quickly detached the tiny piece of paper and threw the arrow down.

"She had written:

"'I will do all I can. My uncle will help me. You may trust him and also my brother Paul, who knows all and is proud to be entrusted with the secret. Be of good courage. In a fortnight all will be ready.'

"I pressed the note to my lips, read it, I suppose, a hundred times, and kept it as my greatest treasure. I will not dwell on the next two weeks. Enough that the time came when all was ready and I was to take flight at broad noonday. Fortune favored me in every respect. In the forenoon a thunder-storm came up; over the heath lay heavy, black clouds in which the lightning flashed and the thunder roared louder and louder. At a few minutes past twelve I stood on the edge of the rock and waited for the next clap of thunder to drown the noise of my fall. Then came a blinding flash of lightning. 'One, two,

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SALE DATES

May 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31.
June 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 28, 29, 30.
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28.
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30.
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

† To destinations marked † tickets will also be sold on October 12, 13, and 14.

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three, four, five, six, seven, eight,' I counted involuntarily, and then it cracked and roared mightily among the clouds. Invoking God's aid I jumped.

"How I got to the bottom I don't know yet. It thundered and roared about my ears, branches, struck me in the face, and there I was, standing on the ground! I hastened through shrubbery walks which hid me from sight to the gate. How often I had done this already in imagination! Near the open gate, sheltered by the shrubbery, stood a slight figure. It was she. In a passion of gratitude I stretched out both hands to her and, since no words could express our feelings, we kissed each other as if that were the natural thing to do. But she soon pushed me away, crying: 'Quick, quick! And may you have a safe journey!'

"Oh, what bliss and torment in one short moment! But I had to go on. In the road I saw the boy, Paul, whom I was to follow at some little distance. He led me to a small grove, near which stood a coach with a pair of fine horses. An elderly man who stood beside it, pushed me in, saying: 'In the box is a new suit and everything else you need, and, in the side pocket, money and the papers. God go with you!'

"I was about to thank him, but the horses started and off we went through the storm and rain and thunder, as fast as the animals could take us. Well, after all sorts of small adventures I got across the frontier and beyond—and was free. Free, and yet captive again, for that kiss at the garden-gate I never forgot.'

Frau Lindow, who had been busy for some little time over some vegetable beds nearby, now came nearer and asked:

"Well, what long story is this you are telling again?"

"It is the story of the famous kiss at the garden-gate!" replied Herr Lindow.

"You silly fellow!" said Frau Lindow. "Yes, that's what comes of having dealings with criminals!"

Suddenly all was clear to me, seeing the expressive looks exchanged by the old people.

"Old woman," cried the doctor, "do you remember that it is exactly forty years since that fateful kiss? Come, let us drink to a happy old age!"

We rose and the glasses clinked together. Then the old couple kissed each other, and a gleam of eternal youth seemed to transfigure their happy faces.

Discourages Familiarity

"After a man has learned to control his own organs of sneezing selling pepper for a living has its advantages," said the blond young man. "For one thing, it keeps undesirable acquaintances at a distance. Whenever I feel a desire to commune with my own soul all I have to do to secure the necessary privacy is to mention my occupation and people flee from me as if I had the plague.

"And I have got it, in one sense. It is impossible to handle ground pepper all day long without carrying home an ounce or two on my clothes, and a vigorous whack on my coat sleeve sends enough pepper flying to set a dozen people sneezing. For that reason a pepper salesman is immune from many of the annoyances that unprotected persons have to endure. No man who knows my occupation greets me with that familiar slap on the back that makes the most amiable man alive feel like fighting, and there isn't a porter on a train running into New York who pesters me with whiskbroom attentions. They all know that I sell pepper."

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Auto Notes

Even further extensions of the continent-wide Rambler sales and service organization are now being made by The Thomas B. Jeffery Company. Last week The P. J. Downes Company of St. Paul was organized as a branch of The P. J. Downes Company, Minneapolis, and the appointment of this concern as exclusive representatives for St. Paul was made by the Rambler people. A. F. Manning, an automobile man of wide experience and Raymond Kelly, formerly commercial agent for the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad, and six years a resident of St. Paul, will have charge of the Rambler business there. St. Paul will make an effort to duplicate the record made by the Minneapolis branch in 1910, when four hundred thousand dollars worth of Rambler cars were sold during the season.

What promises to be the most interesting model that has been displayed on the local automobile market for some time is the new Stevens-Duryea Berline which arrived in San Francisco the other day. This car offers beyond question one of the most pleasing of this season's developments in body structure. It was among the sensational displays this winter at the National Automobile Shows where it listed advance sales that broke all records for a car of its ultra-high class.

Among sales reported for last Saturday by E. C. Collins of the Cartercar Auto Co. are a four passenger Cartercar touring car to J. T. McTarnahan and a fore-door Cartercar roadster to Dr. Julian L. Waller of this city.

Manager Elliot of the Oakland branch of the Haynes Auto Sales Co. reports increasing activity for the past week in transbay motor car trade circles. Among the deliveries made by Elliot was a five passenger Haynes touring car to A. C. Hinckley, chief of the Southern Pacific's mechanical department. As his position would indicate Mr. Hinckley is a mechanical expert of the highest qualifications, which fact adds interest to his selection of an automobile. The choice was made after a thorough investigation of the local market.

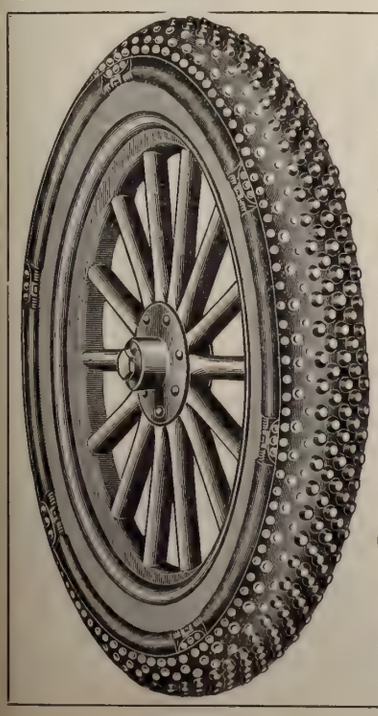
Three changes in the executive sales force of the Henderson Motor Sales Company, general distributors for Cole care, Indianapolis, have been reported to the Pacific Motor Car Co. E. H. Kisor, who was general sales manager of the Indianapolis branch, has been appointed Ohio manager with headquarters at Columbus. E. J. Kane, formerly manager of the Indianapolis factory of the Bishop and Babcock Company, becomes sales manager of the retail department of the Indianapolis office. D. B. Sullivan, formerly of the retail department, takes personal charge of the Indiana business for Cole cars.

Agents for all makes of cars in Sonoma County are over-sold. Especially is this true of the Chalmers and Hudson cars, their sales being twenty per cent greater than last year.

Three of the famous white-bonneted Lozier cars which were the marvel of the automobile racing season of 1910 have been entered in the 500-mile International Sweepstakes Race to be held over the Indianapolis Motor Speedway next Memorial Day, May 30. At the wheel of these famous cars will be Ralph Mulford, National Road Race champion of 1910, and Teddy Tetzlaff, holder of the American road race record and of the American Speedway 100-mile record, regardless of class. This is the first time that these two great drivers have been thrown together in competition and the outcome when they are both at the wheel of cars exactly alike will be watched with interest by motorists over the entire world. The Third Lozier car is entered by Dr. W. H. Chambers of McKeesport, Pa., and will be piloted by Harold Van Gorder, an eastern driver who has figured more or less prominently in minor events.

This is the best season ever for manufacturers of automobiles, according to Hugh Chalmers, one of the leading men of the industry, who said so before he left Detroit for a vacation of several weeks in Atlanta City. Mr. Chalmers said that ordinarily he would not be leaving Detroit right in the midst of the busy automobile season, but that just now, with sales keeping the factory running full force and even making night work necessary, he felt that he could not pick out a better time for a vacation.

"It would be interesting to know just how long the air pumped into a tire by the manufacturer when the car leaves the factory will remain in the tire," said C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of The Diamond Rubber Co. of New York, when told by M. A. Arnold of The First National Bank of Seattle, Wash., that he had a Diamond Tire on his Packard that has been on the car ever since he purchased it on November 27, 1909, and that although it has been run well over 10,000 miles this tire had never been off from the rim, as it had never occasioned any trouble of any kind.



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FLORENCIO ALVARADO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned William F. Rhea, Administrator of the estate of Florencio Alvarado, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said William F. Rhea at the office of Franklin P. Bull, 805 Pacific Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Florencio Alvarado, deceased.

WILLIAM F. RHEA,
Administrator of the Estate of Florencio Alvarado, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6, 1911.

FRANKLIN P. BULL, Atty. for Administrator,
805 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-6-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,593; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of NATHAN P. BUNDY, Deceased.

Ellen L. Bundy, the Administratrix of the estate of Nathan P. Bundy, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate and personal property of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Court on Monday, the 12th day of June, 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Ellen L. Bundy, Administratrix of the estate of Nathan P. Bundy, deceased, to sell so much of the real estate and personal property of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, May 6, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed May 6, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

DANIEL A. RYAN, Atty. for Administratrix,
1001-2 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 5-13-5

NOTICE OF VOLUNTARY APPLICATION FOR DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,685; Dept. No. 4.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Application of MEADOWS DAIRY COMPANY, a Corporation, for Judgment of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the voluntary application of Meadows Dairy Company, a corporation formed, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, for a judgment of dissolution of said corporation, has been presented to the above named Court, and that Friday, the 30th day of June, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, and the Courtroom of Department No. 4, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been fixed as the time and place for hearing said application.

This notice commencing May 20, 1911, will expire on June 24, 1911, at any time before which expiration any person may file herein his objections to said application for dissolution.

Dated, May 16, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. G. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Applicant,
363 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-6

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda—No. 13,7333; Dept. No. 4.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of GEORGE and WILLIS MONTGOMERY, Minors.

Notice is hereby given that I will as Guardian of the persons and estates of George and Willis Montgomery, Minors, sell all their right, title and interest in and to the property hereinafter described to the highest bidder at private sale on Monday, the 22nd day of May, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock at Room 901 Williams Building, 693 Mission Street, corner of Third Street, San Francisco, California, for cash, gold coin of the United States of America.

The following is the real estate to be sold as above specified: A two-fourths interest in all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Ripley Place, formerly known as Prospect Place, distant one hundred and eighty feet easterly from the southeasterly corner of Ripley Place and California Avenue; running thence easterly along said southerly line of Ripley Place two hundred feet to the westerly line of Folsom Street; thence at right angles southerly along said westerly line of Folsom Street three hundred and sixty feet to the northerly line of California Avenue; thence at right angles westerly and along said northerly line of California Avenue two hundred feet; thence at right angles northerly three hundred and sixty feet to the southerly line of Ripley Place and the point of commencement. Being Lots numbered 175, 176, 177 and part of 178 of the Precita Valley Lands, as per map of Precita Valley Lands, drawn from actual survey by Milo Headley and recorded March 14, 1860, in the Recorder's office of said City and County of San Francisco, in Map Book I, page 85.

Dated, May 10, 1911.

FLORENCE E. MONTGOMERY,
Guardian of the Persons and Estates of George and Willis Montgomery, Minors.

LLOYD C. COMEGYS, Atty. for Guardian,
901 Williams Bldg., 693 Mission St., San Francisco. 5-13-2

Friend—When do you expect Mr. Rich to recover?

Doctor—I don't know; he's the only patient I have at the present time.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA MOHR, also known as ANNA LOUISE MOHR, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Anna Mohr, also known as Anna Louise Mohr, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anna Mohr, also known as Anna Louise Mohr, deceased.

NORMAND W. MOHR,
Administrator of the estate of Anna Mohr, also known as Anna Louise Mohr, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 29, 1911.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building,
No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-5

ORDER OF PUBLICATION TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF GUARDIAN FOR ORDER TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,018; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY L. MacDONALD, an Incompetent Person.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition presented and filed on the 23rd day of January, 1911, by Peter MacDonald, the Guardian of the person and estate of Mary L. MacDonald, an incompetent person, praying for an order to mortgage certain real estate belonging to the said Ward, that it is necessary that such real estate should be mortgaged:

It is hereby ordered, that the next of Kin of the said Ward and all persons interested in the estate appear before this Court on Monday, the 29th day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of this Court, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why the realty, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, being lots 10 and 11 in Block D of Silver Terrace and known as number 26 Flora Street, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in the petition, namely Five Hundred and no-100 Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet, and reference is hereby made to the petition on file for further particulars.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this Order be published for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, April 26, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

GEORGE F. OWEN, Atty. for Guardian,
Shreve Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,230; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JENS P. HANSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Jens P. Hansen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at her office at No. 901 Balboa Building, Southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Jens P. Hansen, deceased.

ANNE MAGRETHA PEDERSEN,
Administratrix.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 29, 1911.

C. B. SESSIONS and S. S. McCAHILL,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
901 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal 4-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor and the Executrix of the will of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor and Executrix, at the office of W. I. Brobeck and Peter F. Dunne, Rooms 709-718 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased.

ALEXANDER F. MORRISON,
ALICE M. COWELL,
Executor and Executrix of the Will of Ernest V. Cowell, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

W. I. BROBECK and PETER F. DUNNE,
Attys. for Executor and Executrix,
Rooms 709-718 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco. 5-13-5

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT

WESTERN STATES AMUSEMENT COMPANY, a Corporation—Location of Principal Place of Business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of said Company held on the 29th day of April, 1911, an assessment of ten (10c) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in gold coin of the United States, to the Secretary of said Company at its office, 817 First National Bank Building, No. 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the 5th day of June, 1911, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 26th day of June, 1911, to pay the delinquent assessment thereon, together with cost of advertising and expense of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. P. REESE,
Secretary Western States Amusement Company. Office, 817 First National Bank Building, 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-6-4

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,748, Dept. No. 3.

ALMA McWILLIAMS, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L. McWILLIAMS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Joseph L. McWilliams, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten (10) days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty (30) days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Plaintiff,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JACOB BABLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Jacob Babler, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, Jeanette Babler at the law office of S. C. Wright, 1007 Mutual Bank Building, Market and Kearny Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Jacob Babler, deceased.

JEANETTE BABLER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Jacob Babler, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

S. C. WRIGHT, Atty. for Executrix,
Mutual Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-13-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,463; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD M. ROBERTS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard M. Roberts, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, Room 1012 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Richard M. Roberts, deceased.

ROBERT L. ROBERTS,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard M. Roberts, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 29, 1911.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Atty. for Executor,
Room 1012 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAWRENCE O'KEEFFE, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary O'Keeffe, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Joseph Farry, Esq., her attorney, at No. 614 Kohl Building, Northeast corner of California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), deceased.

MARY O'KEEFFE,
As Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

JOSEPH FARRY, Atty. for Executrix,
No. 614 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-13-4

NOTICE TO APPEAR

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,488; Dept. No. 8.

LAFAYETTE HENDRICKS, Plaintiff, vs. WESTERN STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendant.

Whereas, an action has been commenced in the above entitled Court by the above named plaintiff against the defendant above named for the purpose of having stock certificate No. 656 of the said defendant for 10 shares of the capital stock of said defendant, which said certificate was issued in the name of the said plaintiff, cancelled;

Now therefore, pursuant to Section 328 of the Civil Code of the State of California, notice is hereby given to all persons claiming the said shares, or any of them, or any interest or lien therein or thereon, to be and appear before said Court on the 12th day of June, 1911, then and there to show cause why a new certificate should not be directed to be issued to the plaintiff and to set forth their right in or to such shares, if any they have.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the Above Entitled Court.
By W. R. CASTIGNETTO,
Deputy Clerk.

5-13-4

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO SELL REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 8589, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of FRANK STOHR, an Incompetent Person.

Clothilde C. Nicholl, the guardian of the person and estate of Frank Stohr, an incompetent person, having this day presented to the above entitled Court and filed herein, his petition, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain real property and certain personal property belonging to the said incompetent person, for the causes and reasons therein set forth, and it appearing to this Court from the said petition that it is necessary, in order to maintain and support said incompetent person, that the said real estate described in said petition and said personal property described in said petition, or some part of it shall be sold,

It is hereby ordered by said Court that the next of kin of said incompetent person and all persons interested in his said estate, appear before this Court in the Courtroom, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 1st day of June, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said estate, as prayed for in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

And it is hereby further ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 26th day of April, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

H. M. ANTHONY, Atty. for Petitioner,
372-4-6 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN MURRAY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of John Murray, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Norman A. Eisner, 1112-1114 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John Murray, deceased.

HELEN E. MURRAY,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Murray, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

NORMAN A. EISNER, Atty. for Administratrix,
1112-1114 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-13-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Charles G. Lyman, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte F. Clarke, deceased, praying for authority to enter into a certain contract or lease with Ferdinand Dugue and Frank Hesse, under the terms of which the said Ferdinand Dugue and Frank Hesse are to have the privilege of occupying and conducting the kitchen and dining room in the hotel known as the Hotel Carlton, situated on the south side of Turk Street, between Polk and Larkin Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for the period of three years,

It is ordered that all persons interested in the said estate be and appear before this Court on Monday, the 29th day of May, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, in the Courtroom of said Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in said City and County, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the said Charles G. Lyman, as such Executor should not be authorized by this Court to enter into the said contract or lease with the said Ferdinand Dugue and Frank Hesse, as aforesaid.

It is further ordered that notice of the hearing of said petition be given by publishing this order for two successive weeks in a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County.

Dated, May 12, 1911.

JOHN J. VAN NOSTRAND, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed May 12, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Executor,
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHANN H. T. BRANDT, Deceased—No. 11,253; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the estate of Johann H. T. Brandt, deceased, to the creditors of, and to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, David Cosgrave, Room 706 Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Johann H. T. Brandt, deceased.

LILLIAN WRIGHT, Administratrix.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

DAVID COSGRAVE, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 706 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 5-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Supreme Court, State of California, in and for City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,445.

Estate of HERMAN WESTERFELD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of F. J. Castelhun, Attorney at Law, Rooms 117-118 Investors Building, 787 Market Street, in said City and County, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased.

MARY L. WESTERFELD,
Administratrix of the Estate of Herman Westerfeld, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6, 1911.

F. J. CASTELHUN and JOHN A. McGEE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Rooms 117-118 Investors Bldg., San Francisco. 5-6-5

Letters

A Southern Character Sketch

Here is another good book without a love interest, "Old Reliable," which is more of a character study than a novel, a series of episodes in the life of Zack Foster, a Mississippi negro of a type well known to southerners and tolerated by them as it would not be in any other civilized place on the globe. The portrait belongs in the gallery with some of the creations of Thomas Nelson Page and F. Hopkinson Smith. It is always interesting to note the difference between the sympathetic portrayal by a southerner and the sentimentalizing of the northern fictionist when dealing with the black race. Harris Dickson has done a good piece of work. From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Another Auto Tale

It is scarcely six months since Eleanor M. Ingram's short novel, "The Flying Mercury," was given to the reading public. It was a light, bright automobile story making no pretensions, yet so admirably done that it has left a more enduring impression than many labored productions from the pens of literary lights. Now we have from the same pen much such another story. Miss Ingram appears to know all the ins and outs of automobile racing, which knowledge she credits to her two brothers as instructors. At any rate, she can write of the speed maniacs in a manner that creates sympathy with her drivers even amongst those of us who have been driven off the roads and carry our hearts in our mouths every time we cross a city street. A very attractive little book, with illustrations in color by Edmund Frederick. From the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

With "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" on the stage, George Randolph Chester's new book detailing the early adventures of "Young Wallingford," comes in the nick of time. Wallingford, in those days, was known by a different and distasteful title which he discarded for no other reason than that he did not like it, and readers generally will admit that he did wisely, for Jonathan Reuben Wix was a palpable misfit for the large, florid, affable young man who was to develop into the larger, more florid and still more affable bunco artist. From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Books received from Lothrop, Lee and Shepard:

"David Porter at Star Ranch," by Edward Stratemeyer.

"At the Home Plate," by A. T. Dudley.

"The Crimson Ramblers," by Warren L. Eldred.

"John and Betty's History Visit," by Margaret Williamson.

"Lakeport Boys," by Edward Stratemeyer.

"Helen Grant's Decision," by Amanda M. Douglas.

"Rocky Ford," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

"Dave Porter and His Rivals," by Edward Stratemeyer.

"What Happened at Quasi," by George Cary Eggleston.

Judgment

"The question having been raised," said the man at the cafe table, "as to whether authors are human beings, we will attempt to answer it ourselves. There are many points of resemblance between authors and human beings which may or may not, in the aggregate serve to establish a conclusive amount of presumptive evidence that, in many instances, authors and human beings may, to all intents and purposes, be considered identical. 'Best Sellers' are of course barred. These are not authors at all, but Captains of Industry. No author who cares to believe in a hereafter would wish thus to be classed.

"Also we must eliminate from this argument authors of the Red Blood and Love-of-Life School. Such are rather to be reckoned as Intelligent Animals. Further, we positively must not include those facile wielders of the pen who muck rake. A scavenger is not fairly typical of the human being.

"We must also declare those authors who write for The Homely Ladies' Journal to be ineligible. We purpose to deal with human beings, not with angels on the right hand side. Nor is it possible for us to admit that ilk which nature-fakes; nor those writers who gather material in Africa; nor the sob-squad of the yellow journals. Nor authors who use the expression, 'her wide staring eyes leaped from their sockets, and his face fell.' These persons are merely liars; every mere liar is not an author; not necessarily a human being.

"It is, too, desirable to exclude the producers of society novels. The average human being has some slight regard for the feelings of his fellows, at times.

"Thus, by a simple process of exclusion ad absurdum we have demonstrated, after all that authors are not human beings. We may only add that we are not cocky, and are willing to be shown."

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TOWN TALK

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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ETHLYNNE BRADFORD

Who in conjunction with W. H. Macart will appear in "A Legitimate Holdup" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
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Now for Hitchcock

Postmaster Hitchcock having wiped out a deficit of $17,000,000 is now proposed as a fit subject of investigation. The magazines are after Mr. Hitchcock, and in the memorable words of Mr. Heney they will "get him." Mr. Hitchcock is really a far more objectionable person than was Mr. Ballinger. He has had the audacity to recommend the withdrawal of the prodigious subsidy which the people pay for the liberal education they get from the magazines. This is a species of lese majeste. Our magazine publishers are the court favorites of democracy. To treat them with disrespect is to imply a lack of respect for the sovereign people whose favor and esteem they enjoy. In the circumstances it is not surprising that Mr. Hearst, who publishes a magazine among other things, and who is recognized as the premier of all the court favorites, should demand that Mr Hitchcock be sent to the tower. The specific charge against the audacious Secretary is that he revoked the prerogative of a publisher against whom he had a grievance of a political nature. Thus, we are told, did he strike a blow against the liberty of the press and indirectly menace the rights of a free people. And so Mr. Hearst uttered a shriek for vengeance, one that caused sympathetic chords to vibrate in all the business offices of magazinedom. It will be interesting and instructive to watch developments. Mr. Hitchcock has a very good record as a public official, having put his department on a paying basis, thus accomplishing what formerly was regarded as an impossibility, but his record will not avail him for defensive purposes against the embattled court favorites. The charge that has been made the basis of the call for an investigation is mild and trivial compared with the accusations in process of incubation. Calumny has marked Secretary Hitchcock for her own.

A Journalist's Progress

Mr. William Randolph Hearst is rapidly winning recognition as the guide, philosopher and friend of all the people. This is as it should be. In this democratic era who is there better qualified to hold the lamp of counsel and light the path of progress than our premier journalist, the man with the largest circulation, the most expansive of all the mirrors of public opinion? Last week the New York Legislature, without, of course, the slightest suggestion from anybody connected with the Hearst papers, nor as a result of any wirepulling, but in a moment of inspiration and from a spontaneous craving for enlightenment, appealed to Mr. Hearst for an expression of his sentiments on the paramount questions of the hour. And Mr. Hearst, good, amiable and generous patriot, gave ear to the Macedonian cry from Albany. He packed his suitcase, went to the capital, and from his own papers we learn that "the occasion was one without precedent in that it was the first time that a private citizen had been asked to address the Legislature on pending legislation, the choice of measures for discussion being left entirely to the speaker." Without precedent indeed! But our manners and customs are undergoing swift changes in these progressive days of democracy. It seems but yesterday that Mr. Hearst started his fund for the relief of the families of the men who went to their death in Havana harbor and called on ex-President Cleveland for his co-operation. The reply must still be fresh in the minds of all. In substance it was this: "I must decline to permit the sorrow that I feel for the families of the men of the Maine to be made a means of promoting the vulgar advertising schemes of yellow journalism." Since the days of Cleveland our public men have become more liberal in their sentiments toward the great engine of public opinion which Mr. Hearst has exalted and glorified. They realize that in proportion as we extend the principles of democracy the greater becomes the power of the press. They see that our newspapers are something more than the schoolmasters of the common people; that in the domain of politics they exercise a tyranny which no jobchaser can afford to ignore. Formerly pulpit, platform, forum, all in one, the newspaper, now that we enjoy the blessings of the direct primary is also political boss and party convention. Once the giver of advice, the whole faculty of the people's university, the American journalist is now the regent of American sovereigns, and among politicians few there are that will not pay him reverence. So while the occasion in Albany "was one without precedent," be assured that it but marks the inception of a new practice in the politics of the nation. The probability is that when Mr. Hearst is next heard from as the counsel of statesmen it will be in the halls of legislation in Washington. This friend of the people who moves among us like a giant among common men is bound to reach his apotheosis in the near future. No bushel can much longer hide the light of his talents and virtues. With his newspapers almost everywhere he must soon be universally recognized as our most precious possession. And come to think of it how fortunate that at this stage of our history, approaching as we are a great unheaval in our affairs, there should be among us ready to direct our energies this inspired prophet of liberty whom we see going about making no vain display of his talents but discharging a duty to maintain a cause which lies nearest to his heart. Mr. Hearst is today our one best patriot. The rights of his countrymen enshrined in his heart communicate warmth and vital energy to every part of his being. He is above every species of duplicity, low art and cunning. In the downright sincerity of his nature he would scorn to impose by any hollow disguise. In him we see united the zeal of the patriot with the enlightened knowledge of the staesman and we know that as the high-priest of his party he has consecrated himself with pious zeal to the high duty of preserving the ark of democracy from the sacrilegious touch of a sodden plutocracy. We know, too, that he has a very keen appreciation of the intelligence and general character of the masses and that he will do to them precisely what they deserve to have done to them, and we rejoice in the reflection that as history must repeat itself they will do to him as they have been done by.

An Awful Prospect

The grand passion of the Sixty-second Congress is the passion for investigation. Almost everything under the sun is to be scrutinized officially by the zealous Representatives now assembled in Washington. Their curiosity is boundless. Thirty separate and distinct resolutions of investigation have been introduced thus far, and there are more to come. If the Representatives were to do nothing more than devote themselves to the inquisitions that have been demanded by resolution they would be kept busy for the next fifty years. Of all these inquisitions the one most recently called for is perhaps the only important one. The resolution calling for it is No. 153. It was introduced by Representative Rodenberg. This is the resolution:

Whereas, All the people of the United States without regard to race, nationality, creed, color, sex, or previous condition of servitude, are interested in the national game known as baseball; and

Whereas, The said national game of baseball seems to be about the only matter of national importance whose investigation has not been provided for since the convening of the Sixty-second Congress: Therefore, be it

Resolved, That the committee on education are hereby required to inaugurate immediately a thorough and searching inquiry into the operation and manner of conducting said national game of baseball and to ascertain specifically the batting averages, hits, errors, two-baggers, home-runs, assists, sacrifices, slides, strike-outs, bunts, fouls, forced runs, flies and pop-ups, single and double plays of each and every individual member of the American and National Leagues and all minor leagues, including trolley leagues.

In making this investigation the committee shall have power to compel the attendance of witnesses, including umpires, and to examine them without administering oaths; and said committee is authorized to employ a competent stenographer while conducting said examination and to sit in the grandstand of the baseball park during the sessions of the House.

This resolution suggests the question, What's the matter with baseball? This is the first time in its history that the great

national game has been threatened with contamination from politics. Hitherto it has enjoyed an unsullied reputation. From time immemorial it has been regarded as the one square sport in the galaxy of athletic pastimes. Now that its exponents are to be brought in contact with the Pharisees and Philistines of national politics the melancholy prospect is enough to make the bleachers of the whole country moan and sob in anguish.

Hamlet and the Critics

It is curious, the persistence of the notion that in the character of Hamlet there is a subtle psychic significance which is beyond the apprehension of mortal man. This familiar notion was given expression by one of our learned dramatic critics in his discussion of one of Mr. Sothern's performances. "It was as fine a Hamlet," he said, "as one could reasonably expect from the stage"—but "it was not Hamlet. The melancholy Dane has never yet lived upon the stage, and probably never will." In other words the melancholy Dane is beyond human power of impersonation. Enthusiastic commentators have said something like this before. Thus have they in their way paid tribute to the wonderful genius of Shakespeare. But this is not such high tribute as apparently they believe; for Shakespeare was one of the most practical of playwrights. He wrote for the stage, not for the closet. He created real men and women, and of all his creations there is none so human as Hamlet. Hamlet is of all times and of all countries. The very contradictions of his nature are a sign of his boundless humanity. Everybody can find something in Hamlet to remind him of himself. No two men judge him alike. Some have found him irresolute; others full of decision. Some insist that he is mad; others that his antic disposition is simulated. Is it not hard enough in real life to determine where sanity ends and insanity begins? The truth is that Hamlet is an incomprehensible person; and what one of us is there that can be read and understood by his fellows? Hamlet had a horror of lies, and so much of his career as we see is one long lie. How true to human kind! Now why should it be difficult to play Hamlet? As a matter of fact it is not half so difficult to make Hamlet vraisemblant as it is to make the Ghost so. The average stage ghost is such solid flesh that he makes you think of his cook. Shakespeare himself, conscious of the difficulty of impersonating the shade wouldn't trust the job to any of his actors. All that is required of the actor who plays Hamlet is that he illuminate the inherent beauty of the composition and give it a semblance of actuality and vitality and keep pace with the quickened sensibilities of his audience. But the average actor when he approaches Hamlet is awed by tradition. He is like the pugilist whose knees are knocking together before he enters the ring. He remembers that Garrick was inimitable in the words, "I have that within that passeth show"; that the most affecting touch of the elder Wallack was "That undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns"; that Kean was famous for his power of contrasted intonation; that Betterton was actually able to turn pale at sight of the ghost; and with all these scraps of tradition in his mind the average actor hasn't the courage of his own conception. He clothes the sombre Prince with a mystic poetic pall, and forgets that he must move and speak like a man not like a puppet spouting a playwright's lines. There is of course much of intellectual subtlety in Hamlet, but for an actor of temperament, intelligence and imagination the role so abounds in opportunities that the one danger attending its performance is that of emphasizing effects which are inherent in every situation and which need no elaboration. As to the assertion that the melancholy Dane never yet lived upon the stage, that of course is sublimated nonsense. The melancholy Dane is a legend. We interpret that legend as we interpret a picture. The business of every actor who plays Hamlet is to realize the Hamlet of his imagination and while making him consistent with the Prince in his tragic situations induce his audience to appreciate his perplexities and his intellectual and moral nature and sympathize with him in the performance of the deed from which his tortured soul had so long recoiled.

Our Next Senator

Knowing that martyrs to the cause of righteousness must inevitably come into their own we received with not the slightest tinge of incredulity the news from Washington, D. C., printed in the Times of that city as follows: "Francis J. Heney, all-around anti-grafter, is to be the next Senator from California." This news must have gladdened the heart of everybody who is at once capable of appreciating the prodigious service rendered to this State by the illustrious professional prosecutor and of apprehending the harsh consequences to him of his devotion to the interests of his fellow-citizens. Mr. Heney sowed the seeds and others gathered the fruit. Parched husks were his portion. It was as though a blind Providence had mistaken him for one to whom the principle of retribution was justly to be applied. Like Job severely has he been tried. He was the one volunteer in the whole band of mighty patriots. Nothing for him but office expenses, while his partner, Mr. Cobb, pocketed $25,000 no part of which could Francis J. conscientiously touch. And Cobb is to be an assistant to the attorney-general. The Hon. Hiram Johnson was handsomely remunerated in cash after a controversy over his fee and then he was boosted into the gubernatorial job. As a result of the agitation fanned by Heney the Lincoln-Roosevelt League of which his personality was the most active principle elected John D. Works to the Senate. The best Heney got was a chance to run for district attorney, the taking of which brought him nothing but humiliation. The sad story is briefly told by the Washington Times, thus: "It was simply a proposition of starving Heney out of California, and it came mighty near success. His friends would not permit it, his own fighting spirit was aroused, and he compromised at last by plunging into the great campaign which overturned the Southern Pacific machine, brought Johnson and the progressives into complete control and made Judge Works Senator. Then the turn came for Heney. Folks dearly love the gilded chariot and the music of the band. California discovered that it was proud of Heney, that he was one of the men who had saved it, and who had always been unselfish in his public services." By the turn that came for Heney is meant that he had been decided on as the logical man for Senator. This story seemed authentic, for Heney was in Washington when it was printed, and it was not unlikely he read the proof. But it implied that Heney was eagerly waiting for Senator Perkins to die. "There will be no regular vacancy," says the Times, "till 1915 when Senator Perkins' term expires; but the Senator's illness the past winter and spring has been so serious and persistent that many of his friends believe he will retire before the next regular session opens. In that event Heney will be named for the vacancy by Governor Johnson." Now the fact is that the Senator is in very good health for a man of his age, and the only "retiring" he is at all likely to do is by way of the grave, the frequent reminder of which by Heney's presence might greatly accelerate matters. Heney has taken occasion to deny that the story has any foundation and to express the hope that Senator Perkins may live out his term, but it is somewhat significant that the story was printed shortly after the visit of Meyer Lissner and Chester Rowell to Washington. These are the men, in the present state of politics in California, who are presumed to be vested with the power of proposing and disposing with reference to political honors and distinctions. Mr. Heney cannot say authoritatively that they have not decided on employing his feet to fill Senator Perkins' shoes. Notwithstanding Heney's denial the story does not lack plausibility. Heney is sometimes both politic and discreet, and it would be singular if he did not realize the expediency of disavowing responsibility for the story as printed by the Times. Admitting that he does cherish the ambition of succeeding Senator Perkins, should the latter "retire," must we not then reckon with the caprices of the living? The white man is a mighty "unsartin critter," and Governor Johnson is Caucasian through and through. Moreover Governor Johnson is a stickler for historical accuracy particularly respecting the vicissitudes of his own brilliant career. Governor Johnson believes that he put the Octopus out of business. During his campaign he wanted no assistance from Mr. Heney. He kept himself and Mr. Heney wide apart throughout the campaign, and when it was over he took exclusive possession of the pedestal which he has held ever since. In the circumstances how important for Mr. Heney that he should repudiate the Times story crediting him with the triumph achieved by the man who has the power of appointing a Senator in the event of the retirement of Senator Perkins!

Perspective Impressions

The dove of peace is a willing bird, but it can't find a place to alight in Mexico.

He who accepts the inevitable good-naturedly is the only genuine optimist.

Perhaps it might be well to have a directoress-general or a director-generaless for ornamental purposes.

Ultra-Progressivists tell us that after the Senate is popularized we shall put the referendum in the Federal constitution. Good! Let us be logical though the heavens fall. And let us have a government by the people even though it be necessary to hold an election every day. Business? Business is what's the matter with us. When we get a national referendum we'll abolish business.

A new league for the uplifting of the stage has been organized in Boston, but the pulpit is to be permitted to remain where it is with Dr. Brown, late of Oakland, as one of its ornaments.

Thus far "Weak Brother" Pardee has not taken occasion to affirm his confidence in his intimate frjend Assessor Dalton. Which reminds us that the light of true friendship is best seen when all around is dark

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According to the gentleman who delivered the commencement address at Palo Alto the other day "we are behind every civilized nation except Russia." He might have added without fear of successful contradiction that we have more universities spreading the peculiar light of our civilization than all the nations of the earth including Russia.

If for no other purpose than to abate Mr. Hearst's damnable iteration let us admit that Mr. John Hays Hammond is the greatest American that ever lived and that ever may, can, will or shall live.

Whenever we can approve of anything done by David Starr Jordan we hasten to do so. This is the case now. He has separated himself from the office of International Commissioner of Fisheries.

The Presbyterians are trying a minister for heresy because he doesn't believe in the Bible Which reminds us that a great religious movement was started on the theory that there was nothing for Christians to believe in but the Bible, and that the proponents of that theory have been losing faith in the Bible ever since. Perhaps this is the irony of reform.

The Builders

Staggering slowly, and swaying
Heavily at each slow foot's lift and drag,
With tense eyes careless of the roar and throng
That under jut and jag
Of half-built wall and scaffold streams along,
Six bowed men straining strong
Bear hardly lifted, a huge lintel stone.
This ignorant thing and prone,
Mere dumbness, blindly weighing,
A brute piece of blank death, a bone
Of the stark mountain, helpless and inert,
Yet draws each sinew till the hot veins swell
And sweat-drops upon hand and forehead start,
Till with short pants the suffering heart
Throbs to the throat, where fiercely hurt
Crushed shoulders cannot heave; till thought and sense
Are nerved and narrowed to one aim intense,
One effort scarce to be supported longer!
What tyrant will in man or God were stronger
To summon, thrall and seize
The exaction of life's uttermost resource
That from the down-weighted breast and aching knees
To arms lifted in pain
And hands that grapple and strain
Upsurges, thrusting desperate to repel
The pressure and the force
Of this, which neither feels, nor hears, nor sees?

—Laurence Binyon

Correspondence

The Brutality of Moving Pictures

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I am told that the films exhibited in our moving picture shows are subject to some kind of censorship. If so it is of a very lax character. I have visited several of those shows of late, taking a child with me on each occasion and on no occasion could I conscientiously sit through the performance. My judgment of these shows on the whole is that they are of a most pernicious character. They are all good in spots, so good that it is too bad they should be marred by films that no child should be permitted to see. There is much wholesome entertainment in them for children, and each time that I visited a show it was with the hope that nothing would occur to jar on the sensibilities of little ones, but, alas, I was always disappointed. I am not thin-skinned, nor do I think that children should be kept in glass cases or reared with puritanic squeamishness, yet I have been shocked at the spectacle of little boys and girls gazing at some of the awful scenes presented in moving-picture shows. For example, in a little theater on Sacramento street near Central avenue last Sunday afternoon I saw a score of little ones viewing a scene of squalor and debauchery in a den occupied by a hag and a young girl. A man entered, produced a bottle of liquor, handed it to the woman and she drank. Then he forced the bottle between the lips of the girl and poured the liquor down her throat. In the next scene the girl was sprawling on the floor in an intoxicated condition. I was accompanied by a boy of seven and another under three years. I rushed them out of the place Two weeks ago I was in a show on Clement street near Sixth avenue, where I witnessed a burglary. The maid of the house was the friend of the burglars. To recover a golden necklace she went to their den, plied them with liquor, got them intoxicated and thus achieved a triumph. In the same show was presented a gallows scene, the noose hanging down and the black-robed priest was ready for the execution. Now where are our censors? Surely no person of ordinary intelligence believes that it does no harm to let children ranging from three to fifteen years witness such scenes as I have depicted. Why should little tots be given such gruesome impressions as they are bound to receive at moving picture shows? Why should boys and girls of ten be made familiar with the aspects of vice and all sorts of crime? Whenever a performance that appeals to prurient tastes is given at one of the big theaters an awful uproar is raised by our ministers and club women, but surely it is more desirable to safeguard children from contact with scenes of vice than to put salacity beyond the reach of grown-ups.

Sincerely yours,

May 23. —A Father.

A Royalist Heard From

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I read on the second page of Monday's Chronicle that Dr. J. de Sousa Bettencourt, Vice-Consul-General of Portugal, returned to his post Sunday after a year's absence in Portugal, bringing news of the new republic established in his native land. He says he is a personal friend of President Braga. Perhaps that's why he is so enthusiastic about the republic and the republicans. On the first page of Monday's Chronicle was a despatch from London to the effect that a counter-resolution is about to be started in Northern Portugal "where discontent with the new regime has been manifested in strikes at Oporto." From this despatch I learn that Lisbon is expected to follow the example of the North; that disorder has long been rampant at the capital; that robberies and housebreaking are of almost daily occurrence and the authorities seemingly powerless. At Oporto business is at a standstill and there is uneasiness everywhere. All this is corroborative of private advices which I have received. The Provisional Government of Portugal is very much in disfavor Its conduct has alienated some of the best men in the country. Take for instance, Jose Pereira de Sampaio, director of the Republican journal "Diario da Tarde" of Oporto. He is a Republican who enjoys a great reputation in Portugal on account of his literary ability, his honesty and disinterestedness. He became thoroughly disgusted with the Government owing to the manner in which the conservative and independent press was wiped out. It is notorious that the Provisional Government has never been able to preserve order or administer justice

Respectfully,

—A Royalist.

Private Wire—New York, Chicago. Western Union Code

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Varied Types

XXIII—DUNCAN E. McKINLAY

By Edward F. O'Day

"Do you want to go back to Congress?"

I knew it was a bromidic question to ask a lame duck. Theoretically all lame ducks are waiting and yearning for another splash in the congressional pond. But one easily forgets that Duncan McKinlay is a lame duck. As he stood before me in one of the most cheerful offices in the none too cheerful Custom House, with the sun glinting on his light hair and the light of happiness shining in his eyes, he did not look like a lame duck. There is something cheerless about the idea of a lame duck. It suggests a creature of limited capacities reduced by regrettable accident from its wont of ungraceful waddling to still more ungraceful limping. Speaking figuratively, the mischance of politics has left Duncan McKinlay limping, but as it did not take him long to limp into a nicely furnished federal office from which he surveys the customs of the port for five thousand dollars a year, he is not a legitimate object of pity. Expend your commiseration on other fowls of the species, if you will, but shed no tears over the lame-duckishness of Duncan McKinlay.

As I looked at him and dealt my bromidic question McKinlay was very happy. He was in his element. He was embracing an armful of newspapers. The newspapers, be it confessed, have not always treated McKinlay with elaborate respect. Some of them have even called him "Dunk" McKinlay and "Dunk" is an abbreviation which displeases even so forgiving a public man as Duncan McPherson of Santa Cruz. But on the Chautauqua circuit and before Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce Duncan McKinlay is never thought of so disrespectfully and it happened that the newspapers which he was embracing were filled with the reports of his Chautauqua lectures, his Board of Trade speeches and his Chamber of Commerce talks. Hence the happiness that shone in the McKinlay eyes as he hugged the papers and returned my gaze.

"Do you want to go back to Congress?"

Speaking conservatively, the question did not please him. It evoked disagreeable memories. So I was not surprised to see the light of Chautauqua happiness fade from his eyes while a steely stare took its place. His answer was carefully considered.

"I shall never run again," he said, "against a millionaire under the direct primary law. My purse is not long enough to beat a man with ten millions. If a man cares to pose as a purist and at the same time buy votes, he can be nominated. For you can buy any constituency in America if you have enough money, especially under the direct primary law. All you have to do is to hire enough men to work for you. That was the way Sibley accomplished his election in Pennsylvania and you can't stop it except by a stringent purity of election law."

Decidedly, I was glad that I had put that bromidic question. I did not expect so piquant an answer. There is art in that answer. It says a great deal directly and by subtle indirection it suggests a great deal more. Of course one is never at liberty to read meanings into the language of the interviewed. One must take it for its superficial value and refrain from mining for its hidden metal. But if Duncan McKinlay had asked me, not in his capacity of lame duck, not in his capacity of surveyor of customs, but simply as man to man, what I thought he meant by that answer to my innocent question, I should have answered boldly that I considered it a hard swat at Congressman Bill Kent of Kentfield. Far be it from me to say whether Duncan McKinlay would have admitted the soft impeachment. I am quite sure he would have done nothing of the sort—for publication.

"I have been on the political rostrum," he told me, "for twenty years and I have never yet criticised a political opponent. I consider it ungentlemanly and impolitic. And I am not a squealer. I am a dead game sport, whether the game be politics or anything else."

So there you are. No use to ask McKinlay, for publication, whether he was aiming a Reno jolt at Kent of that ilk. One can only surmise these things, for purposes of publication. One can only recall that at the last election Duncan McKinlay

DUNCAN E. McKINLAY

did indeed run against a millionaire for Congress; and that of a verity the event proved that the McKinlay purse was not long enough to beat a man worth ten millions. One can only muse on the curious coincidence that ten millions is exactly the figure at which Bill Kent's fortune is estimated. Groping further into the maze of McKinlay's answer, one can only reflect that during the last congressional campaign in the second Californian district it was currently reported and firmly believed that a great deal of money was spent by a candidate who certainly did pose as a purist. One cannot get away from the fact that many men were hired to work for that candidate, but whether their "work" was really laborious or merely thirst-provoking I leave it to the experts to determine. For the rest I can only say that California, to the regret of many, lacks a stringent purity of election law; and that the late Congressman Sibley, had he lived in California, might have escaped many of the embarrassments which dimmed the glory of his congressional victory.

Analyzed thus the McKinlay answer would be pregnant with meaning. It would prove McKinlay the possessor of a pretty talent for euphemism. It would demonstrate that a man can be gentlemanly and politic and still criticise a political opponent. But McKinlay did not authorize me to indulge in analysis, for publication. Public men must be very careful of their public utterances. In this regard McKinlay is as careful as they make 'em. To borrow the language of one of our most epigrammatic superior judges, compared to McKinlay the Sphinx is a gibbering gossip.

Pursuing the subject of McKinlay's ambitions I found him indifferent to the lure of public life. In this, however, he is not singular. Most of the public men I have had the privilege of conversing with have been similarly indifferent.

"I have reached the point," he told me, "where I am almost able to choose my way of living. One road to me is very much the same as another. If at some future time I can be of service to my former constituents I shall be willing to serve them in Congress once more. But sometimes I think that this will be the last political office I shall ever hold."

One need not be too much alarmed at language of this sort. Those who are eager to see McKinlay continue in public life need not be downcast at the prospect uncovered by these words. It may be stated with confidence that he is not thinking of resigning his present position.

"This is a nice dignified position and I like it," he admitted, including in a quick gesture the whole sunlit room with its oaken furniture and its settee full of newspapers and newspaper cuttings. The sight of those cuttings brought the look of happiness back to his eyes; so he qualified his last statement.

"But there is something I like better. Lecturing. I want to follow up my Chautauqua work. I was receiving one hundred dollars a lecture when I quit it. Besides that I made many speeches for the love of the thing. Even now I am preparing lectures and speeches which I shall deliver free of charge. I do it because it's fun for me."

Thus does the propagandist overshadow the politician. Tired of swinging around the political circle, especially in competition with a millionaire, and not too deeply impressed with the honors and emoluments of a nice dignified federal job, McKinlay longs for the leisured going of the Chautauqua circuit wherein one jogs in comfort from peaceful town to sleepy hamlet spreading the gospel of political purity and economic enlightenment and ever and anon hearkening for the voice of the old constituency whom it will be a pleasure to serve if the demand is properly insistent and there is no millionaire with ten millions to interpose his disconcerting canvass. Meanwhile there is one of the sunniest rooms in the new Custom House as a comfortable point of vantage from which to survey the customs of the port at five thousand dollars per annum.

A SIX MONTHS WONDER

Our Mello Cream Chocolates were placed on sale only six months ago; but are already widely known to all candy lovers. Geo. Haas & Sons' Four Candy Stores.

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Encouraging Export Figures

Merchandise exports for the first nine months of the current fiscal year exceed by $100,000,000 those of any earlier corresponding period. Particularly noticeable is the increase in shipments of manufactured wares. In a list of thirty-three articles and groups of articles only two show a decrease in comparison with the preceding year. The exceptions are illuminating oil and railway rails. The gain in the list is from $361,000,000 in 1909 to $430,000,000 in 1911, an increase of nearly 20 per cent. Even cotton cloth shows a gain. The trade in automobiles grew from $5,400,000 to $8,300,000. There were gains of $2,000,000 in mowers and reapers, of $2,400,000 in tools and builders' hardware, of $900,000 in boots and shoes, of $2,000,000 in electrical appliances, of $900,000 in typewriters, of $2,600,000 in metal working machinery, of $1,800,000 in photographic goods, and of $2,100,000 in ploughs and cultivators. Never before has there been a record so satisfying in its scope and variety. The record in shipments of manufactures for further use in manufacturing is only less satisfactory. It shows an increase from $200,000,000 to $225,000,000. There was a gain of $6,000,000 in copper, of $5,000,000 in lumber, of $3,200,000 in resin. Upper leather and paraffin are the exceptions to a general increase. Foodstuffs show a decline from $296,000,000 to $287,000,000. Meat and dairy products made an insignificant gain of $2,000,000 and flour dropped $2,000,000. Corn increased $8,000,000 and wheat dropped $23,000,000, partly because of lower prices, but mainly because of smaller shipments. Fruit shows a $5,000,000 increase, and cattle a $3,500,000 decrease. As crops were good the only inference from the foodstuffs account is an increased domestic consumption.

Resting at Wormwood Scrubbs

It requires a degree of optimism worthy of Mark Tapley to discover the pleasant side of imprisonment for eighteen months, but Frederick Martyn has accomplished this seeming impossibility. Martyn is a London tradesman who got into the Bankruptcy Court and for an offense against his creditors was sentenced to eighteen months hard labor at Wormwood Scrubbs. He took his medicine with resignation and having finished his term, wrote "A Holiday in Gaol." Everything went on smoothly until the warden remonstrated with him for the "beastly habit" of washing before each meal. The warden said it spoiled the look of the wash bowl and affected his reputation for not keeping things tidy. Martyn was reported only once, and that was for reading the Bible during the chapel service. Religion is purely official in the great gaols, and they don't want too much of it. There is a Bible in every cell, but the prisoners are terribly afraid of reading a book with any religion in it. "Give me a Braddon," is the prisoner's cry for fiction. The chaplain gave one convict a copy of Grant Allen's "Tents of Shem," but he wouldn't open the book, and it was three days before he could get another. "Sherlock Holmes" was excluded as not tending to the moral elevation of the prisoners. Martyn, although he had been used to good dinners, did not find the food unpalatable; but he sadly missed both mustard and pepper, which for some unknown reason are regarded as luxuries. The tragedy of his stay in the Scrubbs was due to a maliciously jocular warden who told him that he would have roast beef and plum pudding and a cup of beer on Christmas Day. But after morning service in the chapel, where he sang lustily, Martyn found the warden enjoying his cruel joke as the prisoners sat down to a repast of a little meat with the greasy cocoa, bread and potatoes, according to the rule. Still the wardens were humane enough when they were treated with deference and respect. Their duties are very onerous, and Martyn says that "if there are any persons in the prisons who do work that can be honestly described as hard labor it is the wardens and not the prisoner who is sentenced to it." In fact, the wardens are "a decent lot of fellows."

Bearding the Mayor

The pastor of a Syrian Greek Orthodox Church recently wrote a letter to Mayor Gaynor complaining of the frequent indignities to which he was subjected while walking the streets of New York, on account of the luxuriant beard he wears. It seems that the pastor's "beard and hoary hair stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air" and that mischievous boys tincanned him. They were too young to realize that "he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath none is less than a man." Mayor Gaynor was not unduly sympathetic, as may be seen from his answering letter: Reverend and Dear Sir: Your letter informing me that as you walk about the city visiting the homes of your parishioners people apply opprobrious names to you and throw empty cans and rubbish at you and otherwise assault you on account of your beard is at hand. You ask me: "Is it a crime in the city of New York to wear a beard?" No, it is not. I wear one myself and nobody ever takes any notice of it. How is it they take notice of your beard? Have you trimmed it in some peculiar way contrary to the Scriptures? For you know the Scriptures say: "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." Yes, if they assault you, throw cans at you, you have a right to defend yourself to the last extremity, but if you find it necessary I will have a detective go around with you for a few days until we arrest some of those who are wronging you. Are you certain that it is your beard which is the cause of the trouble. Sincerely yours, W. J. Gaynor, Mayor.

A Flurry on the Persian Border

Another of the little disturbances which are constantly breaking out under cover of the pax Britannica is reported from the Persian border. The Government of India has determined to put down gun running and has sent out a combined land and naval force with that object in view. It is India that acts, and not Great Britain, though the ships naturally are British and the scene of operations is one about which Germany has no say, so that if the Powers make trouble later and Russia feels that her pretentions in Persia are threatened, the Foreign Office will be able to disavow anything that may have been done. The gun running has become a serious nuisance; it is the cause of more disorder inland, along the border of India and in southern Persia. Apart from the illicit traffic, the Sultan of Muscat, under an agreement between England and France which the former country is trying to modify, has the right to trade in arms and ammunition within his domains. The best customers are the Afghans, whom the British hardly care to see well armed, but with whom they cannot interfere officially, and especially the Afridi tribes in the mountain passes, over whom they do try to exercise supervision and whose possession of arms is an immediate danger. The trade is carried on by smuggling boatloads of arms and ammunition from the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf to points on the Persian and Baluchistan shores, where, if they escape the vigilance of the British cruisers, they are delivered to armed bodies of Afghans or Afridis who have crossed the intervening country to receive them.

Porto Rico's Prosperity

To any one not familiar with the facts the great growth of Porto Rican trade will seem exaggerated. Since 1901 the exterior trade of the island has grown from $17,000,000 to $68,000,000. Conditions are very good in all industries. Coffee planting, for a long time stagnant, is now prospering. Most of the coffee goes to Cuba where Porto Rico gets the benefit of a preferential rate of duty. Many Americans are going into the fruit industry. Projects for the capitalization of the island's greatest resources, climate and scenery, are being pushed vigorously. There is to be a big hotel at San Juan which is bound to become a great resort. There are 800 miles of fine automobile roads in the island. A great advantage is that the season lasts for five months instead of for sixty or seventy days as in many eastern winter resorts. Last year there were 8,000 tourists and many more this winter. One improvement which, however, diminishes the picturesqueness of the natives, is the comparative elimination of the hookworm. Major Bailey Ashford, the man who discovered the hookworm disease in the western hemisphere, has cured 300,000 cases in Porto Rico. There is hardly any hookworm now in the towns and lowlands, but it still exists in the coffee districts and the hill country where about seventy-five per cent of the laboring classes are affected, thus reducing the value of labor fifty per cent.

Selective Cannibalism

If cannibalism is "the eating of human flesh by human beings" the Papuans of New Guinea are cannibals in spite of Dr. H. A. Lorenz. In addressing the Royal Geographical Society in London recently on the subject of his successful ascent of Wilhelmina Peak (15,125 feet) in the Snow Mountains the doctor made this defence of these natives of New Guinea: "Until more convincing proofs are forthcoming I cannot believe that the Papuans, whom we visited, are real cannibals—that is to say, that they feed on human flesh, the conditions in which they live being too favorable. That there exist ceremonies at which the heart and the brains are consumed in order to secure the courage and the intellect of the slain enemy I can readily believe, but I do not consider that cannibalism." It is not an attractive subject, but how much of an enemy must a Papuan devour to make him a cannibal in the judgment of Dr. Lorenz?

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The Hill

By Adelheid Weber (From the German)

May 3, 18—.

I am seventeen today. Will my life begin now?—the true, real, large, mysterious, alluring, terrible life? That life which holds undreamed-of grandeur and unknown fear—through whose fathomless eyes I would look into the profoundest depths?

Mama says, and all my aunts repeat, that I, with my seventeen years, am altogether fortunate in a sense in which I never will be again. I am young, healthy, pretty, rich; I have a dear brother, a sister who preaches of reason, school friends who come to visit me gladly and with whom I may sing, dance, ride, play, and even a couple of young fellows who say pretty things to me. Oh, yes, I am in love with everything that belongs to me, naturally. I love our beautiful park, our fields and our forest. I love our people and our animals, especially the fillies, who scamper about as if everything lay before them, and the cows with their big, soft, stupid, surprised eyes. I always think they see something of life, but are not able to understand it. Still, behind our park, the fields, the wood and the sunshine and the rain, behind the dear circumscribed day's life, lie the hills that point backward with their blue fingers. And far beyond them, so far that I cannot see it, lies the big hill, the highest peak—and he who stands on the summit looks into the clouds and over the earth, and sees the beauty and the mystery and the flame.

Shall I ever reach the summit of that hill? Shall I?

Of all those with whom I live, who has been on that hill? Not mama. Certainly not Maxi. They are both happy in the garden. And the silly servant girls, they never dream that there is a hill.

But Arno—Cousin Arno? Yes! He knows everything, he's seen everything, he can do everything. In my infancy— for he was at college when I was still toddling, and is now, at the age of thirty, head physician at the hospital—when I was still very little, he was my all in all, my highest example and my surest refuge. When others would laugh or scold me for my questions he always answered them, and his answers, from the beginning to the middle and end, contained the truth. He had faith in me, and under his eyes I was able to stretch myself, to grow—live.

With his tall, thin and slightly stooped figure, his longish, refined, fair face, his light, clear, kindly eyes, his deliberate and concise way of speaking, he seemed to me like Mahadoh, the Lord of Earth, who wanders among people as a friend and a man. And now he is coming here! He will be here in a fortnight! That is my biggest, biggest birthday gift!

May 24, 18—.

Yes, sing now, nightingale; blossom, all ye shrubs; murmur and jump, dear brook, for I am to be a bride. I am to be his bride, he who has always been the light in my life, without whom I was not able to picture my existence. He who has been bound up with all my thoughts ever since I can remember—the first, the wisest, the best of all men—loves me. Now I shall live, live!

We are to be married in the coming year. I am quite content. I am now all his and nothing touches me that does not emanate from or lead to him.

I am a bride! I am really and truly his bride!

Florence, May 3, 18—.

It is three weeks now since I have been his wife—here in Florence, where life is like a flower. I am his young wife!

It seems to me as if he were standing on the hill, like a giant, holding me in his outstretched hand between Heaven and earth, as Zeus held Nike. And I am looking down at life from the height. But there is still something unreal to me about it. I feel as if uprooted, partly flying and partly balancing myself. Nothing that I have experienced, thought or believed, compares with my present situation. What I am now living bursts on me like the stormings from another world. There is a joy in me as of a thousand singing larks—but it is all a dream. I am flying, and only his dear outstretched hand upholds me.

Berlin, September 8, 18—.

Most delightful are the evenings alone with him by the fireside. I sit on his knee and we gaze into the leaping flames and love each other.

Sometimes we go together and listen to some grand music, and when it sounds most beautiful our eyes bathe in each other and our souls, like a pair of little birds, seat themselves on the wings of the eagle and soar with him high above space and time.

Sometimes also friends come to visit us, and they say clever things to Arno and I listen with all my ears, as he says. Or they compliment me and I am pleased that their praise may make me more beautiful in his eyes. Everything is like the singing of birds in the forest, through which I am going hand in hand with the most beloved of men—through the beautiful, green wood, up, up to the hill above, and life grows ever grander and nobler.

October 10, 18—.

For two together, yes! Arno always keeps pace with me. No, he presses on and leads me with him, and we grow ever nearer together, we two.

But the third! Will not that be the wedge to separate us? How can I keep pace with him with a burden in my arms?

I am so full of anxiety. When the worst is over I shall be hedged in by my duties, and shall always be thinking of the other.

But I will not give in! I am still so young! I must still go on growing, learning, experiencing all the delights of life, even with two pairs of arms pressing on me.

My hill! My beautiful hill!

November 5, 18—.

It is beginning now, and it will soon drive us apart. I shall become nothing more than his servant, his housekeeper. It is true I am being looked after as I have never been before; but it is only for his sake, and I am often so irritated as to lose all my self control. Arno is always quiet and waiting silently until I come to myself again. I am always in the wrong; but it seems to me as if the sum total of all this wrong will amount to a right.

Today I am to experience a very great event. The Countess Hahn-Hahn has come once more from Berlin, before she enters the convent, and is to take breakfast with Meta Elbenschutz. And although Meta loves me dearly and knows my enthusiastic respect for the Countess Hahn-Hahn—(the countess always insists on her title before her nom-de-plume; no common person could have written those novels in which countesses live and suffer)—but I am losing myself in a Chinese puzzle-box; it is always so, thinking about Arno. Meta has invited me to meet the countess, the most interesting woman of the century, at whose feet men have thrown themselves and who, tired of fame, is now about to retire to a convent. She was the poetess who had raised for us the ideal woman: the noble-minded woman freed from the prose of the work-a-day life, and she lives now only for the furthering of the "immense soul" and her ardent heart, both of which a man could never understand. A man only wants a wife for his servant, and to be a nurse for his children. I have learned that now also for myself and without looking into the novels of the countess. Ah! She is really standing on the hill and won't allow any man to bring her down! But I—

I would have spoken to Arno about that breakfast, but I cannot bear his jeers at the countess. I hoped he'd be at the hospital when I should have to leave, and so hurried dressing myself. But I wanted to wear my shot-gold and green dress and couldn't fasten my waist. As I was struggling with it, red in the face—it was troublesome to call my maid—and tore at the buttons, Arno suddenly entered.

"What are you doing?" he asked in his quiet, peaceful way. I became redder still and vexation made me obstinate.

"I am getting ready to breakfast with Meta Elbenschutz," I answered and looked him defiantly in the eyes.

He laughed a little and came closer. He looked mildly irritated and serious. I turned towards the mirror and began strenuously to fix my waist. Behind me I saw Arno's quietly smiling face looking on.

"It won't do, little Elsie," he said in a friendly tone, "and you won't please the countess in your condition. She loves only heavenly women, with 'immense' but empty souls. A blooming mother would be most obnoxious to her."

"And to me, too!" I exclaimed, beside myself.

"You don't believe that," he answered. "You are young and do not understand, but you are not heartless and lost to a sense of duty."

Up to this point I know every word we said to each other. But now my words began running from me and then galloping, and his answers fell like sword-thrusts, until, at last—

But I will let it rest here.

In the end I threw my waist and then myself on the sofa and fell into hysterical sobbing.

And he, who had stood quiet with tender patience at all my nervous excitement, he went out of the room without even looking at me and without a word, and left me to lie in my tears.

My heart stood still with quite a new experience of fear; my sobs ceased as if the closing door had cut them off. I raised myself and looked about me. The room was really empty.

A great anger shot glowing to my head. Then came the hot shame that I had bared my troubles before such cold eyes. But all vanished before this new and strange feeling of fear. I felt—and I can explain it no differently—as if I had been walking for a long time, and always hand in hand in eager talk with a loved person, and he had now suddenly let go my hand and had turned and let me alone; and I was now seeing for the first time that the country through which I had been

(Continued on Page 23.)

INVITATIONS . MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

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The Spectator

Immunity for Kent

Apparently there is a conspiracy of silence among the dailies of San Francisco in the interest of Representative "Billy" Kent, the multi-millionaire reformer, concerning whose business affairs a great deal of interesting information is coming out in Washington. Why the dailies are protecting Mr. Kent from unpleasant publicity I am curious to know. I can account for their amiable attitude toward him on no other hypothesis than that he has some powerful connections through which he commands their respect and indulgence. Kent, though engaged in many business enterprises, is seldom heard of as a figure in the commercial world. For example it is not generally known that he is one of the principal owners of the Tamalpais railroad. Until the Golconda Cattle Company was indicted it was not generally known that he was the financial backer of that corporation. Of late it has been learned that he is one of the largest sheep owners in the West. He is reported to sell between $100,000 and $200,000 worth of wool annually. Furthermore it is said that the expense of production including labor, rent of lands and interest on the investment are offset by his profits from the natural increase of his flocks and the sale of their meat products. He owns 30,000 sheep in several States. And now he is making political capital out of his sentiment toward the wool schedule. He is in favor of free wool, and he can well afford to be as he knows that there isn't much chance of the tariff being reduced.

Favored by the Octopus

That there is a compact of some kind between Kent and the daily press is a suspicion justified by their apparent reluctance to print the news about him even when it is of the most sensational character. For example though his campaign for Congress was marked by a prodigality unsurpassed in the history of the State, though the scandal of it was of a character that appealed most potently to the newspaper instinct of sensationalism it was never exploited in the press. Nor has the local press published the news from Washington of his efforts to extricate himself from the embarrassment resulting from the indictment of the Golconda Company. Nay, they have even suppressed a most sensational piece of news which might serve as a very juicy morsel of food for thought in these days of pharisaical reform. This piece of news was wired to the Sacramento Union last Monday. It is to the effect that Kent, the vociferous reformer, is a preferred shipper over the Southern Pacific and has been allowed to lease grazing lands from that company at unusually low prices. Now, how about this? Incredible, isn't it? Would Mr. Kent, the progressive reformer, the uncompromising enemy of the Octopus, the financial backer of the current dispensation, the man with the leg to which all the virtuous patriots in California are clinging tenaciously—would this illustrious patriot with the Chicago past accept favors from the corporation that is to be put out of business on account of its pravity and traditional iniquities? Let us hope that Mr. Kent is but for the moment a victim of malign misrepresentation. Perhaps the "interests" are conspiring against him. The "interests" are incorrigible.

His Generous Proposal

According to the story from Washington Secretary of the Interior Fisher has sent the papers in the case against Kent's company to the attorney-general without recommendation. Furthermore the papers show that even after indictment the company instead of repenting fenced another tract of twenty-five thousand acres of government land. And the despatch says Kent has been trying to settle the case out of court and that he has offered, now that he has been caught, to pay the government rental at the same rates he pays the Southern Pacific. Shades of Gifford Pinchot! this is awful. Something wrong about it of course, but why are the dailies silent? Kent being innocent has nothing to conceal. The fierce white light for him at all times, so why not let it beat?

Kent's Briar Pipe

Even as Governor Johnson grafted democratic simplicity on the gubernatorial dignity, so has that other sterling reformer the Hon. Bill Kent of Kentfield carried the ways of the plain people into aristocratic Washington. And both have accomplished this through the medium of a briar pipe. From an observing correspondent I learn that "Kent is one of the few congressional pipe smokers noticed around the Capitol. Many statesmen smoke pipes in the privacy of their offices or apartments, but Kent sees no reason why one should not smoke a pipe in public as well as a cigarette or a cigar. He is a familiar sight in the House lobbies and corridors smoking a briar pipe, which he evidently enjoys as much as most other millionaires enjoy expensive Havanas." This is an age of symbols and I see a symbolical significance in this devotion of Governor Johnson and Congressman Kent to the homely briar. I do not mean to insinuate any depreciation of the affection which these noted reformers profess for their fellows, so I will not apply to them the Swinburnian line, "Their love is like a briar that rasps the flesh." No, these men are philosophers and they absorb philosophy with their nicotine. The thoughts which flit through their great minds as they pull on their pipes were admirably expressed three hundred years ago by George Withers in the following verses:

The Indian weed, withered quite,
Green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay; all flesh is hay.
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily-white
Shows thee to be a mortal wight;
And even such, gone with a touch.
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Thinke thou beholdst the vanity
Of worldly stuffe, gone with a puffe.
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soule defil'd with sin,
And then the fire it doth require.
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind
May serve to put thee still in mind,
That unto dust return thou must.
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

Hard-Working Works

Senator John D. Works is one of the busiest men in Washington. Although sent to the national capital for the prime purpose of securing legislation desired by California, he is no narrow sectionalist but embraces other parts of the country in the broad scope of his energetic statesmanship. Since his arrival in Washington he has been investigating local conditions and finds much to reform. As a first step in his laudable design he has introduced two bills. One of these aims to reduce the number of saloons from 528 to 100. He has discovered that Washington has nearly the same population as Los Angeles which possesses 200 saloons. Why he should want Washington to do with half as many as

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Los Angeles it is difficult to say. Perhaps he thinks that Washington is only half as thirsty as Los Angeles. Los Angeles, it must be conceded, is quite a thirsty town; but it cannot measure its drinking capacity against Washington. To go no further with the argument, Washington must slake the thirst of 391 congressmen and 91 senators (leaving Senator Works out of the reckoning). Another bill introduced by Senator Works would compel all the street railways of the District of Columbia to exchange transfers. This bit of proposed legislation was also inspired by study of conditions in Los Angeles. Clearly, having removed the beam in Los Angeles Senator Works is after the mote in Washington.

The First Taft Editor

Controversy has been waging between Chester Rowell of the Fresno Republican and Friend Richardson of the Berkeley Gazette as to which one wrote the first editorial in California urging the Republican party to make Taft its standard bearer. After a recent interview with the President, Rowell claimed the honor, very much to the disgust of Richardson who insisted that his was the first editorial pen to make the suggestion. I asked Duncan McKinlay the other day whether he was in a position to settle the dispute and he promptly replied in the affirmative. He told me that after he returned from the Philippines whither he had accompanied the Taft party, he received a tip from Washington that Roosevelt would not be a candidate for the presidency but would enlist all his following in the cause of Taft. McKinlay says Editor Richardson called on him just after he received this tip and that after hearing the news Richardson hurried to his sanctum and wrote the pioneer Taft editorial. He added that the second one was published in the Oakland Tribune two days later. "But where did Rowell come in?" I asked. In common with many others I had always supposed that he too was a pioneer of the Taft movement. "He came in at the tail end of the procession," said McKinlay.

Taft and California Politics

But no matter where Chester Rowell figured in the last Taft campaign, it is much more interesting to speculate as to where he and his reforming associates will figure in the next one. Meyer Lissner has been in Washington with Rowell and I learn from a correspondent who mirrors the thoughts and sentiments of California reformers that the national capital is "still throbbing with gossip" about their visit. Apparently Rowell and Lissner played no favorites in Washington. They conferred with La Follette, Cummins and Bristow on the one hand and with President Taft on the other. At the conclusion of a series of pow-wows they exhibited the restraint of which they are capable at a pinch by refraining from writing a presidential and vice-presidential slate for the guidance of the next national convention. What they did do was "simply to talk about Governor Johnson for a place on the ticket," (I am quoting the friendly correspondent), "leaving one to infer that if Taft is to have the renomination, it would be excellent politics to name Johnson as his running mate." Whether President Taft and Senators La Follette, Bristow and Cummins agree with Rowell and Lissner that this would be "excellent politics" I am at a loss to guess. But the possibilities of the approaching political line-up in California Republicanism may be inferred from the friendly correspondent's statement that "of course, if the progressives are eventually to give Taft their support, they will have to come into a semblance of harmony with the California regulars." "A semblance of harmony" is a great thing but it doesn't carry elections.

The Old Story

Once more the police department is in the midst of political intrigue. There was a time when the police department was, as it should be, out of politics. One man ruled the destinies of the police department for a quarter of a century, and in those days property and individuals enjoyed absolute security. The chief of police was independent of editors, mayors and political bosses. It wasn't essential to his welfare to keep his ear either to the ground or to the telephone wire leading to editorial rooms. He involved himself in no intrigues, he attended to nothing but police business. This halcyon state of affairs ended when the Hon. James D. Phelan invented the Charter with its special facilities for the oiling of political machines. From that time police department scandals and intrigues have been a continuous performance. The Charter made the chief of police the mayor's puppet, and such being the case Mayor McCarthy is justified in insisting that Chief Seymour shall be beholden to him rather than to Mr. Fremont Older or any other equally sacrosanct citizen. If we don't like Mayor McCarthy it is our privilege to turn him out at the end of his term, but meanwhile the police department is his oyster. If the people have more confidence in Chief Seymour than in Mayor McCarthy the removal of the chief will do the mayor more harm than good, but if the influences that are employing Chief Seymour as a pretext for swatting Mayor McCarthy are identical with those that conducted the conspiracy against Chief Biggy then let us not be too sure that the whole truth has come to the surface, but let us rather expect the usual reaction that comes from intemperate zeal for the public good in the midst of a political campaign.

"Are you sure he married her for her money?"
"Absolutely. I've seen her!"

He Saved Hays Hammond

I saw John Harper sitting in the palm court of the Palace the other day and the sight of him evoked old memories. John Harper is a grizzled veteran of the mines who has had as many ups and downs as any man who ever wrested a fortune from the bowels of the earth. At present he has a little mine up at Hennessé Pass in Sierra County and spends most of his time there, hopeful, as all old miners always are, of once more striking it rich. Being a Welchman Harper was born for the mining game and as a young man in New York he speculated in Comstock shares and made a lot of money. Then he came West and won the friendship of John W. Mackay. The two were great pals and when Mackay would stroll into the old Palace and ask for "John," it was always understood that he meant Harper. Perhaps no man in California knows more about mineralogy and metallurgy than John Harper does. He has the miner's wonderful eye for piercing the surface of the ground and seeing what lies beneath. Second only to Mackay as his faithful friend was Adolph Spreckels and this intimacy still exists. But it was his friendship with Mackay which gave him a place in history. That friendship made it possible for John Harper to save the life of John Hays Hammond in the exciting days after the Jamieson raid.

The Message to Baden-Baden

It will be remembered that there was tremendous excitement in this country when the news came that John Hays Hammond, with Captain Thomas Mein of Oakland and others, was lying in a Transvaal jail under sentence of death as a result of his participation in Dr. Jamieson's harry. Those were parlous days for outlanders in the Transvaal and to add to the difficulty of saving Hammond's life was the division of sentiment about his case in the minds of his countrymen Some Americans insisted that the Government should intervene in his behalf; others were just as positive that it should not. Among others Colonel John P. Irish spread the propaganda of non-intervention. Hammond's father-in-law, his brother General Hammond and others met nightly at the Palace to devise ways and means of saving him. They were in desperate straits and enlisted the assistance of a young newspaperman who is still very much in the game here, for the purpose of working up public opinion. One night the cabal was on the point of giving up the fight. They were sitting disconsolately in the Palace court, trying to think of some forlorn hope, when John Harper appeared on the scene.

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"Here's the very man we want!" exclaimed the newspaperman. He told Harper of the situation. "I'll cable to John W. Mackay," said Harper. As luck would have it, Mr. and Mrs. Mackay were at Baden-Baden where they had been entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales, afterwards King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Harper cabled at once to Mackay asking him to enlist the assistance of the Prince of Wales. Mackay did so. The result was the Prince of Wales' famous message to Oom Paul Kruger in which he expressed the hope that no Americans would be made to suffer for participation in the Raid. Oom Paul replied with his equally famous message in which he said that while he could not but feel hostility for Queen Victoria he had nothing but the highest regard for her son and that he would be pleased to consider his request. Hammond's sentence was commuted and he got off with the payment of a heavy fine.

Hammond's Fight with Sully

By the way, when John Hays Hammond arrives in London as special envoy from the United States to the coronation, he might regale King George with the details of his recent scrap with Daniel Sully, the one time cotton king. There were incidents in that scrap which should prove interesting to the king as indicative of American court proceedure. Sully recently brought suit against Hammond for $1,500,000 damages. This was the culmination of a long and bitter feud between the two men. The particular incident which I imagine would tickle the risibles of England's unhumorous ruler occurred in Washington before Examiner Harper who was taking testimony in the suit. Sully's attorney had been badgering Hammond for two hours, and after Hammond had been called a liar twice by the attorney he lost his temper. Finally he blurted out: "This is all a foolish delay. It is simply a foolish attempt to keep me in the city. Maybe you think you can make me stay here till after the 26th or 27th." The reference of course was to Hays Hammond's intention of sailing at that time for dear old Lunnon. Sully's lawyer became wrathy. His face flushed and he shook his finger, Shortridgewise, at the special ambassador But his language was neither Shortridgian nor Chesterfieldian (the two terms are really synonymous). "I don't give a damn when you go or where," he shouted; "but until you answer my questions properly you won't get away from this city tonight or for some time to come." "I have answered all your questions a dozen times," Hay Hammond replied hotly. "You lie," returned the attorney. Hammond made a jump for the lawyer and the lawyer, nothing loth, made a jump for Hammond. But they were intercepted and the picturesque possibility of our special envoy appearing at Westminster with a black eye or a broken nose was averted. Am I right in thinking that King George would enjoy this incident? But will Hays Hammond tell him about it? I have my doubts.

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Hearst Is For Him

At the conclusion of that near-bloody hearing Hammond announced that he would leave for Canada and would not return to American jurisdiction until after he had seen King George properly crowned. But evidently he has changed his mind. I noted the other day a despatch in the Examiner which announced that Mr. and Mrs. Hays Hammond would be the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst in New York. The lure of the Hearst mahogany is evidently too strong for Hammond's resolution. And well it may be so. For Mr. Hearst has developed of late an astonishing affection for Hammond. Just why this is so I am at a loss to explain, but the reason will be forthcoming, I am sure. Mr. Hearst is an artist in the pursuit of the ulterior motive. It may be that he is desirous of attending the coronation in Hammond's train. If he does, the readers of the Hearst papers will be treated to one of the young millionaire's characteristic screeds. For Hearst hates kings and despises coronations; and if he writes an account of the ceremony at the Abbey he will blister the gilt off the trappings of British state with the white heat of his republican scorn. Only the other day, in an editorial boost of Hays Hammond, obligingly written in response to the request of "a reader," Hearst took occasion to remark that the coronation would be "rather a foolish performance." That was the second Hearst editorial devoted to Hammond within a short space of time. In the first our premier editor suggested that Hammond be sent to Berlin to succeed David Jayne Hill, the retiring ambassador. No wonder the curious are asking, Why is Hearst so strong for Hammond?

Dalton's Dilemma

Assessor Dalton appears to be in a very grave predicament. Literally "caught with the goods on him" it seems difficult to conceive a defense sufficiently plausible to create a reasonable doubt of his guilt in the minds of .. jury. But while the facts appear to be against Dalton the law may be in his favor. In some States a man cannot be convicted of a crime which he was tempted to commit by an officer of justice, and it is by no means certain that a district attorney of this State may participate in a scheme to decoy a person into the commission of a crime and then procure the conviction of the person for the crime thus committed. In Dalton's case, however, it appears that the trap was a matter of his own making. But of course there is another side to the story; at least there is the side which Dalton promises to present. He may tell us that the marked bills were put into his pocket while he wasn't looking. True, he claimed the money when it was taken out of his pocket, but he may expect the jury to believe that he did so in the excitement of the moment. Juries are some times remarkably credulous. This is especially so when a public service corporation is on one side of a case and an individual on the other. There was a time, by the way, when the Spring Valley Water Company would have had small chance of convincing anybody that it had refused to "come through" with a bribe for a public official. And it may be, in view of the long-pending negotiations for the purchase of the plant and the conversions that have occurred, that over in the virtuous town of Oakland there are people sceptical of the reformation of the company.

Lost, One Hundred Thousand Acres

Henry Miller, the cattle king, has lost one hundred thousand acres of land and doesn't know where to find them. It is an unique predicament. One hundred thousand acres of land are not easily lost. A tract of that size covers considerable space on any map. But just the same Henry Miller has lost them. They seem to have disappeared as completely as the lost island of

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Atlantis and so far careful searching has not discovered them. Miller has had his attorneys busily engaged in subdividing 600,000 acres of his immense holdings. They have been poring over maps, conning deeds and searching records. In their labors they suddenly realized that they had only accounted for five hundred thousand acres. Where were the other one hundred thousand? Miller is one of those wonderful men who are accustomed to keep all their holdings neatly and accurately tabulated in their minds. But Miller is pretty old; his mind is not as keen as it was of yore; and when he was consulted he couldn't for the life of him tell where those one hundred thousand acres ought to be. Are they in California? or in Nevada? or in Idaho? or in Wyoming? He is trying to find out.

The Metropolitan Club in Washington

The Metropolitan Club, the leading organization of its kind in the national capital, which recently aroused the ire of President Taft by blackballing some of his friends has an exclusiveness all its own. It is perhaps the only club in America which looks askance at the applicant for membership who is "in trade." A striking example of its aversion to commercialism in an applicant for membership was furnished in the incident of the two Magruder brothers, J. H. and A. F., scions of an old and distinguished Southern family, financially reduced like many of their kind by the civil war. A. F. Magruder became a surgeon in the navy. His brother became a grocer, and amassed wealth in his business while he garnered nothing but rank and the small pay of a naval officer. The naval brother has long been a popular member of the Metropolitan Club. The grocer brother, despite blue blood and wealth has never been able to get in. So it has been with others in similar position. Wealth is no key to Metropolitan Club membership, nor is poverty a bar to it. Joseph Pulitzer of New York was barred, and it was said that it was because he was a Jew.

McCawley and Potts

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles L. McCawley, of the marines, secretary of the club, who resigned following the Taft incident, is the son of the late Brigadier-General C. G. McCawley, long commandant of the Marine Corps. "Charlie" McCawley has for years been one of the Beaux Brummels of Washington. He is an intimate friend of Theodore Roosevelt, who appointed him military aid at the White House. A gallant soldier in spite of his almost foppish appearance, "Charlie" distinguished himself at Guantanamo, Cuba, in 1898. Captain Templin Morris Potts, of the navy, a governor of the club who resigned with McCawley, is of an old Washington family. He served as flag-secretary to the late Rear-Admiral S. R. Franklin, on the old Pensacola, now the station ship at Goat Island.

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Dick Not Disappointed

When I read in the newspapers that a gentleman of whose political activities I had never heard had been appointed to the coveted office of chief wharfinger under the Harbor Commission, my heart went out in sympathy to the Hon. Dick Welch. I had taken it for granted that Dick was a candidate for that position and I had looked on him as rather a formidable candidate. Certainly he deserved well of the admiration, for he fell into line with the Governor's wishes in the matter of the election of a United States senator, although the gubernatorial wishes were in direct opposition to the instructions he had received from the voters of his district. Having pleased the Governor in that and in many other matters Dick was entitled to a reward and I took it for granted that that reward would be the office of chief wharfinger. In my surprise at the appointment of another I could not but express my sympathy to Dick. Imagine my amazement when he told me that he had never sought the office, had never entertained the thought of being a candidate for it, had never discussed the possibility of being a candidate for it with the Governor or anybody else, including all newspapermen, and that the story of his candidacy had been manufactured out of whole cloth by newspapermen who wanted to have a little fun with him. Verily, my amazement was unbounded at this sweeping disclaimer. The only thing Dick did not say was that he would have absolutely refused to take the job if it had been offered to him.

The Tilted Scales

When "Jack" Sullivan was installed on the police bench in the seat left vacant by the late Judge Conlan, his friends in all walks of life, in-

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cluding the members of the unofficial "Police Court Bar Association," deluged him with floral offerings. There were enough set pieces to command the respect of the most exacting undertaker at an important funeral and more than sufficient cut flowers to soothe the vanity of a prima donna on her opening night. The peculiar odor of the police court was lost in the exotic fragrance of the blooms that shed their radiance on the new dispenser of justice. His modest blushes were dimmed by the riotous glow of color and his manly beauty paled to insignificance before the opulent charms of roses, carnations, heliotrope and forget-me-nots. Among the other set pieces was a huge affair showing the scales of justice done in all the colors of the rainbow. As they left the cunning fingers of the florist those scales were evenly balanced, but their equilibrium had been slightly disturbed by careless handling. As one onlooker put it, "They inclined just a little bit in the direction of 'a pull.'"

Yellow Journalism and the Japs

From the columns of the Hawaiian Gazette I have just extracted a significant instance of the malign influence exerted by yellow journalism on international relations. That the yellow journals in question happen to be those conducted by William Randolph Hearst simply bears out what I have said time and time again, that the Hearst papers are a serious menace to peace and a provocative to jingoism in this and other nations. The Gazette tells how the Japanese in Hawaii have published a book consisting largely of clippings from articles in the Hearst papers which express an antagonistic opinion of the Japanese people. These clippings are supplemented by sneering criticisms of the American people. The book, it seems, has been widely circulated in the Hawaiian Islands. "Probably you can find one in your servants' quarters," says the Gazette. Whether the book is also for sale in the Japanese book shops of this city I do not know, but I would not be surprised to learn that such was the case. Would it not be well for Mr. Hearst, instead of making speeches in favor of universal peace, to introduce a little conservatism into the columns of his newspapers and thus avoid inflaming the minds of ignorant Japanese as well as ignorant Americans?

Osculation and Press Agency

The stage kiss has long been a favorite theme with the press agent. It came into fashion when Olga Nethersole first conceived the idea of making Carmen's labial embracings the feature of her interpretation of the role of the hot-blooded cigarette-maker. She was so successful in gaining notoriety with the Carmen kiss that she elaborated it into the Sapho kiss and kissing by the clock has been an overshadowing accompaniment of all her roles ever since, not excepting "Sister Beatrice." Other actresses found the stage kiss an easy road to the first page of the yellow journals and have cultivated it assiduously. It loomed large in the New York production of "Natoma," the Redding-Herbert opera. But it remained for Mary Garden to discover for the press agents the importance of the kiss off-stage. In that momentous discovery Charlie Lummis of Los Angeles collaborated and to the great satisfaction of both Mary Garden and Charlie Lummis, their little osculatory interlude was conspicuously noted by the newspapers. So satisfactory were the advertising results that Mary Garden lost no time in repeating the performance. As soon as she had arrived in San Francisco she implanted two chaste salutes on the bewhiskered lips of her dear friend Joe Redding and of course the smacks echoed in every local room in town. The off-stage kiss has evidently come to stay. Let us hope that it will not be overdone by the enthusiastic press agents.

Why Los Angeles is Different

"Why is Los Angeles so different from San Francisco?" was asked of a former San Franciscan who now makes his home in the southern city. "That's a hard question to answer offhand," was the reply, "but it's easy to suggest one reason. Los Angeles has an Iowa society of 35,000 members and a Kansas society of 20,000."

John Drew Was Ruffled

Rare indeed are the occasions when John Drew loses his admirable equipoise. He is a man of carefully modulated equanimity, so to speak, and it is hard to disturb the placidity of his even keel. When occasions chance to arise calling for the exercise of fine scorn or gentlemanly sarcasm, to the end that some too forward person may be gently forced back into his proper position, John Drew is the man to dispense the scorn or turn loose the sarcasm. Only once, so far as I know, has John Drew been found without a word for the obliteration of an exuberant personality. It happened in Portland a couple of years ago, the scene being the lobby of the

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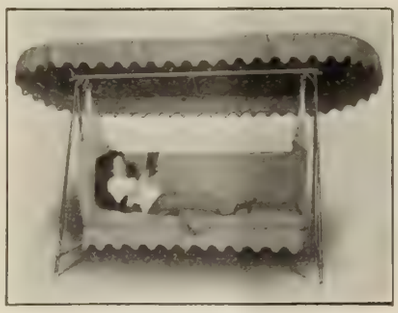

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They Are at the Coronation

Have you missed your pet waiter or your favorite barber lately? Inquire into his absence and you will doubtless be surprised to learn that he is off to the coronation. Barbers and waiters are among the greatest travelers in the world and some of them wouldn't think of missing an event like the crowning of His British Majesty. The reason is not far to seek. Barbers and waiters have little trouble working their way across the world. They can find work almost anywhere. At the present time New York is full of barbers and waiters who are marking time until the opportunity to cross the Atlantic presents itself. They are particularly anxious to get to London for the coronation because American barbers and American waiters are very much in demand there. So if the waiter who is used to anticipating your wants or the barber who doesn't have to be told how to trim your hair is missing, don't expect to see him again till after the coronation.

The Divided Barrys

While Richard Barry, the spectacular young war correspondent of this city, is lambasting the cause of woman's suffrage in magazine articles and lectures and drawing down upon his head the lightnings of suffragette wrath, his mother, Mrs. George Barry of Monrovia in this State, is taking the other side of the controversy. I noted the other day that she delivered a speech before an association of suffragettes. Her husband, I believe, is also active in the cause. So is Richard's younger brother Griffin who lately addressed a suffrage meeting in New York. So Richard stands alone in the family. By the way, he has been made an editor of Hampton's Magazine and is already performing the pleasant and unpleasant functions of the job. A local newspaperman went to considerable pains to prepare an article for Hampton's on a subject of great current interest, but Barry offered only $35 for it. What the newspaperman said in his letter declining this remuneration is too acidulous for print but has sent a chuckle through the local rooms of San Francisco.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Miss Miller To Be a Trained Nurse

A very pretty and attractive young society girl will be missed at the smart functions next season, if a plan which she has matured does not break down under the weight of parental and friendly expostulation. I refer to Miss Marian Miller, the daughter of Mr. C. O. G. Miller. This young lady has made up her mind to turn her back on the frivolities and inanities of swagger society and to enter the Children's Hospital for

MRS. ROBERT M. FITZGERALD

[illegible]

a course in trained nursing. She plans to begin in September and to spend three years in the probation required before a certificate can be obtained. Just what is the actuating motive with Miss Miller I cannot say, but I am inclined to think that she has tired of the monotonous round of teas, receptions and balls that command the time and the energy of the debutante. The false standards which obtain in society may have palled on her, for she has the reputation of being a sensible girl whose insight is unusually acute. That she has had no lack of admirers since her debut adds to the interest of the situation. Her friends are hoping that she will change her mind, some because they look with disfavor upon any young woman who has the independence to choose a useful career and others because they realize the rigors of the hospital training. It will be interesting to see whether Miss Miller persists in her determination. Her health, by the way, has been none too robust. Only recently she returned from a European trip during which she underwent an operation for appendicitis. Miss Miller's mother was the first Mrs. C. O. G. Miller (Mae Tucker of Oakland) who died many years ago.

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Will Mrs. Fry Join Her?

Miss Marian Miller has always been an intimate friend of Mrs. Dollie MacGavin Fry and acted as bridesmaid on the occasion of the church ceremony which followed Dollie MacGavin's first marriage to Douglas Fry. It is current gossip that Mrs. Fry may join her chum at the Children's Hospital when the courts have untied the knot which was tied so suddenly and apparently so auspiciously only a short time ago.

Trained Nurses in Society

Society has already given several recruits to the career of trained nursing. One of the first was Miss Betty Ashe who took a course in Bellevue Hospital, New York. She graduated with honors and her training has been of great value in the settlement and other charity work to which she has given herself so unreservedly. Miss Mary Hoffmann, now Mrs. Johnson of New York, took the course at Bellevue with Miss Ashe, but her capricious temperament prevented her from graduating. Miss Emily Du Bois essayed the career a couple of years ago but did not stay with it. Miss Alyse Warner, the attractive daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Warner, tried it but found the life too strenuous for her constitution. Miss Elisa Partridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Partridge of San Rafael who is also a close friend of Mrs. Douglas Fry, will graduate soon from Cooper College.

Concerning the Size of Feet

At the party which Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alston Williams and their charming daughters, the Misses Muriel, Florence and Corona gave last week in Berkeley, not the least attractive feature of the evening were the solo dances on the verrandah. While the guests were supping at small tables Miss Marian Crocker, the graceful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, gave an Indian dance which was pronounced a very artistic performance. Another interesting number was that of Miss Lucy Harrison and her fiance who gave a Dutch dance, wearing wooden shoes. Several other maids contributed with equal success to the program. And apropos of this party, let me commend a certain gallant young man for self denial. A pretty young girl complained that her slippers were not comfortable and the young man offered her his pumps. She accepted the offer and tripped the fantastic all evening while he of course retired in his stockings to the background and did not dance. Query—were the young girl's feet very large—or were the young man's feet extremely small?

A Pig for Miss Crocker

With the finest kennels in California, I am told Miss Jennie Crocker wishes to add a pig to her collection of pets. She but recently confided to a friend her longing for a porker. The heiress would not own a guinea pig. The pet she would cherish must be a simple suckling pig. White with pink eyes are the specifications. Some of the jeunesse doree to whom Miss Crocker's least wish is law are now assiduously pursuing the search of a pig that shall comply with the stated requirements.

The Rainbow Blingumites

Lunching at the St. Francis the other day I saw a group of Blingumites and I was almost blinded by the hues of their sartorial embellishment. All the colors of the spectrum were repeated. Mrs. Vincent Whitney's head-gear was red. It was a spot of primary color that stood out boldly to greet the eye on entering the dining-room. Blue I saw on Mrs. Thomas Eastland's head where re-

[illegible]

MRS. LESTER GREEN

Who is prominent in Oakland's smart set. Before her marriage last year she was Miss Mollie Mathes.

posed a chapeau of clear ultrmarine. The piquant countenance of Mrs. Flora Dean Magee was framed in purple. Mrs. Will Taylor supplied the green note and offered green plumage of some rare bird with its green head-covering that vied with Mrs. Whitney's scarlet. Pink I saw repeated but my dazzled optics could no longer distinguish features. I do not know who the lady in pink was.

She Knew the Way

Those who attended the big McNear party recently given at McNear's Landing are laughing over the mishap of pretty Miss Helen Bertheau.

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Miss Bertheau undertook to show one of the guests the attractions of the grounds surrounding the house. She was confident that her many visits had familiarized her with the place and that she could act as a successful cicerone. But alas for such misplaced confidence! They hadn't gone very far before they walked into a fountain. As a result they had to spend quite a long time before a roaring fire drying their clothes.

Mrs. Huntington Coming West

Mrs. Collis P. Huntington may be expected in California within a short time. Two weeks ago she underwent an operation for appendicitis in her big Fifth Avenue home and is now slowly recovering. Owing to her age it was feared by many of her friends that she might have difficulty in pulling through, despite the careful conditions under which the operation was performed, but she rallied promptly from the anesthetic and is convalescing satisfactorily. Mrs. Huntington thinks that the balmy air of California will hasten her recovery and she will start West just as soon as he is able to undertake the journey.

The Slimness of Mrs. Taylor

Mrs. Will Taylor's newly acquired slenderness is very becoming to this animated young matron. She is the second of the Hopkins sisters and is the only one of that pulchritudinous trio to incline to embonpoint. Mrs. Gus Taylor and Mrs. Fred McNear have always had the slim willowy forms that are the envy of their plump friends. Mrs. Taylor's was gained by a rigid system of dieting and gymnastics. All three of the sisters are members of a dancing class that is composed of half a dozen young matrons intent on preserving youth and grace. Miss Florence Hopkins is also a member of the class and dances in a bewitching manner.

Vesta as an Actress

Vesta Shortridge Bruguiere will not find the stage an unfamiliar medium for the exercise of her talents. Although she has never acted in professional company she was very successful as an amateur before her marriage to the temperamental Emil opened up other fields of activity. She was a prominent member of the old Beta Sigma Dramatic Club which gave many finished performances in the days before the fire. Most of the girls who won plaudits in that club have settled down to the calm joys of domesticity. Mrs. Loretta Nolan O'Hara, Mrs. Marcella Fitzgibbon Hogan and Mrs. Therese Murphy Tatum have evinced no longing for the professional stage. But the two other girls who were leaders in the Beta Sigma Club found matrimony distasteful and decided to turn their histrionic talents to account. Only a short time ago Mrs. Lurline Lyons Montgomery joined the Olga Nethersole company and now Mrs. Vesta Shortridge Bruguiere is to have her try-out at the Alcazar.

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Generous Joe Redding

Generous collaborator that he is Joseph D. Redding gives all praise to Victor Herbert for "Natoma." It is, musically, in the opinion of the librettist, a great opera, destined to become a classic. It is a great interpretation of an American theme, and unique in music. Thus Mr. Redding, whose eulogies of Herbert are ever ready. Over Mary Garden's performance he will soar into flights of rhapsody. Redding has constituted himself the host of the famous song-bird in her local passage. But seductive Mary has taken opportunity to renew several old acquaintances. Ernest Wiltsee, erstwhile of Paris, has divided the burden of her entertainment.

A Family Casualty

The Family Club Farm opened auspiciously last week. Two hundred members were in attendance and there was only one casualty reported. Jim Armsby sustained a fracture of the fore-arm. He engaged in a base-ball game Sunday morning when the accident occurred, and is now about the club with his arm in a plaster cast but with no diminution of his enthusiasm for life on the Farm. Jim Armsby is the only man in the Family Club who wears a dress-suit for dinner every night. He is pointed to with pride when visitors are shown through the building.

He Admires John Drew

Richard Tobin was at the Columbia with the Fred Kohls Monday night and hastened to extend the hospitality of his house at Burlingame to John Drew on the latter's arrival. The two are old friends. On previous visits Drew has been the guest of Tobin and has entertained him in turn at his Long Island farm. Tobin tells of journeying to New York for the purpose of witnessing Drew's first appearance as a star. He was in the metropolis long enough to assist at this occasion and left next day on the home trip. Through this friendship of long standing Drew's niece Ethel Barrymore became intimate with the Burlingame circle. Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin is her particular chum in California.

The Happy Grahams

It turns out for once that where there was a deal of smoke there was no fire. After the sensational stories about the difficulties which were supposed to be threatening the marital peace of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham of Bellosguardo and London, it appears that all is serene between them. Word comes to me from London where they have been installed at the Ritz, hoping against hope to obtain a suitable house for coronation entertainment, that Mr. and Mrs. Graham are as devoted to each other as bride and groom. I am glad to be able to chronicle this. It always pains me to hear that the dove of peace is fluttering restlessly about any connubial nest. We can only attribute the stories which occupied our attention not long ago to the exaggerations of gossip and express our joy that they lacked foundation.

Mrs. Sproule Here

Mrs. William Sproule was the center of a group in the Palace court the other day. Her hair has lost none of its Leslie Carter effulgence and she looked strikingly handsome. Mrs. Sproule is the only daughter of the house of Baird which has given three or four sons to the stage of local endeavor. They have distinguished themselves in the limelight on sundry occasions. Mrs. Veronica Baird is living in Europe from which point of vantage she still controls the Baird millions. Mrs. Sproule was married when very young to Barry Baldwin, the marriage being against her mother's wishes. She was a widow for several years before her union with William Sproule, at that time a Southern Pacific official. He is now associated with the Guggenheims and their home is in New York.

A Social-Literary Note

Whenever a man or woman whose family figures in our society produces a book I hasten to applaud and to call the effort to the attention of those busy persons who are so crowded with social engagements that they find little time for reading. I do this on the theory that if the excellence of the work itself does not commend it to their perusal the fact that they extend social recognition to the family of the author may induce them to spend a few hours turning over the pages. In this hope I mention the fact that Stanton Davis Kirkham has just added another volume to the respectable list which represents his versatile literary activities. It is called "East and West" and consists of a series of pleasing essays devoted to "comparative studies of nature in eastern and western States." Stanton Davis Kirkham is the son of the late Major Murray Davis, U. S. A., and of the late Mrs. Davis who was Miss Julia Kirkham, oldest daughter of General Kirkham who was Quartermaster at the Presidio in early days. General Kirkham adopted his grandchild and had him change his name. The Putnams have published "East and West" and it is a very meritorious performance.

Mrs. Josie C. Bates, a writer from Boston, is registered at the Victoria during a ten days' stay in San Francisco.

J. H. Hertsche, a successful hotel man, is here from Honolulu and is registered at the St. Francis.

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In the Social Spotlight

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: Miss Grace Jewett, W. B. Spafford, M. D., Mrs. N. Bachmann, Miss F. Bachmann, Miss M. Bachmann, Miss B. Amer, James Lieb, Master A. Lieb, S. L. Cohn, M. Carlson, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Boon, W. E. Cumback, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Moore and Willard Chamberlain.

Frederick Falkner, a business man of Salt Lake City, is among the recent arrivals at the St. Francis.

Mrs. H. R. Warner and Miss Alice M. Warner have been up from Del Monte for a few days' visit. They are guests at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. J. C. Englehardt, Miss Englehardt and Carl H. Englehardt of Chicago are registered at the Victoria during a visit to San Francisco.

Recent arrivals at Paso Robles include: Mr. C. Buhrer, Toledo; L. E. Doan, Jas. Hull and wife, Oakland; L. H. Pauley, Tacoma; Geo. H. Heller, wife and son, with chauffeur, Tacoma; J. J. O'Brien, San Mateo; M. H. Taylor and sister, San Francisco; Mrs. F. P. Howard, San Rafael; Mr. Samuel Gross, wife and family, Philadelphia; H. D. Hart, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. George K. Birge, Buffalo; Dr. and Mrs. Henry J. Kreutzmann, San Francisco; S. S. Brown and wife, Chicago; J. H. Moore, Buffalo; George F. Lufkin and wife, St. Louis; C. C. Worrell and wife, Denver; Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker, Master Leo. Brooks Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton L. Walker, of Minneapolis; J. F. Healey and family, New York; Barney Oldfield, wife and party, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Leadbetter, children and maid; Mr. and Mrs. John E. Beale, Miss Bisham, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Jefferson, Miss Rankin, of Santa Barbara; Dr. and Mrs. Hartland Law and son, Hubert E. Law, Mrs. L. D. Rosenbaum, San Francisco.

John Cort of Seattle, head of the Pacific Coast circuit of theaters which bears his name, is at the St. Francis with his wife.

In the list of arrivals at Aetna Springs are the following: Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Moffitt and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. West, Miss Melone, H. W. Earle, Mrs. John Daniels, Mrs. Kate Pirmer, Miss Albertina Pirmer, Miss Katherine Pirmer, Mr. Chas. Pirmer, Mr. C. M. Ratich, Mr. S. J. Bimane, Dr. and Mrs. S. P. Reynolds, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Stephens and two children, Mr. Jas. A. Thomson, Dr. A. A. Archibald, Mr. Rollo J. Hough, Mr. A. G. Lang, J. W. Sperry, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Ford, Commodore and Mrs. Frank Wall, Mrs. W. J. Patterson, Miss Peixotta, Kenneth Hayes, Bot Lipman, Dick Hellman, Miss V. Dollarhide, Miss W. Dollarhide, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Francis, C. H. Greenfield, John C. Mooney, Wm. E. Cole and Frank Pellet.

Gay Lombard who ran for mayor in Portland and was defeated at the last election, is resting at the St. Francis after a strenuous campaign.

E. P. Holt of Fresno is here on business in connection with the Holt Manufacturing Company and is staying at the St. Francis.

Among the motorists at Paso Robles are: Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Bain, Miss Beatrice Miller, Miss Agnes Brown, valet, maid and chauffeur, New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Spinks, Monoravia; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Owesney, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Bellew, Burlingame; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lucey, and Miss E. M. Thompson, Los Angeles.

The Techau Tavern management has secured the services of some very talented and gifted vocal artists to entertain patrons after the dinner hour. These celebrities will give concerts the entire evening for those who may desire to dine later than the usual time, and who may not have any fixed plan of spending the evening at theatre or social gathering of some sort.

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570

Jill—Did she bury her past?

Jack—Yes, but she couldn't keep away from the grave.

An Index Epurgatorius for the Convivial

"Truly rural," said the man with the untouched highball, addressing the man with the half-finished beer and the man who had not yet got the cocktail he had ordered, "has too long stood as the acid test for inebriety. It is not. It is, on the contrary, if not easy to pronounce, at least not impossible of accomplishment, even to a gentleman who is walking on both sides of the street at the same time.

"Look at the lack of observation displayed by the journalistic blasksmiths who endeavor to portray the speech of a gentleman suffering from tangled legs. Their only idea is to make him use the letters 'sh' in every word. All you have to do is to listen to the speech of a stepson of Bacchus and you can learn for yourself that he never uses those letters. Some of these literary hodcarriers represent him as addressing his wife in some such way as this: 'M' dearsh, I've beensh at zhe offish, notsh at zhe clubsh.' No drunken man could possibly say 'M' dearsh' if he tried, and none ever would say 'beensh' or 'clubsh.' Rummies never put the letters 'sh' in their words, and rarely turn 's' into 'sh.'

"But what I was going to say was that I have compiled for the benefit of gentlemen who are uncertain how far they can wrestle with dangerous words a sort of index expurgatorius. It contains words and combinations which they should avoid as the plague. 'Truly rural' is not in the list, because, as I have said, it is not impossible of achievement."

"Seems mee thass ver'valuable thing," said the man with the cocktail, which had now arrived. "Less hear innex expurg-torus."

"Here it is," said the man with the highball, producing a paper from his pocket. "The first phrase is 'index expurgatorius,' and you, Frank, have just given a convincing proof that it deserves a place on the list."

"Next comes 'consecutive sentences.' Let's hear you say that, Bert."

"C'sec'v sessesses," replied the man with the beer. He had not been dealing with beer alone.

"Excellent," said the author of the index. "Next comes 'statistical abstract.' Both of you try that."

"Sississikil absrk," essayed the man with the beer.

"Satiti—statitisk—oh, say it yourself," said the man with the cocktail.

"The excellence of my index is already demonstrated," said the theorist with the highball. "I will now take the rest of it as proved, and will not trouble you to aid me with demonstrations. Here is the remainder of my index expurgatorius:

"Specific instance.
"Lineal descendants.
"Completely disintegrated.
"Perfectly legitimate.
"Purposelessness.
"Incipient symptoms.
"Present status.
"Inexcusable slovenliness.
"Municipal building.
"Perfectly obvious.
"Felicitous description.
"Surrounded by an impenetrable forest.
"Psychological inexactitude.

"That list," concluded the highball theorist, folding it up, "is far from complete; but by actual observation I have found it to contain the real acid tests. I have jotted them down from time to time as they have dropped from the lips of gentlemen who have been looking upon the cocktail when it is dark brown, and as I make further observations I shall increase the list."

'Warr'ry'—warr'ry gonav?" said the man with the cocktail.

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco—State of California—No. 3425; Dept. 9; In Partition

In the Matter of the Estate of DENIS B. MURPHY, Deceased.

To Timothy J. Flynn, Kate I. Prendergast, William H. Skinner, Mary Jane Logan Hyde, and Messrs. Mastick & Partridge, their attorneys;

Catherine Murphy, William Murphy, Mary Murphy, Mrs. Kate Hyde, Maggie Murphy, Minnie Treige, Sarah Murphy, Hannah Murphy, Ellen O'Sullivan, Margaret McCarthy, Hannah O'Sullivan, Timothy Murphy, Mary Ann Higgins, and Messrs. Sullivan & Sullivan and Theodore J. Roche, their attorneys;

Maggie Theresa Murphy, Timothy Murphy, son of Thomas Murphy, John Murphy and Patrick Murphy, and Mr. John E. McDougald, their agent:

You and each of you will please take notice that the 12th day of June, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and the office of John M. Burnett, 610-612 Hibernia Building, No. 11 Jones Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been fixed as the time and place when and where the undersigned, sole commissioner, will proceed to make partition of the real estate and personal property described in and distributed by, the decree of final distribution given and made by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, in the matter of the estate of Denis B. Murphy, deceased, on the 20th day of June, 1910, which said real estate and personal property is described as follows, to-wit:

REAL ESTATE

1. Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the northwesterly line of Folsom Street with the northeasterly line of Fifth Street, running thence northeasterly along said northwesterly line of Folsom Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle southwesterly fifty (50) feet to the northeasterly line of Fifth Street; thence southeasterly along said line of Fifth Street eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of one hundred Vara Block No. 373.

2. Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Twenty-second Street with the westerly line of Capp Street, running thence westerly along the said southerly line of Twenty-second Street ninety-nine (99) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southerly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle easterly ninety-nine (99) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Capp Street; thence at a right angle northerly, along the westerly line of Capp Street eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block 137.

3. Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Wisconsin Street, distant thereon three hundred and fifty (350) feet southerly from the southerly line of Twentieth Street; thence southerly along said line of Wisconsin Street eighty-three (83) feet; thence at a right angle easterly two hundred (200) feet; thence at a right angle northerly eighty-three (83) feet; thence at a right angle westerly two hundred (200) feet to the easterly line of Wisconsin Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Potrero Block 211.

4. Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Fourteenth Street, distant thereon three hundred and two (302) feet four (4) inches westerly from the westerly line of Howard Street; thence easterly along said northerly line of Fourteenth Street one hundred and fifty-one (151) feet two (2) inches; thence northerly one hundred and fifteen (115) feet four (4) and one-eighth (⅛) inches to a point which is the middle of a line drawn from a point in the southerly line of Erie Street, distant one hundred and sixty-two (162) feet six (6) inches; westerly from the westerly line of Howard Street to a point in the northerly line of Fourteenth Street, distant one hundred and fifty-one (151) feet two (2) inches from said westerly line of Howard Street; thence westerly one hundred and fifty-six (156) feet to a point in the middle of a line drawn from the point of beginning in the northerly line of Fourteenth Street to a point in the southerly line of Erie Street, distant three hundred and twenty-five (325) feet westerly from the westerly line of Howard Street; thence southerly one hundred and fifteen (115) feet three (3) inches to the place of beginning; being a portion of Mission Block No. 20.

PERSONAL PROPERTY

Cash on hand, including the sum of $13,061.60 on deposit in the California Safe Deposit & Trust Company, $20,748.16. One gold watch and chain.

Dated, May 23, 1911.

JOHN M. BURNETT,
Sole Commissioner in Partition in Estate of Denis B. Murphy, Deceased.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. at Law,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 5-27-3

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 9330; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of CULBERT BERTRAM BOWMAN and ELVA GERTRUDE BOWMAN, Minors.

Mary Theresa Bowman, having filed herein her petition for an order authorizing her to sell all of the personal property belonging to the said minors, as appears by said petition to which reference is hereby made for further particulars;

It is hereby ordered that Monday, the 19th day of June, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Courtroom of this Court, Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, be and the same are hereby set as the time and place for hearing the said petition; and that notice of the time and place so set for such hearing be given to all persons interested for at least three weeks before the time so set, by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, of a copy of this order.

JAS. M. TROUTT, Judge.

Dated, May 23, 1911.
Filed May 23, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. at Law,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-4

"And how did you like rough life in the Adirondacks, Cholly?"

"It wasn't bad fun. We drank the champagne out of tin cups."

John Drew in "Smith"

By Edward F. O'Day

"What a ridiculous play! Imagine a gentleman marrying a servant girl!" Immediately I resented that remark. There was so much toploftiness of emphasis on the word "gentleman" and so much scorn in the mention of "servant girl" that I conceived a violent dislike for the unknown speaker. To obtain local habitation for this dislike I peered around cautiously and ascertained that the amateur dramatic critic who had passed this sentence on "Smith" was a fat, smug, middle-aged man a little too conspicuously marked by the externals of prosperity. Just the sort of man, I thought, who might be expected to make that sort of remark. Not that the remark was altogether at fault. The fault was in the collocation of the words "gentleman" and "servant girl" and that collocation, to my resentful mind, spoke volumes as to the character of the fat, smug, overprosperous man behind me. If he had said, "Imagine a servant girl marrying a gentleman!" I would not have made the same objection to his criticism. For I suppose that as a general rule it is unwise for servant girls to marry gentlemen. But the unwisdom of such matches must be charged, it seems to me, not so much to the servant girls as to the gentlemen. Perhaps most of us have known cases in point. In those cases within our personal experience, perhaps it is not too much to say that we have usually been sorry for the servant girls and wholly unsympathetic with the gentlemen. Supposing, of course, that the marriages turned out bad, as is very frequently the case with such matches. It is easy to say that such matches turn out bad because the servant girls have entered a sphere for which their lowly duties had not fitted them. And it is usually as false as it is easy. It is much more to the point to say that the gentlemen have measured their temporary enthusiasm for a pretty face or an alluring figure, for a knack of cooking or a genius in providing creature comforts against certain very well defined class prejudices and that the class prejudices—Lord save the mark!—have persisted when the temporary enthusiasm has disappeared. It is a safe wager that after a year or so of such union the wife has added other good qualities to the admirable traits she possessed as a servant girl, while the husband has deteriorated. Always providing that the servant girl was a good girl as well as a good servant girl. Only a crazy Quixote picks out a slattern for his Dulcinea. On these premises I feel myself justified in condemning the remark of the man behind me at the Columbia. I need not point out to those who have seen "Smith" that the remark was wholly uncalled for by anything in the play. Mr. Somerset Maugham had very carefully pointed out that the distinction between a man and a gentleman which is of tremendous importance in the rarefied atmosphere of Kensington meant absolutely nothing in Rhodesia, country of magnificent distances. But because the Kensingtonians are no more capable of appreciating this than the smug San Franciscan behind me "Smith" becomes a play of social satire when it might easily have remained a play of farce comedy. If "Smith" had been merely a farce comedy my smug neighbor would have laughed heartily at the romance of the gentleman and the servant girl; but he could not assimilate the satire. Unconsciously he justified the purpose of Mr. Somerset Maugham by resenting it. There is still another way of regarding the matter. There are many definitions of a gentleman. Essayists are as fond of trying their hand at defining this word as they are at differentiating wit and humor. And on the stage there are as many varieties of gentlemen as there are kinds of actors who attempt to portray gentlemanly parts. I suppose we haven't a sounder gentleman in America, on stage or off, than Mr. John Drew. I need not point out that his gentleness is not a matter of mannerisms or clothes. It goes to the deeps of his heart and soul. It is the thing of all things which makes him such a splendid actor. And so, when we find Mr. John Drew obliged by the requirements of "Smith" to reject a glittering ornament of the drawing room and look for his wife below stairs, some of us are uneasily conscious that Mr. John Drew has a better estimate of comparative values than we have or would dare to have. No doubt it is absurd thus to knit the character of the actor to the character of the part he happens to be playing, but that is a trick of the mind from which few of us are free. Mr. John Drew has become something of a tradition. He stands for certain ideals which we are bound to admire. We feel that Mr. John Drew might be capable of doing just the thing which the character he plays in "Smith" is represented as doing. We may be wrong about this, but the feeling is there in a sneaking sort of way. It is partially justified by the apparent sincerity with which he attacks the role provided for him by Mr. Maugham. Mr. Drew seems to be as much in sympathy with his role as Miss Isabel Irving is out of sympathy with hers. After all, actors and actresses are very human and cannot help carving their own names on the parts they play. From first to last the part played by Mr. Drew is a sound part. It is consistent from first to last. So is the part played by Miss Irving; it is really too consistent for her too obvious wholesomeness. Consistent too is the part played by Mr. Hassard Short, a part to make the English squirm but not too intelligible to provincial Americans. Miss Sybil Thorndike's part doesn't ring true to the end. Mr. Maugham permits himself the dangerous luxury of over-sentimentalizing that part. For the purpose, no doubt, of reassuring those who are afraid that the servant girl will not make good as the wife of a gentleman he shows us a lady who decides that it will be best for her to become a servant girl. If it is the subtly ironical intention of Mr. Maugham to suggest to us that it is much easier for a servant girl to become a lady than for a lady to become a servant girl, his wit cannot be too much applauded. But the reading of such an intention into the situation brings us perilously near to the attitude of my smug neighbor at the Columbia who could not understand that "servant girls" and "gentlemen" were not created on different planes. I am not going to fall into the error of adopting Mr. Smug's viewpoint and saying, "What a ridiculous play! Imagine a lady becoming a servant girl!" It is so consoling to know that out in Rhodesia they still repeat the words of old John Ball, "When Adam delved and Eve span, where was then the gentleman?" But in Mr. Somerset Maugham's England they put old John to death.

Gossip of the Theatre

Bewitching Mary Garden

They have witches in Scotland, whence came Mary Garden, and she is one. She came from there when she was a little girl, and she's been dashing round to Chicago and over to Paris and back to New York and now to San Francisco, bewitching busily. Glance at her face or study it and you must own it is not pretty nor handsome at all, yet you draw in your breath and say, "The beauty!" Judge her form by the modern accepted standards and you'll admit she is buxom, not to say stout, yet you say, "What a divine form! What a Juno!" You know very well she is no spring chicken for she frankly owns 1877 as the year of her birth—and you know a woman cannot with impunity take off more than seven years from her age. But I'm sure Mary took off the whole seven because you have only to see Mary to know positively that she does everything in the extreme. And yet you actually stop subtracting 1870 from 1911 and marvel, "How young she is too!" As for her voice, even when she freezes your blood with her audible breathing and singing off pitch as sometimes she does, you love to hear her sing. Ah! these modern witches! They have a weird sense of dramatic values. And though they are so undemonstrative they are seething with sentiment inside. Mary went to Paris and learned how to express her very intense emotions. She does it so well that I've no doubt she is doing it for generations of repressed Scotch ancestors, which, perhaps, is so gratifying to them that they bestow upon her supernatural assistance in bewitching mortals. When Mary Garden walked upon the stage Sunday afternoon, before the curious gaze of her waiting audience, she reminded me of some splendid mettlesome, far-famed race horse prancing into a race course before an admiring multitude. She has the most entrancing walk I ever saw and more magnetism to the square inch—and she has her share of inches—than anyone else I can think of. I have never seen her in opera but I can well believe all the panegyrics on her realistic acting. I wonder, by the way, why Mary didn't take up the drama instead of opera, for there she might have been peerless, whilst in grand opera she is by no means to be ranked with such superb artists as Melba or Tetrazzini, with Gadski or Schumann-Heink or Sembrich, or even with Gerville-Reache or Berlindi. She is to be classed as a singer only with such industrious vocalists as Walker, Homer, Lemon, Farrar, Neilson and Cavalieri, pleasing vocalists to whom has been denied the open-sesame to that glorious temple dedicated to the high priestesses of song. Perhaps they entered

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too late in life into the Labyrinth of song, or perhaps their service does not please the goddess of music like that of her faithful and gifted favorites. The eastern papers for several years have been telling us all about Mary's musical shortcomings, so it was our own fault if we were disappointed. However, Mary can sing ballads and simple songs most delightfully. She has the true Scotch appreciation of word pictures united with great intelligence and plenty of natural sweetness of tone to reproduce them.

—H. M. B.

Billie Burke Coming

John Drew has one more week at the Columbia. He will be followed by his old leading lady, Miss Billie Burke, in another comedy by W. Somerset Maugham, the author of "Smith." Miss Burke will be at the Columbia in "Mrs. Dot" for two weeks commencing Monday, June 5. Some of the critics regard "Mrs. Dot" as the best play so far written by Maugham, which is high praise. The title role is said to fit Miss Burke "to a dot."

Mary Robson Coming

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will conclude one of the most successful Shakespearean seasons ever known in San Francisco at the Savoy this Saturday evening and on Sunday night that favorite comedienne, May Robson, will begin a limited engagement in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" in which she scored so signally on two previous visits to this city. Since she was last here, Miss Robson has duplicated her American success in London, where she was immediately recognized as being an exceptional actress and her eight weeks' engagement at Terry's Theatre was most successful, both from an artistic and financial standpoint. The star is supported by the same excellent cast that crossed the pond with her and the production afforded by manager L. S. Sire is said to be of a high order of merit. In addition to the regular matinees of Thursday and Saturday there will be a special afternoon performance on Tuesday, Decoration Day. "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" will be the last attraction of the season at the Savoy Theatre.

MARY BOLAND
Who appears with John Drew in "Smith" at the Columbia.

"The House Next Door" at the Alcazar

Food for thought is supplied to both Jew and Gentile by "The House Next Door" which is to be given its first presentation in San Francisco next Monday evening at the Alcazar. It is a three-act comedy by J. Hartley Manners, the noted English playwright, and while giving excellent entertainment it incidentally performs a great ethical and social service. While its main purpose is to entertain by ridiculing the prejudice that divides people who in all other characteristics are fitted for each other's companionship, it is so full of humor, geniality and pathos as to be a power for sympathy and goodwill between Hebrew and Christian. Both can witness it with pleasure and go away from it with moral profit. Unusual pains have been taken by Belasco & Mayer to make their production of this charming comedy worthy of its intrinsic merit and the almost prohibitive royalty they paid to obtain it.

A Tasty Menu at the Orpheum

The first appearance of those two favorite comedians, William H. Macart and Ethlynne Bradford next week at the Orpheum will be a theatrical event of importance. Their vehicle will be a wholesome and mirthful comedy entitled "A Legitimate Hold Up." Mr. Macart and Miss Bradford have gained much renown in musical comedies. "The Musikal Girls" who also come to the Orpheum next week are bound to win the approbation of lovers of all sorts of music—those of ragtime as well as grand opera. They are all musicians of recognized ability as was evidenced when they were soloists with the Ladies' Fadettes Orchestra of Boston. Mary Wilizek, the violinist, toured the country with the Thomas Orchestra, before she became Concert Mistress with the Fadettes; Lillian Pringle, the 'cellist, recently returned from Germany after a four years' further study of music. Equally capable and studious is Eleanor Piper, the cornettist who for five years was a Fadette star. Then there is Edith Swan-Corbett whose tone on the trombone is said to be unequaled. She is also a very beautiful woman. Last but by no means least is Estelle M. Churchill who is the same jolly "drummer girl" as when she was with the Faddettes. Ed Wynn and P. O'Malley Jennings are not new to Orpheumites, though this is their first season together. Mr. Wynn is best remembered as the funny college boy with the accommodating hat that could be twisted into about fifty different shapes. Mr. Jennings was a distinct hit as the eccentric English comedian in "A Night on a Houseboat." Henry Clive, the favorite entertainer whose clever travesty on "Second Sight" and "Thought Transmission" is expected to be one of the greatest hits of the coming bill is a versatile artist and keen satirist. His act this season is entirely new and is burlesque magic. The holdovers will be Bowers, Walters and Crooker; The Five Armanis; Hal Forde and "The Little Stranger."

Eating in the Provinces

"The only change necessary to fit our show for different parts of the country is in the table manners," said a vaudeville star. "About a third of the play takes place around a supper table. We represent a laborer's family. The play doesn't aim to be funny, still for the sake of variety we try to raise a few laughs in that supper scene. In New York all our funny points are made on table manners. We take soup from the end of the spoon, drink out of our saucers, and eat with our knives. Even if we are playing on the Bowery that perversion of table etiquette raised a laugh.

"In country towns we have to cut out all that kind of realism. The audiences won't stand for it. Theatrical troupes from New York are supposed to mirror good manners, no matter what kind of a play they appear in ,and the influential members of the community will not permit us to set a bad example.

"Of course it looks incongrous to see a man in overalls and a woman dripping suds from the wash tub eating with Fifth Avenue grace and daintiness, but that is the audience's demand, and we have to raise our laughs by less legitimate means."

MAY ROBSON
Who will present her delightful comedy "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" at the Savoy Theater this Sunday night.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The great relief felt by the industrial community at the lifting of the burden of uncertainty which has long surrounded the outcome of the Standard Oil suit and the general satisfaction at the character of the final decision, expressed by the leaders in the commercial world, were quickly reflected in the market during the past week. All kinds of securities were in good demand and prices kept gradually climbing without a reaction right up to the end of the week. The steady advance frightened the big short interest and with the public taking hold on a large scale sales of stocks for one day ran up over one million shares. In fact it was the best week Wall Street has seen for a long time. Everything in the situation now points to higher prices. Crop news is favorable and money is cheap. These two factors are the basis of an extended upturn, and a better market is now confidentally expected.

Wheat—Dry weather both in the northwest and southwest up to the last few days of the week was responsible for the advance in futures. The market was further lifted by the prospect of postponement of the Canadian reciprocity treaty until fall, through the adjournment of the Canadian Parliament and our Congress. The chief depressive was the reciprocity treaty, and when it became evident there would be a long delay, the market began to show firmness on the domestic situation. The latter is stronger than usual on the old crop supplies, for notwithstanding the large harvest reported, the movement in sight thus far does not confirm the crop of 695 million bushels. Since the first of the year there has been insistent comment on the poor flour trade. The visible supply of wheat has been declining slowly and steadily. While the winter acreage is the largest since the spring of 1903, and the general average above normal at this period, the elements of trouble are to be found in the weakened condition of the plant in the southwest, and the probability, if present conditions continue, of a lower promise than indicated at the close of last month. With warmer weather prevailing the growth of the plant will be more rapid and more exact conditions will develop. At the moment the market seems to be in a rut although the under tone looks strong and it does not take much to frighten the shorts.

Corn—Supplies have run down to the lowest in several years, the consumption off the farm has been normal, and the depletion of supplies is largely measured by the increased exports. As this is the season of the year when Argentina has furnished large shipments to Europe, there will be more or less constant demand for our corn during the summer months. So far in the crop year the western primary markets reported daily by the Chicago Board of Trade have received 110 million bushels or 15 million bushels more than in the same period last year. The shipments have been 14 million larger than last year. Local consumption has been 9 million bushels larger than last year. From now on the market will be affected by the weather as regards the growing crop, and as the market is selling well below last year's prices, a good upturn can be expected from this level.

Cotton—Failure of the court decisions to produce an unfavorable effect on the stock market was reflected in a higher market for cotton, despite developments which in ordinary circumstances would have occasioned an easier feeling. Trading however was on the order of manipulation, and as the new crop deliveries are offered at so big a discount, 275 points off July for October, fall and winter months shared in the advance established. With one or two trust decisions out of the way, the trade undoubtedly has been impressed with the possibility of capital, so long idle, seeking investment, and of business improving in the United States from now on, but it remains to be seen whether such conditions will materialize. Insofar as Manchester is concerned, trade reports from there of late are somewhat less promising, there being less demand for goods, cloths moving slowly, yarns quiet. In the matter of raw material, the same is true of the situation in Liverpool. There conditions are denoted in the smaller demand for spot cotton in the south the past few days. There was little or nothing doing. As regards the weather, conditions and indications remain favorable, and crop accounts continue to improve. However, we have had two weeks of dry weather and rain is said to be needed in all sections of the cotton belt except southern Texas where there is ample supply of moisture in the soil. The market however derives its strength from the strong statistical position of the staple in America, the total stock in New York being about 108,000 bales less than one year ago, and of this it is said about 50,000 bales will be shipped away, while the south holds less cotton than last year.

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The Hill

(Continued from Page 9.)

walking was quite strange to me, and I became sore afraid.

Quite quickly, before the shame came back to harden me, I ran through the empty rooms to the door of his study. I knocked loudly, opened instantly to the words "come in," saw him sitting at his desk and immediately ran up to him.

In the first impulse—for he had intended to stand coldly before me—he opened his arms and drew me to his knee. Then I cried again, but this time on his neck.

Later, after we had loved each other, he said: "Elsie, don't again make such scenes as we have just had. Every person has the image of another in himself, and when that fades away, it may happen that he may lose the person himself as well as the picture."

Then I became quite cold, and I said: "Oh, no, Arno, but it is not right to make one's own image of another person and then expect him to be always like it. Love me, just as I am. Show me the right way, scold me; yes, for all I care, you may beat me—" I had to laugh, the idea of his beating me seemed so ridiculous in the face of the image I had of him in my heart. Then I noticed that I had indeed made an image of him for myself, and he was right. Truly, I must not make such a scene again.

Berlin, December, 18—.

Is it really two years since I last wrote in this book? And I would not have written now did I not wish to enter Arno's deed in it, so that I might always see it before me when I feel impatient with my duty. Since the birth of Reini and also even of little Willy, I have gone very seldom either to concerts or theaters. Perhaps because I was always either too tired in the evening to dress or to give up a part of my night's rest for them. Therefore when Arno brought two tickets for a matinee at the Academy of Music, I threw my arms joyfully about his neck. I was to hear Liszt again, and once more with my dearest husband, as before when I was as yet free and ever so happy.

Indeed it was but a drop in the goblet. Arno had been able to secure only one seat in the fourth row for me, while for himself he could obtain only a seat at the back, near the exit. But I knew he would have, with me, the highest enjoyment.

Shortly before its fulfillment something happened which threatened to destroy my hopes. Yesterday, Reini caught a sore throat and was feverish. Of course, I wanted to stay at home. But Arno gave me his word that I could go without any worry. And so I went. My heart and mind were not quite free from anxiety, but I went. Arno took me to my reserved seat, and as he left me the little, vicious thorn pushed itself deeper in my heart. But then Liszt came and began to agitate the strings of the instrument, my soul trembled in harmony, and I forgot the whole world, and my soul was in Paradise. While still dazed by the heavenly sounds and the thunder of the divine music of the wonderful master sounding in my ear and heart, I followed the streaming people as they left the hall. At the exit, Arno took my hand and drew me towards him. When we had got outside he placed my arm within his.

"Were you happy, Elsie?" he asked.

"I was in heaven," I answered. "And you, were you not overcome by that demon-like rhapsody?"

"I prefer to see its echo on your face, dearest," he said.

I was silent. His answer was not sufficiently enthusiastic to please me. I could not understand how he could measure divine beauty by even the most beloved of earthly beings.

We spoke little while in the carriage. Arrived before our house, he left me at the door to make his hospital rounds. When I reached the steps to the house I thought for the first time of Reini and flew up. As I entered the children's room I saw Reini sitting in his cot, holding out in delight a little wooden doll.

"Papa, papa!" he cried out. And the maid explained:

"The professor brought him it. He has been here playing with the child all the time you were away."

He had taken me to the Academy of Music and after he had left me in my seat had gone back to Reini, so that I could have my enjoyment.

And I, I who had often bemoaned and pitied myself when compelled to remain with the children, because I could not listen to music, read books—I who only yesterday had been thinking that the Hill of my young days was getting further and further away from me—I cried.

April 16, 18—.

Our little Susie is one year old today. Arno caressed me very lovingly and said: "This beautiful being owes its life to you. Without your care it would never have lived. It was always very delicate; but the little girl is all right now, and the dear mother can now get back her red cheeks." I am very happy.

May 5, 18—.

My birthday today. And perhaps, I think, the birth of our fourth child.

Easter, 18—.

I feel today a little like an old mother who is sending her son away on his travels. Reini has gone to school. It is the first step of the child away from its mother. We must now, Arno and I, give up being our son's guardian, his fate, his omnipotence. Next year Willy will go, then little Susie, and finally our sweet baby. And life, slowly but surely, step by step, will set them free from us, and we shall be again alone—we two old folk.

Oh, but what silly thoughts are these! We have still many, many years in which to work and care for them, and then—

Yes—then we two old trees, with our branches closer locked, will entwine each other.

Whitsuntide, 18—.

It is pleasant here in the old nest. I am sitting once more at my morning's coffee with mama on the round bench by the marble-topped table, and Arno and the little ones are sitting with us. The church bells sound in the distance and the blackbirds are piping in the elm tree growing through the table. The birches glitter like glass, and the daisies are stealing along the grass on the turf with a dew drop on each golden knot. I remember once making a wreath of daisies while the dew was still on them, reflecting colors in green, red and blue, and placing it on my heart;

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May 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31.
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July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28.
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30.
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

† To destinations marked † tickets will also be sold on October 12, 13, and 14.

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and I thought I was a little princess, and mother scolded me for my wet feet. How long ago was that? Is it impossible that it is my little baby there who is plucking the flowers for a wreath—my youngest, who is now nine years old, as I was then? And mama is also scolding her for her wet feet. And behind the garden the old hills loom blue, everything just as then—only my life has gradually glided away, like a dream, like a dream.

Whit Monday.

Mama said today laughingly: "I could never have believed that you would have believed that you would have devoted yourself so completely to your husband and children, you had such big ideas in your head. Elsie, do you remember the Hill you were always talking of climbing?"

Her words sent a shock through my heart. Indeed, I had forgotten all about the Hill—the Hill—and the mystery—and the flame. There behind stood the blue ranges that called to me and lit up my youth. Now they have disappeared. I had not noticed that they had vanished. I have had so much to do. And now life is even and full of more definite and smaller duties and joys.

Mama caught me in tears and read these words over my shoulder: "We must all come to that, child," she said. "Happy is she whom so wise a husband as yours leads quietly there, and gives himself to his fellows and children."

Berlin, Easter, 18—.

It is five years now since I wrote in this book, and the word "Dairy," which is stamped in golden letters on the cover, is become a misnomer. When we get old we work, and we think and feel; but we don't write down our feelings any more. But I only want to mark here the milestones on the road of our life, as we might do in a family Bible. That is why I am writing today, since today our Reini has received his diploma, Summa cum laude.

June 15, 18—.

Our beloved Sabina is dead. I must not cry. Arno was deeply attached to the child. He is ageing. I must look after him and comfort him. My dear child! Sleep well!

October 12, 18—.

Susie is a bride. I am so happy because of her. I suffered for her sake for years when her love first showed itself, because Arno would not hear of her engagement, and Reinhart was still a poor student. But my brave little girl pulled through. And now Reinhart has obtained a splendid practice and has been called to Gottingen. I will persuade Arno to let her bring her young household. My dear Susie hung on my neck, overflowing with joy.

November 5, 18—

Willy obtained his troop today. Reini is a famous doctor, Willy a fine officer, Susie a happy wife and mother! And they all come to their old mother whenever they want advice or help or comfort. And even now Susie's little ones are coming to me, from the little Elsie, whose nose must be wiped, to Arno, who has a hole in his sleeve which I must mend quickly. They are good children.

January 8, 1900.

My dear husband is released from his long suffering and is now quietly asleep. The children all want me to stay with them; but I am an old woman and must not over-burden their young households. They will come to me as they have always done. And I am not alone. I have my thoughts. And these survey life up and down and see its splendor and its shadows, how fate builds and destroys, and note all the little brooks flowing steadily to the big sea. And no one thing is important in itself, for each implies a greater, because each is lost in the other and nothing is destroyed; and so from eternity to eternity, all things are and build up together the great world-whole.

New Year's Day, 1905.

Today, in the night of the New Year, as I could not sleep, I took this book out of my desk where it had been lying untouched for years, and read it through from beginning to end. On my seventeenth birthday I wrote my first sentence in it, and it reads: "Will my life begin now?—the true, real, large, mysterious, alluring, terrible life?" Today I am writing my last words, for my life is soon to end—quietly and softly my little brook is gliding into the endless waters. Truly it is the genuine life I have lived—great and small, bitter and sweet, ever seeming, and yet a deep, deep mystery. Have I been on that Hill to which I was drawn in my youth? That Hill at whose foot I lay, at first in tears, and then overcome, but always climbing, more and more joyful under the loving burdens of my growing duties? That Hill I had almost forgotten because of the little time I had in which to think to myself?

Yes—I have been on the Hill. My way lay between thickly growing trees that hid it from me, but it lay upward, and now I am standing on the top, and life is below me and I look into the clouds over the earth, and I see the beauty and the mystery and the flame.

For we must be old and have lived our life so that it is below us. Now the air about me is light and clear, and I am deliciously tired.

I shall sleep well on my Hill.

Figg—Talk about useless activity! Brown has a hundred irons in the fire and hardly one of them ever gets hot.

Fogg—Yes, and if one does he only succeeds in burning his fingers with it.

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Auto Notes

Once more has Mt. Diablo been scaled, but the accomplishment of the feat this time establishes a new record in motordom. On Sunday, April 29, a one and one-half ton White Gasoline truck accomplished what has been considered up to this time an impossibility. Probably there never has been a more difficult journey completed successfully than this feat of driving the heavy loaded commercial vehicle over practically impassible roads.

According to advices received by S. G. Chapman, the Abbott-Detroit factory will market about $5,000,000 worth of cars this season. Over half of their 3,000 output has already gone out on delivery and with a long list of advance orders listed it is practically certain that the fag end of the 1911 season will find a decided shortage of Abbott cars. To meet this big demand the factory facilities were recently increased one-third and thirty Abbott-Detroits are now being built daily.

The Stevens-Duryea comes into the lime light in the Glidden Reciprocity Tour and in the selection of the Stevens-Duryea Six as the Path Finder, the company received well merited recognition, for it is generally held by well-informed motorists that this tour will be the most important Glidden ever held and it was therefore essential to have for the Pathfinding service the best possible car.

The Chalmers "30" touring car, owned by Mr. A. Cohnreich and driven by Mr. Charles Ellis, has run 27,800 miles at a total expense of only $19.20 for injury repairs. This is a good record and it is in keeping with the experience of most of the owners of Chalmers cars.

Hudson owners have been touring in Europe to a great extent during the past year. All of them report just one trouble—carburetor adjustment. It seems impossible to buy the same kind of gasolene twice in Europe. During the Continental tour made by E. A. Schieler of Boston in his Hudson car, he negotiated the mountains of Switzerland and many of the other highways of Europe without using a single extra part or making any adjustment except to the carburetor. From Interlaken to Lucern, the way is very hilly but of course the scenery is among the finest in the world and every motorist in Europe braves that rough country in his car for the sake of the wonderful views. Mr. Schieler made the trip without incident, except for finding a new kind of gasolene every time it was necessary to fill his tank.

Since Fred Hall broke the record between Denver and Colorado Springs, with a Lozier car in March, desperate efforts have been made by a number of manufacturers to lower his time, but without success. Two cars were wrecked in the attempt through reckless driving. One Denver dealer has sent telegrams to the East, announcing that the Lozier record was broken. The Denver Motor Club, in order to set at rest all questions regarding this record, on April 13th wired the Lozier Company as follows: "The only official record for stripped car from Denver to Colorado Springs and return was made by the Lozier car under the auspices of the Denver Motor Club on March 30th. Statements made by other people unauthorized by our club."

The Diamond Rubber Co. are in receipt of a letter from Mr. A. McCalman of Portland in which the writer states: "On April 15, 1909, I purchased a 30 horsepower Studebaker equipped with Diamond Tires. These tires, I was told, had been on this car for one year previous to coming into my possession. At any rate all four of the tires have given me a mileage of 12,000 miles and two of the original four are still on the car, showing every prospect of running many more miles."

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,593; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of NATHAN P. BUNDY, Deceased.

Ellen L. Bundy, the Administratrix of the estate of Nathan P. Bundy, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate and personal property of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Court on Monday, the 12th day of June, 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Ellen L. Bundy, Administratrix of the estate of Nathan P. Bundy, deceased, to sell so much of the real estate and personal property of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, May 6, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed May 6, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

DANIEL A. RYAN, Atty. for Administratrix,
1001-2 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 5-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHANN H. T. BRANDT, Deceased—No. 11,253; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the estate of Johann H. T. Brandt, deceased, to the creditors of, and to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, David Cosgrave, Room 706 Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Johann H. T. Brandt, deceased.

LILLIAN WRIGHT, Administratrix.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

DAVID COSGRAVE, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 706 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 5-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN MURRAY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of John Murray, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Norman A. Eisner, 1112-1114 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John Murray, deceased.

HELEN E. MURRAY,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Murray, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

NORMAN A. EISNER, Atty. for Administratrix,
1112-1114 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Superior Court, State of California, in and for City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,445.

Estate of HERMAN WESTERFELD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of F. J. Castelhun, Attorney at Law, Rooms 117-118 Investors Building, 787 Market Street, in said City and County, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased.

MARY L. WESTERFELD,
Administratrix of the Estate of Herman Westerfeld, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6, 1911.

F. J. CASTELHUN and JOHN A. McGEE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Rooms 117-118 Investors Bldg., San Francisco. 5-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FLORENCIO ALVARADO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned William F. Rhea, Administrator of the estate of Florencio Alvarado, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said William F. Rhea at the office of Franklin P. Bull, 805 Pacific Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Florencio Alvarado, deceased.

WILLIAM F. RHEA,
Administrator of the Estate of Florencio Alvarado, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6, 1911.

FRANKLIN P. BULL, Atty. for Administrator,
805 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GERDT WILLIAM HEY, also known as GERDT W. HEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Gerdt William Hey, also known as Gerdt W. Hey, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of G. Gunzendorfer, 127 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Gerdt William Hey, also known as Gerdt W. Hey, deceased.

JOHN HEY,
Administrator of the Estate of Gerdt William Hey, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 27, 1911.

G. GUNZENDORFER, Atty. for Administrator,
127 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA MOHR, also known as ANNA LOUISE MOHR, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Anna Mohr, also known as Anna Louise Mohr, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anna Mohr, also known as Anna Louise Mohr, deceased.

NORMAND W. MOHR,
Administrator of the estate of Anna Mohr, also known as Anna Louise Mohr, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 29, 1911.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building,
No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-5

ORDER OF PUBLICATION TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF GUARDIAN FOR ORDER TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,018; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY L. MacDONALD, an Incompetent Person.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition presented and filed on the 23rd day of January, 1911, by Peter MacDonald, the Guardian of the person and estate of Mary L. MacDonald, an incompetent person, praying for an order to mortgage certain real estate belonging to the said Ward, that it is necessary that such real estate should be mortgaged:

It is hereby ordered, that the next of Kin of the said Ward and all persons interested in the estate appear before this Court on Monday, the 29th day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of this Court, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why the realty, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, being lots 10 and 11 in Block D of Silver Terrace and known as number 26 Flora Street, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in the petition, namely Five Hundred and no-100 Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet, and reference is hereby made to the petition on file for further particulars.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this Order be published for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, April 26, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

GEORGE F. OWEN, Atty. for Guardian,
Shreve Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,230; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JENS P. HANSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Jens P. Hansen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at her office at No. 901 Balboa Building, Southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Jens P. Hansen, deceased.

ANNE MAGRETHA PEDERSEN,
Administratrix.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 29, 1911.

C. B. SESSIONS and S. S. McCAHILL,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
901 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal 4-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor and the Executrix of the will of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor and Executrix, at the office of W. I. Brobeck and Peter F. Dunne, Rooms 709-718 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased.

ALEXANDER F. MORRISON,
ALICE M. COWELL,
Executor and Executrix of the Will of Ernest V. Cowell, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

W. I. BROBECK and PETER F. DUNNE,
Attys. for Executor and Executrix,
Rooms 709-718 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco. 5-13-5

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT

WESTERN STATES AMUSEMENT COMPANY, a Corporation—Location of Principal Place of Business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of said Company held on the 29th day of April, 1911, an assessment of ten (10c) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in gold coin of the United States, to the Secretary of said Company at its office, 817 First National Bank Building, No. 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the 5th day of June, 1911, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 26th day of June, 1911, to pay the delinquent assessment thereon, together with cost of advertising and expense of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. P. REESE,
Secretary Western States Amusement Company. Office, 817 First National Bank Building, 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal 5-6-4

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,748. Dept. No. 3.

ALMA McWILLIAMS, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L. McWILLIAMS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Joseph L. McWilliams, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten (10) days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty (30) days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Plaintiff,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JACOB BABLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Jacob Babler, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, Jeanette Babler at the law office of S. C. Wright, 1007 Mutual Bank Building, Market and Kearny Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Jacob Babler, deceased.

JEANETTE BABLER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Jacob Babler, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

S. C. WRIGHT, Atty. for Executrix,
Mutual Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-13-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,463; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD M. ROBERTS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard M. Roberts, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, Room 1012 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Richard M. Roberts, deceased.

ROBERT L. ROBERTS,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard M. Roberts, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 29, 1911.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Atty. for Executor,
Room 1012 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAWRENCE O'KEEFFE, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary O'Keeffe, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Joseph Farry, Esq., her attorney, at No. 614 Kohl Building, Northeast corner of California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), deceased.

MARY O'KEEFFE,
As Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

JOSEPH FARRY, Atty. for Executrix,
No. 614 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-13-4

NOTICE TO APPEAR

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,488; Dept. No. 8.

LAFAYETTE HENDRICKS, Plaintiff, vs. WESTERN STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendant.

Whereas, an action has been commenced in the above entitled Court by the above named plaintiff against the defendant above named for the purpose of having stock certificate No. 656 of the said defendant for 10 shares of the capital stock of said defendant, which said certificate was issued in the name of the said plaintiff, cancelled;

Now therefore, pursuant to Section 328 of the Civil Code of the State of California, notice is hereby given to all persons claiming the said shares, or any of them, or any interest or lien therein or thereon, to be and appear before said Court on the 12th day of June, 1911, then and there to show cause why a new certificate should not be directed to be issued to the plaintiff and to set forth their right in or to such shares, if any they have.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the Above Entitled Court.
By W. R. CASTIGNETTO,
5-13-4 Deputy Clerk

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY LEASE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,285, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CLAUS STELLING, Deceased.

Martin Stelling, Administrator of the Estate of Claus Stelling, deceased, having on the 17th day of May, 1911, filed, in the above entitled special proceeding, his verified petition as such Administrator, praying for an order of the above entitled Court to lease to Otto Will the store (with basement) known as and numbered 4200 Seventeenth Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, situated in the two story building standing upon that certain lot of land situate, lying and being in said City and County of San Francisco and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Seventeenth Street with the westerly line of Douglass Street and running thence westerly along said northerly line of Seventeenth Street 45 feet; running thence at a right angle northerly 55 feet; running thence at a right angle easterly 45 feet to the said westerly line of Douglass Street; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Douglass Street 55 feet to the point of commencement, for the period of 58 months commencing with the date of such lease which shall be the date of the execution of such proposed lease at the total rental of twenty-four hundred and forty dollars payable as follows: In thirty-four equal monthly installments of forty dollars each per month, each and every month, during the period of the first 34 months of said term and twenty-four equal monthly installments of forty-five dollars per month each and every month during the period of the last two years of said term;

Now, therefore, it is hereby ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the Estate of said Claus Stelling appear before said Court on the 13th day of June, 1911, at the hour of 10:00 a. m. of said day in the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court in the Grant Building, at No. 1095 Market Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why said realty, to-wit: Said store (with basement), numbered and known as No. 4200 Seventeenth Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, should not be leased to Otto Will for the period of 58 months commencing with the date of the proposed lease, which shall be the date of the execution of said proposed lease for the total rental of twenty-four hundred and forty dollars, payable as follows: In thirty-four equal monthly installments of forty dollars each per month, monthly and every month, during the period of the first thirty-four months of said term and twenty-four equal monthly installments of forty-five dollars each per month, monthly and every month during the period of the last two years of said term and all persons interested in said estate are hereby referred to said petition on file in said special proceeding for further particulars.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for two successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in said City and County.

Done in open Court this 18th day of May, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

H. M. ANTHONY, Atty. for Administrator,
372-4-6 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Charles G. Lyman, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte F. Clarke, deceased, praying for authority to enter into a certain contract or lease with Ferdinand Dugue and Frank Hesse, under the terms of which the said Ferdinand Dugue and Frank Hesse are to have the privliege of occupying and conducting the kitchen and dining room in the hotel known as the Hotel Carlton, situated on the south side of Turk Street, between Polk and Larkin Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for the period of three years,

It is ordered that all persons interested in the said estate be and appear before this Court on Monday, the 29th day of May, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day in the Courtroom of said Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in said City and County, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the said Charles G. Lyman, as such Executor should not be authorized by this Court to enter into the said contract or lease with the said Ferdinand Dugue and Frank Hesse, as aforesaid.

It is further ordered that notice of the hearing of said petition be given by publishing this order for two successive weeks in a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County.

Dated, May 12, 1911.

JOHN J. VAN NOSTRAND, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed May 12, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Executor,
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-2

NOTICE OF VOLUNTARY APPLICATION FOR DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,685; Dept. No. 4.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Application of MEADOWS DAIRY COMPANY, a Corporation, for Judgment of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the voluntary application of Meadows Dairy Company, a corporation formed, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, for a judgment of dissolution of said corporation, has been presented to the above named Court, and that Friday, the 30th day of June, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, and the Courtroom of Department No. 4, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been fixed as the time and place for hearing said application.

This notice commencing May 20, 1911, will expire on June 24, 1911, at any time before which expiration any person may file herein his objections to said application for dissolution.

Dated, May 16, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Applicant,
365 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal 5-20

Letters

For Summer Reading

As will be readily surmised, "The Stolen Singer" is a bit of comic opera summer fiction which will make no deep draught on the intellect of its readers, though it is bright and amusing in its way. The caste includes a princess of one of those mythical kingdoms which have crowded the map of Europe since Zenda was located; the singer who was stolen; a biological investigator in love with the princess; his cousin and chum, a Lynn manufacturer of shoes; a political agent of the grand duke of Krolvetz, and a chorus of seamen, servants and rural habitants of the Maine coast. The princess Augusta Stephanie, with a big fortune of her own, had refused to marry in accordance with the wishes of her tyrannous and impoverished guardian, but had escaped to America and under the chaperonage of her aunt, was known as Melanie Regnier. Agatha Redmond, the singer, belonging to a different stratum of society, had never heard of the other, much less that there was a striking personal resemblance between them, and the political agent, Chatelard, sent by the grand duke to seize the recalcitrant princess and return with her in the royal yacht to Krolvetz, confused both by the similarity of the names Regnier and Redmond, and the likeness, abducted the wrong lady. Hambleton, the shoe manufacturer, happened to catch a glimpse of Agatha Redmond as the speeding automobile was carrying her away, and scenting something wrong, he followed on impulse, found himself made a prisoner on board the mysterious yacht, suffered shipwreck, and swam for a day and a night, saving his own life and Agatha's, and fell deeper in love than he was in the Atlantic. Of course they were eventually saved, else there would be no story, the remainder of which is played out in a Maine farm house where the other characters converge in time to take their places on the stage and pair off in regulation style, the princess and the biologist, the singer and her rescuer, with some of the minor characters looking on to good purpose. The author, Martha Bellinger, appears to be a newcomer in the field of fiction. If so, it is a creditable first effort. From Bobbs-Merrill of Indianapolis.

"Yellowstone Nights"

The "Yellowstone Nights" of Herbert Quick is made up of more than a dozen short stories strung together on the thread of a fortnight's sight-seeing trip in Yellowstone Park. The passengers who put themselves under the guidance of Aconite Driscoll, ex-cowboy, prove to be congenial travel-mates, and to enliven their camp fires and noon halts they agree to tell a story in turn as their names are drawn from the hat. Aconite himself is a character whose like survives now only in fiction, for the railroad and the automobile have driven the stage and its drivers from the road. The passengers whom chance brought together on this occasion were a small-calibred professor from a small fresh water college, a poet, a painter, a bride, who was a daughter of wealth and her groom who had fought his own way up, the Colonel, a lawyer, and one who described himself as a "hired man," a group sufficiently diversified to insure variety both in the style and substance of their narrations. Aconite, the driver, was primed to overflowing with history, real and manufactured, and he had that inimitable gift of solemn exaggeration and humorous twisting of his sentences, that quizzical half joke and whole earnest manner of delivery that seemed as much the part of the equipment of the old knights of the reins as their broad brimmed hats and long whip lashes. Any one of the stories could stand alone and many of them have already appeared in periodicals, but they gain from the present setting and stand out "as good as new." The stories range from love to law, from the city to the cattle range and back by way of the mines, and each is colored by the angle of vision of its narrator. When Herbert Quick takes time off to write fiction no one would ever suspect him of being at other times as serious as a catalogue of statistics. "Yellowstone Nights" ought to make its appeal chiefly to men, which is to say that it has rather more substance to it than most books of short stories. From Bobbs-Merrill Co.

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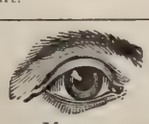

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TOWN TALK

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TOWN TALK

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Vol. XIX | San Francisco, June 3, 1911 | No. 979

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TOWN TALK

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The Great Mexican

For nearly forty years Porfirio Diaz ruled the destinies of Mexico. Few are the heroes of history whose power extended over so great a length of time. To stand high in this world is to be frequently shaken, and supremacy to be maintained for the briefest period calls for genius of the highest order. The extraordinary duration, therefore, of the career of Porfirio Diaz argues that in him are the elements of greatness. It may be thought of him that his superiority was local; in other words that he bulked large in the midst of small men, but the power that guides large masses of men and shapes the channels in which the energies of a people flow, the intellect that establishes the independence, the glory and durable prosperity of a country, are not the result of the inferiority of associations. In the flesh of a man who accomplishes such things is lodged a compound product the salient principle of which is divine genius. Unquestionably Diaz was a despot; as much so as was Cromwell, but who shall say that a despotism in Mexico was not more suitable to the people than a democracy? Unquestionably the political convulsion by which Diaz was cast out of his seat of power was in a large measure the result of too long denied guaranteed rights. The conviction was widespread among the people of Mexico that they were unfairly dealt with. But whether good is to result from the revolution is a question that time only can solve. All revolutions have not ushered in new epochs in the world's progress. Madero is today regarded as his country's sower appointed to sow the land with wheat that all his countrymen may have bread. It may turn out that he has sown it with chaff. Today acclaimed the liberator of his country; tomorrow he may follow Diaz into exile.

Why Calendars Are Crowded

Judge Graham has called attention to the fact that though the calendars of the Superior Court are crowded with cases the four judges who came from the interior of the State to lighten the burdens of their confreres of this city and relieve congestion are transacting very little business. According to Judge Graham it is the lawyers who are to blame since most of them would rather postpone than try their cases. This is precisely as it always has been. Yet there has been much clamor for more judges, and the legislature at its last session, the model legislature that incarnated purity and reform, passed a bill increasing the number of judges, and it was only because organized labor protested that Governor Johnson consigned it to a pigeon-hole. The clamor for more judges, as everybody knows who knows anything about the state of affairs in our Superior Courts, is nothing more than the clamor of third-rate lawyers who hope to be appointed to the bench. While it is true that the calendars are crowded with cases, a very large percentage of the cases are never to be tried. When a lawyer has a bad case he is not eager to go to trial, and there are lawyers who start bad cases never intending to try them. Some cases are started merely for the purpose of blackmail; others merely for the purpose of getting a fee from a fool of a client; others because a foolish client has a fool for an attorney. From all of which it may be inferred that there is considerable rottenness and no small measure of incompetency in the legal profession in San Francisco. The inference may be indulged without fear of doing injustice to a learned and honorable profession the morals of which are no better and no worse than the morals of the times.

The Celebration of Kent

"It is beyond dispute," says the Chico Enterprise, "that we have a congressman (William Kent) who is neither a factotum, a functionary nor a sycophant, but most emphatically a 'live one.'" In the editor of the Chico Enterprise Congressman Kent has a warm admirer, a passionate panegyrist. Mr. Kent's maiden speech in Congress, in the opinion of the Chico editor, is conclusive of his force of character, his rare ability, his personal independence and his devotion to the interests of the nation. What the intrinsic merits of this speech are the hero worshiper of Chico does not tell us. Enough for him that the speech drew the fire of the standpat papers, including even that big Eastern journal, the New York Sun which described Mr. Kent as "an amoosin little cus." In addition to this prima facie evidence of the greatness of the speech there is the unimpeachable testimony of a Mark Sullivan whom the Chico editor describes as "the congressional commenter of Collier's Weekly." Mark tells us that "the serious parts of Kent's speech were entirely consistent with his possession of an honorary degree from Yale, and that no speech in the present session has gone more directly to the heart of the philosophy of government." This though vague enough to come within the category of glittering generalities is, we presume, what puts Congressman Kent's status as a statesman "beyond dispute," for nothing more dogmatically didactic or sweeping does the Chico editor submit to our consideration by way of justifying his high appreciation of the source of the pactolian stream that flowed through Chico last fall. What Mr. Mark Sullivan may conceive to be consistent with an honorary degree from Yale is beyond our power of conjecture. We have always understood that it is not advisable to take an honorary degree at its face value. As to the heart of the philosophy of government that is an organ which in these progressive days floats somewhere between the kidneys and the liver and is accessible to almost any tyro in political surgery.

Hiram's Coup de Grace

Those deluded persons who regard the recall as a transient madness that marks an epoch in the history of the eccentricities of the human mind, and who believe that like a mountain torrent it will pass away with the storm that gave it birth, must have received a shock the other day when they learned that Governor Hiram Johnson had vindicated the sanity of it beyond question or quibble. Of this notable feat they were informed by that most eminent of all contemporary authorities, The Bulletin. Thus: "California's plain-spoken and square-dealing Governor leveled the enemies fortifications." And this is the irresistible logic with which he did the leveling: "I am not attacking the courts, but the courts are the bulwark of the people, and I believe in democracy. Our last Legislature made the recall applicable to every official, and this is taken by some of our Eastern friends as an attack on the judiciary. But it is not so—it is not even uncomplimentary to the judiciary. It will make no weak judge more weak, nor will it make a strong judge less strong." These sentiments The Bulletin quotes as self-evident principles neither to be gainsaid nor brought within the domain of controversy. Fascinated by so brilliant an intellectual feat our contemporary joyously affirms: "There you have the truth about the recall of the judiciary." There to be sure is the truth embalmed in a few gleaming phrases. To appreciate what at first blush may appear to you as the spluttering of an egomaniacal anarchist you must understand that when our foremost statesman winds himself into the marrow of a subject you must not expect arguments dexterous and species, you must not look for subtlety, or vain display of the power of recondite analysis. Absolved from the laws of vulgar logic, Hiram, when addressing the multitude, disdaining the refinements of sophistry, puts to flight a host of syllogisms with an ipse dixit. Close reasoning was never one of Hiram's intellectual characteristics, as one may learn from a memorable case which he lost in his professional career, and which led to the writing of an opinion that rankles and calls for vengeance by way of the recall. No, Hiram is of the "plain-spoken and square-dealing" type of statesmen. When you find him sloshing about refuting all refutable positions you must consider that he is one of the Elect whom God always informs as to what is good and what is bad, and that from him you should be satisfied to receive opinion as irrefragable reason for opinion. No chicken-hearted diffidence has he as to the value of his opinions. No guessing for him as to the depth and danger of his ignorance. When he ope's his mouth let all other barks be smothered. It is for him whom we adore in the fullness of his self-sufficiency to impose his individual sentiment on all the people.

So the final, the complete answer to all arguments against the recall is that Hiram believes in democracy, Hiram doesn't consider the recall uncomplimentary to the judiciary, Hiram believes that it will have no enervating or debilitating effects on the juridical constitution. At this blast of his mouth razed were the walls of Jericho. Retrogressive lunatics there are who will ask, When did democracy challenge the validity of the eternal conception of justice? The answer is, When Hiram ascended the throne.

A Sane But Futile Suggestion

At a progressive Republican banquet in Chicago a week ago the Hon. Moses E. Clapp, junior Senator from Minnesota and an ardent propagandist of the gospel of modernism in statecraft, asked: Why not a third party? A pertinent question this, and one that insurgents in all parties should answer. If the demand for modernism in government is universal, as the insurgents tell us, then why should they not apostatize and vindicate their passionate attachment to their principles in the inspiring shade of a standard of their own creation, a true and unequivocal symbol of their political faith? If they are more concerned about principle than consequence, if they must have everything their own way to the minutest tittle, there is but one straightforward course for them to pursue, and that is the course that leads to a convention in which may be articulated the sentiments and ideas peculiar to insurgency. Acting as they are at present the progressive statesmen appear to lack the courage of their convictions. The most prominent of them appear to have espoused as their seven cardinal principles the five loaves and the two fishes. For example, "Battle Bob" La Follette though he insists that his principles are "stuff o' the conscience," gives us the impression that he is much preoccupied with bargaining for place and power. Standing midway between both parties, liking neither, flaming with denunciation of men and measures, he is to be conciliated by nomination for President, and though he must perceive there is small chance of that consummation he is not for leading a detachment into the heat of battle on his own orders. "Battle Bob," one may predict without the slightest fear of proving a bad prophet, will be found supporting the national ticket of the Republican party in the next campaign notwithstanding the failure of the platform to embody some of his most cherished principles. "Battle Bob" is impetuous, but not indiscreet.

The Jury System

Another jury has gone wrong, and justice has miscarried again. So we are told with reference to the trial of a San Mateo official accused of accepting a bribe. For the punishment of grafters the jury system doesn't give satisfaction. Indeed the jury system along with all other ancient institutions is fallen into disrepute. But no zealous reformer has yet invented a substitute. The reformers who have given it their consideration have come to the conclusion that to improve the administration of justice the jury system must either be abolished or so altered as to eliminate the substance and preserve the form. These reformers have great faith in science. They would have justice administered with scientific precision, and to that end in the determination of all cases they would employ nothing but cold and impartial reason. They would have us depend entirely on the intellectual processes of the man on the bench. They would have all conduct judged by the immutable standards of right and wrong. In the suggestions of these scientific reformers we are not disposed to concur. The jury system with all its imperfections still commands our veneration. We know that culprits go free that jurymen may return to the bosom of their families; that one juror occasionally starves eleven into compliance; that in the jury-box a pinch of pity often outweighs a peck of evidence, but we continue to agree with the statesman who remarked some centuries ago that the whole machinery of State, all the apparatus of the system and its varied workings end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box. What if the verdict go contrary to the law and the evidence as apparently it often does? Well, let us remember that as there is more of human nature than of science in the jury-box there is also likely to be more of moral than of legal justice and that legal justice ought to form the nearest approach to moral justice that human tribunals are capable of effecting. If juries are not scientifically accurate it is because the brain is not wholly the organ of the intellect. A delusion that has become universal is that which identifies the brain and the mind and ignores the fact that as feeling is the chief component of the mind, the intellect is the servant of the emotions. The substance of the mind is exceedingly complicated. In it are many independent principles interwoven with the nature of man as an emotional as well as an intelligent being. Each faculty is modified by another both in what regards our own good and the good of others, and it is as a result of the play of all the faculties that verdicts are rendered in the courts of justice. Is it desirable that they should always appear to correspond with the principles of the science of law? The jury system was not given to us to that end. It was and ought to be expected that feeling as well as reason should influence jurymen. The trouble with most of us is that we greatly exaggerate the importance of reason. While we flatter ourselves that it distinguishes us from the beasts of the field we fail to perceive that it is inadequate to raise us to the level of God whom we sometimes make the subject of metaphysical discussion. Reason is never of so little value as when it fails to discover its own insufficiency. It has been said that the heart has reasons which reason does not understand. This is the whole explanation of verdicts that seem contrary to law and evidence. When juries refuse to convict grafters it may be because the heart revolts at the methods employed in the interest of justice. To put the stamp of disapproval on those methods may be more important to society than to convict a mere grafter. Jurors may not be able to reason that such is the case. They may not be able to interpret their own verdict. They speak from the heart and what they say they do not understand; but as out of the mouth of babes and sucklings comes wisdom so out of the unscientific jury-box may come justice.

Perspective Impressions

Enter the jokesmith who says that the Tobacco Trust has gone up in smoke.

Or that a gentlemanly Supreme Court would not have behaved so rudely to My Lady Nicotine.

Or that a swatted Duke is a much more interesting spectacle than a belted earl.

So Carnegie accepted $320,000,000 for property which he knew to be worth only $160,000,000, knowing also that to make the deal possible there would have to be some frenzied financiering. Which explains, perhaps, the conscience fund out of which Foxy Andrew has been bribing posterity ever since in the hope of achieving immortality.

To Caruso all the world's a monkey house.

Perhaps Assessor Dalton took the money to trap the officials of the corporation. Your genuine reformer is always on the point of doing something very good or something very bad.

Mrs. Harriman is thinking of founding a new university. From our plutocrat philanthropists O Lord deliver us!

For "promoting Germanic culture in America" Adolphus Busch, who has also been promoting a thirst for a wholesome beverage, has been decorated by the German Emperor. Now for a broadside from the W. C. T. U. that will make somebody tremble on his throne.

From the Anarchist standpoint the millennium has come to Mexico.

A fine specimen of that worst of all combinations—cynicism and ingratitude—is the man who, when he sees the flags at half-mast on Decoration Day, is reminded of nothing but the pension roll.

The San Jose Times has been conducing a vice crusade, and the Mercury, organ of the virtuous Hayes brothers, reluctantly and tardily co-operates with the naive explanation that its silence was due to the "indelicacy of the question" and the fear that the "naked facts might suggest notions to the young of both sexes calculated to influence them in the wrong direction." Which reminds us that it was Mercury who invented the lyre.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Seven Years' Work at Panama

The seventh year of Panama Canal construction by Americans ended on May 4. Only one-fourth of the great task of excavation remains to be done, 138,000,000 cubic yards having been removed from the line of the canal, leaving only 44,000,000 yards to be cut away. The placing of the concrete in the locks is more than 52 per cent completed, the installing of the lock-gates has begun, and 70 per cent of the filling for the Gatun dam, which will feed the canal with water, has been done. The lock-gates are staggering in their vast proportions, compared with the timber gates of the canals in this country. Each leaf, of which there are two in a gate, is 7 feet thick, 65 feet long, and from 47 to 82 feet in height, there being ninety-two of these leaves. Special hoisting machinery has been installed to place these masses of steel. One of the unexpected obstacles in the construction was the development of twenty-two slides in the Culebra Cut, within a distance of nine miles, but it is stated that these will not delay the completion of the canal, as the earth can easily be removed by dredges after the water is turned on.

The Term of Enlistment

A controversy as to whether five years or three years is the proper enlistment period for the army has arisen because of Representative Hays' bills to change back from three years to the longer term. Two major-generals, Wood and Ainsworth, have appeared before the House Military Affairs Committee to discuss the bill, General Wood for and General Ainsworth against. Curiously enough, both were originally medical men, and not professionally trained soldiers. General Wood's contention is that the shorter term scatters more men of military training throughout the country, and General Ainsworth thinks that it will be cheaper to have the longer term. He is unquestionably correct in this view; if the question of economy is to decide, his opinion should prevail. Against the bill it is also argued that there will be more desertions, for it was in the hope of checking desertions that the term was originally reduced. But it has not had an appreciable effect; the percentage of desertions still runs very high, and many of them occur in the first year or so, just as there are many applications for discharge by purchase in the first two years of a recruit's service.

Japan's Attitude as to War

There have been various reports that the Japanese government was expending vast sums of money in enlarging her navy and preparing for some future great conflict. How groundless are such reports can be learned by a knowledge of what has actually been done and what it is proposed to do in the future. Since the termination of the war with Russia the additions to the Japanese navy have simply been sufficient to replace the vessels that have become too old to be of service and have been cast aside. And even to do this has taxed the country to the utmost. With the loss of fifty to seventy-five million dollars by the recent floods the conditions are still worse, and it remains to be seen what will be the outcome. One of the leading statesmen, Mr. Matsuda, says: "The people are groaning under the heavy burden of taxation and the slightest addition will be enough to crush them. The government's first duty is to lessen the burden." In one of the Tokio papers is a recent article on "The Cause of Dullness in Business," in which the author writes: "It is the heavy taxation borne by the people during and since the war, that is robbing the people of their purchasing power and producing depression in the commerce and industries of the country." In a recent speech the Premier who is also the Minister of Finance, Marquis Katsura, outlined the government policy; and he showed that the annual expenditure which it is proposed to make during the coming six years is only sufficient to replace such vessels in the navy as become worthless from age. Thus the spirit of peace appears to prevail everywhere except in the talk of the professional jingoes and representatives of certain trusts which might profit by hostilities.

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of the Italian-Swiss Colony are preferred by connoisseurs because they are pure, have a fine flavor and are always uniform. For sale everywhere.

British Trade in Mexico

Great Britain has $260,000,000 capital sunk in Mexico, while the United States has $305,000,000 invested in that country, but only about 10 per cent of Mexico's foreign trade is with the United Kingdom. This fact has been rankling in the breasts of the ninety members of the Mexican section of the London Chamber of Commerce, which is beginning a vigorous agitation in favor of the development of trade relations between Mexico and Great Britain. One of the hindrances to the introduction of British manufactures into Mexico hitherto has been the high freights that have ruled between Great Britain and Mexico as compared with Continental ports. The various shipping lines have, however, arranged for a readjustment of rates which will equalize freights as from July 1 next. A special committee of the section is considering the best means of arranging for collective representation of British manufacturers in Mexico on co-operative lines by which the expenses would be shared by firms participating in the scheme. The recent upheaval has been a bar to effective work along this line.

Divorce Law for Italy

Italy is almost the only large country where divorce does not exist, but the Minister of Justice has just announced in the Chamber that he will soon present a bill on the subject in order to suppress the strange anomalies existing in the country. While divorce does not exist, those Italians who have money and influence have recourse to the system of going to a country where a divorce can be obtained. They take citizenship in that country and are soon returning home, free and unincumbered. The country in which this can be most easily done is Hungary, and to go there from Italy is a matter of only a few hours. The result is that there are in Italy quite a number of persons who, although Italian born, are now Hungarian subjects and owe to their Hungarian citizenship the possibility of marrying again. The Italian courts at first tried to resist this way of evading the law, but they had to cease doing so on remonstrances from the countries interested, which could not admit that an act, entirely legal according to their legislation, should be objected to by foreign governments.

Holland is Sinking

Geologists have of late years come to the conclusion that the entire central European plain, which extends from southwestern France through the low countries and north Germany to the Russian Baltic provinces, is slowly sinking. The lowest section of this great coastal region is that part of Holland which lies from fifteen to twenty feet below sea level and has to be protected by immense dams and dykes against the danger of being submerged. A Dutch engineer named Ten Cate has studied this subject and he deals with Holland's danger at length in a Dutch technical paper. His investigations go back 2,000 years, and his conclusion is that the Dutch coast line sinks eight inches every 100 years. This does not seem very alarming, but every little counts in a country which lies naturally so low as the Dutch coastal provinces. Besides there is no justification for assuming that the settling down process will always be regular, and a sudden subsidence would be a very grave matter indeed. Ten Cate proves his assertions by pointing to the situation of remains of Roman settlements in the Low Countries, which he calculates must now lie from five to fifteen feet below their original level. They were built some sixteen centuries ago. There are of course the historical facts of the formation of the Zuyder Zee, the Dollart and other bays at great flood tides. Sufficient data exist for the last 200 years according to which the subsidence of the Dutch littoral can be figured out to a nicety, and for that period it amounts to 36 centimeters, or about 14½ inches. A further indication of the lowering of Holland's level is the fact that the low hills or mounds to which as late as the Middle Ages people and their cattle used to flee for safety at flood times would not now afford the necessary protection.

The Bee Feast in North Africa

The villages of the Atlas have been celebrating the bee feast, which falls on April 29. The famous monastery of the Medidjie order sends monks to all the larger villages and these dervishes are the principal performers. The ceremony takes place in the open air and begins with a duel between a yellow and a black bee, represented by two Berbers with heads draped in yellow and black cloths. Then a Medidjie dervish appears. He plays a melody on a long flute and capers wildly. His body is covered with bees and thousands of bees follow him. He picks them up in handfuls and throws them on the ground, where they crawl until suddenly they rise together and scatter in every direction. One traveler explains the dervish's power over the bees by suggesting that he hides a queen bee on his person in a tiny box, and Humboldt says that the medicine men of Central America have a similar power.

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Varied Types

XXIV—MAX HIRSCH

By Edward F. O'Day

"What theater was Max Hirsch connected with in San Francisco?" I was asked a few days ago.

When I replied that he had never been connected with any of our theaters, my interrogator demanded:

"Then how is it that he's so well known here?"

Will Greenbaum who is Max Hirsch's most intimate friend in San Francisco says that it is on account of his white hair. This explanation is disparaging. It also seeks to establish a mischievous precedent. All those upon whom Mother Nature has played capillary tricks will understand what I mean. If a man's distinction in this or any other community is to be laid to the color of his hair, what recognition will he receive for his laboriously acquired accomplishments of mind and heart? Shall a hundred virtues be slighted merely because the possessor is thatched in an unusual color scheme? Speaking dispassionately and of course impersonally, I reply, Certainly not! So let us instantly dismiss Will Greenbaum's frivolous explanation and seek one that has the deep-toned ring of conviction about it.

Do I hear somebody saying: "Why seek reasons for Mr. Hirsch's being so well known? If he is well known, he isn't well known to me. Who is Max Hirsch?"

Well, I cheerfully admit that Max Hirsch is not one who forces himself on the public eye. He is a modest gentleman. He was in town for a week and managed to keep out of the newspapers. When he might have been giving interviews to the press he was exploring Muir Woods with Will Greenbaum or renewing old acquaintances in the hotel lobbies. But if you are a lover of opera you surely know Max Hirsch, at least by sight. Many a time during the big operatic seasons at the old Grand Opera House in Mission street you saw him emerge from the wings, a tall, broad shouldered, athletic figure crowned with snowy hair—(apparently we cannot ignore that hair)—and heard him express his regret that Madame Soandso or Senor Whatshisname was prevented by sudden illness from singing the big role of the evening's opera. Yes, that was Max Hirsch, for twenty-seven years the treasurer of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Every time the Metropolitan stars came to San Francisco Max Hirsch came with them. The last time was when the season was rudely interrupted by earthquake and fire. You remember that last night in the Grand Opera House? Of course you do. You were there? Naturally! There are as many San Franciscans who were in the Grand Opera House on that historic occasion as there are New Englanders whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower. As a souvenir of the next morning's sudden awakening and flight Max Hirsch carries the big brass key of his apartment at the Palace.

"It is my pocket piece," he says. "It has never left me since April 18, 1906."

Max Hirsch loves San Francisco. As a man of warm heart he loves the city and he loves his many local friends. As a man of business he has a great respect for the footings in the financial statements that he is in the habit of taking East after a sojourn here. If we ever acquire a big opera house Max Hirsch may be induced to make his home with us. But when he intimated as much, Will Greenbaum laughed a scoffing laugh.

"There is as much chance of prying him away from New York as there is of getting me away from San Francisco," declared Greenbaum. "Besides, when will we have an opera house?"

Which seems to settle the question, but is rather discouraging.

At the beginning of April Max Hirsch left Andreas Dippel in Chicago for the purpose of taking charge of Mary Garden's concert tour. The tour brought him back to San Francisco. Now the exigencies of the tour have taken him away from San Francisco and he was very sorry to go.

"It is one of the best music towns in the country," he says.

He ought to know. There isn't a city in the country large enough to be worth a star's while which Max Hirsch hasn't visited. And there isn't a great musical star who has sung in America in the last twenty-five years with whom he hasn't been associated.

MAX HIRSCH

Born in New York forty-seven years ago he began as a boy selling librettos, turning down opera seats and distributing lithographs. When the Metropolitan Opera Company was organized with Henry Abby as manager and Maurice Grau as director, he became its treasurer. He saw Abby fail for $160,000 and helped Dr. Leopold Damrosch reorganize the company. He has been through all its subsequent changes of management. Two years ago composers, artists and Metropolitan stockholders helped him celebrate his silver jubilee.

"The only man who ever made grand opera pay," he said, "was Maurice Grau. He alone declared a dividend for the stockholders. Of course we weren't paying the enormous salaries then that we are paying now. Although the company embraced all the leading singers of the world, it was smaller and we had no opposition. Besides, we gave the public what they wanted. We stuck to the favorite Italian and German operas."

Not that Hirsch does not think highly of the new operas. He speaks with respect of "Thais" and "Herodiade." He thinks "Natoma" will last.

"Although it is hard to say," he confessed. "We saw it born. We saw the artists working with the authors, living their parts. I regard Mary Garden as being in the first rank of singers. Whether another singer could do 'Natoma' as well as she is not easy to decide. But 'Natoma' looks good. Of course the critics were very severe on the text—"

At this point Max Hirsch smiled his engaging, bashful-boyish smile and made a peculiar gesture, as who should say, "Strange beings, the critics!"

I am afraid he doesn't take them too seriously, either here or in New York.

"They do not always know when changes are made in the printed program," he said. "It is amusing to read their remarks about the beautiful way in which the aria from 'Louise' or 'Herodiade' was sung when you happen to know that it wasn't sung at all. But of course in a city like San Francisco the critics cannot be as familiar with music as they are with drama. They get so few musical events during a season."

I wonder how the music critics would like to hear that? Some of them regard their work so solemnly. But Hirsch was quick to give them company in their misery.

"In an audience such as that which hears Mary Garden," he said, "not more than five in two thousand will know that changes have been made in the printed program. Sometimes when changes are necessary the artists will worry and ask me to have the changes announced. But I tell them not to mind; that nobody will know the difference."

Is Hirsch right about this? For the sake of the critics I hope that he has underestimated our musical knowledge.

Hirsch surprised me by declaring that artistic temperament is not translatable into plain ordinary temper as often as many of us have been led to believe. He says that operatic stars rarely sulk and that when they fail to appear it is usually because they are in physical pain. Sometimes they insist on singing, even when they are desperately ill. That, he says, was the case with Sybil Sanderson when she appeared here after winning fame abroad and made a wretched failure before her old friends.

"She was absolutely unfit to sing," he says. "I think that failure broke her heart."

Men and women, he speaks affectionately of them all. He has no illusions about them. Some of them he regards as one regards silly children who will grow up and learn to behave. When a Gadski quarrels with a Fremstad or a Melba with a Calve over the choice of dressing rooms which differ only in the color of the wall paper, he shrugs his shoulders and smiles. He knows they will be ashamed of themselves in a very little while.

"Grau used to say, 'Why should I worry? Hirsch is paid to do the worrying.' But I have had very little cause to worry. These people are very easy to handle, if you handle them like men and women. And I was never tired in my life."

His appearance seems to bear out the statement. But then, Max Hirsch is an exceptional man. A man who can laugh at the eccentricities of operatic stars and find amusement in the mistakes of musical critics must be an exceptional man. Your ordinary man who has to do with musicians is a serious person. He would tear his hair at such things. Not so Max Hirsch. That may be one of his capillary eccentricities.

Too Late

By Camille Mauclair (From the French)

Having assured himself that not a living soul was near this sequestered spot, meagrely illuminated by a few isolated gas lanterns and the pale radiance of the moon, Victor Deleutre heaved a deep sigh of relief and leaning for a moment for support against the stone parapet of the bridge, waited for the violent throbbing of his heart to subside into its normal beat. Then, very carefully and without the least manifestation of haste, he examined his attire and found it had not in any way become disarranged.

After all, the struggle had been a short one; and to hurl Julian Naviere into the Seine, Deleutre had caught him entirely off his guard and with such dexterity of hold, that a realization of peril must have come to his victim when it was too late. A gurgling cry of despair, and Naviere had disappeared beneath the dark and swiftly flowing waters of the river. No other sound had disturbed the tranquility of the night.

Deleutre was not long in gaining complete control over himself; yet he lingered for a moment or two at his post. On yonder side of the river, some distance from where he stood, but so far that no one could have seen what had happened on the bridge, there lay a number of boats. He waited lest one of these might be pushed from its moorings out on the river in response to Naviere's cry of distress, but discerned no sign of activity. There was deathlike stillness all around. Evidently there had been no witness to the deed. Then he moved. With a long and steady stride he left the bridge, the faint rays of the moon, now risen higher in the starlight heaven, encompassing his athletic frame with a dim and weird luster.

Deleutre was a business man of a cool, calculating disposition. He had attended a commercial banquet, that had lasted well into the night. As he was leaving, Julian Naviere, his competitor in business, offered his company and not being able to secure a cab proposed a walk in the cold crisp October air. Deleutre accepted, although he could not bear the man. More than once of late he had been severely hit financially by Naviere's foresight and cunning and even now, under the influence of the banquet's liquid concomitants, the man made bold to speak quite freely of still greater plans, which revealed to Deleutre's view and endless store of future troubles. But he showed nothing of impatience in his manner. Indeed, he listened attentively, though with a growing inward irritation. Then of a sudden, as they neared the bridge, an uncontrollable desire arose within him, to rid himself of this dangerous rival by one fell blow. A terrible determination and a peculiar indifference to consequences had taken possession of him. The possibility of committing a crime blazed upon his feverish imagination simultaneously with a lightning consideration of the means by which to execute it. He, Deleutre, otherwise deliberate and self-possessed, felt himself unexpectedly under the spell of a strange and horrible impulse to cause his hands, as it were, to move in reflex action, as they clutched his companion's throat and shoulder and hurled him to his watery grave.

He made his way home unmolested, went to bed, and fell into a deep slumber untroubled by either dreams or morbid fancies. When he at length awoke it was broad day. He arose, dressed himself with care and attended to his regular duties with customary punctiliousness. Absolute calm seemed to reside within him; nor did his thoughts cling to the recollection of the preceding night's drama; only from time to time would they revert to it. Not until he had arrived at his office and there disposed of his mail did he reflect upon his deed. With the methodical precision of the trained professional he passed in review in logical sequence the separate circumstances that had led up to the murder. He was sensible of a certain callous apathy towards the moral phase of his act. He felt neither contented nor distressed at the death of Naviere; yet he was alive to the fact of having committed a crime. But what seemed to appeal to him more forcibly was the circumstance that his friend's demise would result in pecuniary profit to himself; and he began to ponder over the manner and means by which he might with prudence repair his recent losses with his most dangerous competitor removed. Fear of discovery seemed absent. Indeed, he was quite astonished at his calmness and at a strange feeling of superiority and self-reliance, which appeared to raise him above all considerations of moral guilt or thoughts of personal peril.

He ate a hearty lunch and smoked his cigar with an apparent relish. After returning to the seclusion of his office he again fell to musing, when he was abruptly arrested by an extraordinary impulse. On his desk before him lay his opened letter copy book. With an air of complete abstraction he drew from his pocket a pencil and in a bold hand on the blank page of the copy book he wrote:

"In reply to your favor of the . . . . inst. we hasten to inform you that on the night of . . . inst. Mr. Victor Deleutre threw Mr Julian Naviere into the Seine river from the Grenelle bridge."

He paused. He felt a chill creep down his back, a momentary faintness overcame him, and with a swift and furtive glance around his office to assure himself that he was not unobserved, he tore the leaf from the book and flung it into the grate, where it soon was burnt to ashes. The temporary gloom which had oppressed him lifted. For an instant only had he labored under its gruesome pall, and then with so indistinct a perception of its significance, that he dismissed the incident with a contemptuous smile while he watched the incriminating message curl up in smoke. "Bosh," he mumbled to himself, "if I told the story it would be out—but as I won't ever again be so foolish as to set it down in black and white—" He stopped, drew himself up sharply, startled at the sound of his own voice.

The disappearance of Mr. Naviere occasioned a considerable stir throughout Paris. His body was taken two days later from the Seine near St. Cloud. There were no visible marks of physical violence, and neither money nor valuables were missing. His circumstances in life had been such as to preclude supposition of suicide. Indications pointed rather to an unfortunate accident or a murder through some other motive than that of robbery.

Mr. Deleutre was asked to appear before the prefect of police. Being a man of good standing in the community he was treated with consideration. In response to questions by the prefect, he related without the slightest show of embarrassment how he had accompanied Mr. Naviere from the banquet hall to the bridge and how, after offering to escort him home and having been refused, he left him there and returned to his own residence. He remained silent as to what Naviere had told him of his various business, but indulged in warm words of praise concerning the character and habits of the deceased, deploring at the same time the horrible fate that had befallen him. When he had concluded the prefect thanked him and he was allowed to leave.

The following day he attended the funeral obsequies of his friend. He was disturbed neither by a sense of fear nor lulled into an incautious repose. Moreover he felt no necessity for the exercise of any great amount of self-control. The part he played came to him quite naturally, as if he were carrying out a preconceived plan, carefully rehearsed in every detail. But he did it all in a rather perfunctory, mechanical sort of way, much as one reads a newspaper without stopping to spell the words or analyze the sentences.

A week passed and he gradually lapsed into his former staid and exemplary mode of life, apparently oblivious to the excitement he had caused or the possibility of further developments. Then there arrived another summons from the prefect. The officer of the law was as courteous and affable as at their first meeting and explained that the matter had practically been disposed of, that all the evidence tended toward the confirmation of the accident theory, and that Mr. Deleutre's presence had only been requested for the purpose of obtaining from him some light on the man's business prospects and plans, which perchance he may have revealed to so close a friend. Deleutre again appeared perfectly at ease and in a voice devoid of any trace of emotion or suppressed excitement, proceeded to tell at some length all that Naviere had confided to him. The prefect listened attentively and, as Deleutre progressed, began to manifest an obsequiousness of conduct bordering on friendly interest. When Deleutre had concluded he assured him that was the last time he would be importuned and, handing him a pen, bade him affix his signature to the transcript of the statements he had just made. Deleutre mechanically took the pen and wrote:

"In reply to your favor of ..... inst. we hasten to inform you that on the night of ..... inst. Mr. Victor Deleutre threw Mr. Julian Naviere into the Seine river from the Grenelle bridge."

He had written very rapidly, not so rapidly, however, that his action escaped the notice of the watchful official, who said:

"What are you doing, Mr. Deleutre? I asked you only for your signature."

Deleutre looked blankly at the official. "I am through," he mumbled, "all you need now is the date—" He started. The veil lifting as suddenly as it had enshrouded his mind, exposed to him with awful vividness the harrowing consequences that would follow in the train of this fatal lapse. An ashy pallor spread over his features. In speechless terror and with trembling knees he tottered forward and reached for the document—too late.

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Correspondence

The Inferiority of Woman

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Just a few lines of your valuable space, if you please. I am not a suffragist, much less a suffragette. Instead of prating about woman's rights when I should be performing woman's duties, I keep house for my husband and children, and when I have half an hour to spend, instead of going to hear Dr. Aked or Father Gleason or any other reverend gentleman talk about the franchise for woman, I take the telephone off the hook and bestow myself in my husband's Morris chair for the purpose of improving my mind with some good book. Recently I have been reading Lecky's History of European Morals. That book was not written for women, but my husband thinks it is a good book for a woman of brains, and he approves my reading it. (No doubt you think I am conceited.) In the chapter devoted to the Position of Woman Lecky makes some remarks that ought to be called to the attention of the suffragists and the suffragettes. I think they demolish the entire position of those horrid creatures. Please give me space for them. Lecky says: "Intellectually, a certain inferiority of the female sex can hardly be denied when we remember how almost exclusively the foremost places in every department of science, literature and art have been occupied by men, how infinitesimally small is the number of women who have shown in any form the very highest order of genius, how many of the greatest men have achieved their greatness in defiance of the most adverse circumstances, and how completely women have failed in obtaining the first position, even in music or painting, for the cultivation of which their circumstances would appear most propitious. It is as impossible to find a female Raphael, or a female Handel, as a female Shakespeare or Newton. Women are intellectually more desultory and volatile than men; they are more occupied with particular instances than with general principles; they judge rather by intuitive perceptions than by deliberate reasoning or past experience." Again Lecky says: "In the ethics of intellect they are decidedly inferior. To repeat an expression I have already employed, women very rarely love truth, though they love passionately what they call 'the truth,' or opinions they have received from others, and hate vehemently those who differ from them. They are little capable of impartiality or of doubt; their thinking is chiefly a mode of feeling; though being generous in their acts, they are rarely generous in their opinions or in their judgments." And so on. I think Lecky is a dear and I hereby subscribe to every word of the above. But then, you see, instead of being a female politician I am

—A Wife and Mother.

May 24, 1911.

A Feline Macaronic

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Perhaps your subscriber would like to add this to his collection of macaronics:

Felis sedit by a hole,
Intenta she, cum omni soul,
Prendere rats.
Mice cucurrerunt trans the floor,
In numero duo, tres or more,
Obliti cats.

Felis saw them oculis;
"I'll have them," inquit she, "I guess,
Dum ludunt."
Tunc illa crepit toward the group—
"Habeam," dixit, "good rat soup;
Pingues sunt."

Mice continued all ludere;
Intenti they in ludum vere,
Gaudenter.
Tunc rushed the felis into them,
Et tore them omnes limb from limb,
Violenter.

Moral:

Mures omnes, now beware!
Of hungry felis have a care
Nox et die!
Si hoc facis "verbum sat."
Avoid a huge and hungry cat
Studiose.

Perhaps some reader knows who wrote this. I don't.

Sincerely,
—Horace Flack.

The Spectator

Listen to the Preachers!

The seeds of depravity always being sown in our midst are so continually threatening to shoot out into full growth and luxuriance, and we are so seldom anywhere but on the brink of perdition that I have ceased to be affrighted by the awful prospect which our vigilant moralists are almost incessantly painting. Our pulpiteers may pulpitoot till the cows come home and be as rancorous as they please, and I'll refuse to bat an eye or elevate a brow. I've become absolutely callous to their clamor. This comes from that familiarity which breeds a tired feeling. I know them these many moons, these pious sentinels on the outskirts of virtue's realm; with their crotchets and conceits, their principles and predilections I am more than tolerably well acquainted, and therefore far from being susceptible to their enthusiasms. These clergymen, ever sensitive to the emotions of the daily press, always alert to echo the simulated sentiments by which our unmoral journalists impart verisimilitude to their otherwise bald and unconvincing narratives, have unconsciously taken on the complexion and absorbed the humor of the polluted source of all our demoralization. Every time a newspaper has a fit the preachers in town writhe in sympathetic agony.

Our Great Crisis

The other day Mayor McCarthy resolved to get rid of Chief of Police Seymour, whereupon the newspapers shrieked in unison and rage at what they described as a step preliminary to the complete surrender of the city to the forces of evil. Chief Seymour awoke to find himself famous as the only honest policeman that ever ruled the department. If reputation is the most precious of jewels what a boon for Seymour was the Mayor's resolution to get rid of his services! For be it known this is the same Seymour to whom the newspapers were pointing the finger of suspicion some months ago when Frank Daroux was reported to have the power to issue permits for the opening of gambling hells. Now far be it from me to impugn the integrity of Seymour whom I have always regarded as a police official superior in many respects to the prevailing standards of his profession. I had no criticism to offer respecting the Chief when he appeared to be the only man in San Francisco unconscious of the fact that the tiger was rampant, and I have none now. Indeed, I am not inclined to challenge his ability or his integrity. But I do challenge the sincerity of the daily newspapers that discovered his great virtues just about the time they learned that he was to be ousted from his position. Also do I challenge the intelligence, if not the sincerity, of the ministers who have been telling us that because he is to be removed we have "reached a crisis in the moral and spiritual life of the community." A lot these ministers know about the affairs of this community! Not less informed than the rest of them is the reverend gentleman who exclaimed at a meeting last Monday, "The Chinese lotteries will be opened again in our district if there is a change." What an awful calamity that would be! Yet the white lotteries are running right along, and the virtuous daily newspapers are publishing the winning numbers, and no Chief of Police even tried to stop them for a minute. Do the ministers know why they are unmolested? And, by the way, why are the ministers complaisant?

The Real Reason

With the McCarthy administration I am not in sympathy. I have never been in sympathy with any labor administration. But I am intolerant of nothing so much as pharisaism, and that is chiefly what inspires the assaults directed against McCarthy for his determination to remove Chief Seymour. Now this pharisaism by which the impression is deepened abroad that San Francisco is a modern Babylon where vice flaunts itself with impunity and all forms of wickedness are encouraged, is not to be justified even as a pretext for damning a labor administration. There are principles on which we ought to be able to

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obtain a change of administration without bespattering our family linen for exhibition purposes. The newspapers have not told the truth about the differences between McCarthy and Seymour. A little of the truth is that Chief Seymour has ignored the wishes of the Mayor with reference to the sphere of a certain captain's activities, and this certain captain is believed to receive a great deal of inspiration from a newspaper, which, from a period anterior to the death of Chief Biggy has meddled in police affairs in the interest of certain distinguished citizens who might not unjustly be regarded as commercial rivals of Jerome Bassity.

Work for Able Hands

If the clergymen who affect to be deeply concerned about the fate of Chief Seymour are sincerely eager to promote the moral welfare of the community I will gladly find good work for their able hands to do. I would direct their attention to a letter which appeared in Town Talk last week. It was signed "A Father." The writer complained of the pernicious character of the cheap moving picture shows, and he described some of the shocking scenes that are exhibited to boys and girls. He asked "Why should boys and girls of ten be made familiar with the aspects of vice and all sorts of crime?" And he said, "Whenever a performance that appeals to prurient tastes is given at one of the big theatres an awful uproar is raised by our ministers and club women, but surely it is more desirable to safeguard children from contact with scenes of vice than to put salacity beyond the reach of grown-ups." That letter was read by Mrs. W. H. Nicholl of the board of censors who has taken occasion to inform me that "A Father" was guilty of no exaggeration and that she greatly deplored the futility thus far of the efforts of herself and associates to bar the presentation of brutal and indecent pictures. She told me of an arrest that had been made, and of the incorrigibility of some of the theatre managers, but nothing of any assistance received from any aggressively righteous clergyman. Singularly enough no clergyman has taken enough interest in the matter to co-operate in any way with the board of censors. Perhaps the neglect of the clergy is due to the silence of the press.

He Knows Burns

"Bert." Schlessinger, the attorney who has been engaged for the purpose, as it is said, of conducting an anti-Burns bureau for the benefit of the McNamara brothers is exceptionally well qualified for whatever duties he may be called on to perform in that connection. He has had a very wide and intimate experience of Burns and his methods. He was one of the attorneys for the prosecution in the Dimmick case, and it was Burns who gathered the evidence. Dimmick is the man who was convicted of the crime of stealing $30,000 from the Mint. Ever since that conviction rumor has been persistent that Dimmick was not the man that committed the crime. If he took the money nobody has ever learned what he did with it. During his incarceration in the penitentiary his family was in dire distress, and since his liberation he has been employed in a very humble capacity. His friends never lost confidence in his integrity and at San Quentin he compelled belief in his innocence even among convicts, of whom it is said they never go wrong in sizing up one of their number. As Schlessinger has also been opposed to Burns in several cases he has been able to view him from all angles. His employment argues that the contest in Los Angeles will be a most bitter one and that the main scheme of the defense will be to picture the detective as a man utterly unscrupulous and capable of inventing frame-ups of the basest character. So while it will be a life-and-death struggle for the defendants the outcome will be decidedly fateful for the man who put them behind bars.

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"Your pleading," she said, after he had asked her for the sixth time to be his wife, "reminds me of a tin rooster on top of a barn."

"Why?"

"It's all vain."

An Artist and a Critic

I stepped into the tapestry room of the St. Francis the other day to look at the portrait of Mr. Henry T. Scott which is on exhibition there. It is a conscientious performance. I was going to say that there was a certain amount of inspiration in it, but perhaps that would be going too far. The artists who are inspired by the study of hardheaded American millionaires of business are few and far between. There is no poetry in the type and your painter is ever a poet. With the American society woman, on the other hand, the big painters are usually very successful, for she is a poetical subject—though the poetry in her is sometimes the poetry of decadence. While I was studying the canvass from which the rugged features of Mr. Scott looked forth, I had the pleasure of being presented to the artist who is Mr. Louis Mark of Budapest. From one of the art critics of the morning papers I learn with interest that Mr. Mark is an artist of wide renown and that he has had many distinguished sitters since his arrival in this country. From the same source I have plucked a rare bloom of art criticism. Mr. Mark has other canvasses on exhibition in his apartments at the St. Francis and the art critic had been to see them. Among others mention is made of "a painting of a Denver girl, which is startling in its sheer beauty of expression and charm. Done in tones of blue and gray, the girl in her simple street costume, her wealth of hair crowned by a sweeping hat, is a poem of youth. She is ethical with the joy of living." I confess that "ethical with the joy of living" is a new one on me. What has ethics which is moral science or the science of moral duty, to do with the joy of living? Was there any definite idea in the mind of the art critic when that sentence was penned? Or was it just a chance agglomeration of words? I wonder what the distinguished artist from Budapest thought when he read that sentence.

Poets at Our World's Fair

Which of our World's Fair directors conceived the idea of organizing a World's Congress of Poets for the exposition? I am anxious to know in order that I may do fitting honor to a great imagination. A World's Congress of Poets would be a scream. Its lure would dim the glories of the Midway or the Trail or whatever we are going to call our ballyhoodom. To see a collection of poets with their eyes in fine frenzy rolling and their long locks tousled by lily white fingers, men and women who care naught for the common or garden attractions of world's fairs would hasten from the four corners of the globe. As Chicago had her Parliament of Religions, by all means let San Francisco have her Congress of Poets. That the proposition has been made—and made seriously—I learn from a newspaper account of the meeting of the Poetry Society in New York. The Poetry Society is sometimes irreverently called the Poets' Union. George Sterling who is a charter member says the purpose of the society is to awaken a more general interest in poetry, but he doesn't pretend to know how this is being done. At the last meeting, presided over by Poet Edward J. Wheeler, the editor of Current Literature, Poetess Jessie B. Rittenhouse said that interest in the Poetry Society was widespread, especially on the Pacific Coast. "One of the promoters of the Panama Exposition," she said, "has written to the society suggesting that it organize a World's Congress of Poets for the exposition. There have been world's congresses of religion, of art, of science, but never of poets. Why not of poets?" And we can only echo, Why not?

Who Conceived the Idea?

Would that the Fair director who broached this pretty project could be induced to emerge from obscurity so that we might all hail him as he deserves. It is extremely difficult to ascertain his identity by a posteriori reasoning or a process of elimination. President Charley Moore, it seems to me, would never think of a Congress of Poets. Editor De Young has no use for poets and besides, he is too busy "putting it in the Park." Will Crocker might be the man, for he has a subtle humor and likes to laugh in his sleeve; but, if I am not mistaken, he would get more fun out of a Congress of Itinerant Governors than one of poets. Reuben Hale of the mysterious smile may possibly have conceived the idea. He is a poet himself, as all will testify who read his recent address to the students of the University of the Pacific. Certainly Jim McNab had nothing to do with it. What has Pegasus to do with dray horses or the cart of Thespis with teaming trucks? And Jim Rolph is of course too intent on politics to bother about poetry. Frank Brown? Well, well! Here may be the very man! He looks the poet, with his mane of iron gray hair and his dreamy eyes. His most casual words

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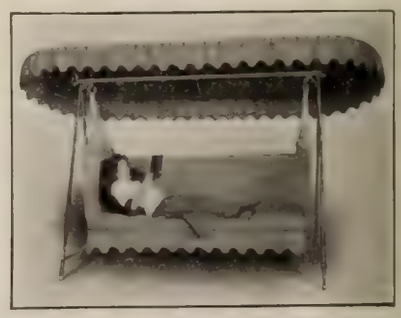

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flow rhythmically and his oratorical utterances are modulated to versicular intonations. As Sydney Smith cultivated literature on a little oat meal, may not Brown lubricate poetry with Palmer Oil? If he be not the man, at least he ought to be.

The Poets' Reception Committee

It would be necessary, of course, to pick with extreme care a poetical committee of reception, to the end that the world's verse-smiths might find themselves at home when they visit our peninsula of the farthest west. Imagine how awkward Kipling would feel if he were mistaken for Alfred Austin by a blundering committeeman. Let us remember that Mayor McCarthy delivered a panegyric of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe under the appellation of Miss Julia Ward Howard, and take no chances. For chairman of that committee I would suggest George Sterling with an orchid in his button hole and on his waistcoat that fifty dollar nugget button which formerly belonged to Joaquin Miller and of which Sterling is mighty proud. Joaquin himself would come next, dressed in his deerskin gaberdine and his high boots, his whiskers streaming in the breeze. Joe Redding with the libretto of "Natoma" peeping from his trouser's pocket, MacLafferty of Oakland, McGroarty of the sunny southland, the fair author of "Eureka, California, Hail" which was turned down by a prosaic legislature, Tommy Nunan, the Examiner's poetical music critic and our French Consul who apotheosized divine Sarah bi-lingually might also be asked to serve. If more are needed, let Editor Charley Phillips of the Monitor suggest their names. The members of the Caedmon Club will bear me out in the declaration that he is our only divining rod for the discovery of subterranean Helicons.

Is Poetry Passing?

In the opinion of many wise ones, poetry is fast passing away, so our World's Congress of Poets might possess an historical significance such as would belong, let us say, to a World's Congress of Dodos. But perhaps poetry would survive the congress. Let us not be pessimistic like Poet W. B. Yeats who thinks that the Muse is withering under "the curse of too much print," an opinion echoed by the London Times which remarks tentatively, "No one of course would propose that poetry should cease to be printed," a sinister suggestion that has been received in gloomy silence. Let us rather be optimistic like Poet Edwin Markham who says, "We are told that the poet will disappear with the advancement of science, but this is not so. Without poetry we should be mere thinking machines, mere logic choppers." Over in England there seems to be a feeling that the vitality of poetry will soon be put to a severe test. The sentiment is that if the Muse survives Alfred Austin's coronation ode, she will have vindicated her immortality. If the poet laureate cannot kill poetry, they argue, nobody can. Which seems a substantial argument. Meanwhile a correspondent sends me some lines and wants to know if they are really from Austin's forthcoming ode. The correspondent says that he has seen them published as such, but has his doubts. Here they are:

Where are the 'orses? Where is the coach?
Wot is a-stoppin' ov there approach?
Oh, 'ere's 'is 'ighness! Tyke off yer 'at!
'Aven't ye manners, ye low-'eaded rat?
'Owl fer 'is 'ighness! 'Ail t' the crown,
'Ere's tuppence ha'penny, drink 'is 'ealth down!

My opinion is that Austin did not write these lines. There is too much spirit in them.

Our Vanishing Aquarium

The herd of seals that visits the rocks near the Cliff House seems doomed to extinction. And though those seals are as great an attraction as anything else peculiar to San Francisco nobody appears to care a tinker's imprecation how soon they become nothing more than a memory. Years ago the seal rocks were scarcely ever deserted. Even in the breeding season a few seals were to be found basking in the sun almost every day. Now there are times when for weeks no seals are to be seen. The most plausible explanation of their disappearance is that they are frightened away by the target practice of the coast artillery. When the big guns are brought into practice the herd vanishes. As it would probably be just as convenient to have target practice during the breeding season as any other, it might not be considered unreasonable to suggest to the War Department that some consideration be shown the nerves of the timid amphibians. This is a matter that certainly involves a question of public policy. To the seals we are indebted for a wonderful acquatic spectacle, and it is certainly to our interest to preserve that great natural aquarium at our doors. As I have said, it is in danger of extinction, and the chief reason is the fish trust. Every little while in the early hours of the morning the herd is attacked by fishermen with rifles. There are men at the beach who will gladly give their service to the State and guarantee to protect the seals from the fishermen. All they desire is the authority to do so.

A Critic on Criticasters

The editor of the San Jose Times is a most irreverent personage. Not only does he fail to take our daily newspaper critics of the drama seriously, he turns from them with impatience and writes about them with a pen dripping with a mixture of vinegar and gall. He tells us they are "dull and witless, and what is worse, are wholly unacquainted with the principles of criticism or with stage history and tradition." He goes further and says that Mr. Anthony of the Call "is the one critic who not only knows how to write English, but actually writes it." It is evident that the San Jose critic is a captious individual. His idea of criticism is that in addition to possessing the quality of soundness it should bear the brand of the well of English undefiled. He has a horror of linguistic outrages, and takes no stock in the theory that if purists had always prevailed language would never have progressed. With him doubtless it is a matter of conscience not to misuse words. It should be explained to him that our critics cultivate a proneness to singularity, a love of what's odd and out of the way, desiring to startle the reader with a succession of smart intellectual shocks.

A "Critic-ess"

The worst offender among the daily newspaper critics, according to the San Jose editor is a certain "dramatic critic-ess" who, he says, "walked the boards for fully four nights in a real theater." He tells us that her ideas are "charmingly puerile," her criticisms "beautifully worthless" and her information about the stage "gracefully immaterial, incompetent and irrelevant." As a specimen of her ignorance he points out her assertion that the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice" is "almost as well done as it would have been by Henry Arthur Jones." The smartness of this assertion is wholly beyond his power of apprehension, the reason being, perhaps, that he is not acquainted with the current hero of all the culturines, Mr. George Bernard Shaw. George himself is a shocker who playfully intimates occasionally that in some respects he is superior to Shakespeare. He has taught the culturines the extreme modishness of speaking disrespectfully of Shakespeare and the equator. Hence the brave suggestion that occasionally the technique of the author of "The Merchant of Venice" is at times equal to that of the author of "Rebellious Susan." This suggestion, I submit, has the merit of delightful pose, and should not be taken so seriously as the attitude of some of the other critics toward Shakespeare. During the Sothern-Marlowe engagement they were astonished to find that the immortal playwright was not dead. They marveled at tributes of appreciation, they were astonished at the laughs provoked by his comedy, at the thrills caused by his tragedy. From all that was implied in the criticisms which I read one might conclude that the survival of Shakespeare as demonstrated at the Savoy was a phenomenon beyond human comprehension. But why rail at our critics? They are an inexhaustible fountain of amusement. Consider their appreciations of Mary Garden.

The Truth from Santa Cruz

From the raging editor of the San Jose Times I turn to the oracle of the Santa Cruz News. He, too, knows dramatic criticism when he sees it, and he's onto our critics, but he doesn't throw any conniption fits. "It is amusing to an old-time theatergoer," says he, "to read the dramatic reviews of some of the younger of the San Francisco critics." There we have the amiable, indulgent tone of empiric wisdom. The News man gently reproves one of our critics for com-

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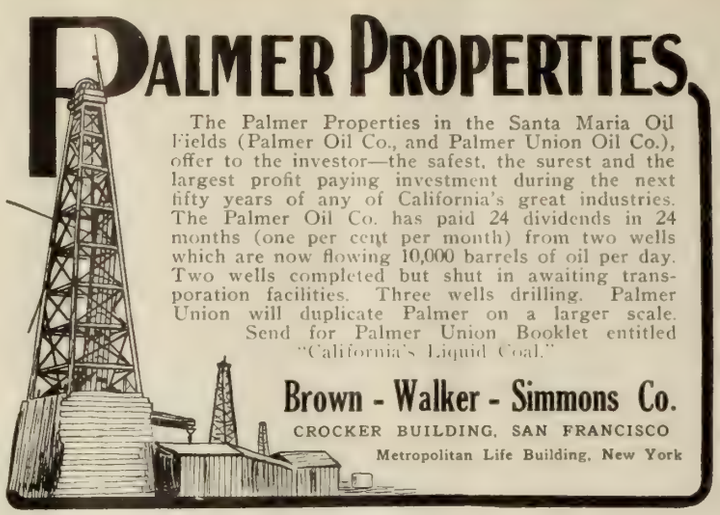

paring Sothern, Warde, Mantell and Mansfield and making no mention of Booth and Irving. Without bitterness he chides all our critics for not telling the truth, which is "that outside of a few love-sick roles E. H. Sothern cannot act at all." This dictum will probably be more painful to Mr. Sothern than to the critics. But he may console himself with the reflection that to him from a monetary, if not from an artistic, standpoint the judgment of Broadway is worth more than that of the Pacific avenue that leads to the beach and the Casino at dear old Santa Cruz. But the News man has not ended his discourse. Thus does he perorate: "With one or two exceptions the critics of the daily papers of San Francisco are better at describing the kisses of a Mary Garden or the sinuosities of the latest nature dance than at treating seriously the relative merits of the Shakespearean actors who have graced the California stage." In other words inspiration comes from what's worth while, and talent is not lacking to picture the true and the beautiful.

Criticism In Pasadena

Perhaps it would be well for our critics to go to Pasadena there to acquire the rudiments of the Aristotelian trade. Pasadena is the school of critics of true taste and feeling. Frank Patterson writing to the New York Sun from Pasadena says: "Accustomed as we poor health exiles are to the flowers of wild Western journalism, we are more than tickled by the following which appeared the other day in a local newspaper." This is what he quotes: "Miss Coleman who plays with the life-feeling and expression of any composer's art, played Chopin this morning as Chopin would have played his own music if he had not had a tubercular chest."

A Lesson in Criminal Law

From the experience of John Walter Wilson, acquitted of murder last week, our innovators of the Bar Association and the Commonwealth Club who think it important that we should make it more difficult for guilty men to escape, may be able to derive food for wholesome reflection. These innovators suffer from a defect peculiar to the average citizen. Unable to embrace a complicated whole unless the component parts are first separately surveyed and catalogued, they neglect to do what is essential to their understanding. Thus they have failed to see that if it be made easier to convict the guilty it will also be made more difficult to acquit the innocent. As justice is administered in some of our courts the possibility of sending an innocent man to the penitentiary or the gallows is by no means exiguous. But a few years ago an innocent man was released from the penitentiary, not because he was able to prove his innocence but because the man who committed the crime confessed his guilt. How many there are unjustly wearing stripes, who can say? Of the guilt of no small number there is doubt in the minds of men. Now of the guilt of John Walter Wilson there was doubt in the minds of the jury by which he was convicted when tried by Judge Frank H Dunne. Else why should they have spared him from the gallows? For a poisoner there is no mercy. The jury was not merciful. It was cautious being in fear of its own conscience. Tried before Judge Dunne the presumption was that Wilson did not get a fair trial, and that the presumption was justly indulged may be inferred from the quick acquittal by the second jury without detracting from the achievement that has gone to the credit of an able and generous attorney—Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge.

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"Discretion" on the Bench

Most of our criminal law innovators are in favor of enlarging the "discretion" of the trial judge. If the trial judge had as much "discretion" as they would give him John Walter Wilson might not have obtained a new trial. For Judge Dunne did nothing more than exercise a little more "discretion" than the law allows. For example, he would not permit the defendant to show that the deceased was afflicted with the suicidal mania, a circumstance which, considered in connection with certain other circumstances, gave rise to the question whether the deceased had not taken his own life. It should perhaps be explained that when lawyers speak of the "discretion" of a judge they do not mean that he is discreet. In the case of Judge Dunne it means his power of cinching the man on trial.

He—If you weren't in love with Jack, why did you accept him?

She—Because all the other girls were.

Hearst's Political Plans

Before leaving for Europe William Randolph Hearst was interviewed about politics and expressed the bielef that the Hon. Beauchamp Clark was "very conspicuous for 1912," a form of speech which may be interpreted two ways. It may mean that Clark is a presidential possibility; then again it may convey the idea that he will be a shining mark for the missiles of an eccentric Democracy. Like the Delphic oracle and the weird sisters Mr. Hearst speaks in riddles. Asked point blank, "Would you run yourself?" Mr. Hearst answered "No"; but added, "Well, you never can tell, but I don't think that is a legitimate question." Of course you never can tell what Mr. Hearst has in his mind or up his sleeve. Meanwhile the New York Sun predicts that Mr. Hearst will try to be a delegate to the national convention next year. Just how he is to accomplish this the Sun does not pretend to know. It hints faint-heartedly that he may patch up his differences of four years' standing with Boss Murphy of Tammany. Again, you never can tell, for Mr. Hearst is no leopard with unchangeable spots but a very chameleon of politics.

The Amateur Doctor in Berkeley

Having elected its Socialist mayor, Berkeley was about to settle down to its wonted calm of scholastic drowsiness when Editor Friend Richardson of the Berkeley Gazette suddenly decided to hold a personally conducted celebration of the triumph of the anti-vaccinationists. Acting immediately on this decision Editor Richardson has been indulging in an orgy of self-gratulation. He has been trumpeting the fact that the recent Legislature abolished the law making vaccination of school children compulsory and calling attention to his own mighty efforts to facilitate the spread of small pox. "According to the believers in vaccination," says Editor Richardson, "that practice makes them immune from small pox and being immune they need have no fear

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—Green and Yellow—

The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned products is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

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of those who are vaccinated." An argument worthy of the cause, this; an argument which assumes that health and disease are matters of individual concern, in no wise related to public policy. In order to impress upon his readers the tremendous importance of the victory won at the Legislature Editor Richardson quotes from a letter of congratulation addressed to him by Harry B. Bradford, president of the Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Society of the District of Columbia. One excerpt will suffice to convey its general tone: "Then, mind you, after all this advice, these same grafters seek to compel their wholesome, healthy children, to have the disgusting discharge from an artificially produced ulcer of a diseased calf, injected directly into their very vital blood! I am very glad such criminality and rank inconsistency does not appeal to the adult brains grown in the Golden States! If the disfranchized slaves of the national capitol had as much, we might get better laws for the District of Columbia." Is a man who refers to the citizens of the District of Columbia as "disfranchized slaves" worthy to head any public movement?

A Dog Bit Him

Not content with his amateur excursions into the dangerous field of vaccine, Editor Richardson has also been waging war on those who would warn us against hydrophobia. "The madness if there is any is the madness of auto-suggestion," says the Berkeley medical volunteer, "the madness that the person brings on to himself by fear." And he goes on to prove his case: "The editor of the Gazette was bitten recently by a dog. The dog was not mad, neither was the editor, at least no madder than he is normally. Nature healed the wound and the dog still enjoys good health. Having gone through the ordeal of biting an editor that dog is good for a long and useful career. We have not even ill-will against the dog but we do have the most intense feeling against men who will inflame the public with mad dog scares for mercenary reasons." Now here may be a solution of the whole difficulty. Is it possible that the explanation of Editor Richardson's hysterico-medical editorial cavortings lies in the fact that he is suffering from hydrophobia and doesn't know it? We would remind Editor Richardson that a distinguished Irish poet who was also a physician was the author of the following sinister lines:

But soon a wonder came to light
That showed the rogues they lied;
The dog recovered of the bite,
The man it was that died.

Bachelors Eager for Quarters

The members of the Olympic Club will not be in their new home before the end of the year, but already the applications for rooms from bachelors who wish to live at the club are greatly in excess of the number of rooms that are to be provided. The club will be able to accommodate seventy of its members, and there are over a hundred looking forward to the pleasure of making their home in what will unquestionably be the most luxurious athletic club in the world. The prospect is one that is giving the directors some uneasiness. It has been suggested that premiums be called for, and one member has offered $2,500 for first choice. I am told that the majority of the directors are against the premium proposal, and in favor of having the rooms chosen by lot.

First Cannibal—How did the actor taste?
Second Cannibal—He was good in certain parts.

Travelers Who Disagree

If beauty be in the eye of the beholder, it is not strange to find observers differing as to the charms of the countries through which they travel. Of this I am reminded by the diverse views of Ireland expressed by two California travelers. According to Editor McClatchy of the Sacramento Bee, "The beauties of Ireland could scarcely be compared with those of England. They are of an entirely different nature. England's beauty is joyous, roseate, sunshiny. It makes you feel lighter, more cheerful. It invigorates and puts ginger into you. It is the beauty of happiness, of content, of peace. The beauty of Erin is that of a stricken widow—'like Niobe, all tears.' It is the beauty of grief, not of joy. It is a beauty which depresses, and anon makes the gorge rise. In England the cottages adorn the landscape; in Ireland the hovels shame it." Contrast with this the exclamatory admiration of Dr. Morrison of Berkeley who has been doing Ireland with Monsignor Fisher of Santa Cruz and whose glowing words Dr. Fisher thus preserves for the Santa Cruz Sentinel: "This is wonderful. Surely Ireland is coming to her own. What magnificent scenery! Dublin's suburbs are incomparable. When I see such wealth of beauty, natural and otherwise—for the beauty of Irish scenery is rivalled only by the beauty of Erin's daughters—when I see such courtliness in her people, I am sorry that Irish blood does not flow in my veins." Every man to his taste. If you don't approve one view, try the other.

Charley is a Booster

Let it be said to the credit of Editor McClatchy, however, that he is a booster for his native State. In the cities of the old world he does not forget the peculiar attractions of the Paris of America. Hearken once more to Charley: "A visit to Phoenix Park, Dublin, showed a very, very beautiful park. The ground is rolling, the grass is ever green, the trees are stately, the views are magnificent. It will compare favorably with the park on the Pincian Hill at Rome, Hyde Park in London, or the great parks in Paris—all beautiful in themselves and beautiful in their surroundings. But I have yet to see any park anywhere—whether in the United

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FREE WITH EACH OF THESE SUITS

States or in Europe—that for variety of charm, of scenery, and of beauty in general will surpass Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. It may be such a park can be found somewhere—but there is something of the Missourian in me."

Chivalry a la Rowell

Under the brief title of "Chivalry" I found the following editorial in Chester H. Rowell's Fresno Republican a few days ago:

A woman publicly horsewhipped a man in Kansas yesterday, and as usual he merely had her arrested. Why not thrash her, like a man? The rules of chivalry do not apply to such cases. The woman has herself abrogated them. By appealing to the arbitrament of brute force she has invited response in kind. Of course, only too often, the man knows himself to be a contemptible cur, and appropriately acts as one. But otherwise, if a man were to met a woman assailant by smashing her between the eyes with his fist, kicking her down stairs, and expressing his opinion of her in language which gentlemen do not use to ladies, he would be acting in exact accord with the proprieties of the situation which she has herself created.

Editor Rowell is nothing if not logical. Having helped to introduce the progressive principle into California politics, he now applies it to the relations of the sexes.

"How is the filing system? Do you like it?" asked the agent of the merchant to whom he had sold a "system" a few days before.

"Great!" said the merchant.

"Good!" said the agent, rubbing his hands. "And how is business?"

"Business: echoed the merchant. "Oh, we have stopped business to attend to the filing system."

Workmen's Pensions in France

No more tangled question of internal policy is now before the French Government than that of the workmen's pensions. The law is to go into operation for future beneficiaries on July 3 this year. Two months before that date all the workmen and workwomen were to make a formal application. The local authorities in each town, village and commune supplied prospective beneficiaries with blank slips of paper, which were to be filled up and handed in. According to the data furnished, each person was to be ranked in a certain class of future pensioners. Contrary to what seems to have been the expectation of those who voted the law, the workmen all over the country failed to show any enthusiasm. The authorities have been obliged to inaugurate a veritable campaign to bring home to the minds of the workmen the advantages which they might derive from the law, and to persuade them to fill up the forms of application. In Paris the last few days up to April 30 brought in a certain number of applications, which rose from 10,000 to something above 20,000; but there should have been 200,000, according to certain statistics. In the provinces workmen seem to have been equally indifferent. Political capital, of course, is being made out of the refusal of the workmen by the Opposition; yet, as the reluctance of the workmen is so general it seems that something must be seriously, if not radically, wrong with the mechanism of the law. As far as can be judged the workmen object to contributing any share whatever to the general fund. They want the State to insure them a gratuitous pension or none at all. As the law now stands, it seems that a man must contribute eight francs a year, his employer contributes an equal sum, and the State adds a third. The workmen argue, or have at least been made to believe, that not only will they have to contribute their share, but that their employers will deduct the same amount from their wages. In consequence, trade unions nearly all over the country have started an agitation against the law. The workmen have been persuaded that it is only a trap for them, and that they will never see their pensions. This accounts for the bad reception of the law.

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Something Wrong

She had just returned from a shopping tour, tired, but radiant.

He had just returned from the office, tired, but —well, tired.

Quivering with delight at the array of samples snipped from rolls of dress goods, she emptied the contents of her purse into her lap. There was a metallic sound. A look of dismay crossed her face.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I just knew there was something I had forgotten to buy."

"What was it, dear?" he asked with an assumption of interest.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied petulantly, "but I find I have a half dollar left!"

This incident will explain why the big department stores pay such small dividends.

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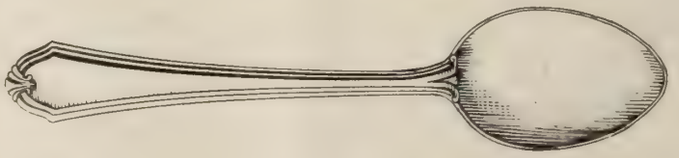

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Last Hours

By Bernardo Couto Castillo (From the Spanish)

The yellow rays of the little night lamp and the whiteness of the bed clothes were all that could be seen, at first, in the huge room.

When the eyes had accustomed themselves to the semi-obscurity, one could see on the bed a hollow face of a livid yellow color, anguished and moist eyes, which were fixed anxiously, with all the life that remained in them, on the door of the room, and long, bony hands which plucked the sheets, moving about tremulously like wounded tarantulas, and constantly drawing the sheets towards his face, with a mechanical and instinctive movement, as if wishing, according to the phrase of a celebrated psychologist, to clothe himself beforehand with his shroud.

In the doorway appeared the silhouette of the doctor, a tall figure enveloped in a long coat. The eyes of the sick man glittered; with slow steps the black clad figure approached a swinging chair, where a youth, still beardless, was yawning with an air of ennui. A few words were exchanged, and the steps were directed towards the bed. The sick man's eyes were dilated, and a voice barely perceptible stammered:

"I will live a year—two years—that's all —doctor!"

The physician answered nothing, but the absolute impassiveness of his face was broken by an involuntary twitch of pity, at which the restless hands were raised,and the emaciated body of the sick man trembled.

The physician stood motionless, looking at the doomed man with an air compounded of pity and curiosity, such as even those most accustomed to see the fatal line crossed have in the presence of the forced travelers. The unfortunate creature read his sentence in that attitude, and with an effort he endeavored to command himself, to hearten himself, while he continued his monologue:

"Yes—all was finished—it had to happen—but what? What is life? Whom do I leave? How strange—what shall I miss after death?"

In vain he convinced himself that he was old, that he had neither son nor brother nor wife; in his heart there was nothing, absolutely nothing, not even memories. Had he loved anything in the world outside his egotistical tranquillity? No, in truth. Others, though they journey through life bearing ruin, in the moment of death come to picture to themselves faces that smile or weep, figures of friends who have passed, memories of good times that outline themselves; but for him, nothing, nothing, nothing—the most complete emptiness. And yet——?

Yet he was holding tight to life, holding to it with anxiety, with all his will and all his forces. If the forces were able to overcome death—! And he was going over all that his life had been, the most common, the most barren events, the most monotonous of existences—a life that would be the despair of the most easy-going novelist.

His infancy? Some years of timidity. He had no echoes of laughter, of games, of blows; he could not recall at that moment infantile cries—not even the chattering of wicked birds that called him or picked at him. In his youth, two events; the death of his father, and, almost immediately afterwards, the death of his mother. All that these two events represented for him were two nights passed by the side of the corpses, taking care of the wax tapers that burned and sputtered. From then on, solitary meals, two places less at the common table. Beyond this, nothing was changed; the same servants, the same house, the same actions, and the same words.

He used to see crowds of young men laughing, going to their ruin perhaps, but a ruin preceded by the clink of glasses and the resounding of mirth. He used to see splendid women and smiling women, the outspoken proclamations of twenty; and he would flee, fearful of the expense, of the deeds, of leaving his musty old tortoise's shell.

He had never wished to make a home, for horror again of the expense and the discussions. The fair little heads and white dresses that cluster around the table and the bed, and animate the house like chattering bunches of flowers, were for him nothing but so many mouths, so many dresses, so many professors—endless numbers of dollars disappearing with frightful rapidity.

To expend a certain amount of money, to change his housekeeper, were the pains of his life. His pleasures were to go to a public garden on a certain day each week, to take the same turns, to hear the same strident noises of the same crowd, to find the same faces, and look on at the same idyls of the people.

Once in a while, to ease his conscience, or better, with the hope of being amply repaid in another life, he had placed some coins in one of the trembling dirty hands held out imploringly to the passeby. Now as he recalled the deeds of his every moment, he congratulated himself, and if he had been able to tell it to God himself, to repeat it, to have it set down in a book, even to require a receipt, he would gladly have done it.

In his later years he somewhat repented of not having married, but only because he might have found in the woman a solicitous nurse, one whose care might have prolonged his days. In order that the doctor might stay longer, he said to him:

"Give me three years, doctor, no more. I will marry, and my wife will take good care of me. Is it not true that——"

He made a frightened gesture, the hands moved nervously, the sheets were drawn up still further. Another gesture, and his eyes assumed the immobility of agate—the eyes of the dead.

"All over!" said the physician, feeling the pulse.

"At last!" exclaimed the beardless nephew, the heir of his uncle's wealth, unable to contain his inconsiderate joy.

And this was the funeral oration, the only words ever elicited by the death of the good old gentleman.

Disqualified

One west side woman who thought herself an ardent suffragist was surprised to learn that other members of the sisterhood did not share her opinion.

"Why do you doubt my devotion to the cause?" she asked. "What have I done to make you think me less earnest than the rest of you women?"

Their answer was a letter which she had written to headquarters the day before.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Prudishness of Mary

That Mary Garden of "Salome" fame should find our "turkey trot" and our "Texas Tommy" distasteful only goes to prove that in matters of taste one must always expect the unexpected. That Mr. Joe Redding who was her host on the occasion when she manifested her disapproval of these terpsichorean eccentricities was unfeignedly surprised by her prudishness only heightens the piquancy of the incident. Miss Garden, it seems, does not believe in doing in San Francisco as the San Franciscans do. She does not even believe in encouraging San Franciscan ways by quietly tolerating them. She holds that when the ways of San Francisco do not appeal the unsympathetic visitor should lodge a protest and she protested by running away. It was her privilege,

Photo, Scharz
MISS MADGE CUNNINGHAM
Whose engagement to Mr. Clarence Edgar Todd is a pleasant surprise to her friends.

I suppose. But still, I do not think that Miss Garden would have suffered any moral hurt by continuing as a spectator of the "turkey trot" or the "Texas Tommy." These dances are not really as bad as their names. When they are danced in a restaurant of general patronage like that very popular place to which Mr. Redding took Miss Garden, they do not transcend the bounds of discretion. Some soothsayers freely assert that within a year or so they will be introduced into our most exclusive ball rooms. In that event even Miss Garden would not have the hardihood to object. When the waltz was still a novelty terrific philippics were launched against it. Readers will remember Byron's scathing poem. And yet Miss Garden waltzes.

A Slam at Society

There are more ways than one of looking at Mary's surprising behavior. For instance, one may inspect it from the angle of its social significance. Did Mary intend to slam San Francisco society? Did she carefully enact her protest for the purpose of showing that she has small regard for our local aristocrats, devotees of the dance who thronged to her concerts and delighted in doing her honor? These are natural questions. If Mary liked our social leaders would she not smilingly acquiesce in their favorite diversions rather than imply that they are addicted to indecent behaviour? It would seem so. Well, the "turkey trot" and the "Texas Tommy," dances that shock the unconventional prima donna, are enthusiastically acclaimed in society. It is not long since the veracious newspapers told us about a coterie of exclusives who hied them to the beach for the purpose of indulging in these dances. That was not an unique instance. Mr. Jimmy Phelan chaperoned another beach party for the same purpose. When Pavlowa went to the Barbary Coast to dance the "turkey trot" with Tartar zeal a number of our haughtiest men and matrons accompanied her and were proud to dance in her company. Maxine Elliott was taken to another Barbary Coast resort to see these dances and did not find it necessary to save her morals by hasty flight. And only a few nights after Mr. Redding's interrupted party I was in the same restaurant and saw Mr. Ernest Wiltsee with a party of ladies and gentlemen, all of whom did not scruple to dance the dances which so shocked contrary Mary. Surely if Ernest Wiltsee approves these dances they cannot be beyond the pale. Mr. Wiltsee is the close friend of Mr. John Hays Hammond, our embassador to the coronation, and should know what's what.

Let Us Have an Investigation

However, there should be some definite settlement of the propriety of these dances. They have taken a strong hold on this community. San Francisco has become used to them. It may be that we have grown so used to them that we are blind to their evil tendencies. Why not have an investigation? Let us ascertain, once and for all, whether they are dances of seduction like the dance of the Seven Veils which Miss Garden has danced in "Salome" for the enravishment of a stage Herod. If they are as bad as they appeared to Miss Garden let them be anathema. On the other hand, if—and here we could obtain interesting testimony from society men and women—if they are not as bad as they look to the unaccustomed eye, let us extend to them our approval, or at least our toleration. I hereby place in nomination the man who is best qualified to make this investigation on behalf of San Francisco. I refer to the Rev. Dr. Aked. Let him visit the interesting places where these dances flourish. Let him observe them closely. Let him study the men and women who dance them. Let him dance them himself and thereby discover whether the effect they produce is subjective or objective. Will Dr. Aked kindly receive this suggestion in the spirit which prompts it and get busy?

Apparently Mary Doesn't Care

If Mary Garden suffered from heart qualms during her visit in this city she heroically concealed them from all those who were privileged to enjoy her society. There was no evidence in the Garden demeanor to prove that the Garden soul was wrenched by the perfidy of an accepted suitor. And yet, there are those who say that a bit of news which flashed over the wires from Philadelphia a few days ago played havoc with the peace of mind of the spectacular songbird. This bit of news was to the effect that T. T. Stotesbury was to marry Mrs. Oliver Cromwell of New York. An innocent bit of news apparently, and of no interest except to the persons immediately concerned and their intimate friends. Not so, however. In the eyes of many T. T. Stotesbury was the accepted suitor of Mary Garden. When Mary was last in Philadelphia

Photo, H. Pierre Smith
MRS. WILLIAM WRIGHT
Whose sudden marriage in Los Angeles took her family unawares. She was Miss Dorothy Bridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bridge of Mill Valley.

it was freely stated that she and Stotesbury were engaged. To an interviewer who asked her about the rumor she smilingly replied: "Really, if you wish to know anything about that, you will have to see Mr. Stotesbury, but I assure you we are not quite ready to announce our engagement." It was a baffling answer, but it was not calculated to put the rumor to death. Unfortunately, no body had the hardihood to act on Mary's suggestion and quiz Mr. Stotesbury,

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for it was known that that gentleman was surrounded by a large bodyguard of husky bouncers who had on previous occasions demonstrated their ability to protect him from prying newspapermen. When Mary Garden sang in Philadelphia Mr. Stotesbury paid the $50,000 deficit of the preceding season and guaranteed $100,000 for the same purpose during the diva's engagement. He can well afford to do this because he is head of the banking house of Drexel and Company. But his friends considered that his generosity was not entirely prompted by his well known love of music. So there you are. But as I said in the beginning, if Mary is unhappy over the romance of Mr. Stotesbury and Mrs. Oliver Cromwell, she has taken care not to wear her torn heart upon her sleeve.

An Interesting Engagement

An engagement that will come as a pleasant surprise to their many friends is that of Miss Madge Cunningham, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Loring Cunningham, and Clarence Edgar Todd. Miss Cunningham is a brilliant and attractive girl who graduated with high honors in the class of '07 from the University of California. Having little taste for society she turned her attention to the more serious side of life and although very young took a position as school teacher in Oakland which she filled with great credit to herself and to the admiration of the school board. Mr. Todd is a rising young lawyer associated with Albert H. Elliott. Mrs. Cunningham was formerly Miss Carrie Wheaton. She and her sister, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Sr. (Belle Wheaton) were well known in their girlhood days with the young set prominent at that time. Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Sr., is today one of the leaders of the Suffrage League of this city. The wedding will take place at noon on Wednesday, June 7, at the First Unitarian Church, Rev. Bradford Leavitt officiating. Both bride and groom will be unattended and only immediate relatives will be present. Among these will be Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Russell Selfridge (Grace Baldwin), Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Adams Blackmer (Enid Cunningham), and Ralph Cunningham, the brother of the bride. After a wedding tour the bride and groom will reside in this city.

A Wife's Revenge

This is not an anecdote of our most exclusive society, but it concerns a young married couple who are pretty well known and it is a tale with a moral, so I take pleasure in placing it before my readers. The hubby in the case has shown a disposition to chafe at the restraints of married life and has expressed his growing restlessness by remaining away from home for lengthy intervals with increasing frequency. Quite recently he stayed away for three days and the better part of three nights, thereby exceeding the bounds of the most charitable wifely consideration. On the third night wifey made up her mind that if hubby returned before morning it would be fitting to receive him with emphatic demonstrations of her state of mind. So at ten o'clock she attired herself in a dressing robe, armed herself with a rolling pin and took up her station in a comfortable arm chair just within the entrance of the flat. It was a long and uninspiring vigil and when the cuckoo had chirped the morning hour of three she gave up watch and retired to her bedroom. What was her surprise to find hubby tucked beneath the covers and sleeping the sleep of innocence. He had somehow or other anticipated wifey's strategy and had sneaked in by the back way shortly after midnight. Wifey vindicated her superior generalship by falling upon his unresisting form and thrashing him soundly with the plebeian rolling pin. The moral of this story is, Never execute a flank movement when the enemy controls the heavy artillery.

Another Local Girl Makes Good

From New York comes intelligence which enables me to add another name to the long list of San Francisco girls who have achieved marked success. I refer to Miss Grace Ewing who has made a name for herself in the musical milieu of the metropolis. Miss Ewing is the daughter of Charles G. Ewing who was a prominent business man here in early days and later a vice-consul in Australia. Miss Florence and Miss Jessie Ewing are her sisters and occupy the old family home at Washington and Scott streets. Grace Ewing went abroad to study music and made her debut in London two years ago under the patronage of Princess Christian and Princess Louise. She has an exceptional contralto voice and besides giving concerts, lectures on the evolution of ballad poetry with vocal illustrations. These lectures have made a special appeal to the women's clubs and have also been given under the auspices of the Board of Education of New York.

Miss Dean's Local Relatives

It may not be generally known that Miss Julia Dean, who was here recently as leading woman in Nance O'Neil's company, has relatives in San Francisco society. She is a cousin of Miss Julia Langhorne. Mrs. Langhorne, the mother of this society girl, was a Miss Hayne and a relative of Julia Dean Hayne who was a famous actress. On previous visits to this city Miss Dean was honored with many teas, luncheons and dinners, but during here recent visit she did not evince an enthusiasm for society. No doubt she has found that the exacting demands of the stage leave little time for frivolous pursuits.

The End of a Romance

The domestic difficulties of the Douglas Frys have occupied society for two weeks and friends of the young couple are awaiting the outcome. Sympathy of many people is for young Mrs. Fry, who is prostrated over the sad ending of her romance. Since the sensational double marriage of Dolly McGavin and Fry last year the young bride has devoted herself to her home. They lived in an apartment in Van Ness avenue and practised a rigid economy, which she very cheerfully met. Mrs. R. D. Fry, the young husband's grandmother, had previously given him a liberal allowance but her disapproval of the runaway match was shown in her discontinuance of it. A few weeks ago the McGavins secured a good position for their son-in-law and it was believed there would be smooth sailing for the pair. The break was unexpected, and none was more stunned by it than the young wife herself when her husband without warning one night announced his intention of leaving the house never to return. He waited long enough to call a taxicab for his wife and send her in hysterics to her parents.

The Oxnards at Redwood

Latest to join the millionaire colony down the peninsula are the Robert Oxnards, who have purchased a tract of ninety acres in the foothills back of Redwood City, where they propose to erect a mansion in keeping with the millions Oxnard has amassed in the beet sugar industry. Their home will command a sweeping view of the valley from its eminence at the top of the tallest hill in the tract, which includes the old Horace Hawes site which was one of the show places of the country forty years ago. This is Mrs. Nellie Oxnard's first venture down Burlingame-Hillsborough-San Mateo way. Mrs. Oxnard belongs to the Stetson family, being a daughter of the late James B. Stetson, street railway millionaire, who married the wealthy Mrs. Doe. Mrs. Oxnard's first husband was a foreigner.

Sarah in Sacramento

Who were the Sacramento society women who attempted to storm Sarah Bernhardt in the sacred seclusion of her special train and met with a rebuff which sent them packing in red-cheeked indignation? There is a writer on the Sacramento Bee who knows but refuses to tell. However the story is so good that it brooks anonymity. The divine Sarah played a one-night stand at the Clunie Theater and during her brief stay in the capital spent her time between the theater and her private car in the railroad yards. A certain coterie of society women resolved to ignore the usual formalities and visit her there without waiting to be bidden. The Bee writer tells what happened, as follows: What they expected to do if she admitted them to her regal presence is not in the record. They might have contemplated trying out their French on her, or they might have regarded themselves only as mere pilgrims, heroine worshippers, who would kow-tow before the actress just because she

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happened to be Sarah. Anyway, they hiked down to the freight yards, all dressed to kill and ready to practice any arts of bluff or persuasion on Sarah's bodyguard in order to get admitted to her society. But there was no admittance. There was no outward sign of life. Perhaps Sarah had seen them coming! This looked like a rebuke. What would they do? They got their heads together and held a little council of war. One of them should knock at the door to see if milady was home—or aboard. Mrs. G———, who is known for her temerity in bearding lions in their dens, said she'd dare. She dared, all right. But simultaneously with her knock up went a curtain at one of Sarah's windows—shoved up by no other hand than her own, revealing her in all her—what? Beauty, divinity, graciousness—no. No—in all her leonine, fishwifely meanness. She made faces at the pilgrims, stuck out her tongue at them—and it's a long one, too—and all but put the thumb of her spread hand against the tip of her patrician nose as a means of emphasizing by that most expressive gesture in the language of signs her supremest contempt. She had suddenly become the fiend incarnate, a very viper in human form, who shoots out her fangs to frighten intruders upon her nest. To say the pilgrims were astonished is only stating it. They were all but knocked out by this single Witch of Endor, struck speechless, flabbergasted! Slowly their wits came back to them and then they fled, saying to themselves, "Never again, never again." But they didn't need to say anything. They'll never get another chance.

The Pedler Duchess

For a titled woman to become a pedler from choice is rather unusual, but Paris is prepared for everything, and an archduchess selling lace there created very little sensation, though she did a land office business for the few hours she was in trade. Archduchess Isabella of Austria, wife of the Archduke Frederick and mother of six girls and a boy who is heir to the greatest fortune in Austria, had tried in vain to dispose of the lace made by Hungarian peasants under her patronage, and failing to sell as much as she wished through others she decided to undertake the task herself. On her way back from Spain, where she had been visiting the Queen Mother, she stopped for a few days in Paris. Driving in her motor car to one after another of the best shops for feminine finery she sent her card to the head of the firm, like any commercial traveler. Then without waiting for consent to invade the premises with her goods she swept by astonished attendants and followed by two lackeys bearing baskets filled to the brim with the lace made her way to the most crowded part of the stores, seated herself before a counter and displayed the lace she wished to sell, explaining its merits to the women gathered about her. Of course many women gave orders for lace, which the archduchess recorded in a notebook bearing the imperial insignia on its cover. In the background lingered proprietors and floorwalkers, who knew better than to disturb an archduchess, no matter how troublesome her eccentricities. When the lady had done all the business she could she signaled the lackeys to remove the lace, and with gracious bows of thanks she went on her way to the next shop.

In the Social Spotlight

The Beringer Musical Club will give its nineteenth recital on Friday evening, June 9, at Century Club Hall. The program will be up to the high standard of former recitals.

On Tuesday evening, the 6th instant, at Christian Science Hall, the Loring Club will give the fourth and last concert of its thirty-fourth season.

Mrs. Emma E. Lane is registered at the Hotel Victoria this week from her home in Saleda, Colorado.

Mrs. Lambert F. Fondo from Howells, Nebraska, is spending some time at the Victoria.

Miss O. E. Hutchen of Louisville and Miss Dorothy Sims of Washington, D. C., are Eastern visitors registered at the Hotel Victoria during their visit to San Francisco.

Mrs. J. C. Thayer and Miss Dora Thayer were in town for a few days this week from their home in San Rafael. The Thayers always make their headquarters at the Hotel Victoria, where they have winter apartments.

W. H. Phipps, Mrs. Phipps and their daughter left during the week for Manila. The Phipps home is in Washington, D. C. Mr. Phipps goes out to the islands as auditor general. During their stay in this city Mr. Phipps and his family were guests at the Hotel Victoria.

M. D. Lloyd of Buffalo is a recent arrival at the Hotel Victoria.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: Richard Gorman, Mrs. Bruce B. Butler, G. J. Scharlach, M. Mooser, S. Friedlander, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Metzger, W. Fox, Mrs. C. B. Platt, H. H. Henderson, Grace Gibson, Miss Grace Jewett and W. B. Spafford, M. D.

Governor Johnson, with his wife, son and a party of friends motored to Del Monte for a day's rest over Sunday, having been south for a week.

Del Monte was very lively this week with motor parties. Mr. J. H. Spring and family accompanied by Mr. A. L. Meyerstein of San Francisco stopped for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer, Miss Meyer, Miss Viola Meyer and Miss Coleman, all of San Francisco, spent two days at Del Monte. They were out on the drives and the links.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker are again at Del Monte for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Miller made the run by motor to Del Monte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Sessions and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Woods of Los Angeles who were at Del Monte last week, returned on Saturday having motored through Northern California, visiting all the Lake County resorts and going on up to Humboldt County.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry B. Dillehunt with Master Dillehunt and Gilbert S. Lucas of Baltimore, are at Del Monte for a two weeks' visit.

In the list of arrivals at Aetna Springs are: Mr and Mrs. J. D. Ruggles, Dr. and Mrs. W. R. P. Clark, W. L. Hyman, L. Siebenlauer, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Miller, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Colin M. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Landregan, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Spear, Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Carman, J. M. Scawell, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, R. E. Cochran, James Turner, M. Bunton, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Burnham, George H. Ross, Milton A. Brewer, Dr. M. E. Rumwell, Dr. W. H. Winterberg, H. M. A. Miller, M. McIntyre, Miss Fred. Dollarhide, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hammon, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Davis, Dr. and Mrs. Franklin E. Rohner, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Francis, Miss Vir-

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Among recent guests at Paso Robles were: Mr. K. Postle, G. L. Jordan, Los Angeles; G. W. Pratt, Sacramento; James Dudman, R. P. Tamley, Pasadena; C. Rowe, Chicago; Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Billingsley, Brooklyn, N. Y.; B. A. Rhoades and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Young, Los Angeles; Dr. B. M. Worsham, Mrs. Worsham, B. M. Worsham Jr., El Paso; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Oweseney, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Bellow, Burlingame, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Gunner, Minnie Gunner, Adeline Gunner, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. C. F. Karns, Mrs. W. K. Karns, Miss L. C. Fredendall, San Francisco; C. C. Spencer, Seattle; J. A. Hughs and wife, Bakersfield; L. H. Jackson, J. M. Jackson, Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. James Horsburg Jr., Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Henry McCormick, Ernest McCormick, San Francisco; J. W. Clark and wife, Livermore; J. J. Hoffman and wife, P. De La Montanya and wife, P. Spencer, San Francisco; H. P. French, Mrs. H. P.

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The Master

By Pierre Audibert (From the French)

When the symptoms of appendicitis had declared themselves for the third time, Dr. Quercy, the celebrated surgeon, decided to perform the operation upon his wife himself. To assist him and administer the chloroform, he called in his favorite pupil and friend, Paul Grondel.

She lay there, stretched out on the long nickel table, a white cloth drawn over her, exquisite under the strong light that came from above. She was sleeping, very quiet and very pale, on those sheets that might yet be wound like a shroud about her fair body, which seemed to shrink from the cold, cruel searching of the steel knives. Without a tremor the surgeon examined his instruments, each in its place, dumb servants awaiting the call of the master.

Grondel had his finger on the patients's pulse, but his eyes were turned to the place where, invisible, death was knocking at the door of life. He closed his eyes and turned deathly pale.

Suddenly, from that still face which looked as if it were carved in Carrara marble, there came a voice, as if from afar.

"Paul, I am not suffering . . . . it seems to me that I am wandering about immense blue plains. . . . I hear bells ringing. . . I am so happy . . . Yet how can I be happy without you? . . . . Why are you not here with me? . . . . This is the happiness you promised me . . . . that we both yearned for. You know . . . how I love you. . . . I knew nothing of love until I met you. He, he was so cold, so serious . . . frozen, you called it. I did not know that I had any feeling. . . . . I was just like . . . a good little girl. Now, I hate him, I hate him . . . and I belong to you, you know . . . only to you. I did not want to be in the same room with him . . . I told him so. . . . He did not seem to mind. I don't know that it made him suffer . . . . I would have been so . so . . happy."

The words were lost in a sob. Grondel saw a hand upon the smooth, white skin, moving swiftly; there was a gleam of steel and then a long red line. The surgeon had made the first incision. His face was an intellectual mask, cold, impenetrable, intent only upon the work at hand.

Without looking up, he said quietly: "Is the pulse normal, Paul?"

"Yes, master," Grondel answered firmly.

The surgeon continued his work with the mechanical precision of a machine. The forceps clinked as he laid it down upon the metal table. He rolled plugs of antiseptic cotton slowly, methodically.

Grondel's eyes followed the nervous rise and fall of the breast, and not another drop of the anesthetic fell upon that death-like mask from which now issued only inarticulate sounds. He was thinking of his ruined happiness, of his professional career which had now probably come to an end, of this fair body now spotted with blood, which but a few days before he had held in his arms, breathing, glowing with life.

Would not this man, whom he saw before him moving slowly, methodically, scientifically, push the lance but the fraction of an inch beyond the danger line, angered thereto beyond the endurance of man? Was he not the master of both destinies, was not death his servant, quickly obedient to his mandate? What would Grondel do, alone in life, without her? Oh, God!

The muscles of the patient contracted and the surgeon remarked very calmly: "Give some more chloroform, Grondel."

Then the drops fell like rain, and little by little the heaving of the breast subsided. The operation was finished. Quercy brought together the edges of the wound, and from right to left the needle went in and out along the red seam.

Now there came a sound as of some one strangling. Grondel continued pouring the poison and the sound became sharper.

"Careful!" the surgeon said. "Her tongue is affected."

But Grondel, gray-white, continued pouring the liquid, the lurid light of madness in his eyes. He gripped the frail wrist of the woman as if he would crush it.

The surgeon drew the sheet back over the body of his wife. Then he came toward Grondel, and firmly, but always quietly, he unclasped the student's hand and put aside the poison. Then, with a bitter, cynical smile upon his lips, he took up the forceps and seizing the patient's tongue, began the slow, rhythmatic movement to restore the action of the lungs.

Grondel had fallen into a scare and his tightly compressed lips showed his struggle to control himself.

There was silence in the room for a few moments and then the master turned, and looking his pupil full in the face, said:

"Courage, Grondel; I will give her back to you."

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Gossip of the Theatre

An Orpheum Bill

Bower, Walter and Crooker were my choice for Orpheum headliners this week. Their names may be in the comparative degree but their act is superlative. They call themselves the Three Rubes and divide their time between acrobatic stunts, slapstick and music. As acrobats they are in the first class and as slapstick performers they are not far behind. It may argue a low taste to confess a liking for an artistically executed kick in the face, but just the same I should hate to have the Three Rubes leave the kicks out of their act. Picking a trio of low comedy acrobats as headliners in a bill of refined vaudeville probably

MISS BILLIE BURKE

Who will appear in "Mrs. Dot" at the Columbia Theater.

argues a low taste any way. Perhaps it proves that one hasn't progressed since the days when they used to hawk beer up and down the aisles of the Orpheum and we hadn't learned to call a variety show "vodeville." No doubt it would argue a better grip on "refinement" to elevate the Musikal Girls to the rank of billtoppers, (another word we didn't use in the ancient times). But although it must be admitted that the Musikal Girls provide a pretty bit of entertainment I confess that I was much more interested in the beauty of one of them than in any of their musical selections. I refer to Miss Eleanor Piper who manipulated the cornet. She has such an attractive smile on her sweet face that I forgot all about the music. Or perhaps I should enthuse over the Five Armanis who are Neapolitan street singers of a very good sort. But no, I prefer the Three Rubes to either of these acts and I am going back to see if I can discover how one of them assimilates that terrific kick in the face. Not that I didn't enjoy Ed Wynn and P. O'Malley Jennings. Ed Wynn and his hat we have had before and it is a satisfaction to reflect that we shall probably have him again. He and his hat wear well. Every time he hangs his hat on his head he hangs a laugh on the audience which shows a healthy appetite for his superior brand of silliness. P. O'Malley Jennings is not in Ed Wynn's class, however. If Wynn would part the team where Jennings parts his name there would be no mourning from one Orpheumite. Jennings is billed as an English comedian. Hal Forde is billed as England's swagger comedian, but the adjective is strained. Forde is a hardworking comedian and not much more. Still, any hard worker is entitled to respect. Henry Clive is with us once more with his little get-offs on Hermann and Dr. Pauline. They are really entertaining, in the way that old friends of limited capacity can be entertaining. In the slim silken underpinning of Miss Mai Sturgis Walker, (a typical "vodeville" name), Clive's act has two shapely legs to stand on. There are two skits in the bill, both commendable. "The Little Stranger" is a slice of race track sentiment. "A Legitimate Hold-up" frames a clever study in ebriety contributed by William H. MaCart. His is one of the best stage jags we have seen in some time. True to the ways of the man in his cups MaCart tells a lot of very old stories; but the acting of the souse is the thing. It is really worthy of resolutions from the W. C. T. U. As usual the daylight motion picture was not the most unworthy number of the bill.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Miss Billie Burke in "Mrs. Dot"

Miss Billie Burke brings "Mrs. Dot" to the Columbia Theater next Monday night for a two weeks' engagement and society is preparing to give her a rousing welcome. Four years ago Miss Burke was unknown. Now she is a favorite all over the United States and, so the report goes, one of the biggest money-makers on Charles Frohman's long list of stars—a list, it must be remembered, that contains such names as Miss Maude Adams, Miss Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, William Gillette, Otis Skinner, Francis Wilson and Wm. H. Crane. "Mrs. Dot," the play Miss Burke is presenting this season, is a witty, clever, satirical comedy by W. Somerset Maugham, the author of "Smith," which John Drew is now appearing in at the Columbia; "Lady Frederick," "Jack Straw" and other successes. "Mrs. Dot" is said to be one of his very best. The dialogue of the piece is witty, the situations are ingenious and amusing and the characters are well-drawn. The title role gives Miss Burke the best opportunity she has had to exhibit her charming personality and at the same time to prove that she is a comedienne of real talent. In the supporting company are Fred Kerr, a London actor of note; Julian L'Estrange, Frank Hollins, G. Harrison Carter, Rosa Rand, Annie Esmond and Carroll McComas. There will be the usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

The latest play to excite controversy in Paris is "L'Apotre" (The Apostle) by Paul Hyacinthe-Loyson. This playwright is the son of the well known Pere Hyacinthe who left the Catholic Church at about the same time as Dr. Dollinger, owing to dogmatic differences with the Vatican. When Pere Hyacinthe signalized his severance of the ties that bound him to the priesthood by taking a wife, Pope Pius Pius IX remarked: "The man has taken his punishment into his own hands."

The Florence Roberts Engagement

Florence Roberts, Thurlow Bergen and Theodore Roberts will open their tri-star engagement at the Alcazar next Monday evening in "Jim the Penman," a play that has lost no magnetism since it was the dramatic sensation of the English-speaking world a quarter of a century ago. Written by Sir Charles Young, an eminent English litterateur who never contributed any other work to the stage, it is rich in the elements that stand

MASTER GABRIEL

"The Smallest Actor in the World" who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

for all time, combining realism and romanticism. Miss Roberts will be seen as Mrs. Ralston, Mr. Bergen as her husband and Mr. Roberts as Baron Hartfield, his evil genius. These three talented people have some of the strongest scenes ever staged. Also in the cast is the complete strength of the Alcazar company augmented by a number of selected players. Each of the four acts takes place in the London home of the Ralstons and an elaborate and artistic scenic investiture is assured.

Another Week of "Aunt Mary"

That inimitable character comedienne, May Robson, will begin the second and last week of

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her third successful engagement in San Francisco at the Savoy Theater this Sunday evening, presenting, with her capable little company, Anna Warner's homely comedy, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." Saturday evening, June 10, will mark the last appearance of Miss Robson and also the closing of the Savoy Theater, which has enjoyed a most prosperous season since last August. When the "independent" attractions which have been housed at the McAllister street playhouse during the year resume their trips to the Pacific Coast next September they will be seen at the new, commodious and elegantly appointed Cort Theater, now nearing completion in Ellis street near Market.

At the Folies Bergere last week, says a New York gossip, William Randolph Hearst, Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Stanwood Menken sat in the front row. Will Rogers, the lasso thrower, was on the stage. In his dryly humorous way he said: "Some years ago Theodore Roosevelt praised my act." The Hearst party listened stonily. "Of course that doesn't mean much now," concluded Rogers. "Haw, haw!" roared Mr. Hearst, and "Tee hee!" chortled Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Menken in an obligato duet.

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"MRS. DOT"
By W. Somerset Maugham.

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MAY ROBSON
In the Sterling Comedy Success
"THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY"
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A Play That Has Joined the Classics
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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
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Next Week at the Orpheum

Master Gabriel will offer the one-act farce "Little Tommy Tucker." Ashton Stevens said of him: "Here is a boy that almost ranks with Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer and James Barrie's Sentimental Tommy." George Austin Moore and Cordelia Haager will offer a new act. Moore is a monologist and dialect comedian and has a very good voice. Miss Haager is a striking little beauty with a sweet voice and an Italian dialect. She is also a graceful dancer. The Namba Japs will present their gymnastic and head-balancing act. Dainty and diminutive Isabelle D'Armond will introduce a sparkling conglomeration of mirth, melody, dancing and pretty costumes entitled "Jolly Junk." Next week will be the last of The Musikal Girls; Ed Wynn and P. O'Malley Jennings, Henry Clive, and William H. Macart and Ethlynne Bradford in a "Legitimate Hold-up."

Gabriele D'Annunzio is having the time of his life. His creditors have driven him from Italy to France; one of his villas has been sold for debt; his latest flame has jilted him for a gilded Russian; and his books have been put on the Index Expurgatorius. His "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" will be produced soon in Paris, but the Archbishop of Paris has called upon all good Christians to stay away from the performances.

The Chorus Girl's Lament

"Yes, I used to be a switchboard operator. My, yes! It was much nicer," said the chorus girl, perched on the table and dangling her foot.

"But I got pretty tired of it, though. Sometimes, when everybody would be ringing at the same time, I thought I would go crazy. But, then I got my eight dollars regular, and no expenses. Oh, it was pretty good." She sighed and ran her fingers through her hair, lifted her eyebrows and arranged her puffs.

"What made me change? Well, you know Mabel—that tall girl with the stunning figure? She had a friend who was a show girl. And she just liked the job and said we were that foolish not to do the same thing. I never thought much about it until one Christmas, one of the subscribers sent me a fur coat. Yes, and a great big dandy one. Well, my dear, when I got that coat on I looked just too swell for words! Did I know the man? Of course not! And I never even set eyes on him. I just tore his card up, and kept the coat.

"Well, when I got that coat on I looked so swell that I said to myself, 'Here's your chance if any's coming your way;' so up I went for a chorus job. When the manager saw me he was so struck he engaged me on the spot. Clothes certainly do make a difference.

"But I never was made for this romping business, I guess. And sometimes I get homesick for my switchboard. Honest, I do. Well, it was noisy, but you could sit still. Here you've got to march and run and kneel and climb till your bones just ache. And, my dear, I'm getting so thin! Why, I met one of my old friends the other day, and the first thing she said was: 'My goodness, Irene, how thin you are! Why, you might be of paper, by the looks of you!'

"What do you think of that? Ain't it sad?

"No, I don't know what to do about it. It's so hard to get to the telephone again. I suppose I'll have to stand it a little longer, anyway."

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3

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SOME DATES

May 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31
June 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 28, 29, 30
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Under the impetus of the Standard Oil decision, price advances in stocks ran to the opening of this week. Profit taking by the trading element caused a setback of small proportion, and this was followed by the cutting of finished steel prices. The so-called Independent plants, those outside the United States Steel Corporation, led off in this respect. The trade has been expecting such a movement for some time on account of the reduced capacity of the plants and declining business. The effect will be to stimulate orders. The last competition of this kind was in February, 1909, and it caused a setback in market prices of a moderate amount, an average of two points over the active list, but within a few days the market gathered headway and prices were lifted an average of twelve points in a campaign of ten weeks' duration. Steel common which sold to 41 1-4 two days after the rate war was lifted to 63 1-2 in the subsequent market—and it was then receiving an annual dividend of 2 per cent. The rate is now 5 per cent and the present price is relatively lower than two years ago. With money plentiful and the crop prospects indicating a fair yield we regard the market as in a good position for the investor or the speculator who has the patience to wait for long profits.

Wheat—Wheat had another advance. There were also general rains over the winter and spring belts. The crop promise was not raised by the rains, only continued, hence the failure of the market to break. The only section that was suffering from dry weather has had no relief. It is now harvest time in the extreme southwest and the plant is too far advanced in Oklahoma to be benefitted by any change in weather. Kansas' dry area may be regarded as almost beyond substantial help. Spring wheat conditions are at the moment ideal, and the initial acreage will show the usual high condition that prevails so soon after seeding. The rains have been quite general over the spring region, but there is still a lack of deep moisture, and the plant will need frequent showers to keep it going forward. In northwestern Minnesota and northern Dakota there is much complaint of grasshoppers, which became quite a pest last year when the dry weather caused a great multiplication in their numbers. Canadian conditions are equal to those on this side of the border. Montana is putting in a very large acreage. Washington and adjacent States have been helped by the rains and the prospects are fine. The market for July and September wheat is now slightly over the Liverpool parity for those months, and the trade is in fear of crop scares which may develop quickly in the northwest, and reduced promise of winted wheat through high temperatures and lack of rain, for east of the Missouri there is insufficient moisture to date.

Corn—Receipts have been heavier than usual the past week, the lull in plowing and planting permitting the producer to take advantage of the higher prices prevailing. The shipping demand has shown some slackening this week as buyers have held off to await a decline in receipts. However, the heaviest operations in the market have been by cash houses which would be presumed to be weighing down the market with hedges. The cleaning up in the corn market has been impressive, and the continued large run of hogs is revealing a larger farm consumption than ever the optimists believed.

Cotton—The market has continued its advance in the past week, the net gain in all months being slight. The new months have held firmly after the decline from the advance last week. No doubt the old crop will maintain comparatively high prices, as the shortage in supplies develops. The European demand is less consistent, but nevertheless strong enough to show a disposition abroad to manufacture to the limit of demand—should the demand at increasing price of material continue. There has been just enough caution shown by the foreign spinners since the publication of Mr. Ellison's mill stocks last week to suggest that mill stocks will be invaded sharply if there is any good crop promise in this country during the coming month. It is not likely that there will be a famine in the country market during the remainder of the old crop year, or a price flurry of any extent except that which would come through the operations of venturesome people on the short side of the market. The new crop influence will begin to operate over the market from now on, and prices will respond to the outlook from time to time in the fields. With practically a ten per cent advantage over conditions a year ago, with dry weather rather than wet the prevailing injurious influence, the present acreage can produce a very large crop. We have yet to reckon with the boll weevil whose advanced lines will go deeper into the old States and the liability of revival of destruction in the rainy section of Texas. We see no reason to abandon selling the new crop options until crop conditions change.

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Little Drummer of the Blues

By Charles Foley (From the French)

The flames crackled in the stubble; stray balls whistled and flattened out against the besieged walls. The drum of the Blues, the Republicans, was rolling. Through the Vendean charges, stupid women and groaning beasts, beaten with gun-stocks, plunged into a panic-stricken galop. It was a victory.

Pere Tobin, quite tuckered out by the six-hour assault, leaned against the cemetery wall for a breath or two. Jeffredo trotted up to him, a can of wine in his hand, bawling:

"They're chopping open the casks. Here's our share. Have a drink, captain. This'll fix you up. Besides, the village is taken. The Blues have skipped without that devil of a drummer of theirs, who keeps beating the charge. Because of him there's still a few of the dogs holding out at the end of that alley, in the damn smoke."

"Got to let my boy at 'em, then," said Tobin. "Put the wine down; I'll drink it afterwards."

Tobin whistled. A handsome lad sprang from the crowd, smiling, his hair ruffled, his rakish, half open shirt showing the scapulary on his broad chest. His father pointed out to him the smoke filled alley.

"Still hot over here, Joel. Take your lads and clean 'em out."

Proud, confident, Joel called his comrades, and the group hurled itself into this furnace, with the same gay, alert impulse. The drum of the Blues was stilled. Jeffredo shook his head:

"If I had a fine lad like you've got there, Tobin, I wouldn't be offering him to death with such a swagger. A white young breast like that draws the bullets!"

The father replied proudly:

"Oh, there's too much life in the heart of that young Tobin for that. He'd scare death away."

Jeffredo had climbed on the cemetery wall, and he was looking toward the alley.

"As for me," said Tobin, "I'm not afraid to look, but I'm the captain. Have to hang around, in case of a rally. But you tell me what's going on, at least."

"He's hammering 'em in great shape, that son of yours."

Tobin began to laugh: "I know how he goes at it. I brought him up myself!"

In spite of his confidence he was trying to look over the wall, when one of his men, a bocager, touched his sleeve. He was dragging a tattered boy, whose hands were tied. Besotted with powder and wine, the man yelled:

"It's the drummer, captain, the little drummer of the Blues! I caught him behind a hedge, while he was beating a charge to make us think there was a bunch of the Blues. I dragged him here, because I didn't know what to do with him."

"Oh, it's you, you mad little devil," growled Tobin, his forehead suddenly furrowed with anger and his look bitter. "I know that rattle of yours that makes men drunk and see red. You little fiends do more harm with your sneaking drumsticks than all the big rascals with their lead. We'll know what to do with you, my boy; we're going to treat you like a man. As soon as I have four muskets free, they'll stick you on the cemetery mound and shoot you. That'll put the sign of the cross on your head!"

The child, looking at the pot of wine on the ground, asked:

"Say, before that I'd like to have a good drink!"

But Jeffredo was crying from the top of the wall: "Those hellions of Blues! They're holding out! It's that damned beating of the charge that's made them come back!"

Tobin growled to the boy: "You don't need to drink. You're going to die, and the wine would be wasted."

Jeffredo began to groan: "Those dogs of Blues! Gudic has fallen."

Gloomily Tobin said: "You'll pay for Gudic, drummer."

Then Jeffredo groaned with a more smothered voice, "They've made a sally on us. Jambu's down."

Still more gloomily Tobin said: "You'll pay for Jambu, drummer."

As Jeffredo said nothing more, pointing to the prisoner, the captain commanded the bocager: "Take off his shirt. Before shooting him, we'll have the charge beaten on his shoulders, till they bleed."

But Jeffredo, very pale, suddenly leaped down from the cemetery wall.

"Well, what is it?" asked the captain. "What's keeping you so silent? Are the Blues coming back?"

"No, no," said Jeffredo, without looking at the old captain. "The lads have cleaned out the alley, all right, only—"

"Only yes, I know; Gudic and Jambu have fallen."

"That's not all. There's still another."

"Another? Who's that? Prebois?"

"No, it isn't Prebois. If it was Prebois it'd be bad enough, but it's worse than Prebois."

"Oh, then is it Prieur?"

"No, it's going to hurt you worse than as if it was Prieur."

"Then tell me who it is, you hangman! Can't you see this is killing me?"

"I don't dare—it's choking me!"

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But oh, what anguish, what dismay,
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When Beauty laughs, I know not why
My hopes fall earthward from the sky.

Alas, I feel how far above
My wild ambition is her love.
But when those Eyes are Bathed in tears
The crystal drops dispel my fears.

When Beauty's Eyes are closed in sleep,
Earth's lonliness o'er me creep.
Without those Eyes to shape my mood,
The world is filled with solitude.

And when they open fair again,
Life, joy and music fill my brain.
'Tis strange indeed what power lies
Within the depth of Beauty's Eyes.

My acts, my thoughts, my life control,
Those Witching Orbs command my soul.
And yet, again, their glances mild
Would soothe to sleep a fretful child.

I plucked one day a pretty flower,
And stole away to Beauty's bower,
To leave it, as an act of grace,
On Beauty's plate glass dressing case.

There Beauty sat, to my surprise,
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And now I know the secret art
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And whence the power and grace that lies
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And many a comely lass, I ween,
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Tobin blanched, and groaned. "You're right—oh, don't tell me that—I won't believe it! It isn't true! My God, if it's true. I wouldn't believe in God again!"

"Then—you can't believe any more."

The old captain tottered. Jeffredo held him up: "Hold on to yourself. Here's the lads who are bringing your son."

The men stood aside to give passage for the four men who were carrying Joel on a litter. They set it on the ground before Tobin. The lad seemed to be sleeping, still with his smile of proud confidence. Some life hovered in the light of his bright hair and in the rose-tint of his lips. But full in his chest was a tiny hole, which was not even bleeding.

The old captain uncovered his head, then his arms fell to his sides. The great tears in the deep wrinkles of his cheeks were like rivers.

"My boy! So quick and hot then, and now so slow and cold! And all this life has gone! This Death—stronger than all the kings and the gods!"

He shook his hands as the tears fell on them.

"So it's only water that's falling from my eyes, when I could weep blood!"

He fell over upon the stretcher, Jeffredo helped him up and turned him from the body, whispering:

"Enough, captain; that'll discourage the lads."

At his motion of command, the litter was lifted and carried toward the church.

Tobin crushed, his head bowed, was mechanically following, when the bocager, still holding the little drummer at the end of a rope,, touched his arm.

"And me, Tobin? I don't want to hang on to this pagan all night. I'm hungry. I want to go and eat with the others. Say, can't you shoot him right away?"

Waking with a start, Tobin turned fiercely toward the man and his prisoner:

"That's true, I'd forgotten. Here's the little drummer. He won't take long. Come here, you little rat."

The child came forward. The old Vendean looked at him for a time. Then, pointing to the can of wine on the ground, he said to the bocager:

"I remember that he asked for some wine. First, put on his shirt, and untie the cord. There now, drink."

The boy drank greedily. Then Tobin asked: "Goes better, eh?"

"Yes, sure it goes better. That gives me back my legs.

"Well, if it gives you your legs, why don't you use 'em?"

As the boy looked at him timidly, trembling, not daring to understand, Tobin growled heavily:

"There's enough of death as it is. You're free; get out!"

A Reward of Charity

Upon a Spanish highway, where all the pretty girls and handsome youths were returning arm in arm from the bull-fight, a youthful mendicant with a ragged cloak thrown round him, was praying for alms, vowing that no food had passed his lips for two whole days.

Notwithstanding the firmness of his tanned skin, which could be seen peeping out through the rents and tears of his ragged clothes, one felt at a glance that he was no impostor. The half starved look in his eyes and his sunken cheeks betokened the want of nourishment.

The crowd, however, paid but little attention to him and passed him by, singing Spanish love-songs amidst hearty plaudits and peals of laughter. Would they all leave the poor boy to die of starvation on the road?

From out all the throng only three young girls stopped and gazed upon him. They were fresh to look upon, plump, rosy-cheeked and not more than twenty years of age. They paused, and gradually their laughter gave place to looks of pity. The eldest girl gave him one real. "Thank you," he said. The next girl gave him a picette; "God will reward you," said he.

The third, the youngest, who was also the prettiest of the three, had neither real or picette. For a moment she stood undecided, then, standing on tiptoe, she gave him a soft little kiss on his lips. The poor famished lad said nothing, but, seeing a flower-vendor passing, he gave to him all the money he had just begged for a large bunch of tea-roses and, with tears in his eyes, silently handed them to the youngest girl.

—Catulle Mendes.

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August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30.
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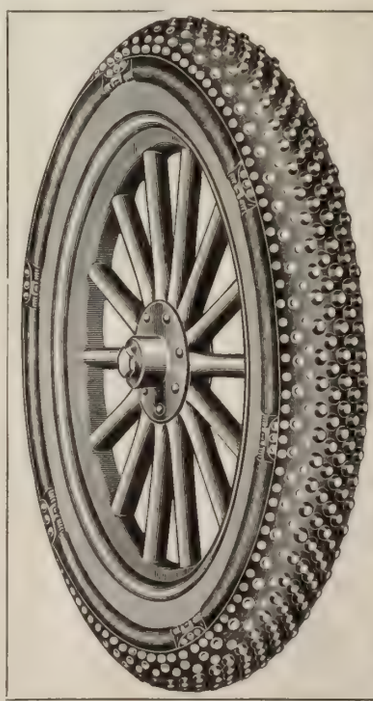

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Auto Notes

The Diamond Rubber Co. are in receipt of a letter from W. H. Wilbur which states that he bought an E. M. F. 30 just a year ago equipped with Diamond Tires, size 33x4. This car has been driven 6,000 miles and the original air is still in every tire, notwithstanding the 6,000 miles of service.

C. C. Hildebrand, assistant general manager of the Chalmers Motor Co. who is now visiting here, declares that San Francisco's securing the Panama-Pacific Fair for 1915 has already won additional consideration for this territory from the automobile manufacturers in the East. "The largely increased allotment of Chalmers cars required this year by the Pioneer Automobile Company," he also remarks, "is, Mr. Brinegar tells me, undoubtedly in a measure due to advance effects which the coming exhibition has already created. This being true a consistent increase can be depended upon to continue right up to 1915."

According to advices received from Los Angeles concerning the twenty-four race held there on the Los Angeles Motordrome, one of the most sensational performances of the meet was that of the Cole "30" entry. This car took third place from a field of ten entries and came within a few miles of the previous world's record, in spite of the fact that it was more than three hours out of the running because of an accident occasioned by the interference of another entry.

John Jenkins, the well known Cole racing driver, arrived in San Francisco recently bringing with him the Cole machine with which he starred at this season's Pablo Beach races in Florida and later took third place, and all but broke the former world's record, in the twenty-four race on the Los Angeles Motordrome. This Cole car has been a notable performer in the majority of the big racing events this year and still has an active campaign cut out for the next few months to come. It is a strictly stock car.

C. C. Kratzer of Coalinga and his 1911 Winton won the heavy car event at the Toll Hill climb at Fresno on May 1. An interesting point is that the Diamond tires with which the car was equipped already had a mileage to their credit of 6,000 miles for the front tires, and 1,200 miles for the rears. Notwithstanding this fact the severe strain of taking the sharp curves at high speed showed no effect on the tires, as Mr. Kratzer writes that he is still riding on the same air that was in the tires before their strenuous trip.

Walter C. Morris, local Autocar distributor, reports a number of sales for the latter part of last week. Among deliveries made are touring cars to J. Newbauer of San Francisco and G. A. Flemming of Visalia and a Roadster to Griffin and Skelley Co. of San Mateo.

Among the recent deliveries reported by the Haynes Auto Sales Company are a fore-door roadster to Edw. E. Engs of the Realty Syndicate in Oakland and a fore-door suburban to C. F. Thomas, the prominent grain dealer of San Francisco.

What Started It

Politely the serpent offered Eve an apple.

"Try that, madam," he said. "You can raise 400 barrels of them to the acre on one of our irrigated orchard farms in the Bezingo valley. Your husband can purchase a forty-acre tract on easy payments."

Shortly afterward the family moved from Eden to seek the new home.

Nicker—Does he play by note?

Bocker—Yes; he bought his piano on the instalment plan.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FREDERICK STEELE, Deceased—No. 11,657; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Frederick Steele, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Martin Stevens, Room 309 Mills Building, Northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Frederick Steele, deceased.

ROSE McCOOEY,
Administratrix of the Estate of Frederick Steele, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1911.

MARTIN STEVENS, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 309 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FLORENCIO ALVARADO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned William F. Rhea, Administrator of the estate of Florencio Alvarado, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said William F. Rhea at the office of Franklin P. Bull, 805 Pacific Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Florencio Alvarado, deceased.

WILLIAM F. RHEA,
Administrator of the Estate of Florencio Alvarado, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 6, 1911.

FRANKLIN P. BULL, Atty. for Administrator,
805 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAWRENCE O'KEEFFE, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary O'Keeffe, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Joseph Farry, Esq., her attorney, at No. 614 Kohl Building, Northeast corner of California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), deceased.

MARY O'KEEFFE,
As Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1911.

JOSEPH FARRY, Atty. for Executrix,
No. 614 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-4

NOTICE OF VOLUNTARY APPLICATION FOR DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,685; Dept. No. 4.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Application of MEADOWS DAIRY COMPANY, a Corporation, for Judgment of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the voluntary application of Meadows Dairy Company, a corporation formed, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, for a judgment of dissolution of said corporation, has been presented to the above named Court, and that Friday, the 30th day of June, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, and the Courtroom of Department No. 4, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been fixed as the time and place for hearing said application.

This notice commencing May 20, 1911, will expire on June 24, 1911, at any time before which expiration any person may file herein his objections to said application for dissolution.

Dated, May 16, 1911.
(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Applicant,
363 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-6

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN MURRAY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of John Murray, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Norman A. Eisner, 1112-1114 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John Murray, deceased.

HELEN E. MURRAY,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Murray, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

NORMAN A. EISNER, Atty. for Administratrix,
1112-1114 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Superior Court, State of California, in and for City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,445.

Estate of HERMAN WESTERFELD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of F. J. Castelhun, Attorney at Law, Rooms 117-118 Investors Building, 787 Market Street, in said City and County, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased.

MARY L. WESTERFELD,
Administratrix of the Estate of Herman Westerfeld, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 6, 1911.

F. J. CASTELHUN and JOHN A. McGEE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Rooms 117-118 Investors Bldg., San Francisco. 5-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GERDT WILLIAM HEY, also known as GERDT W. HEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Gerdt William Hey, also known as Gerdt W. Hey, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of G. Gunzendorfer, 127 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Gerdt William Hey, also known as Gerdt W. Hey, deceased.

JOHN HEY,
Administrator of the Estate of Gerdt William Hey, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 27, 1911.

G. GUNZENDORFER, Atty. for Administrator,
127 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,748, Dept. No. 3.

ALMA McWILLIAMS, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L. McWILLIAMS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Joseph L. McWilliams, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten (10) days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty (30) days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Plaintiff,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JACOB BABLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Jacob Babler, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, Jeanette Babler at the law office of S. C. Wright, 1007 Mutual Bank Building, Market and Kearny Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Jacob Babler, deceased. JEANETTE BABLER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Jacob Babler, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

S. C. WRIGHT, Atty. for Executrix,
Mutual Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-13-4

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 9330; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of CULBERT BERTRAM BOWMAN and ELVA GERTRUDE BOWMAN, Minors.

Mary Theresa Bowman, having filed herein her petition for an order authorizing her to sell all of the real property belonging to the said minors, as appears by said petition to which reference is hereby made for further particulars:

It is hereby ordered that Monday, the 19th day of June, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Courtroom of this Court, Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, be and the same are hereby set as the time and place for hearing the said petition; and that notice of the time and place so set for such hearing be given to all persons interested for at least three weeks before the time so set, by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, of a copy of this order.

JAS. M. TROUTT, Judge.

Dated, May 23, 1911.

Filed May 23, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. at Law,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-4

NOTICE TO APPEAR

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,488; Dept. No. 8.

LAFAYETTE HENDRICKS, Plaintiff, vs. WESTERN STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendant.

Whereas, an action has been commenced in the above entitled Court by the above named plaintiff against the defendant above named for the purpose of having stock certificate No. 656 of the said defendant for 10 shares of the capital stock of said defendant, which said certificate was issued in the name of the said plaintiff, cancelled;

Now therefore, pursuant to Section 328 of the Civil Code of the State of California, notice is hereby given to all persons claiming the said shares, or any of them, or any interest or lien therein or thereon, to be and appear before said Court on the 12th day of June, 1911, then and there to show cause why a new certificate should not be directed to be issued to the plaintiff and to set forth their right in or to such shares, if any they have.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the Above Entitled Court.
By W. R. CASTIGNETTO,
5-13-4 Deputy Clerk

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY LEASE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,285, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CLAUS STELLING, Deceased.

Martin Stelling, Administrator of the Estate of Claus Stelling, deceased, having on the 17th day of May, 1911, filed, in the above entitled special proceeding, his verified petition as such Administrator, praying for an order of the above entitled Court to lease to Otto Will the store (with basement) known as and numbered 4200 Seventeenth Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, situated in the two story building standing upon that certain lot of land situate, lying and being in said City and County of San Francisco and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Seventeenth Street with the westerly line of Douglass Street and running thence westerly along said northerly line of Seventeenth Street 45 feet; running thence at a right angle northerly 55 feet; running thence at a right angle easterly 45 feet to the said westerly line of Douglass Street; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Douglass Street 55 feet to the point of commencement, for the period of 58 months commencing with the date of such lease which shall be the date of the execution of such proposed lease at the total rental of twenty-four hundred and forty dollars payable as follows: In thirty-four equal monthly installments of forty dollars each per month, each and every month, during the period of the first 34 months of said term and twenty-four equal monthly installments of forty-five dollars per month each and every month during the period of the last two years of said term;

Now, therefore, it is hereby ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the Estate of said Claus Stelling, deceased, appear before said Court on the 13th day of June, 1911, at the hour of 10:00 a. m. of said day in the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court in the Grant Building, at No. 1095 Market Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why said realty, to-wit: Said store (with basement), numbered and known as No. 4200 Seventeenth Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, should not be leased to Otto Will for the period of 58 months commencing with the date of the proposed lease, which shall be the date of the execution of said proposed lease for the total rental of twenty-four hundred and forty dollars, payable as follows: In thirty-four equal monthly installments of forty dollars each per month, monthly and every month, during the period of the first thirty-four months of said term and twenty-four equal monthly installments of forty-five dollars each per month, monthly and every month during the period of the last two years of said term and all persons interested in said estate are hereby referred to said petition on file in said special proceeding for further particulars.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for two successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in said City and County.

Done in open Court this 18th day of May, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

H. M. ANTHONY, Atty. for Administrator,
372-4-6 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-3

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco State of California—No. 3425; Dept. 9; In Partition

In the Matter of the Estate of DENIS B. MURPHY, Deceased.

To Timothy J. Flynn, Kate I. Prendergast, William H. Skinner, Mary Jane Logan Hyde, and Messrs. Mastick & Partridge, their attorneys;

Catherine Murphy, William Murphy, Mary Murphy, Mrs. Kate Hyde, Maggie Murphy, Minnie Treige, Sarah Murphy, Hannah Murphy, Ellen O'Sullivan, Margaret McCarthy, Hannah O'Sullivan, Timothy Murphy, Mary Ann Higgins, and Messrs. Sullivan & Sullivan and Theodore J. Roche, their attorneys;

Maggie Theresa Murphy, Timothy Murphy, son of Thomas Murphy, John Murphy and Patrick Murphy, and Mr. John E. McDougald, their agent:

You and each of you will please take notice that the 12th day of June, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and the office of John M. Burnett, 610-612 Hibernia Building, No. 11 Jones Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been fixed as the time and place when and where the undersigned, sole commissioner, will proceed to make partition of the real estate and personal property described in and distributed by, the decree of final distribution given and made by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, in the matter of the estate of Denis B. Murphy, deceased, on the 20th day of June, 1910, which said real estate and personal property is described as follows, to-wit:

REAL ESTATE

1. Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the northwesterly line of Folsom Street with the northeasterly line of Fifth Street, running thence northeasterly along said northwesterly line of Folsom Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle southwesterly fifty (50) feet to the northeasterly line of Fifth Street; thence southeasterly along said line of Fifth Street eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of one hundred Vara Block No. 373.

2. Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Twenty-second Street with the westerly line of Capp Street, running thence westerly along the said southerly line of Twenty-second Street ninety-nine (99) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southerly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle easterly ninety-nine (99) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Capp Street; thence at a right angle northerly, along the westerly line of Capp Street eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block 137.

3. Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Wisconsin Street, distant thereon three hundred and fifty (350) feet southerly from the southerly line of Twentieth Street; thence southerly along said line of Wisconsin Street eighty-three (83) feet; thence at a right angle easterly two hundred (200) feet; thence at a right angle northerly eighty-three (83) feet; thence at a right angle westerly two hundred (200) feet to the easterly line of Wisconsin Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Potrero Block 211.

4. Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Fourteenth Street, distant thereon three hundred and two (302) feet four (4) inches westerly from the westerly line of Howard Street; thence easterly along said northerly line of Fourteenth Street one hundred and fifty-one (151) feet two (2) inches; thence northerly one hundred and fifteen (115) feet four (4) and one-eighth (⅛) inches to a point which is the middle of a line drawn from a point in the southerly line of Erie Street, distant one hundred and sixty-two (162) feet six (6) inches; westerly from the westerly line of Howard Street to a point in the northerly line of Fourteenth Street, distant one hundred and fifty-one (151) feet two (2) inches from said westerly line of Howard Street; thence westerly one hundred and fifty-six (156) feet to a point in the middle of a line drawn from the point of beginning in the northerly line of Fourteenth Street to a point in the southerly line of Erie Street, distant three hundred and twenty-five (325) feet westerly from the westerly line of Howard Street; thence southerly one hundred and fifteen (115) feet three (3) inches to the place of beginning; being a portion of Mission Block No. 20.

PERSONAL PROPERTY

Cash on hand, including the sum of $13,061.60 on deposit in the California Safe Deposit & Trust Company, $20,748.16. One gold watch and chain.

Dated, May 23, 1911.

JOHN M. BURNETT,
Sole Commissioner in Partition in Estate of Denis B. Murphy, Deceased.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. at Law,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 5-27-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,593; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of NATHAN P. BUNDY, Deceased.

Ellen L. Bundy, the Administratrix of the estate of Nathan P. Bundy, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate and personal property of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Court on Monday, the 12th day of June, 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Ellen L. Bundy, Administratrix of the estate of Nathan P. Bundy, deceased, to sell so much of the real estate and personal property of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, May 6, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed May 6, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

DANIEL A. RYAN, Atty. for Administratrix,
1001-2 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 5-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHANN H. T. BRANDT, Deceased—No. 11,253; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the estate of Johann H. T. Brandt, deceased, to the creditors of, and to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, David Cosgrave, Room 706 Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Johann H. T. Brandt, deceased.

LILLIAN WRIGHT, Administratrix.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

DAVID COSGRAVE, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 706 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 5-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor and the Executrix of the will of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor and Executrix, at the office of W. I. Brobeck and Peter F. Dunne, Rooms 709-718 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased.

ALEXANDER F. MORRISON,
ALICE M. COWELL,
Executor and Executrix of the Will of Ernest V. Cowell, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

W. I. BROBECK and PETER F. DUNNE,
Attys. for Executor and Executrix,
Rooms 709-718 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco. 5-13-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,894.

W. P. HASSELL, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. BUNGE, LUTELLUS SMITH, E. M. HERBERGER, and BLACK TOM GOLD MINES COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: William H. Bunge, Lutellus Smith, E. M. Herberger and Black Tom Gold Mines Company, a Corporation, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. LAMSON and LEO. D. BYRNE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 6-3-10

Letters

Another Good Book by Mary Watts

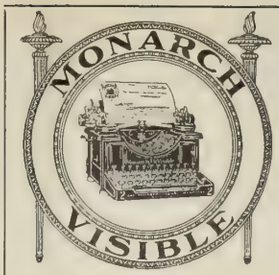
When an author has given us one really good book, good in every sense of the word, discriminating readers are apt to hold their breaths at the announcement of a new volume and to wonder whether the trick can be turned a second time. In the case of Mary S. Watts, emphatically it has been and those who have reached that certain period after which, as Dr. Holmes reminded us, it is with an effort that we make new literary friendships, need have no hesitation in opening wide their doors. "The Legacy," like its predecessor, "Nathan Burke," deals with life in central Ohio about the middle of the last century. Nathan Burke is mentioned casually in its pages more than once, and the reference helps to preserve the illusion that the general was more than a fiction of the pen. "The Legacy" is the story of one woman's life, incidentally that of two generations of her family, and her legacies, apart from the specific one which names the novel, were numerous and conflicting. Our introduction to Letty Breen takes place when she was about ten years old and lived with her mother and grandfather in a dilapidated mansion furnished with relics of decayed splendors. Her grandfather was an elegant old gentleman of leisure who lived she knew not how, and her mother was always busy. Letty had no playmates and her education was acquired from her mother and from much promiscuous reading, largely of novels, from her grandfather's library. Whether she had or ever had had a father the little girl did not know or care, for though she was abnormally precocious in some respects, her solitary life left her innocently unconscious in others. If her grandfather had condescended to answer, he would have said that to be a Breen was a sufficient inheritance. The black spot on the family "honor" was Letty's great grandmother, who was assumed to have been a wicked woman though nobody seems to have really known. At any rate, her hard-living, hard-drinking, political and religious turncoat husband divorced her and took her children away from her. That his own habits made it at least judicious for him to leave the church does not seem to have mattered, any more than did the idleness of his son Edward, the career of his daughter Helen, the dishonesty of his grandson Harry or the worthlessness of George. They were all Breens in name and in their own estimation at least, above criticism. It was the untimely visit of that disreputable harridan, great aunt Helen, which called attention to Letty, found surreptitiously holding converse with a BOY, which directed her grandfather's attention to the child and her resemblance to his mother, and led him to speak of a portrait which his father had ordered destroyed. The order, it seemed in the sequel had not been carried out, and the picture still existed though its identity was unguessed. It passed from one owner to another in the breaking up of estates and was known as "the Lady with the Sampler" until accident revealed the identity of the portrait. By that time Letty had grown up and married, and a good many other family mysteries had been solved, but the unanswered problem to her was whether she had received a legacy of predisposition from the shadowy relative as, in course of time, she became the heiress of the picture itself. Was she better or worse than her ancestress, or was great-grandmother Elinor wronged by unjust suspicion? In any case, if Letty received something from her great-grandmother, she likewise received much from her mother which would have had a tendency to counteract any Breen inheritance. Industry, an equable and patient disposition, a cheerful tendency to make the best of every situation ought to stand over against some of the sterner conventions and there is something to be said for any woman who can live in peace with a grandmother-in-law and keep a balance with all the factions of one's own blood. "The Legacy" has an old fashioned flavor of the days when the whole family connection was presumed to suffer from the misdeeds of one member—when bills of attainder were not so very far in the past. Today, with our easy-going doctrine of can't help it, and the responsibility shifted to our dead and gone ancestors, people are not held accountable for their own sins, much less those of great grand parents, especially if misdeeds pay. While so many of the products of the modern press are little better than bricks of paper smudged with printers' ink, "The Legacy" stands boldly forth as a real book. From the Macmillan Company.

Book Notes

Henry Clay Barnabee, for so many years identified with The Bostonians, is preparing a volume of memories and reminiscences which will be published some time during this year.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson who died recently at the age of eighty-seven, was the last of the old guard of New England writers, and they were a long-lived race, most of them surviving the scriptural three score and ten. Marion Harland who is a Virginian, is past her eighthieth year, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia is also an octogenarian, and Fanny Crosby Van Alstyne, the blind writer of hymns, has just celebrated her ninety-second birthday.

Maria Thompson Daviess, the author of two unusually successful books, "Miss Selina Lou" and "The Road to Providence," is an agreeable variant from the "literary" lady best known to us all. She has a farm in Tennessee where she raises cattle and chickens, and says she neither could nor would abandon it for a purely literary life. She makes arts and crafts jewelry for herself and her friends and exhibited miniatures for two years in Paris. Her head has not been turned by any of her successes, and like most busy folks with plenty of time for work of any kind, she has no time for grumbling.



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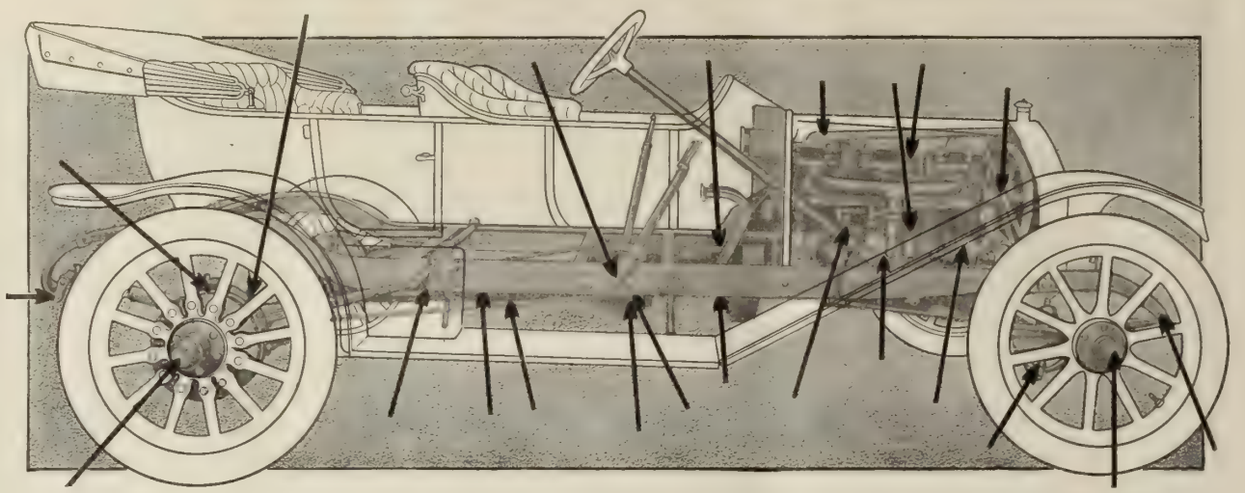

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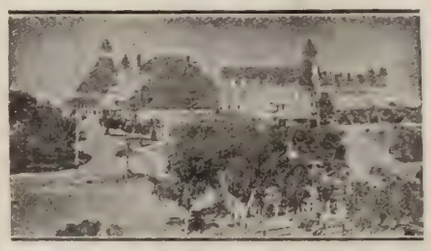

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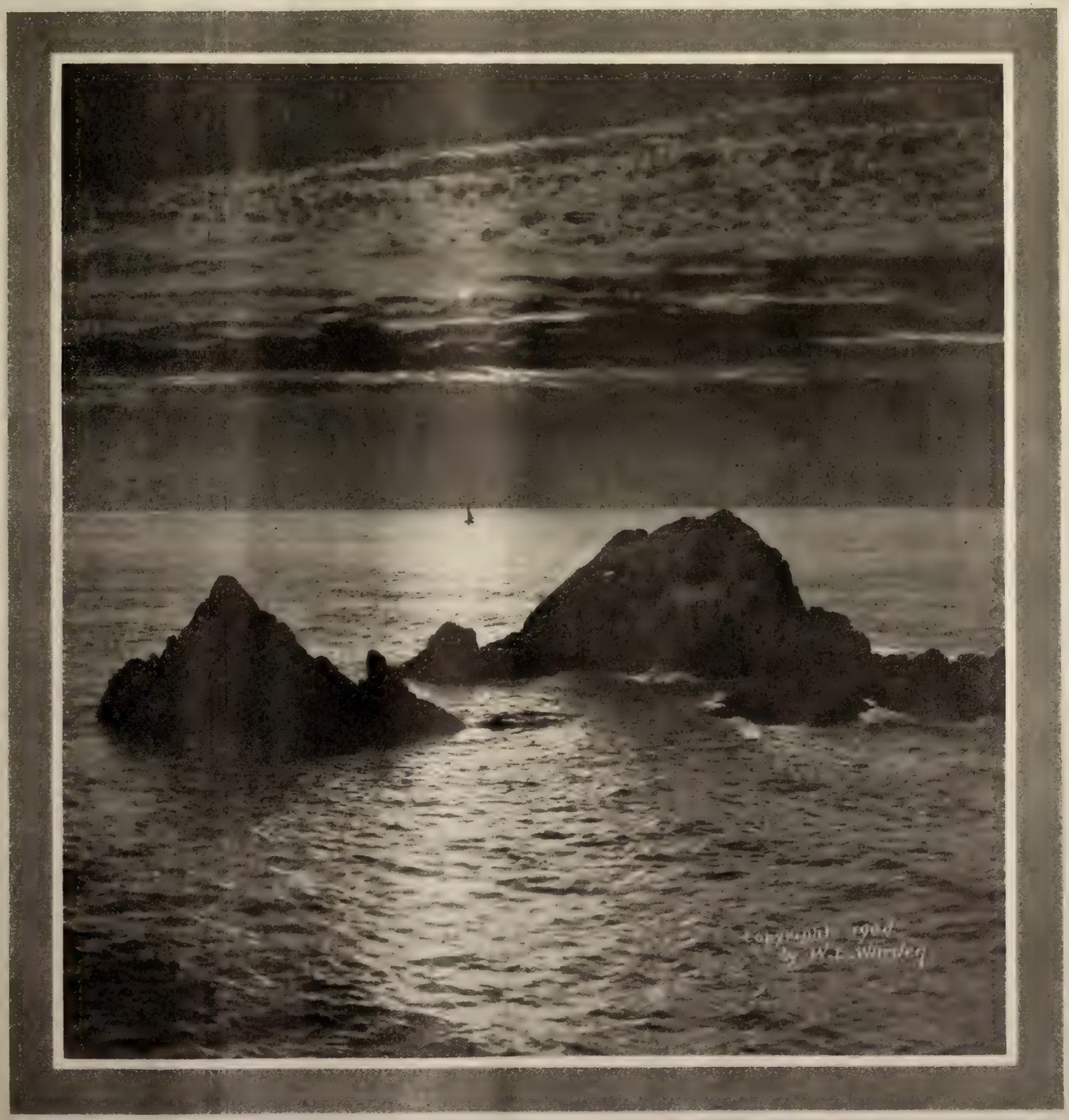

THE SEAL ROCKS BY MOONLIGHT

Unless special efforts are made to save them the seals which make their home on these rocks will soon disappear.

TOWN TALK

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Statesmen in a Dilemma

Some of our insurgent statesmen in the Senate are in that most embarrassing of all positions—betwixt the devil and the deep sea. If they vote for reciprocity they will incur the disfavor of their constituents at home; if they vote against reciprocity they will stultify themselves before the whole country. In the circumstances it is natural that the palladiums of our liberties should have misgivings. Knowing that the virtues are lost in self-interest as rivers in the sea they perceive that the course which several eminent statesmen are likely to take is not the one which President Taft recommends. Self-interest is usually a more powerful motive than pride of consistency. It is not to be said, however, that every insurgent who intends to vote for reciprocity is influenced by self-interest. An insurgent may become a reactionary on the most cherished of all the principles in the philosophy of political reformers, the principle of the "greater good," which in this instance is to be advanced by insuring the continuance of the service of every good and true representative of progressive statesmanship. For example, suppose that La Follette should vote for reciprocity and thus forfeit the esteem of the farmers of Wisconsin. What might the consequence be? The farmers of Wisconsin might decide to deprive the nation of the services of Battle Bob. Now Battle Bob knows that his country needs him, and what more natural than that his patriotism should persuade him for the "greater good" to conciliate his constituents? Of course we don't pretend to know what Battle Bob's sentiments are with reference to reciprocity. He may be of the opinion that he has become so colossal a figure in national politics that he can afford to be indifferent to the wishes of the farmers of Wisconsin and rely on the dear people of the whole country to advance the greater good by promoting him to a more exalted position than the one he now occupies. One thing we may be sure of is that Battle Bob is not taking seriously the minatory shrieks of the Hearst papers and of the other journals that are telling us that this is "the critical hour when the high cost of living may be forced down through one mighty blow at the privileges of the corporations." He knows that the high cost which the newspapers are mostly concerned about is the high cost of white paper and that their solicitude for reciprocity is inspired by the fear that the tariff might not be taken off wood pulp, a substance most essential to them in their business and of which there is a great abundance in Canada.

Great is "Battle Bob"

That "Battle Bob" La Follette is indeed a national figure to be reckoned with by the politicians who shape the destinies of our country is a fact vouched for by so distinguished authority as the Hon. Chester H. Rowell, editor of the Fresno Republican. Mr. Rowell returned from the East the other day, and submitted gracefully to the exquisite torture of an interview for the benefit of the readers of his own journal. With that innate modesty and candor peculiar to progressive publicists he told the readers of his own paper of the tributes that had been paid to his renown during his travels; of the distinguished men who met the distinguished editor; of the political situation as he found it, and of the conclusions to which he had come touching the politics of the nation. Speaking of the Wisconsin Senator he said that La Follette's boom was spreading and that as a statesman he was growing. He added: "Speaking of him in the Outlook office one day Sydney Brooke gave him the highest compliment I ever heard a pessimistic Englishman give any American. He said: 'I regard La Follette as the author of the only real contribution which the American republic has made to the science of government in the world—his method of State regulation of corporations.'" Sydney Brooke is doubtless some very exalted authority on the science of government, else Mr. Chester Rowell would not have taken the trouble to quote him. Of course it argues oneself unknown to confess unacquaintance with Mr. Sydney Brooke, but so great is our curiosity that we are constrained to ask, Who is this "pessimistic Englishman" whose dogmatic dictum regarding the efficacy of something that has yet to stand the test of time made a most profund impression on our learned contemporary of Fresno? He talks for all the world like one of the contributing editors of the oracle of the New Nationalism, and as it was in the Outlook office that he delivered himself of his high compliment we suspect that he is indeed an associate of the Infallible One. If so his opinion on anything pertaining to the science of government is unquestionably entitled to a certain degree of respect, and therefore it is with due deference that we ask, If "Battle Bob" is the author of the only real contribution which our republic has made to the science of government then how shall we class that devenerated instrument which in the opinion of Gladstone and others is the most remarkable document, the greatest single political achievement and the most potent influence on mankind that history gives any account of?

Court Calumniators

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him" is a proverb the principle of which is now being applied to the judiciary of this State by certain powerful and unscrupulous interests intent upon making the bench subservient to their will, complaisant to their selfish designs. The recall is the instrument by which they hope to accomplish their purpose, and they are now giving us a foretaste of the general temper and tone which that device is calculated to produce. No slander do they neglect if it but serve to injure the reputation of the court which they desire to control. Everything is taken for granted that serves for nourishment for the spleen. The most insidious appeals are made to lurking spite and prejudice wherever they lay rankling. We are told that silence is the best answer to calumny. It is the only answer that judges as a rule can afford to make. Rare are the occasions when a court can take judicial cognizance of a spiteful slander. And so it is that accusations are made with impunity the very malignity or extravagance of which may pass for proof of wrongdoing. Accusations of this character have been flying thick and fast ever since the agitation for the recall was started, and it was not till last week that the justices of the Supreme Court were given an opportunity to call a halt. A letter purporting to have been written by William F. Herrin of the Southern Pacific Company, containing matter which seemed to justify suspicion of the integrity of the whole court, came to light during the course of litigation in Los Angeles. It was seized upon with avidity by the recall agitators, and by them pointed to as conclusive proof of an unholy alliance between the bench and the Octopus. The possibility that the author of the letter was inaccurate in his statements or guilty of misrepresentation, or that the signature to which was appended the letter "M." was not the signature of William F. Herrin, was never considered by the enemies of the court. It was sufficient for them that the letter would lend itself to their purposes. They wanted no explanation. So strong was their desire to excite virtuous indignation in the public mind that they convicted the whole court without a hearing. Now it appears that at the time of the conversation mentioned in the letter the Chief Justice was out of town, only two justices were present, and the attorney who figured in the occurrence was not William F. Herrin (that gentleman being in New York) but an humble subordinate with an unhappy gift of language. It is bad enough to think ill of any one without adequate proof to justify judgment, and it is a mean nature that lends an easy, credulous ear to whatever reflects discredit on another, but to progagate calumny with enthusiasm in a spirit of malice is the most destestable of all the performances induced by the passions of man.

The Conversion of Gary

The American plutocrat, as may be learned by cultivating an acquaintance with such types as Andrew Carnegie and Elbert H. Gary, is a variable being and susceptible of many different opinions, principles and rules of conduct. What may be true while it is to his interest to adhere to one way of thinking will be found false when he finds that his situation has been altered. Mr.

Carnegie, when he was making steel and laying the foundation of his preposterous fortune, had theories of government vastly different from those which he now holds. As a Captain of Industry he was for established forms of government and against experiments. His fortune made, his one pastime throwing money to the birds, he has ceased to approve the practices of his ignoble past and he would curb the lust of gold and make it more difficult for men to accumulate wealth. Elbert Gary, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, grown weary of the struggle in the industrial arena, and perhaps convinced that the people are not to be denied, has overcome his prejudice against government control of great combinations of capital and declares it would be to the best interest of all concerned if a Federal bureau were established for the purpose of fixing the price of steel. Some sceptics there are disinclined to accept Mr. Gary's suggestion as sincere. Nay, they are disposed to suspect him of jocularity. But Mr. Gary is no humorist. He has never seen much fun in anything but selling steel. We may depend on it that his suggestion was made with the utmost sobriety. Stranger things than the conversion of Mr. Gary to New Nationalism are happening nowadays; so strange that it would not surprise us to learn that Wall Street had turned progressive and taken the wind out of sails that have had a monopoly of popular breezes. The magnates of Wall Street can better afford than the average business man or even the average farmer to give the people precisely what they are clamoring for.

Futile Insurgency

It is one of the peculiar characteristics of American insurgency that it makes a great deal of noise without accomplishing anything. Fresh illustration of this characteristic has been given in New York where the Democratic majority in the State Senate voted the other day for the confirmation of Daniel F. Cohalan as Justice of the Supreme Court. Cohalan was the choice of Boss Murphy. He is one of the leading lights of Tammamy. Apropos his appointment the Evening Post of New York remarked, "It would in the long run have been better to have had Sheehan at Washington than Cohalan on the bench." This is the unanimous sentiment of New York reformers. Yet as the New York Sun explains, "Precisely the fight that the Evening Post and its associates made against Mr. Sheehan insured the presence of Mr. Cohalan on the bench, assured that much more serious thing the unquestioned supremacy of the Hon. Charles F. Murphy in the councils of the Democratic party." In the fight against Sheehan the Democratic insurgents wasted their strength and brought about combinations that insured the appointment of Cohalan. And their fight against Sheehan was not a fight on principle. It was nothing more than stubborn opposition to majority rule. Sheehan was not Murphy's candidate, though he had the promise of Murphy's support, a promise exacted by influences that the Tammamy boss could not afford to ignore. The truth is that James A. O'Gorman, the man who was elected to succeed Chauncey M. Depew, is personally far more agreeable to Murphy than William F. Sheehan. No wonder that the insurgents of New York are engaged in mournful retrospect.

The Canal Idea

Now that the Panama canal is nearing completion it has occurred to lovers of historical research that it would be worth while for sentimental reasons to discover when the idea of this epoch-making waterway was given birth. This is a matter of peculiar interest to San Francisco. Here where the wedding of the oceans is to be celebrated tribute should be paid to the person who conceived the idea of the project. We are told that it was Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the first European to cast eyes on the Pacific from the East; that he must have thought of the desirability of a canal nearly four hundred years ago when he was dragging material across the isthmus wherewith to build ships on the Pacific. But unfortunately for the memory of Balboa there is no record of his thoughts. There is a record, however, of the fact that as long ago as 1550 the Portuguese navigator, Antonio Galvao, considered the feasibility of an isthmian canal. He wrote a monograph on the isthmus and suggested four different lines for cutting it by canal. One of these was through Lake Nicaragua and another was across Panama. But even before Galvao's time the germ of the idea was in existence. It is related that in 1520 Charles V of Spain ordered the Isthmus of Panama surveyed for the purpose of cutting a canal. It is also related that his son and successor, Philip II of Inquisition memory, was seriously considering the great project when he was advised that if the Almighty had intended to have the oceans united he would not have placed the isthmian barrier between them, a notion, by the way, which must have been the subject of discussion among wise men long after Philip's time, for we find Sir Thomas Browne dwelling upon it. He says: "Some isthmes have been cut through by the sea and others cut by the spade; and if policie would permit, that of Panama in America were most worthy the attempt: it being but a few miles over and would open a shorter cut into the East Indies and China." Yet Sir Thomas reminds us that when the Cnidians proposed to pierce the Isthmus of Corinth, they were "deterred by the peremptory disswasion of Apollo, plainly commanding them desist, for if God had thought it fit He would have made the country an island at first." From all of which it is evident that the canal project slumbered or simmered through the centuries; but by whom it was first broached is a question which nothing short of the most painstaking research can solve.

Perspective Impressions

The farmers regard reciprocity as a local issue.

Roosevelt, we are told, is coming out for Taft. And the President is too courteous to demur.

To talk about taking the lid off the town is to imply that the town has a lid. Has anybody ever seen it?

When our plutocrats get together to avert a panic out of love for humanity it's high time to call the police.

According to the Gary philosophy capitulation to the government is the secret of stability in trade.

A correspondent wants to know whether "oscar hocks" is a slogan or an epithet; also whether it's Choctaw or Celtic. A philologist tells us it's Teutonic and proverbial meaning "Once a supervisor always a supervisor."

A writer in the San Jose Times claims that Socialism will cure the social evil. Provided certain premises of Socialism are granted there is logic in that statement.

If we are to have a bureau to fix the price of steel why not a bureau to fix the price of eggs and a bureau to regulate rents? The high cost of steel isn't what's the matter with the man in the street.

If Mayor McCarthy were familiar with the fable of the miller, his son and the ass he would saw wood instead of bothering himself about the inspired resolutions of the handmaidens of journalism.

"I never felt better. I am in good health physically, morally, mentally and financially," said Andie Carnegie as he left for Skibo. To meet the Laird half way we will admit that he is physically and financially sound.

Inability to make a living at anything else appears to be the supreme test of a man's fitness for membership in the board of supervisors.

The Call soberly discusses John Callan O'Loughlin's views on the consequences of the Standard Oil decision. Who in hell is John? Why he's the intellectual giant who diplomatically contrived that little contretemps with the Pope.

The despatches tell us that last week all London was searching for three days and three nights for a diamond which the Maharajah of Bikaner lost out of his turban. Perhaps he's going into vaudeville.

Let us reflect by way of consolation that the site is not to remain always in the clouds, but that the Big Show is to be given right here on this peninsula within two hours walk of every man's home.

Adoration

White brow, as faultless pure
As the watch tower
Of some white city,
Reared by gods in dim eternal story
Above the sea of time:
Round you light tresses, delicate,
Wind-blown, wander and climb
Immortal, transitory.

Red lips whose curved pride
Is still belied
By soft eyes forest-wild and full of pity
For all sorrow.

White hands, foam-frail you seem:
A vanishing gleam
On the light breaking wave of beauty's tide:
You hold my destiny,
And the fate of all beside
Who follow
Eternally by ways apart
Over enchanted ground,
Lit with the radiance of no earthly day,
Where Angus' heart,
Burning through his stringed lute,
Lures with a music sweeter than all sound
Wild-hearted ones, blind wanderers,
To go, with foot-fall mute,
By his own way.

—Seumas O'Sullivan.

Correspondence

Buckle vs. Lecky

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: The letter you printed last week from a person signing herself "A Wife and Mother" suffused my face with blushes. It always makes me blush to encounter one of my sex who has not sense enough to appreciate the dignity of womanhood. Women of the type of your weak-minded correspondent are the kind that furnish material for the stock argument of the male anti-suffragists who are themselves so shallow that the obvious retort never occurs to them,—that as there are women too stupid to be worthy of the elective franchise, so too are there men equally incompetent. I am a suffragist and I'm proud of it. I want the franchise so that I may play a woman's part in the world, so that I may have my rights which I prefer to my so-called privileges. This country is in need of refinement which it will never have while it is dominated by the brutal sex. Women may be inferior to men in some of the respects mentioned by Lecky, in the paragraphs quoted by your correspondent, but there are other respects in which the male of the species is inferior to the female, and there are authorities quite as good as the author of the History of European Morals to bear out this assertion. One for whom I have great admiration is Henry Thomas Buckle, author of "A History of Civilization in England." Mr. Buckle delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution, March 19, 1858, on "The Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge" in which he proved that there is a natural and an indestructible element in the minds of women which enables them, not to make scientific discoveries, but to exercise the most momentous and salutary influence over the methods by which discoveries are made. He argued that the deductive method of thought is peculiar to women and that by encouraging in men deductive habits of thought they have rendered an immense service to the progress of knowledge. And Mr. Buckle said: "Women are more deductive than men because they think quicker than men. Nothing could prevent this being universally admitted except the fact that the remarkable rapidity with which women think is obscured by that miserable, that contemptible, that preposterous system, called their education, in which valuable things are carefully kept from them, and trifling things carefully taught them, until their fine and nimble minds are too often irretrievably injured." Perhaps, Mr. Editor, that's what happened to the mind of "A Wife and Mother." Mr. Buckle says there are many circumstances to prove that women are more deductive than men,—such, for instance, as the insight into character possessed by women. If I am not taking up too much of your valuable space I will add that according to Buckle women by "their turn of thought, their habits of mind, their conversation, their influence, insensibly extending over the whole surface of society, and frequently penetrating its intimate structure, have, more than all other things put together, tended to raise us into an ideal world, lift us from the dust into which we are too prone to grovel and develop in us the germs of imagination which even the most sluggish and apathetic understandings possess."

Yours truly,

—A Wife.

San Francisco, June 4.

Woman Knows How to Die

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: From one of your correspondents an anti-suffragette, I learn that according to Lecky women have never won the first position in anything. Lecky is wrong. I can quote you good authority to the contrary, and though I'm neither a wife nor a mother I'll do it because I'm for giving the ladies the ballot or anything they want. My authority is De Quincey. He says in his epic essay on Joan of Arc: "Yet, sister woman, though I cannot consent to find a Mozart or a Michael Angelo in your sex, cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of us men—a greater thing than even Milton is known to have done, or Michael Angelo—you can die grandly, and as goddesses would die, were goddesses mortal. If any distant worlds (which may be the case) are so far ahead of us Tellurians in optical resources, as to see distinctly through their telescopes all that we do on earth, what is the grandest sight to which we ever treat them? St. Peter's at Rome, do you fancy, on Easter Sunday, or Luxor, or perhaps the Himalayas? Ah, no! my friend: suggest something better; these are baubles to them; they see in other worlds, in their own, far better toys of the same kind. These, take my word for it, are nothing. Do you give it up? The finest thing, then, we have to show them, is a scaffold on the morning of execution. I assure you there is a strong muster in those far telescopic worlds, on any morning, of those who happen to find themselves occupying the right hemisphere for a peep at us. How, then, if it be announced in some such telescopic world by those who make a livelihood of catching glimpses at our newspapers, whose language they have long since deciphered, that the poor victim in the morning's sacrifice is a woman? How, if it be published in that distant world, that the sufferer wears upon her head, in the eyes of many, the garlands of martyrdom? How, if it should be some Marie Antoinette, the widowed Queen, coming forward on the scaffold, and presenting to the morning air her head turned grey by sorrow, daughter of Caesars kneeling down humbly to kiss the guillotine, as one that worships death? How, if it were the noble Charlotte Corday, that in the bloom of youth, that with the loveliest of persons, that with homage waiting upon her smiles wherever she turned her face to scatter them—homage that followed those smiles as surely as the carols of birds, after showers in spring, follow the reappearing sun and the racing of sunbeams over the hills—yet thought all these things cheaper than the dust upon her sandals in comparison of deliverance from hell of her dear suffering France! Ah! these were spectacles indeed for those sympathizing people in distant worlds; and some perhaps would suffer a sort of martyrdom themselves, because they could not testify their wrath, could not bear witness to the strength of love and to the fury of hatred that burned within them at such scenes; could not gather into golden urns some of that glorious dust which rested in the catacombs of earth." Of course there follows the description of the sublime death of Joan of Arc who with her latest breath gave warning to the heedless absorbed monk at her side that he was in danger of the flames and should depart and "leave her to God." Yes, De Quincey was right, there is one thing that woman has done quite as well as man.

Sincerely yours,

—A Husband and Father.

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Too bad "A Wife and Mother" never heard of Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium whose career is a living refutation of Lecky's foolish attack on women.

Respectfully,

—A Suffragette.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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Varied Types

XXV—JOHN P. BABCOCK

By Edward F. O'Day

"The Fish and Game Commission ought to be something more than a police force. It ought to have something more than a police court record to offer for its existence."

Of all the statements which may be made about the Fish and Game Commission that at least is incontrovertible. As every Californian who is interested in fish or game or politics knows, every sort of statement, complimentary and uncomplimentary, has been made about the Fish and Game Commission and about the men who from time to time have been chosen to administer it. There has been more bickering in and about the Fish and Game Commission than in and about any other commission in the State, not excepting the Board of Harbor Commissioners for San Francisco. But putting all this bickering behind us—and hoping that it will stay put until the next session of the Legislature when of course it will automatically revive—we can all get together and heartily agree that when Chief Deputy Fish and Game Commissioner John P. Babcock declares that the commission ought to be something more than a police force he is talking sound common sense.

For it was Chief Deputy Fish and Game Commissioner John P. Babcock who made that statement. He did not make it controversially. There was no challenge in his tone. He was not talking politics. He was discussing something much closer to his heart than politics. He was talking crab and salmon and meadowlark. Ordinarily I would rather talk politics than crab or salmon or meadowlark; but when John P. Babcock illuminates the subject of the toothsome crustacean or the silver horde or the pet aversion of Statesman Stuckenbruck of Acampo, the most benighted city dweller who looks upon the crab only when it is boiled, upon the salmon only when it is broiled or tinned and upon the meadowlark hardly at all, that benighted city dweller discovers with surprise that there is no necessity to simulate interest.

"Some time ago," said Babcock, "I asked Dr. Jordan and Dr. Gilbert who is head of the zoological department at Stanford, what they knew about the breeding habits of cancer magester, our common edible crab. Much to my surprise they answered that they didn't know anything about cancer magester's breeding habits and that as a matter of fact they didn't know anything at all about cancer magester."

"Do you regard Dr. Jordan as a great authority on fish?" I interrupted craftily.

"Dr. Jordan is the greatest authority on fish in the world" answered Babcock with conviction.

"Making further inquiries," he continued, taking up the thread of his story, "I found that nobody knew anything about our crab. San Franciscans have been bragging about it ever since San Francisco was settled; yet they know no more of its life history today than when Fremont was here. We don't know when or where it propagates or the length of the egg-bearing season. And yet this crab is peculiar to Pacific Coast waters and is the finest edible crab in the world. Four hundred and fifty boats are fishing out of this harbor for it

"I am trying to deal intelligently with this important food product. I am going to find out when it propagates, what its enemies are, the conditions surrounding the young crabs and what protection must be given it by the law. Is a law which prohibits the taking of the females and which allows only the taking of males of a certain size sufficient protection? I don't know, but I'm going to find out. On account of the increase in the price of this crab the preceding commission advised a closed season. But they didn't investigate. Before you put four hundred and fifty fishermen—hardy, venturesome men all of them—out of business, why not be sure? We are trying to make sure. Already I have made some progress. I am the first man to find the female crab carrying eggs on her finerettes. I shall continue this investigation along economic lines until we know all that is to be known about cancer magester."

And with such satisfaction did Babcock impart these matters that I glowed with sympathetic enthusiasm. It was just the same about salmon.

"In 1909," he told me, "ten and one-half million pounds of salmon were caught in the Sacramento River and its tributaries. And yet we know little of the life history of the young salmon; of the seaward migration of the young salmon practically nothing. But we are going to learn. We began experiments in February. We marked fifty thousand one-and-one-half inch salmon at the Sisson hatchery by removing the dorsal fin. When the wounds healed we liberated them. Then we marked fifty thousand more by cutting off both the dorsal and the adipose fin. Allowing two months for the first fifty thousand young fry to go from Sisson to tidewater at Benicia, we brought the second lot to Benicia and liberated them in the Carquinez Straits. We made experiments to test the effects on the young salmon of the change from fresh water in the straits to salt water out beyond the heads and we found that they suffered no distress by a change from fresh water to water eleven per cent salty within a space of thirty hours. We also traced the movements of the young salmon liberated at the hatchery. We found that the trout in the rivers fed freely on them for two months. After that there was a falling off and by May we found no trace of salmon in the stomachs of the trout. We found too that the whole Yolo overflow basin was filled with young salmon. Now we are watching to discover whether these are destroyed or whether they get out of the basin.

JOHN P. BABCOCK

"It will be two or three years before this experimental work bears fruit. By that time the salmon will return to spawn. If at that time we get more of the marked salmon liberated at Sisson than of the marked salmon liberated at Benicia, we will know that the river trip was an advantage. If we get more of the Benicia than of the Sisson salmon we will know that the river trip was bad for them. When our investigations are completed, in other words, we will know just when and where to liberate the salmon fry in order to obtain the best economic results."

Hearing Babcock tell it I felt impatient for the return of the salmon to the spawning beds. Will the salmon that come back be minus the dorsal fin only or will they lack both dorsal and adipose fin? Alas, it will be two or three years before my curiosity is satisfied. I can hardly wait. Meanwhile there is the meadowlark. Most precious or most pernicious of California songsters, which is it?

"There is only one way to find out," said Babcock; "and that is, not to ask the Audubon Society, but to put a bird man on the job and let him study the meadowlark all the year round. We have that bird man in Mr. H. C. Bryant of the University of California and he began work last November. In the first two weeks of every month since then a dozen meadowlarks have been killed for Bryant in every county where the bird is obtainable. Another dozen are killed during the last two weeks of every month. These birds are sent to the laboratory at Berkeley. To find out what the meadowlarks feed on their stomachs are examined and everything found therein is properly tabulated. It may be that the meadowlark plays havoc with the grain when it is coming up out of the ground. On the other hand it may be that the meadowlark destroys pestiferous insects when the grain is sprouting. If so he is entitled to his wage as much as the horse that draws the plough or the farm hand who walks in the furrow. Once and for all we are going to determine whether Mr. Stuckenbruck is right or wrong. For this investigation Mr. Bryant will have a greater number of birds than are at the disposal of the biological department of the federal government."

Not being a cold impartial scientist I breathed an aspiration that Stuckenbruck might be found in the wrong; that the meadowlark might be found worthy of his wage.

Babcock told me many other things of interest which space forbids my repeating. He explained the policy of publicity which he has inaugurated in the Fish and Game Commission. He thinks that the people have a right to know where the revenues of the commission come from and where the money goes and he intends to tell them by means of bulletins. He told me about that famous three years' contract which the commissioners gave him and which, as he informed Governor Johnson, was not worth the paper it was written on if the commissioners wished to

(Continued on Page 24.)

BONDS

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The Heart of Mimi

By Matilde Serao (From the Italian)

Jeanne did not lift her eyes from her work, her fingers flying over the delicate lace; Mimi moved restlessly through the room, shifting an ornament on the pier-table, opening a small box and clicking the lid, changing a vase of flowers from one place to another. It was plain that she wished to say or do something, but the serious expression on the face of her elder sister restrained her. Then Mimi, who was not a very patient creature, decided to face the danger and, planting herself directly in front of her sister, asked

Jeanne, do you know what Antoinette has told me?"

"Nothing very interesting, surely."

"How dry and cold an answer! Where do you get your ice, little sister? From the North Pole?"

"Mimi, you are nothing but a child."

"There is where you are mistaken, great-grandmother of my heart; I am not a child, for I am going to be married."

"What?"

"Exactly; that is what Antoinette told me."

"You are crazy!"

"You shall know all, as they say in the drama. It will be a little long, but your sedate highness will have the goodness to listen to me."

"Yes, yes,; but hurry!"

"The day of the races at the Champs de Mars —that is the time and the place. You were not there because you preferred your eternal books."

"If you are jesting, I will not listen to you."

"You should listen; the secret is suffocating, killing me."

"So?"

"I pass over the symptoms. Well, at the races we were sitting in the front row of benches; Paul Lavato presented to us a handsome young man, Robert Montefranco. Salutes and compliments. They took their seats behind us and we exchanged a few vague words; then the bell rang for the start. You remember, my favorite was Gorgone—I didn't know how ungrateful she would prove to be. A cloud of dust enveloped the group of horses that started at a gallop. 'Gorgone wins!' I cried. 'No, Petit Lord wins," said Montefranco, smiling. I was angry at the contradiction; he continued to oppose me and laugh. We made a small bet, and after a few minutes of anxiety I learned that Gorgone was a traitress, that I had lost and Montefranco had won. I insisted on paying my bet then and there; he bowed and assured me there was no hurry. A few days later I met him on the driveway, and I sent him a glance that would justify him in thinking that my eyes were interrogation points. He bowed with the most mysterious air. The same at the theater, everywhere. Of course my curiosity was excited to the utmost. Robert is handsome, he is twenty-six years old, and this morning my future father-in-law had an interview with mamma that lasted two hours."

"Oh!"

"First sign of attention from my audience. Antoinette heard of the visit, therefore the marriage is a fact. Now there is a serious question to be discussed—at the mayor's office, shall I wear a blue or a gray dress?"

"How you go on! How you go on!"

"Certainly, there are no obstacles. Robert and I love each other; our parents are delighted."

"And you will marry like that?"

"What do you mean by 'Like that,' words that are so elastic?"

"Without knowing him, without loving him?"

"But I do know him. I have met him at the races, on the promenade, at the theater. I adore him, for, the day before yesterday, not having seen him, I refused breakfast and drank three cupfuls of coffee, wishing to commit suicide!"

"And he?"

"He marries me, therefore he loves me," replied Mimi triumphantly.

But on seeing Jeanne turn pale, she regretted her imprudent words, and, leaning over her sister, asked affectionately: "Have I said anything unkind?"

"No, dearest, you are right; he who loves, marries. It is difficult to win love, that is all."

"To win love?" repeated Mimi with vivacity. "On the contrary, it is very easy. But when, like you, one has a serious brow, and eyes and lips that never smile; when one remains in the corner to think while the others dance and amuse themselves; when, instead of laughing, one reads; and, instead of living, one dreams; when one is grave and thoughtful—then it is difficult to win love."

Jeanne bowed her head in silence. Her trembling lips crushed back a sob.

"I have hurt you again," said Mimi, grieved. "It is because I wish to see you courted, sought out, engaged. How great a joy it would be, if we both were married on the same day!"

"What madness! I shall be an old maid."

"No, miss; I forbid it. Robert is a gallant man; he must have somewhere a bachelor brother—he must!"

At that moment their mother entered.

"Where are you going, mamma?" asked Mimi.

"To my notary's office, dear."

"Oh, oh! To the notary's; that is serious!"

"You will soon see, little madcap. Come with me, Jeanne."

"Jeanne, too, is going to the notary's?"

"Mimi, when will you become serious?"

"Later on, mamma; there is plenty of time."

She opened the door and, bowing profoundly before her mother and her sister, she murmured: "Madame, Mademoiselle, I have the honor."

When they were outside she called after them, with a burst of laughter:

"Go, talk, tell your secrets! I shall pretend to know nothing about them!"

Robert Montefranco, according to his habit, did not pass the hours in reflection; he hadn't the time. The day fled with breakfast, riding and dinner; the evening passed pleasantly beside Mimi, his fiancee. When he had settled a few small affairs, conferred with his lawyers and fulfilled some necessary duties, there was nothing left but the arrangements for the wedding journey and the future home. There was scarcely a half hour for reading or a quarter hour for his club. He never gave himself up to deep thought or busied himself with social problems, for there was nothing of the romantic hero about Robert. He was the envied of all for his serenity of spirit.

He was stretched in his chair, legs crossed, cigarette between his lips, a book in his hand. The story was interesting, but the reader was absent-minded; more than that—he was nervous and uneasy. He did not turn the leaf, for, on coming to the second line, the letters jumped, danced, mingled into inextricable confusion before his eyes. Robert, in spite of himself, was lost in the land of reverie:

"Papa is satisfied, my aunts send me their blessing, my cousins are furious, my friends at the club congratulate me ironically, my other friends press my hand; therefore I do well to marry. Mimi is ravishing. When she looks at me with her malicious eyes and shows her white teeth in laughter, I feel like covering her fair head with kisses. She has a heart of gold; always in good humor, in high spirits, always contented, ever ready for amusement, witty, mocking, jesting. We agree very well; I cannot endure serious faces. They seem to hide some secret grief, some mysterious sorrow, a sorrow that I cannot console and of which I may be the involuntary cause. Jeanne, my future sister-in-law, with her cold, impassive features, irritates me. When she appears all my gaiety vanishes and I shrink as if the chill of autumn were in the atmosphere. I have not the courage even to jest with Mimi. Jeanne puts an end to my joy. She must have perceived my antipathy, for she salutes without looking at me, without speaking to me, without offering her hand.

"Mimi laughs incessantly. She is so young! She declares she adores me, then bursts into a fit of laughter and talks of something else. Yes, she loves me well, but she will never break her heart. The truth is, neither am I desperately in love, and it is better so. An engaged couple ought to have the same character and they need not start married life with extravagant passion on either side. That is the case with Mimi, and we shall be very happy. We shall go to Italy, traveling leisurely and stopping wherever fancy suggests. We shall remain away three months—no, four months, at least. I wish to withdraw Mimi from the sad company of her sister. But is it natural for a young girl to be serious?

"Jeanne will soon be twenty years old. Her eyes are admirable and she has the bearing of a queen. She could please, if she would. She will never marry. Perhaps that is the cause of her sadness; perhaps some secret love, perhaps a deception. I am curious to know the cause of her melancholy.

"Mimi adores sweet meats; she told me so the second time I called on her parents. Caramels melt on her rosy lips. And the impressive air with which she tells me there are no more! She is adorable. She whispered to me that she was afraid of thunder, that she wanted a black velvet dress with a long train, that she would be as jealous as a Spaniard and that she would buy a dagger inlaid with gold as the instrument of her vengeance! She is exquisite as she expresses all her childish thoughts; even Jeanne smiles, and how bright is her countenance when she does smile; Jeanne, who will penetrate to that hidden soul?"

The book fell on the floor with a crash. The noise aroused the young man from his reverie. He shivered like one taken in a fault. Was it he, Robert Montefranco, who had been lost in revery, indulging in day-dreams?

Twilight was gathering over the city like a fine ashen mist, and Jeanne, standing at the window, looked out as if seeking someone in the

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

English Census Figures

The provisional census returns for England and Wales were at first regarded as highly satisfactory from the sociological point of view, as they did not indicate any appreciable falling off in the birthrate. A closer examination, however, showed that it was the poorest and least fit portion of the population that was growing most rapidly, while the better part of the population, the most efficient and the most intelligent, was either growing very slowly, or stationary, or actually diminishing. The Irish returns are especially interesting. They show the decrease of population in the sister island since 1901 to be only 1.7 per cent—by far the smallest percentage for seventy years. The decrease in males was only 0.6 per cent since 1901 but in females it was 2.8 per cent. This is probably due to young men remaining in the country under the new land conditions, while girls still emigrate to become domestic servants. The result is that the males in Ireland total 2,186,804 and the females 2,195,147, so that the sexes are nearly equal. Women are greatly in excess in other parts of the United Kingdom.

The Army and the Woolen Trust

The War Department has decided to break from the grip of the "Woolen Trust" and have a fair competition on bids for supplying clothing to the enlisted men of the army. This is the plain English of the determination of the department to substitute carded woolens for worsteds. May 24 advertisements were authorized calling for bids within two months for 350,000 yards of carded woolens, and if this trial proves satisfactory woolen instead of worsted will be the standard cloth for uniforms. Worsteds will be retained for shirtings, because of their elasticity, but all other cloth made from wool will be of the carded woolen variety—the soft, rough cloth which has almost gone out of use as the popular clothing of the people, partly because of the insistence with which worsteds have been turned out by the mills. For years the army worsteds have been supplied exclusively by the American Woolen Company. According to the figures of the department only 226 worsted mills are operated in the United States, and 790 woolen mills. Army officers state that trust conditions exist in the worsted industry, and do not in carded woolens. They say frankly they believe they can get the cloth from fifty to eighty cents a yard cheaper for woolens than for worsteds, and that they will get a more serviceable article. They deny the assertion of the worsted men that woolen cloth has less tensile strength, and declare that it has greater, while they say the superiority of its abrasive quality is acknowledged. The Government has been paying from $2.30 upward for 22-ounce cloth to $1.30 a yard for 13-ounce cloth. The quartermaster's department expects a saving of thousands of dollars a year through the substitution, a more serviceable and pleasing cloth for the use of the men and a breaking up of the monopoly on Government contracts which the American Woolen Company has been able to exercise through well-practiced trade methods for many years.

The Peace Movement in Hawaii

There is no part of the country where careless war-talk is so firmly discouraged as in Hawaii. This is not because the islands feel that they occupy a strategic position in the event of hostilities; it is because the best sentiment there covets the distinction of being considered a strategic peace point in relation to Japan and the United States. This feeling has crystallized during the past two months into a modest, but definite and active peace movement. The Mid-Pacific Institute is a private school just out of Honolulu, founded several years ago by influential citizens of the territory for the education of boys of various races. It is beautifully situated about four miles out of the city, is richly endowed, and has a well-equipped teaching force, mostly of graduates from American colleges. As a beginning of the peace movement, five free scholarships in the Institute have been offered to the five Japanese boys who write the best essays on the subject: "Friendly Relations between Japan and America and How They May Best Be Maintained." The scholarships include not only board and tuition, but traveling expenses to and from Japan and Hawaii and all necessary books and equipment for the course. To make this competition effective for the end in view it was necessary to interest leading Japanese educators in the plan. For this purpose, Theodore Richards, the American treasurer of the Institute has just completed a special mission to Japan. He succeeded at the start in interesting Count Okuma, ex-prime minister and now president of Waseda University in Tokio. Count Okuma made his own house a centre for the work and helped Mr. Richards organize a committee made up of the best-known Japanese educators and leaders in reform work. The number of scholarships offered at present is small, but the help of distinguished educators and the eagerness of Japanese students to profit by Western education will doubtless lead to a large number of entries in the competition. Every entry will mean the creation of a little centre of peace interest to counteract the war-talk in both countries.

The Wireless Toothache

If the German scientist Hensingmuller's theories are correct the approaching wireless age will compel people to wear metal insulated suits to protect them from the deadly electric wave dangers. He says that a weird new form of violent toothache has already resulted among those exposed to the waves. He anticipates that those who are more dangerously exposed hereafter will lose their hair and some of their senses, and even their lives. He points out that there is no essential difference between wireless waves and X-rays, the terrible nerve shrivelling effects of which are well known. He estimates that only one three hundred-millionth part of the electrical energy generated for a message transmitted between stations one mile apart is actually used. The rest, he says, is dispersed in the atmosphere and hits some one somewhere.

Russia and Jewish Travelers

After many years of practical exclusion from Russia, Jews who desire to enter that country on business will in the future be admitted under restrictions to be prescribed by the Russian government. Official information has been received by the State Department at Washington that Russia will henceforth accord more liberal treatment to the Jews. This is a concession to the continued protests of the United States against the barring of Jews who are American citizens. This government contended that the barring of the Jews constituted a violation of the commercial treaty of 1832 between the two countries, which provided among other things for reciprocal rights of travel. Under the procedure which has prevailed up to this time Jews were admitted to Russia only after they had obtained passports which were properly vised by the Russian Embassy or by Russian consular officers in this country. This method of procedure has, however, practically been a dead letter, as in nearly all cases the Russian officers have declined to vise the passports. Several instances where prominent American Jews have desired to enter Russia and have applied for credentials, have in recent years brought this question to public notice. Now it bids fair to be settled satisfactorily

Killing the Opium Trade

The opium agreement, signed at Pekin on May 8 by Sir John Jordan for England and the Wai-wu-pu for China, promises the certain extinction of the traffic within seven years. It starts out by recognizing the good faith with which China has endeavored since 1907 to reduce the production of the drug within the empire, and the first covenant is that for the next seven years it shall continue the decrease in the same ratio that the annual import from India is diminished. Great Britain agrees that no opium shall be conveyed from India to any province of China which has effectively suppressed the cultivation of the poppy. The entire export of opium from India shall cease in less than seven years if proof be given that the home production has entirely ceased in China. The ports of Canton and Shanghai are to be the last closed to imports. The other provisions of the agreement provide for administrative details, including official inspection in each country. Great Britain consents also to an increase of duty to 350 taels a chest on imports, provided that an equivalent excise tax be placed on domestic opium in China. The annual reduction of the Indian exports is now about 5,100 chests, but it is to be even greater in 1912, 1913 and 1914. A loss of revenue of at least $15,000,000 is on the surface involved to India from the loss of the imports on the trade. This may have to be met in part by a contribution from the British imperial treasury. But in Parliament recently Under Secretary Montagu of the Indian office intimated that some other way might be found of meeting the deficiency.

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The Spectator

Bohemian Has-Beens

Porter Garnett, author of the forest play to be produced at the next Midsummer Jinks of the Bohemian club, has incurred I am told the disfavor of several distinguished members who have hitherto been regarded as essential to the success of the annual events in the grove. I refer to the gentlemen who have figured as the protagonists of the grove dramas. Mr. Garnett will have none of them. There is not one of them, he says, capable of giving vraisemblance to the pictures which he has designed. It is not their talent he discredits but their physique. All of them are too well fed, too suggestive of animality. He even goes so far as to accuse them of embonpoint, jowls and other things inconsistent with manly beauty. All of which is unpleasant to the ears of the admirers of Allan Dunne, McDonald Spencer, Jack Shiels, Courtney Ford and Dick Hotaling. These gentlemen have long been regarded in the Bohemian club as the very finest specimens of masculine pulchritude. But Mr. Garnett says they will not do. He admits that any of them might be made to look the part of a man of mettle, of a knight of old, fit for joust or tournament, capable of storming castles or trifling at a middle-aged lady's toilette, but for his midsummer night's frolic in the woods among nereids and naiads they would be as much out of drawing as a policeman at a church festival. He has written a play full of airy dreams, languishing flowers, soft clouds, pale moonbeams, sweet sounds and sweet smells, and what mortal men appear therein must be of the Narcissus type, free from all suspicion of cocktails, with the locks of Apollo, rounded cheeks and ivory necks, and with the delicacy and grace that might be expected to "die of a rose in aromatic pain." So the veterans of the grove drama must take a back seat, and in no way disturb the enchantment in which Bohemia is to be lapt. Now the question is, "Can they ever come back?"

Two Appointments

Now are the loaves and fishes being distributed with a sense of gratitude which must command the admiration of all lovers of that rare virtue. To the Board of Control created by the only honest Administration that political pap might be more abundant Governor Johnson has appointed one of the most passionate of his panegyrists, Mr. John Francis Neylan, of the Bulletin staff. Mr. Neylan is a young man, not more than twenty-eight years of age, but that he is deserving we know by the industry he has shown in propagating the fame of our Governor. His appointment while it contributes to the efficiency of State government is a distinct loss to journalism. The enemies of the Administration will find it more difficult to criticise the appointment of Mr. Neylan than to criticise the appointment of Charles Cutten as attorney for the State Commissioners of Lunacy. Mr. Cutten was one of the ornaments of the State Senate. He voted for Works for Senator without scruple though his district and his county voted for Spalding.

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Raking Dead Ashes

After ten weeks of laborious pondering Frank Short has lucubrated at weary length against Colonel Roosevelt. His apologia is a pedestrian effort set off by a few exhibitions of speed. But Short has been too long in training for his Marathon. The Commonwealth Club banquet whereat Colonel Roosevelt hit Frank Short with a meat-ax, so to speak, took place on March 27. When Short had had his little say of ten minutes and Colonel Roosevelt had devoted an hour to his reply, the etiquette of the occasion forbade surrebuttal; so it was the most natural thing in the world that Short should let out his moral indignation through the nub of his fountain pen. But that he should take such an unconscionable time to do it in spoiled the effect of the rejoinder. There can be no doubt that Colonel Roosevelt carried off the honors of the debate; that he triumphed brutally over an opponent whose mouth was closed makes little difference—the colonel often triumphs that way. So if Short could not frame burning words of retort while the controversy was hot, he should have let the matter rest. He is raking dead ashes. Not that his poker is clumsily wielded. He starts in this strain: "It was unanimously agreed that his address upon this occasion was probably Colonel Roosevelt's greatest effort. I, therefore, have at least the consolation, without hope of ever being able to make a great speech, of having provoked the greatest speech of the greatest man of the greatest generation of the greatest country on the earth." Not bad but too long in coming.

A Natural Mistake

As every clubman in town knows, the emblem of The Family is a stork and one of these busy birds is shown in stained glass at the entrance to the Family Club in Powell street near Bush. A few nights ago some of Herman Heller's musicians at the St. Francis who had been playing a special engagement at the Fairmont were returning to the former hotel. "This is the Family Club," said one of them casually as they passed the club house. "Is it?" returned another in unfeigned astonishment, looking at the emblem in the stained glass. "I always thought it was a maternity hospital."

More Trouble for Kent

The Hon. Bill Kent of That Ilk continues to enjoy immunity from uncomplimentary mention in the newspapers of this city. Those who are curious to follow the affairs of the congressman from the second district must read Sacramento's leading daily, the Union, which has an ever-watchful eye on Bill. The latest bit of news is that Bill's cattle company, the Golconda, is once more in trouble, having just been charged by the government with illegally enclosing government lands in several counties in Nevada. But this, it seems, is not all. I read in the Union: "There is also a protest in the land office at Carson City about mineral lands which, it is alleged, the Golconda Company tried to grab as agricultural land. It was only forty acres, but held the key to thousands of other acres of grazing land." Some of these matters will be taken up by the federal courts in Nevada before the end of the month.

White Is Not So Black

"Gus" White, the man appointed by Mayor McCarthy to succeed Chief Seymour is of the most catholic taste in the matter of companions and friends. As soon as his appointment was made public the Bulletin announced that he was Jerome Bassity's "pal." His intimacy with Bassity was news to me, but I was not incredulous, knowing that White has a wide circle of acquaintances and that his acquaintances are of a very mixed character. The Bulletin argues that White was appointed because of his intimacy with Bassity. By the same token it might be argued that he was appointed because of his intimacy with ex-district attorney Langdon, or because of his intimacy with Eustace Cullinan or because he was on such intimate terms with Fremont Older that he was selected to make the proposition that Older told about in the Flannery case. If White is Bassity's pal then the conclusion is warranted that between Bassity and the Bulletin there is almost as close a connection as the one between Seymour and the Bulletin. And therefore it may be wise for the Mayor to meditate as to whether he might not be jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. The ramifications of the Bulletin's friendships are mysterious and mystifying. There is somebody on the Bulletin with a genius for underground connections and with an amazing facility for reconciliation and reform. It was this genius that converted Roy Golden or Golden Roy from a sinner into a saint; that touched the cheeks of Carroll Cook with lips of fire instantly transforming the object of Bulletin anathema into a Bulletin pet and reformer; that searched the heart of Captain Duke and found it up to the Bulletin standard of righteousness and worthy of Bulletin confidence. So what may not be done with a pal of Bassity's. White, by the way, has social and fraternal connections that justify the confidence heretofore reposed in him by the Langdons and the Cullinans. He is a prominent member of the Knights of Columbus, he is an Elk and he is a member of the Olympic club.

Vox Populi Vox Dei

Some very amusing nonsense is to be found under the guise of sober philosophy in the editorial columns of our daily papers. Here is a specimen from the Chronicle of last Sunday: "The people never have and never will elect to the chief magistracy of this Republic one who would knowingly permit any dishonest transaction to

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be made if within the line of his official duty to prevent it." This is what might be called laying the flattering unction to our souls that we are a new Chosen People more favored than the Biblical tribes inasmuch as we are immune from error. In these days of pessimism, progressivism and everything but genuine patriotism the sentiment is refreshing and inspiring. It carries us back to the good old days when the Fourth of July was celebrated at every cross-roads in the country with much pomp of oratory, when the eagle was wont to spread himself and soar and shriek and the lion's tail was twisted till the beast roared in impotent rage; carries us back indeed many centuries, for the germ of the idea of popular infallibity is to be found in the medieval maxim "Vox populi vox Dei." This dear old maxim has been too long neglected; nay, it has fallen into disrepute. There are crusty old philosophers who tell us that it is unrepublican because it may be interpreted to mean that the people may do what they list, under the constitution, above the constitution and against the constitution; in other words that it is an avowal of disbelief in institutional government. They have even exclaimed in doleful accents, "Woe to the country in which political hypocrisy first calls the people almighty and then teaches them that the voice of the people is the voice of God." How wrong they are we know from the fact that Progressive Republican statesmanship today puts its faith in the divinity of public opinion. The medieval maxim is what animates twentieth century politics. Our greatest statesmen have discovered the remarkable mystical truth that though each of us is an erring individual the united clamor of frail mortals has a character of divinity about it. This is the truth which the editor of the Chronicle has enunciated with a cocksureness born of inspiration.

Discovered, Another "Pote"

Not since it was my privilege to delve into the pages of "Natoma" and read therein the glowing numbers that proclaimed our dear Joe Redding a "pote" among "potes," have I experienced such joy of discovery as overwhelmed my palpitating heart t' other day when I learned that Dr. Frederic Burk, president of the San Francisco State Normal School, was also a member of the sacred brotherhood. Yes, Dr. Freddie Burk is also a "pote." By right of discovery he is my "pote," just as Edwin Markham was Bailey Millard's and George Sterling was Ambrose Bierce's before a jealous world claimed a share in the ownership. It was by the merest accident that I discovered Dr. Frederic Burk to be a "pote." I shudder to think that I might never have known his golden quality had not "the ritual of graduation" of the normal school fallen into my hands. In this precious sheaf of inspiration Dr. Burk has bound up the fat ears of his highly cultivated field of fancy. I have been devouring his output and now with my hand on my heart I solemnly declare that Dr. Freddie is a "pote" worthier of celebration than Joe Redding himself. Which is going some.

Dr. Freddie's Ritual

The ritual of graduation which the students of the normal school must submit to before receiving their diplomas, may justly be designated a remarkable piece of writing. It is nothing if not all-embracing in its scope. Perhaps one might not improperly describe it as a pot pourri wherein biblical tags and psalms are mingled with reconstructed hymns, Kipling's Recessional, "Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep," a balderdash of bathos reminiscent of the "work" of some secret societies and—last but ah! not least—Dr. Burk's original verses. From this scented hotchpotch there arises the stuffy odor of the lodge room combined with the musty smell of an overripe sentimentality. Heralds speak the obsolete lingo of heralds; guild choruses sing lines that limp into irregular ranks of unmated rhyme; Woman greets the "initiates" in platitudinous doggerel and the "initiates" reply in kind; and "voices of the wood" give utterance to exclamatory nonsense. The whole thing is calculated to make a strong man blither with vexation and to cause a sensible woman—there must be many such among normal school graduates—to blush for the guiding spirit of the institution she is leaving. Really, I am not exaggerating the silliness of the thing. If Dr. Burk were the Freddie Burk of the old newspaper days he would agree with me.

A Taste of His Quality

But we are dealing with Dr. Burk the "pote." Let us sample his wares of Helicon. List to the "guild chorus":

A mighty host, an innumerable company
Of womankind, that in love find life's harmony,
Do now this altar assemble round,
Exultingly sing, till the heavens resound,
For they in service joy have found.
Love's work with children they espouse,
Divine love in their hearts arouse.
Let childhood's host rejoice, rejoice,
For them they hail with gladdest voice,
A woman's work, their happy choice.

In the presence of that singing voice let Joe Redding bow his haughty whiskers. Joe may have been kissed of Mary Garden but Dr. Burk has been bussed by the Sacred Nine, yea! by the whole outfit. But hist! the "response by the initiates":

With joyous steps we go on our way.
Love lends a halo to our day.
Light sorrow sails like clouds afar,
We say, "How strong we are."

And we of the uninitiated vulgus can only say how strong we are for the "pote." Hark to this witching strain:

Oh! the never forgotten school days,
Whose music fresh and pure,
Is woven hints of songs to come
Like a beautiful overture

We are all but God's school children,
And earth is our schoolhouse now,
Where duties are set for lessons
Whose windows life doth bestow.

I confess to a fondness for that "beautiful overture" but I can't quite see through the windows of life's schoolhouse. The panes are a little dusty.

The Doctor's Poetical Prose

I would that I might pluck more of these Burk posies for the delectation of a waiting world, but I must find space for a few jewels of prose. The Doc is addressing the children:

> We would not hold from you one iota of your birthright, yours from the race and nation's forefathers, handed down from generation to generation. And what have I for you, dear children? The pen and the book, these, our emblems of knowledge and wisdom.

In the following the Doc evidently pictures woman's form swathed in a hobble skirt:

> By a tall and graceful Ionic column do we symbolize Womanhood.

But immediately she becomes a stick:

> She is a support to the various canopies of protection for the children of the land.

The "charge" to the graduates is wondrous fine:

> We charge you to lead the children out under the wondrous firmament of night, etc. We charge you to lead the children to some high mountain, etc. We charge you to lead them forth into the stillness of the woods, etc. We charge you to lead them into the haunts of man, etc. And we charge you, especially, that you avoid the pitfalls of pedantry in your craft, etc.

Dr. Burk's Little Joke

Only once in this whole ritual does Dr. Burk appear as a humorist. That is when, in enumerating the "vows of the teacher," he calls upon them to promise "not to use, or knowingly to permit

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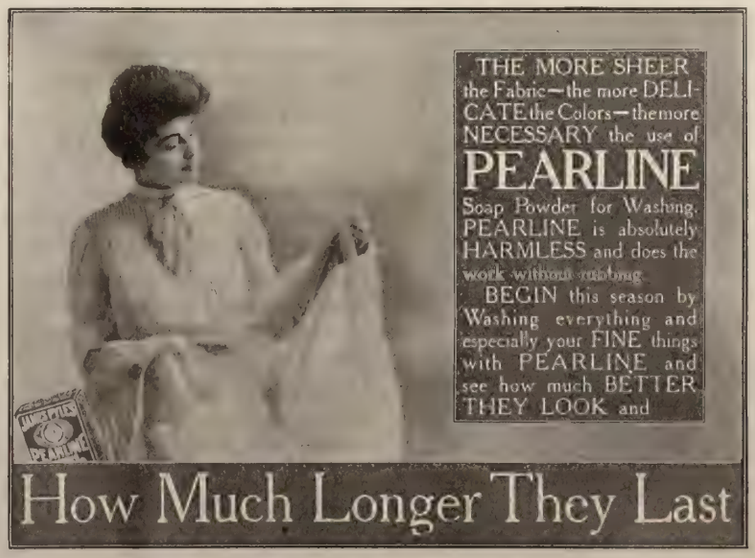

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others to use in my behalf, any influence or arguments in securing appointments, other than those of my professional skill and qualifications of a teacher." Have we not here the exhibition of an antic wit? Or is it cant? How many normal graduates, think you, Dr. Burk, would refuse the friendly offices of a Board member in obtaining a school or a class? If Dr. Burk has never exerted his influence for a favorite pupil he stands alone among officials of his department. But Dr. Burk, being a "pote," may be pardoned for eccentricity.

"I think I'll be an explorer and take up mountain-climbing," said the sardonic person.

"Have you any training for that sort of thing?"

"I think so. I work on the thirty-fifth story of a building whose elevator gets out of order."

Some Creamy Business

From a shareholder of the United Cigar Stores I received some interesting information the day after the decision was rendered in the Tobacco Trust case. He said that the stock was selling on a three and a half per cent income basis with none pressing for sale even in dull times. The United Cigar Stores are selling upwards of $30,000,000 worth of goods a year. No store has ever been opened that did not make a profit from the start. There are three hundred stores in the New York metropolitan district and nine hundred scattered all over the country. The management of these stores is of the strictly up-to-the-newest wrinkle in American business. The thousands of salesmen are drilled like the soldiers of an army. They are taught politeness, cleanliness, alertness. It is impressed upon them that advancement in the service depends on their assiduity. They are closely watched, and promptly rewarded for good service. The matches which they give to customers cost the company $85,000 a year, but from the advertising on the back of some of the packages a revenue of $50,000 is derived. New stores are located only after a careful statistical study of street traffic. The first stores in New York were opened on the corners that actual counting of pedestrians had shown to be the busiest corners in America. All the stores are rented from the United Merchants Realty and Improvement Co., a subsidiary corporation which is making $1,000,000 a year on its $100,000 common stock It has put millions of dollars into the purchase of real estate and into long-term leases, and now its leases and equities are said to be worth the entire capitalization of United Cigar Stores. The $9,000,000 stock which was selling just before the decision around $230—more than $20,000,000 market value—is owned by the American Tobacco Co. and its group of friends. They have cut up one 10-for-one melon, and they have been receiving $8-a-share dividends.

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Black Beetles in Amber

Slowly are the collected works of Ambrose Bierce issuing from the press of the Neale Publishing Company of Washington and New York. I have before me "Black Beetles in Amber," a volume of verses most of which are republished from San Francisco papers. This book is itself an answer to the familiar criticism that the author has dealt mostly with obscure persons; for even so, such is the intrinsic merit of the verses that they afford great delight. They are fine specimens of both gentle and mordant satire and they give enjoyment even to the reader who has no acquaintance with the persons pilloried on ridicule's lofty and lasting stage. The wit of the following, for example, would be none the less keen though we knew not the orator to whom it alludes:

Like a worn out mother he attempts in vain
To still the unruly Crier of his brain:
The more he rocks the cradle of his chin,
The more uproarious grows the brat within

And even though ex-Fish Commissioner Joe Redding had not immortalized himself by writing a libretto would we not nevertheless enjoy these lines.

Great Joseph D. Redding—illustrious name!—
Considered a fish-horn the trumpet of fame.
That goddess was angry and what do you think?
Her trumpet she filled with a gallon of ink,
And all through the press with a devilish glee,
She sputtered and spattered the name of J. D.

Bierce like Hogarth can sum up character with a few strokes of his pen. His deftness is shown in these lines that convey as good an idea of the character of the founder of the Palo Alto university as David Starr Jordan could impart in a fat volume of his sprightliest prose:

Here Stanford lies, who thought it odd
That he should go to meet his God,
He looked, until his eyes grew dim,
For God to hasten to meet him

This epitaph is not inscribed on the tomb of Senator Stanford, but if the love of biographical accuracy ever becomes militant it will be.

Scheffauer on Bierce

A fine appreciation of Ambrose Bierce appears in a recent issue of T. P.'s magazine of London. Each month this magazine publishes a masterpiece of fiction, drawing its material from every language, together with an article on the author's personality and achievements. From Bierce's writings, "An Occurence at Owl Creek Bridge" was selected as a vivid example of his work, and Scheffauer wrote the introductory note which opens with these words: "Since the death of Edgar Allen Poe, her apostle of beauty, America has not produced a more remarkable literary phenomenon than Ambrose Bierce, her apostle of satire and doom." He pronounces Bierce "one of the most versatile men of genius in the United States," and says that now at sixty-eight, "he is, with the exception of Joaquin Miller, the only representative of a splendid group of writers that centred about Bret Harte and his times."

Dr. Owen Gives Up the Search

So Dr. Orville Owen of Detroit has at last abandoned his attempt to explain the wherefore of the Wye in the Shakespeare-Bacon silliness. Well, it was about time. We were getting tired of the doctor-digger. The point of his jest was becoming dulled by overuse. The argument was consuming too valuable space in the literary papers and the deciphering medico was looming out of all proportion to his actual worth. For a while he supplied a diversion of tolerable idiocy, but we were beginning to yawn at him. He retired just in the nick of time to save our strained politeness from going by the board. If he will kindly submerge himself in the obscurity which has been the ultimate lot of Delia Bacon, Ignatius Donnelly, Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup and the other innocuous monomaniacs who preceded him in the development of this literary hallucination, all will be forgiven. He did his darndest and failed, thereby exactly fulfilling the expectations of everybody rejoicing in the rudiments of common sense. Like his ancient namesake of the clan Glendower he essayed to call a spirit from

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the vasty deep, but the fractious spirit wouldn't come when he called. A thousand Hotspurs could have told him as much before he started. Deeper than ever did plummet sound let him drown his cipher and get him back to Detroit and his patients, if he has any.

Bacon and Gammon

He was a source of innocent merriment ere he grew stale. When first he burst upon New York with his cipher which he read by means of a machine like a Hoe printing press, with his complicated jugglings of the text of the First Folio, of Raleigh's History of the World, of Sidney's Arcadia and of Bacon's weighty tomes, he was legitimate prey for the jokesmiths. When he transposed the line, "It was for gentle Shakespeare cut" and made it read, "Seek, sir, for a true angle at Chepstow," the temptation to chaff was irresistible and naturally somebody insisted that the proper transposition gave, "P. S. This Owen real cute, great fakes." When he announced that Bacon was the son of the Virgin Queen Elizabeth, it was according to the best tradition of humor that Bram Stoker should adduce "proofs" to show that the Virgin Queen was a man. But when he went to Chepstow and obtained permission from the Duke of Beaufort to search for the "true angle," the joke began to fray at the edges. When he told us that the precious Baconian manuscripts would be found in five boxes twenty feet long, ten feet wide and two feet deep which had been hidden in a vault beneath the mud of Wye, we were certain that his powers of exciting merriment were waning. Perhaps the good docter realized as much, for he made a mighty effort to command our laughter once more by telling us that in one of these huge boxes he would also find the head of Shakespeare. The wheeze fell flat. Have we not been overincumbered with severed heads? One is enough in a generation and Dr. Owen reckoned without the head of Cromwell which was claiming attention. As a rib-tickler his head of Shakespeare was not in the same class with Mr. Dick's head of Charles I. The freshness had gone out of the doctor's tomfoolery.

Taking the Doctor Seriously

But when a comedian's powers wane there is always somebody to take him seriously. That is why Nat Goodwin found a chance to play Shylock, why some would like to see Eddie Foy play Hamlet. This law of change worked out on the doctor. He was taken seriously by a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries who almost but not quite revived the laughter-provoking possibilities of the situation. This solemn Britisher established that the timbers which Dr. Owen uncovered and attributed to the secreting labors of Bacon were the timbers of an ancient bridge built long before Bacon was born. He also showed that the wall which was part of the data given in the cipher for locating the boxes of manuscripts was not built till the nineteenth century. Other antiquaries and dryasdust diggers in ancient lore refuted the doctor with equally laborious solemnnity and for a moment the case threatened to regain its jocular prestige and to become almost as hilarious as a page of Punch. But our expectations were disappointed. The last chortle had been wrung from it. The Duke of Beaufort charged up the expenses of the excavation to profit and loss and the Duchess of Beaufort, a confirmed Baconian, motored up to London to attend the grand Shakespearian ball. And the doctor? He is dead to the world of literary freakishness Let us say of him in the language which another doctor applied to a great comedian, "His death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

She—I will have no smoking in this house. Do you understand?

He—Yes,please extend this prohibition to the stoves.

A Picturesque Personality

I noticed Humboldt Gates in the lobby of the St. Francis the other day. His is a picturesque personality. He has not yet passed forty, yet he has managed to accumulate a store of varied experiences in his wanderings over a territory extending northward to Alaska, southward to Mexico and eastward to the gold camps of Nevada. Wherever in this western country there was wealth to be dug out of the bowels of the earth Humboldt Gates journeyed eagerly, carrying the joy of life and the love of adventure with him. He was named after the county of his birth, is self-educated, and self-made in the financial sense His timber interests in Humboldt, I believe, are now very large. Up on the Yukon they still tell the story of his fight with a tenderfoot who aspersed the honor of a woman. It happened on ship deck and Gates went after the offender hammer and tongs, while everybody gathered round to see the scrap. The fighters clinched near the rail and toppled over into the icy waters locked in the embrace of combat. Both were good swimmers and it is said that they fought three rounds in the water before they were fished out. When Gates had inflicted sufficient punishment his opponent apologized.

Mrs. Atherton in French

Gertrude Atherton enjoys the unusual honor of having one of her novels published as a feuilleton by Le Figaro, the great Parisian newspaper. To be a Figaro feuilletonist is an honor conferred only on the greatest novelists of the day and the

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Americans who have been so distinguished might be counted on the fingers of one hand. Curiously enough, it is one of Mrs. Atherton's earlier books which is being published in daily installments by Le Figaro. "L'Esclave de la Vigne," as they call "A Daughter of the Vine" is no doubt interesting to French readers but it will not make the sensation in Paris that it created here where the principal characters were well known to many people. The translation was made by Jean de Gail. Mrs. Atherton, by the way, has changed all her plans, if the papers quote her correctly, and will soon be with us for another season of literary work.

"Are you the man from Sodder & Co.'s to do the repairing of the water pipes?" asked Mr. Subbubs.

"Yes," replied the plumber, "and Mr. Sodder says it will cost you $60."

"What? Why, he hasn't seen the job. He doesn't know how much I want done."

"Mebbe not, but he told me how much to do."

Wanted, a State Anthem

Untiring poetasters of the male and female variety have been trying for a long time to manufacture a California anthem suitable for rendition in the schools and on occasions of patriotic celebration. So far their efforts have been lamentable. Perhaps the reason is that an anthem must be born when the poet's mind burns with the inspiration of a great crisis and that the deliberate attempts of the poetasters inevitably result in mechanical lucubrations devoid of any sort of beauty or spirit. But the principal reason for the failures is that the attempts are made by poetasters. Our real poets have never turned their thoughts to the composition of a State anthem. The most recent attempt has been made by, of all persons, Ellen Beach Yaw. Undeterred by the discouraging reception accorded the "Eureka, California, Hail" which even a progressivist Legislature laughed to scorn, the singer with the freak high note tried out an anthem that was still hot from her pen, on the good people of Los Angeles who attended a concert she gave. Here is Ellen's attempt:

California! Glorious Land!
What mystery dost thou hold?
Thy name through the Universe
Is writ in shining gold.
The eyes of every nation
Are turned toward thee now,
For God has placed with gracious hand
A wreath upon thy brow.

Chorus

California! California!
Earth's own charmed land!
Thy name through all eternity
Is writ by God's Own hand!

Wondrous Land of Sunshine,
That draws men unto thee,
And holds them with a magic bond
In perfect unity.
Here is found a haven,
Where sun and flowers combine
To drive away all worldly care
And teach a love Divine.

Lift your voice in gratitude!
Ring out ye Mission Bells!
Proclaim with love and harmony
The joy our country tells!
Peace and sweet contentment
Forever shall abide
In the homes of California—
Our Nation's greatest pride!

The obvious criticism of this is first, that it is not poetry; second, that it embodies too much near-poetic license. The eyes of every nation are not turned toward California now. God has not placed a wreath upon the brow of California. Men are not held together in California with a magic bond in perfect unity. (Didn't Ellen ever hear Los Angeles knocking San Francisco?) Sun and flowers do not drive away all worldly cares in California and they do not necessarily teach a love divine. And California is not our nation's greatest pride. As for the chorus, I don't know what it means. In what way is the name of California writ through all eternity by God's Own Hand? No, Ellen Beach Yaw has not given us our State anthem. Who will write it for us?

The Casa del Rey

There was as much joy in Santa Cruz last Saturday night as there was when the first spike

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of the Ocean Shore road was driven. The plain people of Santa Cruz were more elated than the banqueters at the Casa del Rey Hotel. The opening of that hotel was a public event of as much importance to the people of Santa Cruz as the selection of the Fair site will be to the people of San Francisco. Santa Cruz should be the Atlantic City of the West, and the only reason that it has failed to enjoy the popularity to which it is entitled by situation is that it has lacked up-to-date hotel accommodations. There was a time when the hotels of Santa Cruz were as good as those at any of our summer resorts, but gradually they fell into the has-been class, and the beautiful seaside resort held its own by sheer virtue of its natural attractions. So what the town needed above all else was a first class hotel under modern management, and it was the filling of this long-felt want that was celebrated last Saturday night when a Mr. Moroney made himself famous by taking a drink within sound of the surf.

The Pacific Cafeteria

Monday noon will see the opening of San Francisco's largest cafeteria which is located in the basement of the Pacific Building. This institution is the outgrowth of a popular demand for places to dine without the added cost of service by waiters. San Francisco has several such eating places but none can compare in size, comfort and ideal surroundings with the Pacific Cafeteria. It will have a seating capacity of 1500. Every convenience known to date has been installed to insure quickness of service which will be from double tables. For an entertainment feature the management has secured the famous Philippino Band of ten pieces which will render music during both luncheon and dinner. On Sundays the management will make a special feature of serving dinners from 5 to 8 o'clock.

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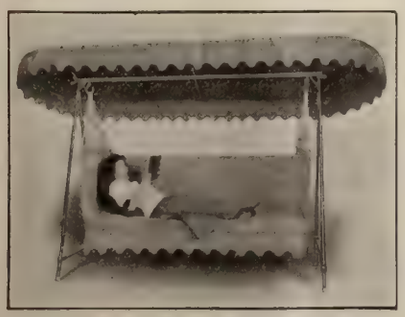

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Shaw on the Future of Music

George Bernard Shaw, who was a musical critic before he became a playwright, delivered a lecture in London the other day, in which he asked his audience to throw themselves a little into the future. As usual, people had not realized what the advent of the various pianolas and piano-players meant. It meant ultimately the abolition of the piano keyboard. Hitherto the arrangement of hand and keyboard in piano-playing had been the source of many imperfections. The keyboard had tyrannized over music. A great deal of the form and shape of our music was really due to the mechanical limitations imposed upon it by the keyboard. The composer of the future, however, would be able to compose music without any relation to the keyboard at all. What we wanted, Mr. Shaw continued, and what we should have eventually, was a totally new kind of music, the composer of which would not be fettered by the knowledge that the player could not get his hands wherever he pleased. He declared that at present it was impossible for a piano ever to be properly in tune, but with, say, fifty-three notes within the compass of the octave, piano-tuning could be brought to such perfection that every fifth would only be the 11,000th part of a semi-tone. But with the keyboard, if there were fifty-three notes to the octave, nobody would have sufficient manual dexterity to play it. The pianola would introduce a new kind of music, in which all sorts of intervals were employed that were not at present, and would give them a new technique and new resources in sound.

Children in New York Theaters

There are some interesting and significant facts about children in a study of the commercial recreations in New York City prepared by Michael M. Davis Jr., secretary of the committee on recreation and amusements of the New York Child Welfare Committee, and published by the department of child hygiene of the Russell Sage Foundation. It declares, for instance, that the weekly audiences at the low-priced theaters and moving-picture shows of Manhattan include, during the winter season, an average of about half a million children under sixteen, constituting 20 to 25 per cent of the total attendance. The boys outnumber the girls two to one, and, among the adults, the men exceed the women by about the same ratio. Contrasting these figures with those of the high-priced theaters, we find that the weekly attendance of children, at the latter, is about 8,000, or only 5 per cent of the total. Speaking of theatergoers in general he finds that at the low-priced theaters the majority of the audiences are of the working class, a minority of the clerical, and a minute remainder is made up of vagrants and leisure-class persons. At the high-priced theaters the leisure class appears to be in a slight majority over the business or clerical, the working class figuring in at about 2 per cent. Upon the mass of the people of New York, therefore, the direct influence of the high-priced, or so-called "standard," theater, is relatively nil.

At the Celestial Gate

The druggist approached the Celestial gate. St. Peter opened the portal for him and bade him enter and join the heavenly choir.

"Not so fast," admonished the compounder of pills. "Before I go in there I want to ask a few questions. Have you any city directories in Paradise?"

"No," replied St. Peter.

"Any remedies for growing hair on bald heads and door knobs?"

"None."

"Any soda fountains?"

"We don't know what they are."

"Do you sell stamps?"

"We don't use them here."

"And last, but not least, have you any telephones?"

"We have not."

"Then I'll go in, for I guess this is Heaven all right, all right."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Sharons to Live Here

Mrs. Frederick Sharon is proving her affection for California in the decision to make her residence here permanently. With an assured position in the Faubourg St. Germain and a home in Paris she elects to return to her native State with all her lares et penates. Two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Sharon announced their intention of building a residence at Menlo Park for their visits necessitated by business connected with the vast Sharon and Tevis interests, Mrs. Sharon being one of the daughters and heirs of the late Lloyd Tevis, sister of Will and Harry Tevis and Mrs. Gordon Blanding. The house is not a pretentious one but the owners have become so attached to the property and to the California climate that they have decided to build a larger house and improve the park for a permanent home that will be one of the show places of the State. Mrs. Sharon is an indefatigable hostess and scarcely a week passes that there are not a dozen or more guests in the household. The Sharons maintain their apartments at the Palace the year round. They are going to England to visit their daughter, Mrs. Fermor Hesketh next winter but the absence will not be a long one.

Photo, H. Pierre Smith
MISS BONNIE CARTER

The daughter of the late Judge Carter of Fresno who will be married to Mr. William McLaine on June 21. Mr. McLaine has oil interests at Bakersfield and the couple will make their home there.

The Stillman-Whitney Marriage

The two society wedding on Wednesday were celebrated in diametrically different surroundings. As befitted the nuptials of one of New York's wealthiest citizens the Stillman-Whitney marriage was a brilliant occasion. Trinity Church was filled with a fashionable throng that wore its finest raiment. Mrs. William Rockefeller, a relative of the groom, was the object of most interest before the bridal party appeared. She occupied a pew with Mrs. Reding, the bride's mother. The bride looked dainty and sweet and carried herself well. She will be the mistress of a Fifth Avenue mansion in a year or two and her new position in New York's millionairedom will not feaze her. Young Stillman's gifts to his bride form a rare collection of jewels and the Stillmans who are greatly pleased with the match have showered her with gifts. The youth of the bridal party was noticeable. One or two of the maids have not as yet made their debuts. Madge Wilson is a blonde of the Grecian order and her beauty won many comments. The two Otis girls are pretty debutantes of last winter. Dorothy Woodward and Florence Williams are Berkeley maids who made their bows at the assemblies last winter and Lillian Whitney was presented with her sister early in the season. The groom graduated from Harvard last term and the ushers were all young New Yorkers who came out for the wedding.

Jennie Lee Married

Later in the day there was a small home wedding at which the pretty Southern belle Jennie Lee became the bride of Lieutenant Rees of the navy. A limited number of friends witnessed the ceremony which was followed by a jolly informal dinner and dance, bride and groom leading the dancing in true Southern style. The bride is from North Carolina and the groom from Tennessee. Mrs. Rees has been much sought socially since making her home in this city with her sister Mrs. Schlesinger. She is popular in navy circles and has attended many of the dances at Mare Island, sharing the belledom of Miss Anna Peters who was a guest at the wedding. Miss Amy Bowles was the bridesmaid in a costume of pink and silver with a bouquet of roses tied with a silver cord.

The Ball at Santa Cruz

The ball in Santa Cruz Saturday night was the occasion for mirth and jollity like unto that of a Mardi Gras celebration. The similarity was increased by the presence of the Yama Yama girl who was the belle of the Mardi Gras in Dreamland Rink and attracted a train of admirers wherever she flitted. The handsome widow who acted as chaperon and who lives at the St. Francis received many approving glances. The two had a merry time. "Has anybody here seen Kelly" was soon understood to refer to the widow's charge who answered to the title when addressed. Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry was a handsome figure at the ball in blue and with her was Miss King, a Spanish looking beauty from Honolu who had on a Carmen costume. Manager Swanton of the new hostlery would permit no turkey-trotting on the floor and when this was discovered the dancers sought the piazzas where the grizzly bear and the bunny hug defied the mandate. The manner in which Peter Martin, Louis Sloss and a bunch from the Family Club got ahead of the city ordinance was highly commended. In the quiet purlieus of Santa Cruz no drinks are sold after one o'clock a. m. and no lights are allowed in places of public resort. The word was passed and at 12 the bar was bought out. After one there was plenty to drink for everybody from the purchased stock behind the counter. Lights were turned out in the dancing hall but outside a string of incandescents in the piazzas furnished sufficient illumination for those who cared to trip the light fantastic within.

An Aviation Honeymoon

An unusual honeymoon is that of young Clarence H. Walker and his bride who was Miss Caroline Bevin before she gave her hand and heart to the millionaire birdman. They are at present in the Hawaiian Islands where Walker is giving a series of exhibition flights. Dexter T. Dorgan who was best man at the wedding is Walker's manager while the Honolulu manager who is directing the exhibitions rejoices in the name of Love, very appropriate in the circumstances. After giving flights in Honolulu, Hilo, Maui and other parts of the islands the birdman and his bride will continue their honeymoon trip to Australia where more air feats will be performed. By the way, this romance of an aviator reminds me of the lines Ambrose Bierce wrote a good many years ago when aviation had not yet supplanted aeronautics:

Photo, Emily Pitchford
MRS. MARK DANIELS

A member of the exclusive set of Oakland and Berkeley. Mr. and Mrs. Daniels have recently moved into a beautiful new home in the college town.

Aeronaut, you're fairly caught,
Despite your bubble's leaven;
Out of the skies a lady's eyes
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No more, no more you'll freely soar
Above the grass and gravel ;
Henceforth you'll walk—and she will chalk
The line that you're to travel.

But Clarence Walker is still a high flier and his bride is proud of his skill.

The Anglophile in Society

There is in our midst a well known matron who is noted for her brogue but who always claims to be English, thereby amusing her friends without deceiving them. One day recently she met in a street car a prominent society girl who is acquainted with her eccentricity and who always affects an English accent in conversation with her. When the two were about to part the matron said with an unmistakeable brogue: "I always love to meet you because you remind me so much of my own dear England."

The Deady-Howitt Engagement

The engagement of Mrs. Mary Thompson Deady and Dr. Henry O. Howitt which has just been made public has been an open secret to their intimate friends for some time. Mrs. Deady is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Thompson of Santa Rosa and is prominent in the exclusive Southern set here. The family connections are very large including the Thompsons, Thorntons, Huies and others. Those attractive matrons, Mrs. Webster Loring Clarke, Mrs. Robert A. Holcombe and Mrs. Ray Taylor, are cousins. Dr. Howitt is a leading physician of San Rafael and a member of the Golf and Country Club. He is a widower with two children, Miss Beatrice Howitt, a young debutante, and Dudley Howitt, now attending Hitchcock's Military Academy. The engagement of this couple is unusually romantic and interesting to their many friends. Dr. Howitt and pretty Mary Thompson were sweethearts in their youth. But they drifted apart. Dr. Howitt married Miss Alice Chace, sister of Mrs. Oge. Miss Thompson married Paul Deady of Portland. Mrs. Deady went East where she remained for a number of years and only returned to San Francisco last year when she and Dr. Howitt met again, he as a widower and she as a widow. Old feelings and old ties were renewed with the result that the wedding will take place within a few weeks. The future home will be in San Rafael. Mrs. Deady is at present the guest of her sister Mrs. Harry Sutcliffe in Alameda. A great deal of entertaining will take place in honor of Dr. Howitt and Mrs. Deady in San Rafael and this city.

Mrs. Hearst's Business Acumen

The honor paid ex-President Diaz by the Government of one of the Mexican states calls to the mind of one of the Eastern bavardes a wigging which the ex-president gave this very Governor several years ago. It was in connection with Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, the mother of our versatile William Randolph Hearst, a woman who knows and follows up business details in a manner that puts her in a class with Mistress Hetty Green herself. Many of the enterprises left to her care by the late Senator were in old Mexico, and consisted of mines and plantations over which she placed Mike Tarpey in the capacity of resident supervisor in the City of Mexico. Tarpey by the way was entertained at the Riverside house of William Randolph a short time ago. On one of his trips Tarpey got word of a bargain in plantations and Mrs. Hearst went to inspect it herself. She was pleased with it and decided to make the purchase, which had to be recorded in the capital of the province, over which the Governor presided. The necessary documents and transfers were prepared, and Mrs. Hearst and Mr. Tarpey took them to the palace to obtain the Governor's signature. After a courteous salutation that dignitary paused, pen in hand, and remarked casually, "Madame knows that we poor men live by our fees, and I think it is worth $10,000 to her for my signature to this great bargain which Madame is now getting." If William Randolph has inherited his mother's cleverness and activity, and many are beginning to think he has, he will appreciate the continuation of the story which he may never have heard, for Mrs. Hearst is not a loquacious lady and Mike retains his position through knowing how and when to keep his mouth shut. Mrs. Hearst assured the Governor that she fully realized his necessities, that she had not that amount in her purse at the moment, but that on the morrow she would return with the money and then the business could be completed. Within five minutes of leaving the palace, Mrs. Hearst was in the office of the English railway manager chartering a special and to the Capital the lady went and told Don Porfirio about the attempt to hold her up. The Governor was promptly summoned from his seaside sanctum and was given a calling-down by the president which he has never forgotten. Mrs. Hearst got her plantation, the Governor received a very modest fee with chastened spirit and Mike betook himself to the American club for a game of seven-up with His Excellency the American Minister.

The Bulls Not Worrying

The fact that a bank in Santa Barbara has brought suit against Captain and Mrs. James H. Bull for a trifle like $10,000 loaned five years ago on a promissory note secured by a mortgage on valuable property will not cause these prominent people much annoyance. What is a lawsuit involving $10,000 to people who have just had their daughter presented at the court of King George? Many of the families whose daughters are presented at court owe many times that sum and have no such prospect of being able to pay as the Bulls have. For the Bulls are said to be very comfortably endowed with this world's good and probably forgot all about that indebtedness to the bank. The Bulls made a pretty figure at court, by the way. Mrs. Bull had some of her beautiful Chinese embroideries entrained in her gown of gold satin and Mechlin lace and Marjorie wore white chiffon embroidered in pearls with a train of silver white satin over silver tissue. Both were greatly admired.

Fourth of July Golf Tournament at Del Monte

Since the announcement of the big midseason golf tournament which will be held on the beautiful Del Monte links July 1 to 5, inclusive, Manager Warner has been receiving many inquiries and applications for entry. Among those who will play are Mrs. C. W. Clark and E. Raymond Armsby. They were in a party with Miss Jennie Crocker which spent some time on the Del Monte course recently and are enthusiastic over the prospects of a big meet. The Fourth of July falls on a Tuesday which means that a great many business and professional men will take advantage of the break in the week's affairs to leave their offices on Friday and return on Wednesday morning, thus extending the week-end. Manager Warner has planned the play in such a way that there will be trophies for winners and runners up, as well as in consolation, mixed foursomes and handicap bogey events. As the roads from both north and south are in excellent condition the golf tournament will be sure to attract many motor parties from Los Angeles and the cities about the bay. A goodly

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number of players from the Claremont, Ingleside and San Francisco clubs have planned attendance and as these will be accompanied by their friends there will be much social activity at Del Monte during the holiday week.

A Cafe Innovation

Tait's Cafe has long been noted for the uniqueness of its decorations, as well as the excellence of its service, not only in its cuisine but the little innovations that have been adopted, from time to time, for the amusement, interest and entertainment of its guests, but at no time has the public been so deeply interested in the appearance of this cafe as during the past week.

Last Sunday, the main room of the cafe was decorated as a Summer Garden, on the lines of the latest decorations in vogue among the cafes in Paris. The effect is most pleasing. Outside of the splendid character of its service, a visit to this cafe should be a delight and a pleasure, not to speak of the latest in the culinary line, picked from the finest markets in San Francisco.

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Joseph Hart's "A NIGHT IN A TURKISH BATH" with Robert J. Webb; FARREL-TAYLOR CO.; BELLE ADAIR; JAMES H. CULLEN; GEORGE AUSTIN MOORE and CORDELIA HAAGER; NAMBA JAPS, featuring Tokio Namba who climbs a flight of Stairs on His Head; ISABELLE D'ARMOND, assisted by GEORGE MOORE; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of the Smallest Actor in the World, MASTER GABRIEL and his Company in the laughable farce "Little Tommy Tucker."
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
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For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.
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In the Social Spotlight

Mr. John Drew and his whole company in their private car stayed at Del Monte for a day's outing. Four automobiles were provided and they traversed all the scenic boulevards and drives after a hearty luncheon at the hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. James N. Block have returned to their apartments at the Hotel Victoria after a month's stay at Paso Robles.

T. F. Ryan of Seattle, known in the business world as the "banana king," is registered at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Brasch arrived from Honolulu on the Wilhelmina on Tuesday and are registered at the Victoria during their stay in the city. Mr. Brasch is prominent in the business life of the island city.

Martin E. Sweet and W. M. Dickson registered at the Victoria from Cape Town, South Africa this week. They are stopping in San Francisco for ten days en route around the world.

Mrs. Louis Gassner and daughters, the Misses Marie and Estelle, leave Saturday for a few weeks travel through the southern part of the State.

The wealthy Guggenheims have a representative here in the person of O. D. Perry who arrived recently from New York and is at the St. Francis.

In the list of arrivals at Aetna Springs are: Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Beardslee, Jos. A. Watts, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Luchsinger, Albert G. Luchsinger, Miss Jessie Ewing, Geo. H. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. F. Pfister, John J. Glynn, J. F. Magee, B. F. McElroy, Paul T. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lee, G. B. Wood, H. W. Eisert, Gustave Eisert, Richard Eisert, Louis Kerner, Harley Remmell, Dr. H. O. von der Leith, Mr. and Mrs. Wunder, Miss Kamann, Miss Doen, Dr. D. F. Mulvihill, Jos. Niderost, Geo. Riccomi, Mr. and Mrs. Roy A. Lee, Robert McGibbon, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hjul, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McCaughern, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Hunter, D. S. Volkmann, R. Schilling, A. T. Coogan, H. E. Schmidt, Dean Witter, L. C. Migliavacca, Miss Hazel Gibk, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pollard Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Stuart McMartin, Karl Bach, Thomas Morton Pollard, Paul Allen Pollard, Chas. Bellstedt, Miss M. L. Russell, E. A. Cooke, Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Fritschi, Miss Tiefhaber, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Johnson, W. F. Grubbs, H. C. Kugelberg, Miss Ethel Constance, Miss Mae Perkins, Mrs. A. H. Martin, Mr. Geo. G. Mackninon and Mm. Will Mackninon Jr.

A party of railroad men headed by F. M. Whitaker, vice-president of the Chesapeake and Ohio lines, has been at the St. Francis. Among them are: Thornton Lewis, general western freight agent; R. H. Vaughan, general manager of the Blue Ridge Dispatch of Cincinnati; H. P. Hathaway, general agent of the Kanawtha Dispatch; John D. Potts, general passenger agent at Richmond; W. L. Devine, general import agent at Cincinnati and Arthur Long.

C. G. Michener of Philadelphia, largerly interested in Nevada County gold mining properties, was at the St. Francis recently on his way to Nevada City.

The man who is to try the McNamara brothers for the dynamiting of the Times' plant, Judge Walter Bordwell of Los Angeles, stopped at the St. Francis while on a visit to this city. He was accompanied by his wife.

Mr. E. O. McCormick, vice-president of the Southern Pacific, brought his wife and a number of guests in their car for a few days visit at Del Monte.

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The Part That Billie Plays

By Edward F. O'Day

Mr. Somerset Maugham, the British contriver of "Mrs. Dot," probably builded the principal character of his comedy for some beauty of the London stage and not for Billie Burke. If Maugham had had Billie Burke in mind when he drew the fascinating figure of the brewer's widow with the amazing income he would be entitled to the highest praise as a practical joker of the rare inoffensive variety. For Billie Burke is preposterous in the role of Mrs. Dot. The lively widow is represented as pursuing the man she wants for her second husband through three tangled acts of indefatigable scheming. From her first appearance on the stage she is eager in the chase and she doesn't bring down her quarry till the curtain is about to fall at the close of the entertainment. Which, I submit, is a preposterous situation for Billie Burke. Will the reader kindly put himself in the position of the young man of the play. This is not asking too much for the young man is tall and handsome and has just become a lord; besides he is the object of Billie Burke's irrepressible devotion. Certainly the reader will not object to assuming the position, for a few moments at least. Let us suppose then that the reader is being pursued by Billie Burke with all the arts and wiles of experienced widowhood. Would he take Tony Weller's advice and "bevare of the vidder" for three whole acts? Would he resist the blandishments of this delicious young woman with the peaches and cream complexion, the nose that wrinkles with serio-comic perplexity, the big dancing eyes that flash a dozen different signals in a dozen seconds and the hair of dull gold that is forever tousling itself into the most unexpected of bewitching shapes? Would he remain cold before the fire of her frank lovemaking? Would he preserve his indifference in the midst of her ardent pleadings? Would he—but I shall not insult the reader by referring to Mrs. Dot's tremendous fortune, for doubtless he is one of those sterling characters for whom the jingling of the guinea makes no compelling music. But if the reader whom I have enlisted in the cause of my argument can candidly asseverate that he would be capable of holding off Billie Burke through three acts, then I can only say that he is a confirmed misogynist who should not have been brought into this discussion. If he is a single man of more natural proclivities he will agree with me that the situation prepared by Maugham is ridiculous; that the hero of the comedy would have been off with the old engagement and on with the new before the first act was half over; and that in consequence there would have been no play of "Mrs. Dot." Of course it is all very well to point out that the hero belonged in all honor to the silly young woman to whom he had engaged himself in a moment of moonlit sentimentality. But honor, as Falstaff pointed out, is a very peculiar attribute. One of the peculiarities about it is that it cannot supply adequate consolation to the miserable wretch who immolates himself upon its altar for the sake of one who does not appreciate the sacrifice, does not want the sacrifice in this case. In plain terms the young man is a good deal of an ass and like most of the assinine brotherhood he has to be kicked soundly before he comes to his senses. "I could not love thee, dear, so much loved I not honor more" is the burden of his song to Billie Burke and as a matter of course she does not appreciate the lofty stand of this modern Lovelace. For that matter there is no record that Lucasta of old approved the sentiment of her romantic poet. No doubt she threw him over while he was at the war and married some lucky stay-at-home. If Billie Burke had thrown over the hero of "Mrs. Dot" and married some more appreciative young man she would have been perfectly justified. However, Maugham constructed his comedy on other lines and we have to stand for the anomalous situation. To place Billie Burke in such a situation is a practical joke at the expense of all that is alluring in pretty, plump, healthy and clever widowhood. There are many actresses who might make the role seem convincing, though I am not bold enough to mention their names. But Billie Burke? Never! For the first time in her career she is playing a part and she has too much charm to make it convincing.

Gossip of the Theatre

Ethel Barrymore Coming

The next attraction at the Columbia will be Ethel Barrymore who is to make her appearance in a great double bill composed of the two Barrie plays "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" and "The Twelve Pound Look." The last named play is said to be one of the strongest and most virile pieces of dramatic writing that has graced the stage in years. It is a drama in tabloid form and its terse, concise and pithy dialogue capture attention. Barrie wrote the play for Miss Barrymore and in its principal character gave her a role in which she has scored a tremendous hit. The company surrounding the actress includes Charles Dalton as leading man. Seats for the Barrymore engagement go on sale Thursday morning.

Another Week of Billie Burke

Billie Burke will continue to present the Somerset Maugham comedy "Mrs. Dot" at the Columbia next week. There will be the usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

Florence Roberts in "Zaza"

An elaborate revival of David Belasco's "Zaza" is announced for the coming week at the Alcazar, with Florence Roberts, Thurlow Bergen, Theodore Roberts, the full roster of Alcazar players and a number of extra people in the cast. Thus the histrionic side of the offering is assuredly well taken care of, and as Stage Director Fred J. Butler is responsible for the scenic accessories some artistic pictures may confidently be looked for. Miss Roberts' first venture as a star was in the title role of "Zaza," and her success was instantaneous and so emphatic that for two consecutives seasons she carried the play over the western and southern circuits, under Frederic Belasco's direction. All the critics who witnessed her portrayal of the volatile Frenchwoman pronounced it in perfect accord with the author's ideal. Mr. Bergen will be seen as Dufresne, a role for which he is splendidly qualified, and as Cathcart, Zaza's singing partner, Mr. Roberts is sure to be impressive. There are twenty-five other people in the cast, with all the favorite members of the regular Alcazar company in well-fitting character, and each of the five acts affords opportunity for effective staging.

BELLE ADAIR

"Vaudeville's Sweetest Girl" who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

A Turkish Bath at the Orpheum

Joseph Hart's "A Night in a Turkish Bath" will be given next week at the Orpheum. There is comedy and song a-plenty and touches of sentiment. The star of the act is Robert J. Webb. The Farrel-Taylor Company consisting of Frank Farrel-Taylor, Blanche Davenport and Tom Carter will reappear in a skit entitled "That Minstrel Man," in which comedy is interspersed with bright and popular music. Belle Adair, the dainty singing comedienne who will make her first appearance here, is a charming girl with a personality that is most winning. James H. Cullen brings new material for comedy. Next week will be the last of George Austin Moore and Cordelia Haager; The Namba Japs; Isabelle D'Armond and George Moore and Master Gabriel and his company in "Little Tommy Tucker."

Our Alice Nielsen who is singing at the Komische Opera in Berlin was asked to create the title role in the English and American productions of the new Strauss opera "Der Rosenkavalier," but was forced to decline as her concert engagements in the United States will keep her busy till Christmas.

D'Annunzio's New Play

Gabriel D'Annunzio is his own best press agent. He has been telling a Parisian journalist all about his forthcoming play "St. Sebastian." This is the way the curious dramatist discourses: "In writing "Saint Sebastian," said he, "I banished all terms that are not of 'authentic race'—that is, at

least four centuries old." Then he went on to say: "My worship of Saint Sebastian dates from my first youth, my period of humanism. An adorable friend of mine, the best femme de lettres in Italy, can bear witness to that. It was she who inspired in me a love for that superb youth, transfigured by the Christian myth. I remember sketching out a sort of paraphrase of the martyr's words: 'Quam libens ob tui amorem dulces jaculos patior memento.' It is in this same spirit that the saint in my new play is made to speak. In his hour of agony he says to the archers, 'Who wounds me most deeply loves me the most.' From the very beginning a note of ardent faith runs through my play. You constantly feel the invisible presence of Christ, and the intoxication of grief and death leads you up to the highest mountain peaks of heroism. I have not failed to put into my play what was perhaps the most intense and the most tragical moment of the Christian consciousness in those early days—the sudden outpouring of grace, the lightning-like illumination, the sudden conversion. The original Christ fell upon rebellious souls and carried them away like Dante's eagle.

The Plot of His Play

"In the first act, a whole family of Gentiles is converted. It is like a Christian transposition of the fable of Niobe. You can't imagine the extraordinary power the situation affords. I am amazed that no poet ever treated it before. The second act of my tragedy takes place on the night when Sebastian, aided by the zealots of the new faith, overthrows and breaks the idols in the Roman prefect's house. The slaves revolt. The crowd presses around the saint. Sick people are carried to him, imploring him to cure them. All beg him to show them the face of the new God. 'A sign! A sign!' they cry. Some recall the resurrection of Lazarus, others Christ's healing of the sick in Galilee and Samaria and Jerusalem. Sebastian answers, 'His face is hidden, his whole body is veiled.' The slaves and the crowd protest. Sebastian answers, 'He has no body now, nor any blood; he gave his body and his blood for the salvation of the world.' Sebastian's distress and the entreaties of those who beg him to show them God are so touching that I could not translate the scene without tears. But this is not the culmination. The tide of emotion keeps rising, with unforeseen episodes, till its final sublime musical outburst. For, whatever the critics and the public may say of my poem, I am sure that everyone will feel the power of Debussy's music. On the music's account, if on no other, I shall be forgiven."

His Inspiration

D'Annunzio hesitated a moment, then continued: "My first studies of the subject, three years ago, were in the domain of the Laudes and Devotions, plays that followed the type of the Italian drama of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Certain little old gentlemen denounced me, and asked if I didn't mean some day to write a tragedy in Chinese. I didn't deny it. The good Fogazzaro used to say, in horror, that I was capable of anything. For once, he agreed with me. May God reward him. My resolve to make a 'dict' on the beautiful saint of Catholicism came to me after meeting an extraordinary creature who incarnated the very type of the fiery defender of the faith, as it has for centuries appeared to artists and devotees. Neither Mantegna's Saint Sebastian, nor Perugino's nor Espagnolet's, nor any other could compare with the vision of that actress. When I saw Ida Rubinstein I resolved to write this mystery play. And as she spoke French instead of Italian, I wrote in French, following the standards of your mystery plays, octosyllabic verses, with rondels and vilanelles. There was another reason, too, for my writing 'The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian' in French rhythms. I thought that whoever would touch what is deepest in a race must go down into the most mysterious of its sanctuaries—that of language. Neither the hills and rivers of the Ile-de-France, nor the cathedrals and chateaux, nor its history and legend would have given me the key at all as this study of old speech did."

T. C. C. Gregory, district attorney of Solano County, was a St. Francis guest for a few days.

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Tne Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Without exaggerating its importance, it may be said that the cut in steel prices was the dominating influence of last week's business. It was felt in the stock market to the extent of checking what looked like a promising advance. It provoked raids from bear operators, particularly in United States Steel Common, which was heavily sold short before the Standard Oil decision and in anticipation of the Republic Steel Co.'s cut in the price of steel bars. The later may have been merely a coincidence, but the movement altogether is reminiscent of a kind of trading which flourished exceedingly in 1902, only to collapse completely in the following year. Technically the average price of the active stocks is still above the February figure, at least so far as the railroad list is concerned. As the stock market spent three months without falling below the December low price, or rising above the high figure of last February, the professional crowd will still argue that the advancing possibilities of the market have not been exhausted. The investment demand is decidedly good and, so far as the general trade conditions are concerned, it should be remembered that the stock market looks a long way ahead.

Wheat—With the May wheat deal out of the way the trade have turned their attention to the distant futures, July and the September options. The principal long in the May option took in all the wheat tendered him on contract, and has been a big buyer of cash wheat in the sample market. This has given the market a strong tone, and it only needed a few reports of Hessian Fly and dry weather talk to stampede the shorts in the distant options. No doubt there has been some damage done the crop both by insects and excessive heat in the winter wheat belt, but the season is too far advanced to expect any thing but a slight deterioration. The news from the spring wheat country, both on this side of the line and in Canada could not be more favorable. Showers have fallen in some parts of the spring wheat territory nearly every day and the crop is said to be as near perfect as it could possibly be. Foreign news on the whole has been favorable, with the possible exception of Southern Russia and Roumania where it is said excessive heat is doing considerable damage although this was partly offset by the heavy shipments from both countries. The foreign markets have not kept pace with our advance and with new wheat almost ready for market it looks as if present prices will be hard to maintain.

Corn—The strong upturn in wheat has been the big factor in the corn market and prices show a good advance. With the May option out of the way receipts are expected to fall off. Shipping demand has been good and there is very little accumulation at any of the primary markets. The strong upturn in oats caused by reports of damage by excessive heat, and the poor outlook for the hay crop have given the bulls courage. If the dry hot weather continues another ten days we are apt to experience a strong and much higher market.

Cotton—The Government crop report which was issued recently made the condition of the growing crop 81.7 against 80.7 last year and was construed as bearish by the trade. This was offset by the acreage report which showed only an increase of 4.74 or a total of about thirty-five million acres against thirty-two million acres last year. The statistical position of cotton continues to wield its influence over the nearby futures and while there was some loss in the July option the price is still well above 15 1-2 cents. The new crop options have held remarkably firm owing to reports of dry weather in Northern Texas, Oklahoma and the eastern belt. Temperatures have avereaged around the 100 mark and except for an occasional shower the map has been dry. There was also some talk that the Boll Weevil had made its appearance and was doing considerable damage. The bulls seem to have the market well in hand, and if the drouth is not relieved in the near future the market will undoubtedly have a good upturn. However 13 1-2 cents for cotton that promises a crop of around fourteen million bales discounts a good many things and it is well to exercise caution at this level.

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The Heart of Mimi

(Continued from Page 8.)

midst of the busy throng of passers-by. Suddenly a vivid blush overspread her countenance and she drew herself back hurriedly. A minute later Mimi entered like a whirlwind, slamming the doors and overturning the chairs.

"What were you doing here, sister mine? Reading?"

"Yes, I was reading."

"And it did not occur to you to look out of the window?"

"And if it did?"

"I would congratulate you. I have been detained by the seamstress who brought my ball-dress, and I was trembling with impatience. Just think! Last evening I begged Robert to wear his beige overcoat, to harness Selim to his phaeton and to drive past the house at six o'clock. Has he obeyed me?"

"Robert drove past in his beige overcoat."

"Mercy! How do you know that? You were not reading?"

"I was at the window."

"And you recognized Robert at whom you never look? Wonderful! Did he salute you?"

"Yes."

"Did you, at least, smile?"

"No—yes—that is, I don't know."

"You are unkind, Jeanne. Last evening Robert was speaking of you."

"He said I was unkind?"

"No, but he asked me the cause of your reserved character, so different from mine. Then, I sang your praises. Ah, it was a beautiful eulogy! I said you were better, more amiable, more tender than I, with the single defect of hiding your good qualities. He listened very attentively, then asked the cause of your aversion for him."

"My aversion!"

"Listen, he was not wrong. You treat him so badly. But I defended you, and I even assured him that you liked him very much."

"Mimi!"

"I know it was not true, but Robert feels so much sympathy for you that you are wrong to treat him as if he were a stranger."

Jeanne threw her arms around her sister and embraced her. Mimi held her a moment, murmuring in a caressing voice:

"Why don't you love Robert just a little?"

The other disengaged herself with a brusk movement. "Then will you come with us this evening," resumed Mimi, changing the conversation.

"No, I have a headache. You can go with mamma."

"Naturally. Well, I shall go just the same, and amuse myself."

"Does Robert accompany you?"

"Nix. He is going to his club where there is to be a meeting of the board. I shall take advantage of that and dance until daylight!"

"And if he should hear of it?"

"So much the better; it will teach him to leave one at liberty. I do not wish him to get into bad habits."

"You do not love him very much, it seems to me."

"Very much; but in my own way. I must hurry to dress, for I need at least two hours."

Jeanne listened to the carriage that bore away her mother and her sister. She was alone, lost in the vastness of the great, well-lighted drawing-room, her hands resting on her lap, her head thrown back against the chair, her features contracted. She seemed to be a prey to some inward struggle, some deep grief. A step made her start; it was Robert. He approached, thinking that the other members of the family were in the next apartment. Jeanne rose in confusion.

"Good evening, Mademoiselle Jeanne."

"Good evening, monsieur."

Both were embarrassed, and Robert mentally wished the young girl in Hades. The latter, regaining her self-control, offered the young man a seat.

"Madame your mother is well?" asked the young man.

"Very well, thanks."

"And—Mimi?"

"Very well, also."

Silence. Robert felt a strange sensation of joy and bitterness.

"Is Mimi busy?" he asked.

With a slight, impatient movement Jeanne answered: "She has gone with mamma to the ball at the Dellinos."

Therefore Jeanne was alone and, unless he wished to be considered the most impolite of men, he must remain and chat with her. Robert, as the idea occurred to him, was possessed with an irresistible desire for flight, yet he remained.

"I came because the meeting at my club was deferred."

"Mimi did not expect you; I am sorry."

"Oh, that does not matter."

It was not very flattering to the absent one. "And you did not go?" he asked.

"No, I care so little for balls."

"You prefer to read?"

"Yes, very much."

"You do not fear that it will injure you?"

"My eyes are good."

"And beautiful," thought Robert, "but expressionless."

"I meant—" he added aloud.

"In a moral sense, perhaps? I do not think so. The books I read give me a great peace."

"Do you need it?"

"Everybody needs it."

Jeanne's voice was grave and full, yet Robert listened with surprise. He felt that he was in

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the presence of an unknown woman who was about to yield up her secret. Jeanne's coldness had disappeared; smiling, she chatted as with a friend. What had been the trouble before between them? What was happening now?

"When I like a book," resumed Robert, "I have a violent desire to know the author, to know if he is good, if he has loved, if he has suffered."

"I fear you would meet many deceptions. Authors describe the love of others, never their own."

"Through respect, perhaps?"

"Or through jealousy. It is often that love is the only hidden treasure of the soul."

Jeanne's voice was so quiet as she spoke—she was so simple, so pure, so convinced—that Robert felt no surprise at hearing her speak thus freely of love. Indeed, nothing astonished him; everything seemed natural, even this evening spent alone with this strange girl. When they parted their eyes met as if soul sought soul, Jeanne held out her hand, over which he bent, a portiere fell heavily, and Jeanne was alone.

Outside, the young man felt his heart troubled, his brain excited. He was happy and sad; he longed for death, yet he was full of life. He knew not what to think of Mimi, of himself, of the future.

Jeanne was happy, very happy. She buried her head in her pillow and wept.

Three months have passed; Mimi's marriage had been delayed.

Sometimes her mother, who was impatient at the pretexts given, would ask her, irritably: "What are you waiting for?"

"I want to know Robert better," was Mimi's constant answer.

And, indeed, she had become serious. She sang, laughed, jested as formerly, but she would often stop to look at her sister, or to listen to Robert. She was often seen with lips compressed, brows contracted, and tense expression. Mimi was on her guard.

Everything had changed. Robert was neither gay nor serene, but rather preoccupied and disturbed; his speech was dry and brief; those things that formerly interested him no longer attracted him. Sometimes he succeeded in dominating his humor, and became playful and amusing. But he was not accustomed to dissemble and his eyes betrayed his acute suffering.

Jeanne, too, had changed. Sometimes she embraced her sister passionately, and again, she fled from her. Her face would flush as with fever and her eyes flame; her voice, at times hoarse and deep, would break into harsh, strident notes; her lips trembled, her hands shook. Her nights were sleepless. Often Mimi would rise and go, barefooted, softly to her sister's door and listen to Jeanne's sobs.

When Jeanne and Robert met, and that happened daily, their words were few, vague, strange. Sometimes during the entire evening they would not exchange a word, yet each studied every gesture of the other. Robert would always find a pretext to examine the book or touch the work laid aside by Jeanne; and if she did not appear, his eyes sought the door continually, then, in a few minutes after her entrance, he would pick up his hat and go. Jeanne grew thin and pale, and dark circles formed under her eyes. At last she remained in her room for eight days. One evening Mimi entered and asked:

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly."

"I must write a note. Robert is alone on the terrace; go and keep him company."

"But I—"

"You wish to remain shut in here? Does it cost you so much to do me a favor?"

"You will not be long?"

"Just the time to write four lines."

Gathering up her courage, Jeanne went toward the terrace. She stopped at the threshold. Robertn was walking up and down. She approached.

"Mimi has sent me," came in a low voice.

"You must be forced to come?"

"Forced? No."

Her whole body was trembling. Robert, with troubled features, was beside her.

"What have I done to you, Jeanne?"

"Nothing, nothing; you have done nothing to me. Don't look at me so!" she begged.

"You know that I love you, Jeanne—that I love you with all my soul!"

"Be silent, Robert, be silent, I beg you! If Mimi should hear you!"

"I do not love Mimi; it is you that I adore!"

"That is a betrayal of faith."

"I know it, but I love you! I will go away—"

"Well!" cried Mimi, appearing at another door. "Have you made peace?"

There was no answer. Jeanne fled, hiding her face in her hands, and Robert stood motionless, silent, stupefied.

"Robert?" called Mimi.

"Mademoiselle."

"What has happened?"

"Nothing. I am going."

And, without a word of farewell, he, too, went away with a gesture of despair.

Mimi looked after him thoughtfully.

"One to the right, the other to the left. Good! I must act."

"For all those good reasons I cannot marry Monsieur Robert Montefranco," concluded Mimi.

"Those are absurdities, my child," replied her mother, shaking her head.

"Well, do you wish me to tell you the whole truth? I no longer love Robert."

"Well, that's frank; but just the same it is only a caprice. Robert loves you."

"He will be consoled."

"He has my word pledged."

"You will take it back. There are no longer any forced marriages."

"What will the world say?"

"Mamma, what do you mean by the 'world'?"

"The people—"

"Who are the 'people'? I do not know them, and I am not obliged to be unhappy just to please them."

"You are a dreadful child! But what shall I do with Robert? What shall I say to him?"

"What you please. That is the duty of the mother."

"Yes; to excuse your follies. There will be a scandal."

"No, no, speak to him, gently, tenderly. You can speak of me harshly—tell him I am a coquette, a spoiled child, that I am not serious, that I am without dignity, that my sister—"

"Your sister? You are crazy, Mimi!"

"Bah! That could easily happen. Just now Robert and Jeanne are indifferent to each other;

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HOLIDAYS

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The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
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THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York

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WHOLESALE DRY GOODS
FURNISHING GOODS, NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS, LACES

Northeast corner BUSH AND SANSOME STS.
SAN FRANCISCO

Back East Excursions

Santa Fe

Good for return until Oct. 31, 1911

SAMPLE FARES

New York	$108.50
Chicago	72.50
Kansas City	60.00
St. Louis	70.00
†Denver	55.00

SALE DATES

June 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 28, 29, 30.
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28.
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30.
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

† To destinations marked † tickets will also be sold on October 12, 13, and 14.

Liberal Stopover Privileges including Grand Canyon

Our New Folders are Beautifully Illustrated

J. B. Duffy, General Agent, 673 Market Street, San Francisco. Phones, Kearny 315 and Home J 3371.
J. J. Warner, General Agent, 1112 Broadway, Oakland. Phones, Oakland 425 and Home A 4425.

Those Desiring the Very Best Service

go Santa Fe

but they will appreciate each other when they become better acquainted, and then—who knows? A good mother marries her elder daughter first."

"True."

"I shall always have suitors and—I am scarcely sixteen years old. Then I want to amuse myself, to dance, to enjoy my youth with my dear mamma, my beloved little mamma!"

"You are a demon!" answered her mother, embracing her.

"Then it is settled. You will politely announce the news to Robert, adding that we shall remain good friends and that I shall expect to see him often. My sister and he will love each other if fate so wills. It is destiny."

"But do you think, you wicked little thing, that matters will be arranged so easily? You know I don't like comments."

"Oh, mother, more unbelieving than Saint Thomas! Yes, yes; since I, with my long experience, guarantee that there will be no trouble. Robert is a gentleman, and he would not wish to marry a girl that does not love him."

"What seems to be impossible is the question of Jeanne."

"There is nothing so possible as the impossible," replied Mimi gravely.

"Well, I leave matters to time, which settles all troubles. Nevertheless, you are mad!"

"And capricious."

"And hare-brained."

"A mad-cap, a giddy-head, and everything you wish! Preach me a sermon, I deserve it. I await."

"Kiss me and go to bed; a good night, dearie."

"Thank you, mamma. Good night."

"It is better so," thought the mother. "Mimi is very young to marry, and every day we see the sad results of a marriage of convenience. It is better so."

"Phew!" said Mimi to herself. "What diplomacy to persuade mamma! I would make a perfect ambassador! It is a veritable triumph! The triumph of Mimi!"

She stopped at her sister's door and listened. From time to time she heard a stifled sob; Jeanne had lost her peace of mind.

"Sleep, my cherished sister, sleep!" murmured Mimi dropping a kiss on the lock as if she wished to embrace Jeanne. "Rest and be tranquil, I have worked for you tonight!"

And the generous child fell asleep, satisfied that she had secured the happiness of those she loved.

Time, good old time, has accomplished his work. Mimi asked whether a bridesmaid at her sister's wedding should wear a blue silk or a simple foulard. She asked Robert whether there would be plenty of cakes at the lunch, and persuaded Jeanne to give her a beautiful embroidered handkerchief. The engaged couple, who knew Mimi's heart, smiled at her happy carelessness and looked upon her as their providence.

"You know I always said that husband and wife should have opposite characters," said Robert to one of his friends, on announcing his marriage. "Extremes touch; they end by blending and making a complete whole. While characters that are alike resemble two parallel lines running the same way and never touching. And then—there is love! I always said so."

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

remove him. Still, the uncertainty of tenure does not dampen his enthusiasm for the work. He is a man of independent means.

But he likes his job and would certainly like to retain it, principally because it keeps him in California. He was born in Minnesota and educated in the University of Wisconsin. He came to California expecting to die of tuberculosis and spent much of his time in the open.

"As a boy," he said, "I cared more for bugs than for ball. Everything that's alive interests me."

He has always been an enthusiastic angler and it was while on an angling trip that he met Livingstone Stone who built the first hatchery for the federal government in this State and was a pioneer in the artificial propagation of salmon and trout.

"When I discovered that men could make their living in that kind of work I decided to go into it," he said.

He's been at it ever since and has long since given up all thought of dying from tuberculosis. No wonder he likes California.

He entered the service of the Fish and Game Commission in 1890 and was made chief deputy in '92. In 1901 he resigned to become Commissioner of Fisheries for the British Colonial Government. He occupied that position in British Columbia for nine years, devoting himself principally to the study of salmon which is his specialty. Then Dr. Jordan, who has since become a member of the Fish and Game Commission, persuaded him to return to his old position.

All his investigations take an economic turn. When he is studying fish or game he has his eye on the market. His consideration for the sturdy, venturesome fisher folk of this city is typical of his attitude. And his pride in California's position in fish culture is very great.

"This State has always had a high place in fish culture," he says. "There is nothing greater in the history of the acclimatization of fish than the introduction of striped bass and shad into California. California is always instanced in this work by experts all over the world."

I wonder how many of us would have known that if Babcock hadn't mentioned it?

Pipe Straws

"What will the little brown sparrow do with the straw? Do you suppose he is going to clean out his pipe?"

"No, Hortense, he will stuff it into a rainspout, and the man who owns the house will attend to the pipe-cleaning later in the season."

Your Complexion, after the harsh winds of the Spring season, probably needs some attention to restore its healthful tinge. The skin is sensitive and responds quickly to *right* treatment. Magnolia Balm is Nature's chief assistant and secret aid to beauty; it makes rough, chapped skin soft and delicate, overcomes ruddy or muddy complexions and eradicates Freckles and Tan promptly. So pure you could drink it without injury. Contains no oils so cannot possibly promote a growth of hair on the face. If *your* complexion is a matter of any interest you should at once use

HAGAN'S

Magnolia Balm

Liquid Toilet Powder

One trial will convince you that it is even more than we claim. Not Greasy, Dusty or Sticky. It soothes and heals Sunburn and Windburn; is cooling and refreshing to the skin. Used by young and old, matron and maid. Suitable for every complexion because made in THREE COLORS.

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75c. for either color. All dealers or mailed on receipt of price by Mfgrs.

Send 10c. for set of 3 samples

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LYON MFG. CO.,
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The attractive appearance of Mello Cream Chocolates is only equalled by their extreme deliciousness. Mello Cream Chocolates are just as good as they look. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' Candy Stores.

"Those Lustrous Eyes are Murine Eyes"

MURINE EYE REMEDY

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Has won many Friends as an Aid to the Restoration of Normal Conditions, Healthful Tone and Natural Brilliancy to

Eyes that Need Care.

It has proven of great value in the Home as

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for Weak, Red, Inflamed & Itching Eyes & Eyelids.

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Tourists, Automobilists and others exposed to Strong Winds, Dust and Reflected Sunlight, which produce Irritation, Granulation, Ulceration and Weak Eyes, will find in Murine a Safe, Soothing Eye Lotion affording

"Reliable Relief."

The Finishing Touch

Bewitchingly Costumed
In Costliest Gown,
For the Social Event,
At the South End of Town.

The "Finishing Touch"
To the Toilet is seen
In the Act above Pictured
"Two drops" of Murine.

Try Murine for the "Automobile Eye."

3

Routes to select from in arranging your Summer Trip East this year under the extremely low round trip excursion tickets on sale many days during the months May to September 1911, via the

Southern Pacific

SOME OF THE RATES ARE

Colorado Springs	$ 55.00
Atchison	60.00
Leavenworth	60.00
St. Joseph	60.00
Omaha	60.00
Council Bluffs	60.00
Kansas City	60.00
St. Paul	73.50
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Duluth	79.50
Chicago	72.50
St. Louis	70.00
Houston	60.00
Dallas	60.00
Memphis	70.00
New Orleans	70.00
Washington	107.50
Baltimore	107.50
Philadelphia	108.50
Boston	110.50
New York	108.50
Toronto	95.70
Montreal	108.50
Quebec	116.50
Portland, Me.	113.50

SOME DATES

June 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 28, 29, 30
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7

Ask about the attractions and advantages offered by our Sunset, Ogden and Shasta Routes. Send for our Passenger Agent to call and explain routes and help you outline your trip. No charge. We'll be glad to do it.

TICKET OFFICES:

Flood Building — Palace Hotel
32 Powell Street — Market Street Ferry Depot
Broadway and 13th St., Oakland.

PHONE WEST 7831

WHIGHAM

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

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739 MARKET STREET — Opposite Grant Ave.
1615 FILLMORE STREET — Near Geary Street

Auto Notes

The recent announcement made by the Tahoe Tavern that a silver trophy would be awarded to the first car to reach that resort this season via the new state highway which passes through Auburn, Emigrant Gap and Truckee has occasioned a flood of inquiries from various sections of the State as to the exact conditions governing the contest. The question most frequently raised concerns the point from which a car must start to entitle it to the award. For instance an enthusiast of Grass Valley wishes to know if it will be necessary to come to San Francisco or Sacramento to start. The management of the Tavern declares that the crux of the test lies in crossing the summit and that any car doing this is entitled to the award irrespective of the point from which the start is made. A voucher signed by some hotel or garage man on this side of the summit should be presented as evidence that the run was made over the new state highway by the machine on reaching the Tavern.

A spectacular drive in a 1912 Packard "Six" through the wilds of the Jackson Hole country in Wyoming and neighboring states by President H. P. Joy and party is the climax of test runs which have given the new "Six" a total mileage in excess of 51,000. This figure is an impressive illustration of what is required of a Packard car before a new model is placed on the market each successive year.

Recent sales of Stevens-Duryea cars include the following: Taxicab Company of California, one Stevens-Duryear six-cylinder Landaulet, finished in Brewster Green, upholstered in Brewster Green Whipcord; Taxicab Company of California, two Stevens-Duryea six-cylinders limousines; J. R. Christy, a Stevens-Duryea six-cylinder touring car; Mr. Henry Landsberger, a Stevens-Duryea six-cylinder touring car; Mr. A. Lachman, a Stevens-Duryea six-cylinder touring car; Mr. W. H. Weilbye, a Stevens-Duryea six-cylinder touring car; Mr. T. Turner, a Stevens-Duryea four-cylinder touring car; Dr. F. J. Lane, a Model "X" Stevens-Duryea touring car; Mr. J. W. Goodwin, a Stevens-Duryea four-cylinder touring car; Dr. A. M. Tower of Lodi, a Cole "30" touring car; Mr. A. M. Dunn of Turlock, a Cole "30" touring and Dr. F. D. Johnson of Oakland, a Cole "30" touring car.

The automobile truck has proved its worth to Uncle Sam, as not only a time saver but also as the most economical means of transporting the great amount of freight handled. In this city the Quartermaster's Department uses a Packard Truck. After the usual careful consideration of the tire equipment that the government always gives, Diamond Spliceless Wire Mesh Base Tires were awarded the order. With the two Packard Trucks in use by the Quartermaster 500,000 pounds of freight are hauled per month at a cost of 56 cents per ton.

The Haynes Auto Sales Co. are advised that a Model "Y" seven passenger Haynes touring car is due to arrive in San Francisco from the Haynes factory very shortly. Although this Model "Y" has been in use for some time in the East, it has not yet made appearance on the local market. Except for greater power and size it is built along the same general lines as this season's five passenger machine.

Perhaps the most perilous trip ever taken by an automobile in California was successfully accomplished by O. K. Parker of Los Angeles when he drove a 30 horsepower White gasoline car to the top of Mt. Lowe, a feat never before undertaken.

Expert salesmen skilled in handling high grade motor cars in New England territory are talking about the unusual record of sales of cars above medium price just made by the Boston branch of The Thomas B. Jeffery Company. C. P. Rockwell, manager for the Rambler people in New England, claims this record for his organization. For the ninety-five calendar days, from January 26 to April 30, inclusive, this branch sold ninety-six cars, each one a definite order—no stock orders among them. In the ninety-five calendar days above mentioned there were fourteen Sundays and two legal holidays, leaving seventy-nine working days in which to sell ninety-six cars. The average price of the Rambler is in the neighborhood of $3,000. In spite of satisfactory Rambler sales in other sections, Boston holds the record.

No tedious trudging from house to house for H. P. Mumma, letter carrier No. 5 of Riverside, Cal. Mr. Mumma uses a Maxwell car. The automobile not only enables him to do his work in more comfort but also to do more work in less time.

According to advices received by F. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company an important change has been made in the selling arrangement of the Lozier cars in Brooklyn, N. Y. Heretofore Brooklyn business has been conducted through the Manhattan branch, but in the future a Brooklyn company will act as the selling agents for the Lozier cars in Brooklyn. This is due to increase of business.

Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

The closed charter is the natural and logical outcome of the closed shop. It means favors to a select few in the unions.

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Merchants Exchange Building
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TENTS AND HAMMOCKS

Anyone who will cut out this ad and bring it to us we will allow them a discount of 15% off our already plainly marked, low priced hammocks. This applies for June, 1911, only.

WEEKS-HOWE-EMERSON CO.
51 MARKET STREET

NOTICE OF VOLUNTARY APPLICATION FOR DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,685; Dept. No. 4.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Application of MEADOWS DAIRY COMPANY, a Corporation, for Judgment of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the voluntary application of Meadows Dairy Company, a corporation formed, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, for a judgment of dissolution of said corporation, has been presented to the above named Court, and that Friday, the 30th day of June, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, and the Courtroom of Department No. 4, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been fixed as the time and place for hearing said application.

This notice commencing May 20, 1911, will expire on June 24, 1911, at any time before which expiration any person may file herein his objections to said application for dissolution.

Dated, May 16, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Applicant,
363 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-6

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN HARTNETT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Philip M. Des Marais, Executor of the Last Will of Ellen Hartnett, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ellen Hartnett, deceased. PHILIP M. DES MARAIS,
Executor of the Last Will of Ellen Hartnett, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1911.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Attys. for Executor,
Rooms 504-507 Grant Bldg., San Francisco. 6-10-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FREDERICK STEELE, Deceased—No. 11,657; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Frederick Steele, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Martin Stevens, Room 309 Mills Building, Northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Frederick Steele, deceased. ROSE McCOOEY,
Administratrix of the Estate of Frederick Steele, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1911.

MARTIN STEVENS, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 309 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,836.

M. L. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff, vs. AMELIE ROSALIE MACE ARON and HENRY PEARTREE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Amelie Rosalie Mace Aron and Henry Peartree, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
502 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Superior Court, State of California, in and for City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,445.

Estate of HERMAN WESTERFELD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of F. J. Castelhun, Attorney at Law, Rooms 117-118 Investors Building, 787 Market Street, in said City and County, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased. MARY L. WESTERFELD,
Administratrix of the Estate of Herman Westerfeld, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 6, 1911.

F. J. CASTELHUN and JOHN A. McGEE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Rooms 117-118 Investors Bldg., San Francisco. 5-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES F. LYONS, Deceased—No. 11,631.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Patrick Lyons, Administrator of the estate of James F. Lyons, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Attorney at Law, 616-617 Metropolis Building, Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James F. Lyons, deceased. PATRICK LYONS,
Administrator of the Estate of James F. Lyons, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1911.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Atty. for Administrator,
616-617 Metropolis Building,
Market and New Montgomery Sts., S. F. 6-10-5

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE

WESTERN STATES AMUSEMENT COMPANY, a corporation.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of office, 817 First National Bank Building, corner of Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment levied on the 29th day of April, 1911, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders as follows:

Names.	No. Cer.	No. Shs.	Amt.
A. S. Cohn	274	1000	$100.00
A. S. Cohn	275	1000	100.00
A. S. Cohn	276	1000	100.00
A. S. Cohn	277	1000	100.00
A. S. Cohn	278	1000	100.00
A. S. Cohn	279	1000	100.00
A. S. Cohn	282	400	40.00
C. D. Bibbins	285	1	.10
C. D. Bibbins	295	4333	433.30
Jules Cohn	290	3200	320.00
Jules Cohn	291	3200	320.00
H. W. Bishop	298	4800	480.00
Charles White	301	4333	433.30

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on said 29th day of April, 1911, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction at the office of the Company, 817 First National Bank Building, corner Post and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the 26th day of June, 1911, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale.

W. P. REESE, Secretary,
Western States Amusement Company, office, 817 First National Bank Building, 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GERDT WILLIAM HEY, also known as GERDT W. HEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Gerdt William Hey, also known as Gerdt W. Hey, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of G. Gunzendorfer, 127 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Gerdt William Hey, also known as Gerdt W. Hey, deceased.

JOHN HEY,
Administrator of the Estate of Gerdt William Hey, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 27, 1911.

G. GUNZENDORFER, Atty. for Administrator,
127 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,748, Dept. No. 3.

ALMA McWILLIAMS, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L. McWILLIAMS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Joseph L. McWilliams, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten (10) days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty (30) days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Plaintiff,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-10

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 9330; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of CULBERT BERTRAM BOWMAN and ELVA GERTRUDE BOWMAN, Minors.

Mary Theresa Bowman, having filed herein her petition for an order authorizing her to sell all of the real property belonging to the said minors, as appears by said petition to which reference is hereby made for further particulars;

It is hereby ordered that Monday, the 19th day of June, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Courtroom of this Court, Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, be and the same are hereby set as the time and place for hearing the said petition; and that notice of the time and place so set for such hearing be given to all persons interested for at least three weeks before the time so set, by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, of a copy of this order.

JAS. M. TROUTT, Judge.

Dated, May 23, 1911.

Filed May 23, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. at Law,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAWRENCE O'KEEFFE, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary O'Keeffe, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Joseph Farry, Esq., her attorney, at No. 614 Kohl Building, Northeast corner of California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), deceased.

MARY O'KEEFFE,
As Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1911.

JOSEPH FARRY, Atty. for Executrix,
No. 614 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN MURRAY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of John Murray, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Norman A. Eisner, 1112-1114 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John Murray, deceased

HELEN E. MURRAY,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Murray, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

NORMAN A. EISNER, Atty. for Administratrix,
1112-1114 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-13-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY LEASE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,285, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CLAUS STELLING, Deceased.

Martin Stelling, Administrator of the Estate of Claus Stelling, deceased, having on the 17th day of May, 1911, filed, in the above entitled special proceeding, his verified petition as such Administrator, praying for an order of the above entitled Court to lease to Otto Will the store (with basement) known as and numbered 4200 Seventeenth Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, situated in the two story building standing upon that certain lot of land situate, lying and being in said City and County of San Francisco and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Seventeenth Street with the westerly line of Douglass Street and running thence westerly along said northerly line of Seventeenth Street 45 feet; running thence at a right angle northerly 55 feet; running thence at a right angle easterly 45 feet to the said westerly line of Douglass Street; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Douglass Street 55 feet to the point of commencement, for the period of 58 months commencing with the date of such lease which shall be the date of the execution of such proposed lease at the total rental of twenty-four hundred and forty dollars payable as follows: In thirty-four equal monthly installments of forty dollars each per month, each and every month, during the period of the first 34 months of said term and twenty-four equal monthly installments of forty-five dollars per month each and every month during the period of the last two years of said term;

Now, therefore, it is hereby ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the Estate of said Claus Stelling, deceased, appear before said Court on the 13th day of June, 1911, at the hour of 10:00 a. m. of said day in the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court in the Grant Building, at No. 1095 Market Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why said realty, to-wit: Said store (with basement), numbered and known as No. 4200 Seventeenth Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, should not be leased to Otto Will for the period of 58 months commencing with the date of the proposed lease, which shall be the date of the execution of said proposed lease for the total rental of twenty-four hundred and forty dollars, payable as follows: In thirty-four equal monthly installments of forty dollars each per month, monthly and every month, during the period of the first thirty-four months of said term and twenty-four equal monthly installments of forty-five dollars each per month, monthly and every month during the period of the last two years of said term and all persons interested in said estate are hereby referred to said petition on file in said special proceeding for further particulars.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for two successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in said City and County.

Done in open Court this 18th day of May, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

H. M. ANTHONY, Atty. for Administrator,
372-4-6 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-3

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco—State of California—No. 3425; Dept. 9; In Partition

In the Matter of the Estate of DENIS B. MURPHY, Deceased.

To Timothy J. Flynn, Kate I. Prendergast, William H. Skinner, Mary Jane Logan Hyde, and Messrs. Mastick & Partridge, their attorneys;

Catherine Murphy, William Murphy, Mary Murphy, Mrs. Kate Hyde, Maggie Murphy, Minnie Treige, Sarah Murphy, Hannah Murphy, Ellen O'Sullivan, Margaret McCarthy, Hannah O'Sullivan, Timothy Murphy, Mary Ann Higgins, and Messrs. Sullivan & Sullivan and Theodore J. Roche, their attorneys;

Maggie Theresa Murphy, Timothy Murphy, son of Thomas Murphy, John Murphy and Patrick Murphy, and Mr. John E. McDougald, their agent:

You and each of you will please take notice that the 12th day of June, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and the office of John M. Burnett, 610-612 Hibernia Building, No. 11 Jones Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been fixed as the time and place when and where the undersigned, sole commissioner, will proceed to make partition of the real estate and personal property described in and distributed by, the decree of final distribution given and made by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, in the matter of the estate of Denis B. Murphy, deceased, on the 20th day of June, 1910, which said real estate and personal property is described as follows, to-wit:

REAL ESTATE

1. Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the northwesterly line of Folsom Street with the northeasterly line of Fifth Street, running thence northeasterly along said northwesterly line of Folsom Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle southwesterly fifty (50) feet to the northeasterly line of Fifth Street; thence southeasterly along said line of Fifth Street eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of one hundred Vara Block No. 373.

2. Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Twenty-second Street with the westerly line of Capp Street, running thence westerly along the said southerly line of Twenty-second Street ninety-nine (99) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southerly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle easterly ninety-nine (99) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Capp Street; thence at a right angle northerly, along the westerly line of Capp Street eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block 137.

3. Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Wisconsin Street, distant thereon three hundred and fifty (350) feet southerly from the southerly line of Twentieth Street; thence southerly along said line of Wisconsin Street eighty-three (83) feet; thence at a right angle easterly two hundred (200) feet; thence at a right angle northerly eighty-three (83) feet; thence at a right angle westerly two hundred (200) feet to the easterly line of Wisconsin Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Potrero Block 211.

4. Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Fourteenth Street, distant thereon three hundred and two (302) feet four (4) inches westerly from the westerly line of Howard Street; thence easterly along said northerly line of Fourteenth Street one hundred and fifty-one (151) feet two (2) inches; thence northerly one hundred and fifteen (115) feet four (4) and one-eighth (⅛) inches to a point which is the middle of a line drawn from a point in the southerly line of Erie Street, distant one hundred and sixty-two (162) feet six (6) inches; westerly from the westerly line of Howard Street to a point in the northerly line of Fourteenth Street, distant one hundred and fifty-one (151) feet two (2) inches from said westerly line of Howard Street; thence westerly one hundred and fifty-six (156) feet to a point in the middle of a line drawn from the point of beginning in the northerly line of Fourteenth Street to a point in the southerly line of Erie Street, distant three hundred and twenty-five (325) feet westerly from the westerly line of Howard Street; thence southerly one hundred and fifteen (115) feet three (3) inches to the place of beginning; being a portion of Mission Block No. 20.

PERSONAL PROPERTY

Cash on hand, including the sum of $13,061.60 on deposit in the California Safe Deposit & Trust Company, $20,748.16. One gold watch and chain.

Dated, May 23, 1911.

JOHN M. BURNETT,
Sole Commissioner in Partition in Estate of Denis B Murphy, Deceased.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. at Law,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 5-27-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,593; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of NATHAN P. BUNDY, Deceased.

Ellen L. Bundy, the Administratrix of the estate of Nathan P. Bundy, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate and personal property of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Court on Monday, the 12th day of June, 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Ellen L. Bundy, Administratrix of the estate of Nathan P. Bundy, deceased, to sell so much of the real estate and personal property of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, May 6, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed May 6, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

DANIEL A. RYAN, Atty. for Administratrix,
1001-2 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 5-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHANN H. T. BRANDT, Deceased—No. 11,253; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the estate of Johann H. T. Brandt, deceased, to the creditors of, and to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, David Cosgrave, Room 706 Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Johann H. T Brandt, deceased.

LILLIAN WRIGHT, Administratrix.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

DAVID COSGRAVE, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 706 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 5-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor and the Executrix of the will of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor and Executrix, at the office of W. I. Brobeck and Peter F. Dunne, Rooms 709-718 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased.

ALEXANDER F. MORRISON,
ALICE M. COWELL,
Executor and Executrix of the Will of Ernest V. Cowell, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 13, 1911.

W. I. BROBECK and PETER F. DUNNE,
Attys. for Executor and Executrix,
Rooms 709-718 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco. 5-13-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,894.

W. P. HASSELL, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. BUNGE, LUTELLUS SMITH, E. M. HERBERGER, and BLACK TOM GOLD MINES COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: William H. Bunge, Lutellus Smith, E. M. Herberger and Black Tom Gold Mines Company, a Corporation, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

F. S. LAMSON and LEO. D. BYRNE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff 6-3-10

Letters

A Rollicking Farce

Here's a rollicking farce, "The Haunted Pajamas," and if haunted isn't precisely the adjective which describes the enchantment, it isn't going to make a bit of difference, provided the reader is in the mood to enjoy such an inconsequent piece of pure fun. There is neither hero nor heroine, properly speaking, though there is a love-interest which culminates in a marriage—if that is a happy ending nowadays. The story itself is absurd enough, but it is doubly so when told by Dickey Lightnut, for Lightnut who has had abundant initial assistance from Nature, has deliberately set to work to model himself on the Dundreary pattern of British assininity, and the success which has crowned his efforts leaves one in doubt whether the perfection of his performance does not argue at least a modicum of brains. In any case, Dickey is a good deal more of a man than he himself suspects, despite—"You know—that sort of thing." Whether Roland Masterman knew what he was up to when he sent the mysterious garments to Lightnut doesn't make any difference, for with that he drops out of the story. He was a casual acquaintance in London, with a penchant for delving into physical phenomena and occultism, and having succeeded in securing a coveted post in Hong Kong, he sent to Lightnut, apparently as a graceful acknowledgment of courtesy, a suit of fine crimson silk pajamas. Instead of being of modern manufacture, as the recipient assumed, they were really of remarkable antiquity, some twenty-six centuries earlier than the Christian era, and they had been put under a spell by which, whenever donned, three mysterious transformations took place. They took at once the size and shape adapted to the wearer, they changed their brilliant hue for black, and the wearer was transformed in appearance into someone who, at some previous time, had worn them, the changes, however, being visible only to others, not to the one affected, and as the character and demeanor were unaltered, the incongruity of behavior added to the complexity. Small wonder then, that the devoted Jenkins, roused from his sleep and coming to see if all was well with his mild-mannered employer, was staggered at finding a villainous looking Mongolian comfortably smoking an opium pipe in his favorite chair. Equally disconcerting was Lightnut's experience when, having agreed to put up the rackety younger brother of his friend, Billings, for a night, he returns from his club to find not a hobbledyhoy youth, but a beautiful and refined-appearing girl whose actions and accounts of her escapades are decidedly out of keeping and whose scatter-witted brother comes in for some mighty objurgations for his lack of sense in sending "the kid" to a bachelor's apartment. These are only samples of what could and did take place and a mere hint at the complications brought about without any one's having the slightest suspicion of the transformations, much less their cause, to say nothing of the further mistakes growing out of a confusion of names and identities. There's an enormous fortune in rubies tangled up with the weave, too, but since Francis Perry Elliott has taken the trouble to spin such an intricate plot he ought to be allowed to tell it in his own way. Don't mistake this for a serious effort gone astray. It was designed as a frolic and as such it is a decided success From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Book Notes

Robert Alexander Wason, author of "Happy Hawkins" and "The Steering Wheel," once had aspirations towards an army life. It was something more than a score of years ago, when the policy of West Point was to keep the supply of prospective offices down to the probable demand, and entrance examinations were planned with the deliberate intention of cinching out as many applicants as possible and conducted in circumstances which would virtually insure failure. One part of the test consisted of writing an account of a siege in the middle west, an abstract from a reading made by one of the officers. The story was filled with technical terms unknown to any one who had not been coached in advance, and the future author "fell back on phonetic spelling and undying hopes," neither of which were of any assistance. A band performed under the windows and a company of cadets drilled within sight. The applicant failed in spelling and writing. Small wonder! Later on Mr. Wason, like Jack London, took to the road, being inspired by a series of tramp stories published in the magazines. Not only did he propose to go a tramping, but he enlisted a dozen of his friends, all of whom backed out before the date of starting, and the senior Wasons fervently hoped their own hopeful would do likewise, but he persevered, and part of the results of his experiences and observations is recorded in "Happy Hawkins."

Persistence

John Lane, the well-known publisher, said at a literary dinner in New York:

"As an editor I find nobody so persistent as the amateur contributor. If the amateur were half as ingenious in writing his material as in trying to land it he would become a Dickens in no time.

"An amateur said the other day to an editor I know:

"'Allow me to submit this bear story.'

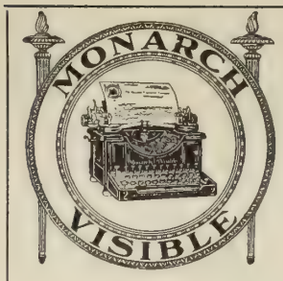
"'My readers don't care for bear stories," said the editor. 'They want something spicy.'

"'But this,' said the amateur, 'is a story about a cinnamon bear.'"

Marks—I induced the hotel keeper to go to church with me this morning, and he declared that one of the hymns sung just suited his business.

Parks—What hymn was it?

Marks—"Abide With Me."



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TOWN TALK

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX San Francisco, June 17, 1911 No. 981

ETHEL BARRYMORE

To appear at the Columbia Theater commencing Monday, June 19

TOWN TALK

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A Change of Opinion

Governor Woodrow Wilson confesses that he has changed his opinion about the referendum and recall, but unfortunately he doesn't tell us his reason for doing so. Thus in a speech in Norfolk he said: "For twenty years I preached to the students of Princeton that the referendum and recall were bosh. I have since investigated and I want to apologize to those students." This is a fine specimen of candor. It indicates that Governor Wilson is not cursed with the pride of opinion. Perhaps he is deserving of praise for confessing error. Change of opinion is the progress of human thought and sound knowledge. Often what appears to be inconsistency is in reality growth and expansion. It is only the fool that perseveres in his errors. On the other hand the opinions of some men depend very much on public opinion, which, according to an eminent philosopher, "is always pressing upon the mind and like the air we breathe acts unseen, unfelt." Woodrow Wilson may have been cast in a soft, susceptible mould. His enthusiasms may be fickle and treacherous. He may be one of those capricious persons whose violent revulsions of judgment are in their own motives, rather than in the reason of things; whose opinions depend on their lives and habits. Goethe expressed this idea epigrammatically when he said, "As our inclinations, so our opinions." Governor Wilson has experienced a change of life, as it were; and at the same time a change of inclinations, which may unconsciously have effected the substitution of opinion for conviction. When he was preaching to the students of Princeton he had no thought of the White House; of anything, presumably, but the truth. Now he is preoccupied with his own interests, and he appears to be catering to popular whim. His confession, if impressive, is singularly incomplete. He would have us believe that his change of opinion about the referendum and the recall was the result of investigation, thereby implying that in the days of his preaching he was uninformed and thus reflecting grave discredit on himself and seeming to vindicate the rumor that the man who now aspires to the executive office of a great nation was a failure in the profession for which he had been trained. If Woodrow Wilson was engaged for twenty years in inculcating a principle of government which he never investigated, which he had accepted on faith alone, then he is a man whose claims on public confidence are not to be seriously considered. He presents himself to us now in the attitude of a penitent sinner, asking not merely for our indulgence but for our favor and our trust. What proof does he give us that he has investigated the principle of the referendum and the recall? To investigate a principle of government is to investigate the experience of mankind, to study the progress of human affairs which has been certain and inevitable because of obvious principles of human nature. This investigation and study may be made at first hand. From history we may learn of the perpetual intestine struggle between Authority and Liberty, and how the science of government has attempted to prevent either from prevailing. Or the investigation and study may be made at second hand through the comments, deductions and speculations of philosophers who will be found to agree that there are certain fundamental principles of government which must be recognized in every State. Now there is a prodigious amount of material elucidative of the very principle which Governor Woodrow Wilson says he has investigated, and it would be a most excellent achievement on his part were he to utilize some of it in support of an argument to justify his change of opinion. So far we have had nothing but opinion on this subject from the proponents of the recall and referendum. And the language of their opinion is almost identical with the language employed in several widely separated periods of the world's history by politicians more deserving of the execration than the applause of their countrymen.

A Wail from Oregon

Perhaps Governor Wilson though a scholar and student does not agree with those philosophers who tell us that the past departs not, the truth never dies but works through endless changes. Perhaps it is not his practice to glean out of the dark backward and abysm of time grave warnings for the future or to derive from errors that are dead live lessons for the present. Perhaps he prefers to borrow enlightenment from moderns than from the ancients. Thus peradventure his study of the recall and referendum may have been confined to the current experience of men in several of the States of this glorious union. If this be so it is not improbable that he has been led astray from neglecting the maxims of common prudence. For the referendum and recall have not been thoroughly tested in the modern workshop of practical politics, and it would be rash indeed for any man to conclude that as it is not apparent that they have done any harm the underlying principle of them is not to be challenged. The new remedy that is worse than the disease is not always found to be fatal immediately after the first experiments. What testimony is to be had at this time regarding the contrivances approved by Governor Wilson is by no means of a character to justify jubilation on the part of our progressive statesmen. Politicians intent upon vindicating their devotion to the people are bubbling over with enthusiasm for the devices that have realized the ultimate ends of democracy, but nowhere is there evidence of popular ecstacy. On the contrary there are symptoms of reaction even among progressives. As for example comes a wail from Oregon, the most progressive of all progressive States, the abiding place of Modernism in politics, the seat of political sweetness and light to which every prophet of innovation points with pride and gratification. We find in the Oregonian, on the same page with a panegyric of Woodrow, the melancholy lament that the Legislature has gone to the demnition bow-bows, that it has lost its representative character, gone down in public estimation and does nothing but shift, dissemble and sidestep. Yet the Oregonian is not reactionary. It has faith in the intelligence of the people as well as in the sincerity of Woodrow Wilson.

When Harlan Concurred

Some pretty harsh criticism has been visited on Justice Harlan for his gratuitous comments in dissenting from the opinion in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases. It is considered unfortunate that he should have expressed sentiments most gratifying to those critics of the judiciary who would have the people believe that the Supreme Court is disposed to veto legislation and thus usurp the powers of a coordinate branch of the government. He certainly talked as though he was in a most querulous mood, and his remarks so strongly flavored as they were with dogmatism and arrogance, were, to say the least, far from philosophical. To account for his sentiments it has been suggested that he has been peeved at not having been chosen for the exalted honor bestowed on his associate Justice White. But Justice Harlan is a very old man, and it is given to but few men to retain placidity of temper at the extreme age which he has reached. And now that he is on the far edge of his declining years after long, arduous and honorable service that entitles him to respect and indulgence, it is hardly generous to challenge the sincerity of his opinions. At the same time it is important that attention should be called to the fact that the Supreme Court did nothing more than enunciate an established principle of law when it asserted that the judicial function included the right to interpret statutes in the light of reason and to refuse a literal application of the words of a statute where they would involve a manifest wrong. The truth is that Justice Harlan himself is on record as approving this view of the judicial function. In the case of Church of the Holy Trinity versus United States reported in 143 U. S. 457, the court had under consideration the act of Congress known as the alien immigration act. Justice Brewer wrote the opinion in which all his associates including Justice Harlan concurred. "It is a familiar rule," said Justice Brewer, "that a thing may be within the letter of the statute and not with-

in the statute because not within the spirit nor within the intention of its makers. This has been often asserted and the reports are full of cases illustrating its application. This is not the substitution of the will of the judge for that of the legislator, for frequently words of general meaning are used in a statute, words broad enough to include an act in question and yet a consideration of the whole legislation, or of the circumstances surrounding its enactment, or of the absurd results which follow from giving such broad meaning to the words, make it unreasonable to believe that the legislators intended to include the particular act." Here certainly is the doctrine of reasonable interpretation. Justice Harlan in this case concurs in the broad principle that an act within the express language of a statute is not affected by it when it is not within the intention of Congress. From this decision it is obvious that no new principle was introduced by the rule of construction adopted in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases, the rule of reading general words in a statute by the light of reason.

Oracles of Criticism

A curious new school of so-called literary critics is attaining great prominence in this country. Its performances are a compound of preciosity, sentimentalism and metaphysics. The critics of this school are engaged in expounding some of the decadent and mystic writers of recent years,—such men as Nietzsche, Pater, Wilde, Ibsen and Shaw. Their work is not criticism at all, but it passes as such. To criticism in its true sense it has no claim even to approximation. Literary or artistic merit is a matter of minor consideration from their standpoint. The purpose which they affect is to explain the attitude of a writer toward life and this they do by torturing the most obvious expressions into a thousand meanings. They have no hesitation in identifying an author with his characters for the purpose of drawing the conclusion that his sentiments were precisely those uttered by his puppets. Thus we find Professor Archibald Henderson, who is described in Current Literature as a "brilliant critic of modernity," arguing that in Meredith's philosophy a man ought to take "a pagan joy in the clean play of his senses." Professor Henderson knows this is what Meredith believed because one of Meredith's characters remarks, "I am not to follow any impulse that is not the impulse of all my nature—myself altogether." Professor Henderson is typical of his school, of the school that presumes to tell us the precise significance to be attached to Nietzsche's conception of the Superman, but leaves us in doubt as to whether the Superman is a problem of history or eugenics, or as to whether Nietzsche was a biological philosopher like Spencer or merely a pessimist like Schopenhauer. The critics of this school have great admiration for the writers that rail at the world and sneer at Christian morality, most of whom were diseased with their self-importance. The critics themselves appear to be similarly afflicted. Their writings abound in egotisms and affectations. They reel off a prodigious lot of nonsense as though it embodied the articles of a creed, and while their style is in spots lively and engaging, all of them have the same habit of thinking in superlatives, expressing themselves in superlatives, indulging in silly paradoxes, tinsel epigrams and glittering generalities. Yet they must have a following, else the unsentimental publishers wouldn't handle their wares.

A Pulpy Question

There is no study more interesting than that of the passions and motives of men gradually unfolding themselves in new situations. This study is now afforded by the current drama on the stage of national politics which has the reciprocity agreement for motif and "Battle Bob" La Follette as the figure of central interest. "Battle Bob" has reached a perilous point in his flashlight career. But yesterday the adored idol of the plain, unvarnished and unsophisticated masses, the gonfalonier of all the radicals; today, (at least at this writing) "viewed with suspicion" by the avowed patrons and admirers of genuine patriotism, threatened with anathema by the newspaper heralds, outriders and trumpeters in the procession of fame. As "Battle Bob" is distinctly a newspaper-made hero the question apparently about to preoccupy attention is whether like the monster in the story he is able to defy his maker. For years "Battle Bob" has served the purposes of the muckrakers, a close affinity existing between their mode of reasoning and his. As their spokesman they have held him up to public admiration; they have bowed to him as to truth itself. From them we have learned that the welfare of millions often hung suspended as he spoke. They have widely disseminated the assurance that his rectitude was inflexible. They have guaranteed his purity, affirmed his freedom from every selfish motive. They have explored the labyrinths of his grey matter and certified to his extraordinary capacity, going so far as to assert that he excelled his contemporaries in the Senate in quickness of apprehension, in the extent of his knowledge, in the clearness and distinctness of his views. In short they have pictured the little man from Wisconsin as the glory of his country, as a statesman with an intuitive perception of every political question in all its bearings and consequences, whether of commerce or agriculture, of political economy or of foreign or domestic policy. And now they appear to be intent on his undoing. And why? Because he joined hands with Senator Root in support of the amendment to keep the tariff on wood pulp. Now wood pulp is the reason of the enthusiasm of the press for reciprocity. Free wood pulp means reduction of the high cost of paper. It means more money in the coffers of the newspaper trust. President Taft shrewdly appealed to the cupidity of the great American despots of public opinion when he included wood pulp in his reciprocity agreement, and hence the great change that has occurred in the attitude of the press toward the President whom even the insurgent papers are now conceding to be the logical candidate of the Republican party. When "Battle Bob" voted for the Root amendment in the committee meeting he did the most courageous thing in his whole career; he defied the daily press of the whole country. Yet for this act his motives, for the first time, are questioned by his most ardent sponsors. And now the newspaper bludgeon is swinging before his eyes. The Hearst papers are growling ominously. They accuse La Follette of voting for the amendment to spite the President. Though no meaner motive could be attributed to any statesman the Hearst papers do more than charge La Follette with meanness; they frankly intimate that unless he recants he will be made a target of abuse. "This paper," says the Examiner, in an editorial addressed to La Follette, "has been with you in many battles for the public right. And it would be gladly with you in many more. But it cannot be with you in the way you are going." What this implies "Battle Bob" will have no difficulty in perceiving. The outer darkness for him henceforth with occasional bolts from the central blue of journalism to sear and scorch and scarify. "Battle Bob" must make his choice. The paramount question for him to decide is whether he shall act according to his own persausions or according to the dictates of the self-constituted tribune of the people.

Adoration

Dear, they are praising your beauty,
The grass and the sky:
The sky in a silence of wonder,
The grass in a sigh.

I too would sing for your praising,
Dearest, had I
Speech as the whispering grass,
Or the silent sky.

These have an art for the praising
Beauty so high.
Sweet, you are praised in a silence,
Sung in a sigh.

Seumas O'Sullivan

Perspective Impressions

Nat Goodwin has welched again!

The man who schools himself to boredom triumphs over half the disadvantages of living

There is probably a great deal of passion and senility in the literature of the Stokes case.

Ex-Mayor Taylor protests in measly prose against putting it in the park. Have the Muses divorced this solitary taylor of Tooley street?

Some of the selections of the Municipal Conference have occasioned the suspicion that the "good dog" variety of supervisor is still in demand.

It was doubtless because he reflected that he couldn't hold an inquest on himself that Coroner Walsh went in for precipice-plunging in Marin County.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon says that something ought to be devised to make Sunday school as attractive to boys as the baseball games by which they are lured away. Why not try moving pictures of the Old Testament?

Theodore Roosevelt protests indignantly that he hasn't endorsed anybody for the Presidency. Yet as President he was guilty of the indecency of appointing his successor and he was indifferent as to what anybody thought of it.

Mary Garden says that San Francisco makes New York look provincial, but unfortunately the explanation appears to be that the "Paris of America" is so much like Kansas City

The counterfeit presentment of Professor Morse Stephens in one of the papers this week serves to remind us that though it is now two hundred and sixty-eight weeks since the earthquake that history is still unpublished

The people of Portland, Or., have voted against being denied the right of standing in the street cars. So it appears that our street railroad system is not the only one that fails to guarantee a seat for every fare.

Correspondence

A Compliment

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Do you know that one of our papers down here has been paying you a compliment? It is quite a pretty compliment, but to save your modesty from too great a shock the boost is lovingly intertwined with a knock. In a recent editorial the editor of the Santa Cruz News wrote: "Town Talk of San Francisco—which, by the way, is one of the most cleverly-written papers in the State, though its point of view is not always commendable—" etc. It must warm the cockles of your editorial heart to scan the first half of that phrase; but how depressing to read the second half! Of course no paper is worth its salt unless its viewpoint is at all times commendable to all people. I need not tell you that we have that paragon of journalism down here I refer of course to the News which never makes a mistake or an error in judgment and is always on the right side of every question. I don't have to prove this because the editor of the News will admit it

Yours,
A Beach Comber

Some Trick Verses

Is your Hibernian still hungering for verses? Here's a specimen of Revolutionary poetry which, read as printed, is condemnatory of the American cause, but if only the words to the right of the comma in each line are read, and then those to the left, the Revolutionary cause is encouraged and commended.

Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms,
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms;
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine:
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join
The acts of Parliament, in them I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the congress fight:
The Tories of today, they are my daily toast;
They soon shall sneak away, who independence boast;
Who non-resistance hold, they have my hand and heart,
May they for slaves be sold, who act a Whiggish part;
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on congress evermore.
To North and British lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block or cord, to General Washington.

Making cento verses used to be a popular evening amusement, each line selected from some different poem. This "Remembrance of Minstrelsy," now some forty years old or more, was concocted from the lines of songs which had their vogue then or thereabouts Most of them are long since forgotten

There was a frog lived in a spring,
He kissed me a fond adieu.
Together let us sweetly sing
With the dark girl dressed in blue

She wore a wreath of roses;
Her bright smile haunts me still;
And her big chignon pinned on behind
With the sword of Bunker Hill

Good bye, John, don't stay long,
Then you'll remember me
Molly, put the kettle on,
My barque is on the sea.

Hark, I hear an angel sing.
Shoo fly, don't bother me!
O love, it is a ticklish thing,
Upon the dark blue sea.

Respectfully submitted,
—A Reader

A Slight Difference

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: The progressive press, so-called, notably Collier's Weekly, is busy extolling the sterling virtues, the rugged honesty and the judicial wisdom of Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court. This echo of approval is due doubtless to that jurist's dissenting opinion in the Standard Oil case. Justice Harlan believed that his associates read into the Anti-trust Law elements which the lawmaking body had omitted He maintained that legally this could not be done as the function of the Court was judicial not legislative. And so paeans of praise have gone up for this upright judge. You will remember how these same papers, and again notably Collier's Weekly, vilified our State Supreme Court for failing to read into the Schmitz indictment elements it did not contain. It might be well in this connection for Collier's Weekly and the others to read these words of Justice Harlan in concluding his dissent: "Mr. Justice Bradley wisely said when on this bench that illegitimate and unconstitutional practices get their first footing by silent approaches and slight deviations from legal modes of legal proceedure. We shall do well to heed the warning of that great jurist."

Sincerely,
—A Layman

The Infallible Philosopher

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: When I behold the suffragettes and the anti-suffragettes waging war about the comparative merits of man and woman and hurling such authorities as Lecky and Buckle and De Quincey at one another, I cannot refrain from quoting what a better seasoned philosopher had to say on the subject. These are the closing lines of Montaigne's great essay "Upon Some Verses of Virgil:" "I say that males and females are cast in the same mold and that, education and usage excepted, the difference is not great. Plato indifferently invites both the one and the other to the society of all studies, exercises and vocations, both military and civil, in his commonwealth; and the philosopher Antisthenes rejected all distinction between their virtue and ours. It is much more easy to accuse one sex than to excuse the other; 'tis according to the saying, 'The Pot and the Kettle.'"

Sincerely yours,
—Neutral.

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Varied Types

XXVI—THEODORE ROBERTS

By Edward F. O'Day

"Why, thirty-one years ago I saw Ristori play Lady Macbeth at the old California Theater in a hoopskirt. I remember how I admired the graceful way in which she glided across the stage in that hoop. But imagine an actress playing Lady Macbeth in a hoopskirt today!"

I tried to imagine Modjeska and Nance O'Neil and Julia Marlowe, the most important Lady Macbeths it has been my luck to see, moving through the part in hoops. But my imagination responded feebly. It found especial difficulty swathing Nance O'Neil in crinoline, for crinoline is as foreign to Nance as the jupe culotte. But it was not merely the weakness of imagination which bothered me. The truth is, I was distracted. I was not paying proper attention to Theodore Roberts' words because I was preoccupied with Theodore Roberts' face.

"Theodore Roberts is the man in the iron mask," I said to myself. Yes, the fancy is not entirely frivolous. That powerful face is truly an iron mask concealing a personality which may be iron or may be velvet, for aught I know. One doesn't pierce masks during a half-hour chat in the living room of a Hyde street apartment house. Still, at intervals he lifted the mask a little bit. The piercing eyes of him would focus their steady glitter in an unwinking stare and then flame suddenly into a smile. The prognathous jaw, closed like a trap on his cigar holder, would unfasten for a moment to let a laugh glide through. At such instances the iron of Theodore Roberts was transmuted to a softer metal. But take him all in all, here, I should say, is a giant of a man, heavy-treading, heavy-fisted, yet genial withal, a tender giant yet endowed with fierce passions that had better not be aroused.

The mind, when interested, will speculate like this on the scantiest data and I was so wrapped up in my speculations that it required an effort to carry my thoughts back to the hoopskirts of Ristori and the conditions which they were dragged forth from the property room of Theodore Roberts' memory to illustrate.

He was harking back to the past. Why not? Actors would not be actors if they did not love the glories that have faded into history. And then too, Theodore Roberts is a San Franciscan. We are a retrospective town. Roberts journeyed into the past of the old town a few days ago—to the past which concerned him most, to the corner of Washington and Stockton streets where he was born.

"Where the old house stood," he regretted, "there is now a combination of Mexican adobe and joss house."

The alien Chink had struck hands with the original Greaser and the Gringo felt a little sore.

But immediately he was the man in the iron mask again, discoursing of less personal matters.

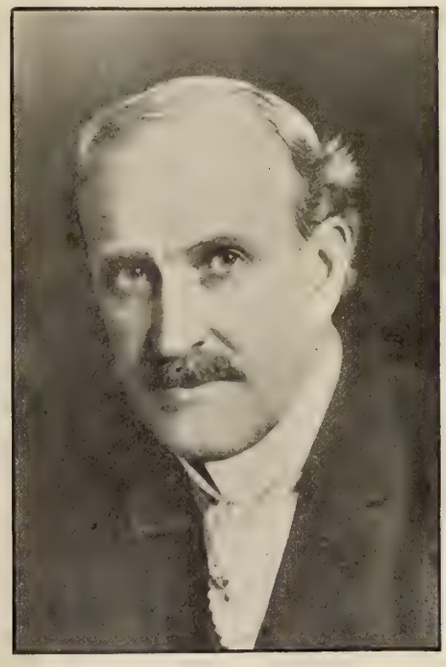
"My memory of the theater goes back thirty-six years," he said. "I recall when John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett were at the old California, playing 'Venice Preserved' and 'The Wife: a Tale of Mantua' and 'The Honeymoon.' Such plays would be impossible today. The plots were impossible. 'Queen Elizabeth' or 'Mary Stuart' wouldn't be acceptable now. 'Jim the Penman' had to be blue-pencilled before we presented it last week and still it creaked in places."

I filipped his critical faculty with the old familiar question, the inevitable question that goes as naturally with all mention of the old California as mustard goes with an Englishman's roast beef or as trouble with an appointment to the Police Commission.

"No," he asseverated, gripping his cigar-holder more tightly than before, if such a thing was possible, "no, the actors in those days were not better than the actors of today. As a matter of fact acting today is better than ever before in the history of the world, the old timer with his prate of the palmy days to the contrary notwithstanding. No actor towers today over his fellows as Booth did in those days, but that is because the plain has risen to the mountain top, not because the mountain top has descended to the plain."

Again I put the obvious query.

"The reason of the improvement? Electricity. Electricity has produced the principal changes



THEODORE ROBERTS

that have come over the stage. It has caused a revolution.

"In the old Baldwin we had gas—gas bunch lights, gas footlights and gas borders in shields of wire netting. The scenes were shoved on and off when a whistle blew and the audience could see the heels of the stage hands. But when electricity came in we got strips of lights lit by the thumb of the gas man. A twist of the wrist did everything.

"The consequence is that we can get effects now that we couldn't get before. We can play certain scenes which there was no possibility of playing before. The picture is more perfect. The actor is truer to life. And the play must be correct emotionally and chronologically.

"We used to say that with a slouch hat, a pair of top boots and a roll of cloth an actor could dress for any part. We used to chalk a line down the boot to make it look highly polished. You could do that with gas light. But you can't shine a black boot with white chalk nowadays. Electricity makes shams impossible. You could conceal many things with gas, but now the stage picture must be an almost microscopic picture of life. Everything must be genuine. Stage money is rarely used. There was a time when an actress made all her clothes of cheese cloth or farmer's satin; now she spends thousands on her gowns. They make the opera glasses too well. And the public is too well informed."

And yet, with all this, Roberts says that there has not been much change in the mode of enacting the old roles. There is the part of Baradas, for instance, in "Richelieu." That was Roberts' first part when he made his first appearance as an actor at the Baldwin in 1880. Tradition still dictates the way in which such roles are played.

Tom Maguire of the old Opera House was running the Baldwin when Roberts went there. In the stock company were Frederick de Belleville, James A. Herne, Catherine Corcoran, Harry Edwards and John Jennings, nearly all dead but still fresh in the memories of old San Franciscans. But the "Richelieu" company was a special company and it included James O'Neill, Lewis Morrison, (afterwards the husband of Florence Roberts, Theodore's cousin), John Wilson, A. D. Bradley, James O. Barrows, Rose Wood, Adeline Stanhope and Louise Beaudet.

Roberts left this city to join Robson and Crane in Chicago. He traveled through the East and Northwest with these famous comedians and after some time in New York came back to barnstorm up and down the Pacific Coast.

"We played on the stumps of trees, in hotel dining roms, in tents," he said. "I was leading man for Nellie Boyd who was well known in her day. She made a great deal of money and settled down in Fresno where she died about a year ago."

Roberts gave his cousin Florence a lot of her early training

"I was the leading man of a company organized here to play through the South. We played Los Angeles and San Diego but we didn't have much success. Florence played 'bits.' She was very nervous and frightened at first. I remember when we gave 'Fanchon.' I was playing Father Barbeau and she was Mother Fadet. She was so nervous she couldn't speak and in one scene, when I turned to her with a stern face and roared at her, 'Look at me!' she ran off the stage and it was quite a while before she had enough courage to reappear."

Of course Roberts has written plays. The iron mask dropped a little when I asked about them.

"None of them have seen the light of day yet," he confessed, "but I sometimes torture my friends with them. I have one that I think is excellent, but so far I haven't impressed any body with my idea of it. I would like to produce it here or in Los Angeles after our present season, but as I haven't the money myself I would have to get somebody to go halves with me. And I am not putting too much trust in it. I have presided at the burial of too many plays in my years on the stage. You never know what's going to happen till the curtain goes up on the first night."

I didn't commit myself, but I have a hunch that the man behind the iron mask might write a corking good drama. I wish him luck anyway, if only because he's one of us. In such matters at least San Franciscans can stand together.

BROOKS KUMYSS

FOOD---BEVERAGE---TONIC

For Stomach, Bowel, Kidney and Liver Ailments

336 SUTTER STREET

The Red Barque

By Antonio Beltramelli (From the Italian)

Ardi was a sailor; his name was one of bronze in the legends of seamen. Fearless and proud, silent and strong as the very rocks, he steered his barque through the wildest tempests, watchful at the helm and ready with the sail, amidst the clouds and the wind and the seething waters.

When on land, he lived in a thatched cottage with his young son, Rimuel, and love shared it with them. His wife, whom Ardi had adored with all the ardor of a first love, died in giving birth to Rimuel, and since that day twenty years had passed, long and endless as a chain of grief, for the sailor had a constant heart and knew nothing of the tears that blot out remembrance.

Rimuel was fair and straight as a ship's mast, stronger even than the dusky cables that coiled and twisted in the depths of the sea. He loved nothing and no one but the proud man who gave him bread, and the little red barque, decked out with its yellow sails. His dream was of silences and unknown lands, looming out of the distant mists.

There was a rough, tenacious affection between the two men, neither sentimental nor impulsive, but expressing itself in a constant mutual respect, in their thoughtfulness for one another, in smiles and fleeting words at parting, when one or the other was to embark upon the sea. For their simple life they were very well off; none of the other fishermen, or sailors, possessed so much. A house and a barque are like a kingdom without boundaries.

Ardi and Rimuel realized their good fortune and spent the years in working, so there was never a lack of bread; they desired nothing else, neither the sombre man, who was like a storm spectre, nor Rimuel in the serenity of his youth.

For all that, it was the gossip of the old men and women, as they sat mending their nets upon their doorsteps facing the sea, that the two had been born under a May moon, when each day brings its own blessing and the promise of every gift that the fates can offer.

Uriana heard this repeated regularly in the evenings, when Ardi, springing from his barque, would pass before the cottages on the shore; and every evening she would raise her dark eyes, watching until he appeared, the fearless, handsome fellow, who never once had turned to glance at her. He seemed always absorbed in some fixed thought, his face rigid in an impenetrable silence. She would remain motionless, transfixed by her love, gazing at the point where Ardi had disappeared, forgetful of the ragged nets that lay across her knees: Uriana, who was so beautiful, so spirited, that the young men had nicknamed her "The Flame."

So it had been every evening for a long time, and the girl knew in her heart that the power of Ardi had made her his slave.

Although so ardent and impulsive, Uriana had never responded to any man, for she despised those who were humble towards her. Her passionate soul required an iron will to hold her in the power of its suggestion; eyes to gaze into her own, fixed, immovable, gleaming, terrible in their insistence: so to be mastered, compelled to her martyrdom, herself the slave of her own love.

She longed to be as the sail passing through a sudden gust, conscious of the dominating influence before abandoning itself. Meanwhile she continued to mend her nets, silently, listening to the tales of the old men and women as they sat on their doorsteps, facing the eastern sun and the sea. She had renounced everything, living for his scorn alone (which to the bitter soul is like a faithful companion) and with her warm, rich voice, low with its tone of bronze, she sang softly to herself the songs that are born of love.

So a long time passed. She was twenty-five, in the bloom of her youth, and it was no sorrow to her, this continual renunciation of pleasure, for she was as the flame that twists and writhes, scintillating, stretching out its curling tongue as if to caress the air that gives it life.

She cared nothing for her beauty. Her room was bare, except for a bed of straw, and an old wooden chest, in which lay her few garments and the white linen sheets that her mother had left for her marriage day; not a single object of even the simplest luxury; not a mirror, not a drop of perfume. She wore a white zendado, drawn over the shoulders and crossed at the breast; it fell at her feet, softening the bold curves of her figure, adding grace to her beautiful carriage. Her red curly hair, encircling her face like a coronet, was in violent contract to the snowy whitness of the silk; when she ran in the sun, it seemed to flame up suddenly like a phosphorescence. Her face was oval, with exquisite lines; the eyes large, ashen-gray, with black shadows about them; they were never animated with the gay thoughtlessness that leads youth into the customary paths of love. She was like the wind that subsides only in the highest mountains: her soul convulsed and passionate, longed for its yoke.

At twenty-five, she was as the dawn of day. And yet, ever before her mind was the vision of Ardi, with whom she had never spoken. At first, through the tales of the old people, who exalted him, he had seemed to her as one of the heroic figures of antiquity, the mighty sailors of the past, whose souls rise out of the wintry mists upon the sea, amid the howling of the waves, encircled by the flying sea-gulls. As the silent days passed, her fantasy was ever weaving fresh marvels about the man and his bravery, until she was seized with an uncontrollable longing which drove her, in the sudden crisis that takes possession of certain strange souls, to betray herself to him and drag him with her into the whirlpool of her passion.

One evening, exasperated by the long waiting, her blood inflamed, her desires multiplying like waves lashed by the hurricane, she summoned her courage. When the man passed, whom she had chosen for herself out of all the world, she abandoned her nets, binding her zendado about her, and followed him cautiously with a beating heart.

Yet, when the momment came to approach him, her heart failed her. She felt that no sound would come from her lips, that Ardi would only laugh at her. What did the little red fool want of him? Why was she so pale and trembling as if she were cold? In her heart, she feared that he would treat her as a child, with the same good-humored indulgence. She was afraid, Uriana, with the dark eyes that were the color of ashes, and she followed Ardi, silently, heedless of the passersby, who stopped and stared after her.

She went so for some little distance, torn between her impulses and her fears; her blood surged madly. He was nearing his home, she would not be able to speak to him that evening after all. Yet all of a sudden, her voice, in two leaps as it were, called twice:

"Ardi! Ardi!"

Then the hair on her head rose with terror.

"Ah! it is you, Uriana! I did not recognize you. It is growing dark. What can I do for you, beautiful Uriana?"

She listened to him, strangely, with her eyes fixed, almost as if she were hearing from his lips all the tumult of passionate words that were passing through her own mind. And when Ardi looked at her, with the questioning air of a stranger, she was oppressed as with a weight on her heart, and knew not how to break the painful silence.

"Are you ill?" continued Ardi.

She had only breath to reply feebly:

"No!"

"You are pale and trembling," the sailor added gravely. "Look at yourself, Uriana, illness is on your face like a shadow."

She was silent for a moment or two, then she said faintly: "May I ask a favor of you?"

"What is it?"

"Chiuravi would like to borrow your nets. His are broken and I have not been able to mend them. Will you lend them?"

"Certainly. Do you need them at once?"

"Yes."

"Then come with me."

"I am coming," replied Uriana.

And they went on.

They walked along the quay, amidst the tangle of fishing boats that were anchored there, and the fires that the sailors had lighted. The air was full of the healthy odor of fish. With the setting of the sun came the fog that throws a shadow of unreality over everything. The old sails, the masts, the lines of rigging, the strong, projecting prows and the red fires loomed dimly, silently, out of the unknown.

Uriana had all the illusions of a dream. She walked beside Ardi, believing that he was leading her to some distant place of love; and when from a black barque, sailless, with its short, broken mast, that had yet within it a last glimmer of life, came the rhythm of a love song, she turned to her tall companion, laid her hand upon his arm and smiled.

"It is Gera," she said. "The more Fate pursues him, the more he sings. The sea has shattered his boat, Death has taken his two beautiful sons, his wife abandoned him last summer to follow a stranger, not a soldo is left to him, he has a trouble with his eyes that will probably rob him of the best that is in life, and Gera sings! So he will continue to sing, until he dies! Love has not abandoned him."

Uriana let her hand fall slowly from the arm of Ardi. He had not grasped her meaning.

They reached his cottage; she waited on the doorstep until the sailor returned with the nets and handed them to her, saying: "Take them and keep them as long as you like." She bowed her head, and without replying, hurried on along the quay, the voice of the poor unfortunate, undaunted by his sufferings, still floating across it.

After that Ardi met her in his path more than once, and noticing the insistence of her gaze, he wondered what bitterness and grief had taken possession of the soul of Uriana. And one evening, when he had leaped upon his barque,

(Continued on Page 22.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Greek at Oxford

After interminable discussions the professional teaching circle at Oxford has decided that henceforward students taking the scientific and mathematical course at the university may cut Greek entirely. There has been much indignation expressed at this innovation. It remained for the Saturday Review of London to sound a note of sadness. "If the scientist likes to be a Barbarian," says the Review, "well, let him. He is concerning himself with big and recondite things; he usually must be a specialist of specialists. But that the mass of the gentlemen of England, especially those who are to take up the amusement —or, as we must now say, follow the trade—of governing the country, should lack humanity, is anathema. We do not admire the selfish luxury of the arch-Hellenist who cares not what happen outside so long as he and one or two others can go on refining on Euripides undisturbed in their corner." In other words the Review thinks that Greek, though not too much Greek, is essential to the education of a gentleman. How old-worldly and old-fashioned that view must appear to an American rah-rah!

To Abolish "Yoshiwara"

There is a strong sentiment among certain classes in Tokio against the reconstruction of "Yoshiwara," the gigantic bagnio run under governmental supervision. The "Yoshiwara" was burned down not very long ago and there is a strong demand that the system which it represented be abolished. A meeting was held in the auditorium of the Tokio Y. M. C. A. and the hall was filled with earnest men and women, both Japanese and foreigners. As illustrating the spread of occidental ways in the orient the discussion has an interest altogether apart from its intrinsic importance. A member of the Imperial Diet read a petition which he had drawn up for Mrs. Kaji Yajima who is the president of the W. C. T. U. in Japan. Colonel Yamamuro of the Salvation Army made a speech containing interesting arguments. From the standpoint of humanity he said the system was the worst form of slavery; that the payment in advance on the contracts under which young girls were secured amounted to actual purchase. "America set the black race free by a mighty struggle," said Mr. Yamamuro, "and why not abolish slavery in Japan. The Government says if the licensed quarter is done away with the number of secret resorts will increase, but I say no. There are a great many such places outside of the licensed quarter, especially about Asakusa Park, which is in that vicinity, and since the fire has removed the licensed places the secret places still remaining near that district are not doing business enough to pay, while they flourished when the Yoshiwara was going full blast." Mr. Yamamuro emphasized the objection from the standpoint of health, and continued: "If the Yoshiwara is banished the Government says prosperity will decline. I say No! The money spent in dissipation and licentiousness ought to go for the education of children and for household necessities or luxuries to contribute to the happiness of the home. While some are financially benefited by the system many lose. The revenue the Government derives from this source is like devouring the flesh from one's arm to sustain life. In America nine States have stopped the sale of liquor, ignoring the revenue from this traffic, and why should Japan accept money from the prostitution of her women. From the standpoint of national character any country that allows its young girls to be ravaged for mercenary gain despises womanhood. If Japan is such a nation how can we expect to live? With legitimatized prostitution in their own country young Japanese women go to other countries to pursue the occupation there, which causes trouble to the foreign authorities and puts Japan in world-wide ill repute. The fire has obliterated this noxious spot in Tokio, opening the way to begin and by forbidding its reestablishment here the Government should proceed to banish the system."

The Supply of Affinities

Many fashionable ladies of Bucharest (Roumania) have recently received invitations to join a society known as the "Women's International Free Love League." The league undertakes to put them into communication with kindred spirits who will supply the deficiencies of husbands who fail to understand the complex nature of their wives. The league's motto is "Equal Rights for All," and ladies are assured that the heads of the league will be in a position to put them into communication with their affinities. Ladies are asked to subscribe to the funds of the league whether they are in immediate need of its services or not, as it is impossible to know when such a need may arise. A husband of one of the ladies who received the league's circular put himself into communication with the police. The police traced the circulars to Milan, where it was discovered that a certain Hungarian and her Italian husband were the founders of the league. The woman, questioned by the police, said that the league had thousands of members in every country of the world. She explained that the consolation offered to the ladies was of an entirely spiritual nature, and that her object was merely to supply the demand for sympathy caused by the brutal obtuseness of most husbands. The police decline to take any actions against the league.

Oil-burning Battleships

The final designs for the two battleships, authorized at the late session of Congress, are ready for departmental approval. The plans provide for oil-burning ships, and otherwise a reproduction of the battleships of 1910. The armament consists, in the main battery, of ten fourteen-inch guns, so disposed that there shall be two turrets containing three guns each. This is recognized as an ideal arrangement of turrets, limited to four. It has been decided, after much discussion of the subject, to have additional weight of armor, the heaviest being the fourteen-inch of the main belt. It was suggested that the maximum thickness be as much as seventeen inches, and it is reasonable to suppose that that thickness of armor will eventually be attained if it is desired to have armor really protected. It has been regarded as one of the demonstrations of the firings against the Katahdin and Texas that there must be greater protection with an extension of the armor to a greater under-water area. Most of the features incorporated in the 1910 battleships are retained in the 1911 vessels. There has been no change in the height of the cage-masts or in that of the funnels.

The English Sparrow in Danger

The English sparrow, cordially invited to this country about 1869, is now believed to outnumber any native bird family of the country. As he has outlived his welcome many persons may be glad to hear that a parasite suddenly developed in the neighborhood of the University of Wisconsin does not agree with him. The parasite forms conspicuous cysts in the skin of the English sparrow and is causing considerable mortality among these immigrants in Wisconsin. Indeed Professor Lewis J. Cole of the university writes that possibly the parasite may become one of the means that will help to check the increase of the English sparrow in North America. This impudent alien was introduced here under a misapprehesion. He had won distinction in Europe as an enemy of noxious insects; in his new home he lost his appetite for insects and became largely graminivorous, doing considerable damage to farmers, lording it tyrannically over many native birds, and multiplying at a rate that soon made him a nuisance. There are those who will heartily welcome any parasite that will keep the English sparrow within bounds.

Japan's Emigration Policy

The following is the gist of the emigration policy adopted by the Japanese Government as a result of the conference of Prefectual Secretaries, just held at the Foreign Office. The new Japanese-American treaty will in no way change the policy of restricting the emigration of Japanese people to the mainland of the United States, Hawaii and Canada. The so-called "sending for a wife," which is getting more and more popular, is really marriage contracted by exchange of photographs. The Government will hereafter investigate more strictly the applications of those women who desire to go abroad in this way, because they are often deceived by people abroad seeking to hoodwink the authorities. For the time being the authorities will allow from 100 to 500 men per steamer to proceed to the Philippines, which region is considered as promising for Japanese emigration. Applications of emigrants to Mexico will be granted within a certain limit.

Britain Bans Morocco

The British Government's invitation to Morocco to send a special Ambassador to the coronation of King George has been withdrawn, and the Foreign Office has notified El Mokri, who had been designated to represent Sultan Mulai Hafid, that he will not be received. This action on the part of the British Government is due to the cruelty with which the Sultan's troops treated women and children during the recent troubles at Fez. The soldiers captured many women and girls in the neighboring villages and sold them on the streets of Fez. The action of the British Government sets a precedent in international morals which might be carried to queer extremes under a radical administration.

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The Spectator

Older on Dynamiters

Mr. Fremont Older, editor of the Bulletin, does not vouchsafe the readers of that journal the benefit of all his sentiments and opinions. Occasionally he has something to say of peculiar interest to communities in which the Bulletin does not circulate, and then he seeks the most advantageous channels for the dissemination of his thoughts. Thus we find him uttering himself for the edification of the people of Los Angeles through the columns of the California Outlook, the weekly organ of our progressive politicians. "Dynamiters and Dynamiters" is the subject of his discourse the animus of which sticks out between the lines like a sore thumb. Mr. Older is no clear or clarifying soul. His incoherency is so pronounced as to seem studied. You get no glimpse of his thesis till you reach the last paragraph which opens with this sentence: "I am forced to the conclusion in view of the present aspect of public sentiment as I hear it around me that the greater part of the indignation expressed has as a basis hatred of organized labor." Not by most careful examination of all that goes before can one learn how this extraordinary conclusion was forced upon Mr. Older. He offers no analysis of public sentiment. He assumes that the Times building was blown up by dynamiters who did not know "what employes would lose their lives," yet he cannot conceive why the crime should cause indignation unless hatred of organized labor be postulated of the indignant ones. Mr. Older has not expressed himself accurately. It is evident he did not mean to say that any conclusion was forced on him. Rather what he meant to say was that he fashioned the conclusion in advance of the premise and then had a very tough time effecting a reconciliation between them.

The Gallagher Dynamiting

Mr. Older harks back of course to his favorite topic, the graft prosecution, an obsession, which, to his friends is like a tune played on a barrel-organ. Pursuing his prejudices with the narrow pertinacity of a respectable ant he goes to Los Angeles to espouse the cause of men charged with murder not because he believes his friend Burns is executing another frame-up, not because he has any sympathy with the defendants or pity for them, but because he hates Harrison Grey Otis. This is the animus of his discourse. His whole argument is based on the circumstance that the public was not indignant at the dynamiting of Gallagher's house in Oakland. He repeats the old familiar story with which he once strove in vain to rouse the rabble,—that the dynamiting of Gallagher's house was "an endeavor to murder the witness whose testimony was an essential link in certain of the graft cases." And he says that "the newspaper claque for the wealthy criminal class went so far as to accuse William J. Burns of procuring the dynamiting of Gallagher's house." Then he adds: "If my memory serves me the Los Angeles Times repeated this false charge against Burns as it repeated and magnified every false charge against him for his attempting in San Francisco to convict wealthy criminals." There you have a nice concrete example of unconscious self revelation,—of Mr. Older under the dominion of his obsession, frothing at the mouth and raving like a fever patient. The spectacle enables you to estimate how much of sincerity there is in the argument that follows, the argument that as no indignation was manifested by the public when Gallagher's house was blown up it must follow that what passes as indignation in Los Angeles is hatred of organized labor. There is about as much sincerity in this argument as there was in most of the arguments with which Mr. Older and his claque tried to influence public sentiment whenever a fresh frame-up was pulled off in the days that are gone.

A Memorable Clew

The dynamiting of Gallagher's house is a matter the discussion of which, perhaps, somebody very close to Older ought to be eager to discourage at this time. Whether Mr. Older really believes that Gallagher's house was dynamited to eliminate Gallagher as a witness is a question which I will not attempt to solve. My own opinion of the matter is that very close relations existed between the person who inspired the deed and the author of the anonymous letter which the Bulletin published the day after Haas shot Heney. The Bulletin said the letter was found among the unopened mail on Heney's desk. The writer advised Heney to direct Burns to watch in and about Ruef for there were to be sensational developments. According to the Bulletin Detective Burns pronounced the letter genuine and recognized it as a clew. Of course that was before Haas committed suicide. Nothing more was ever said about that clew. It was one of the many strange devices that went into the limbo of forgotten things during that tumultuous period. But what great theatrical effects that letter might have justified had Haas remained in the land of the living! If the dynamiting of Gallagher's house was, technically speaking, a frost, the shooting of Heney about the genuineness of which there could be no dispute, might have suggested a thousand expedients of compelling vraisemblance beyond human power of resistance. But Haas ruined the whole drama in the midst of the first act.

A Celebrated Miracle

To return to the dynamiting of Gallagher's home. It would be interesting to know whether the credulous Older also believes that Gallagher and his family and friends were in the house when the explosion occurred. Apparently so, for he says: "By the merest chance no one of the eight people in the house at the time of the explosion were killed." Mr. Older expressed it somewhat differently in the Bulletin the day after the shooting. He said that it was by "a remarkable freak" that nobody was killed. The Call described that remarkable freak as "a miracle." And it was indeed necessary to employ the miracle hypothesis in explanation of the incident. The room the people were said to have been in was wrecked by the explosion. The furniture was splintered, the walls broken, the chandelier twisted and thrown into an acute angle with the ceiling; yet a few moments after the explosion Gallagher made his appearance without even an abrasion of the skin to show how near he came to death. And still Mr. Older wonders why the public was not wildly indignant! Indeed the self-control of the public on that occasion was such that the conclusion is forced upon Mr. Older that the indignation roused by the killing of a score of people in Los Angeles was phoney. Perhaps if Mr. Older were to freshen his recollection a little he would be inclined to admit that the indifference of the public following the dynamiting of Gallagher's home was quite natural. The miraculous escape of the sweet-scented Gallagher eased the public mind somewhat, and then there was the discovery that some months before the explosion there had been bargaining with a bomb-maker named Wilhelm for the purpose, as he said, "to make a demonstration against Judge Lawlor and bring public sentiment back to the Graft Prosecution." There is but one assertion in all of Mr. Older's article to concur in which I have no difficulty. He says Felix Paudevaris is now wandering about Europe and it is significant that no detectives are searching for him. I am constrained to add that it might also be considered strange that Paudevaris was never captured by Burns, especially if, as Mr. Older says, Burns was accused of "procuring the dynamiting." I think Burns is the one detective with sufficient ability to catch the fugitive.

Apropos Burk's Poetry

"Burk's poetry isn't any worse than other things at the Normal School," said a former teacher who had just been reading the specimens of the Doc's verse published last week. "I heard of a this-year graduate who objected to a picture of a goose swimming. 'Geese do not swim; they fly.' Web feet to the contrary notwithstanding, all the memory gems tell of wild fowl on the wing—and she'll be teaching as soon as she can get a school, the same brand of nature study she has been absorbing since her own kindergarten days. I also heard of a student at Berkeley who couldn't locate London. The professor was duly astonished at her ignorance. He thought people were born with that much knowledge. Not unlikely it is one of his own chickens coming home to roost for the educational mind which prepares the courses of study for primary schools believes in plenty of nature study, Christmas card designing and other folderols. Why waste time on reading and spelling, primary geography and grammar, which children will learn anyhow?

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There was a suit for damages decided in favor of the plaintiff against one of the correspondence schools last week. The institution professed to be able to teach illustrating in a few lessons by mail. The student found it wouldn't work and for once someone was not dumb under the imposition. There was a great wail over those cotton mill children in East Oakland a little while ago, thirteen and fourteen years old and unable to read a printed poster. Who was to blame? They must have been at school the better part of eight years. If their eventual destiny is to be that of mill hands, perhaps a little elementary instruction in reading, writing and arithmetic might be of more practical use than literature, dabbling with crayons and killing time in ten minute subdivisions. A suit against the State for the false pretenses under which pupils are deluded into wasting time even when they have serious intentions, and destroying what initial power of concentration they are endowed with might bring some of these fool educators to terms." All of which, I submit, is not so very far away from my view of the educational system.

Sapleigh—I weally caun't see, you know, why people start diaries. I can keep all my affairs in my head.

Miss Keen—That't all right for you, Mr. Sapleight, but not everyone has so much room.

An Enthusiastic Spender

John Y. McKane is in town. No need to ask who John Y. McKane is because not to know John Y. argues oneself out of touch with the current history of joyous spending. John Y. is one of the most feverish spenders that ever pitched double eagles at the birdies. Money is flame to his touch and his pockets and pocket books would be a mass of cinders if he didn't succeed in ridding himself so expeditiously of the lucre with which fortune has blessed him. He simply can't help breaking a big bill and forgetting the change. It's a habit from which he cannot divorce himself and he wouldn't if he could. Not that it is as bad now as it was a few years ago. After all, years make a difference in this as in all sports; enthusiasm wanes as gray hairs increase. McKane doesn't spend nearly as ecstatically today as he did when he first made his odd millions in steel through the good graces of Charles Schwab. In those days he used to delight his friends by flinging a handful of bills in the air and betting which one would flutter to the ground first. And whether he won or lost he was always too busy to spare the time to pick up the scattered currency. Once upon a time John Y. conceived the idea of running for Parliament in Canada; so he hied him to Toronto where he had a legal residence and started his campaign by purchasing three newspapers for a sum which easily passed the quarter million mark. It was one of the liveliest campaigns to which the good electors of Toronto were ever treated. It cost McKane something like $750,000 before he got through, if I have heard the story aright, and then he was snowed under. I believe the fickle franchise-wielders averred that they didn't like his quotations from Macaulay or proferred some equally frivolous excuse. Certainly McKane loves to quote Macaulay, and Shakespeare too. He is a well read man and yet, in the gold camps of Nevada whither he went to augment his fortune, he was never regarded as a highbrow. He came out of Nevada with another million or so and a mighty thirst which, I am told, is just about quenched.

Good Railroad Attorneys

When we were told that the railroad was to be "put out of politics' the allusion of course was to the bad railroad,—the S. P. which incurred the disfavor of the politicians when it quit putting up, and of the righteous editors when it quit paying for advertising in anything but "Transportation." There was no attempt at deception. When Governor Johnson was campaigning for Governor his language was unequivocal. His fulminations were against the Southern Pacific, never against the Western Pacific or any other road. It cannot be said that he was supposed to mean the Western Pacific, for as a matter of fact it was charged by the unrighteous that he was on friendly terms with that corporation. There were mean imputations in circulation to the effect that it was to his interests to advance the interest of the Western Pacific owing to the relation of attorney and client that had existed between himself and J. Dalzell Brown of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, the institution that had floated the stock of the Gould railroad. So the situation was well understood, or, at least, it was portrayed in a way tending to acquit Mr. Johnson of hostility against all railroads save the iniquitous S. P. In the circumstances, therefore, I perceive no reason why there should be any criticism in respect of the appointment of Western Pacific attorneys to jobs under the State government. The explanation of this observation is that my attention has been called to the appointment of A. de Ligne to the attorneyship of State Bank Commission. I am told he is attorney of record for the Western Pacific, as is also Max Thelen of Railroad Commission, and Warren Olney, Jr., attorney for the Board of Regents. It has been suggested to me that a howl would have gone up all over the State if Gillett or any of his predecessors had gone in quest of legal talent to the law department of the Southern Pacific. This may be true enough, but it should be remembered there is a vast difference between good railroads and bad railroads; also, that the attorneys for the Western Pacific who have been rewarded for the zeal which they manifested in Johnson's campaign for Governor are reformers incapable of doing wrong. Max Thelen, for example, is of the unco guid of Berkeley and Warren Olney is a trustee of the First Congregational Church of Oakland.

Encouraging Competition

Let us not be astonished then at whatever Governor Johnson does to show that he can discriminate wisely between good railroads and bad. If State Mineralogist Aubury should lose his job and it should be said that his scalp was demanded because of the trouble that he tried to make for Mr. H. H. Yard of the Western Pacific, let us not marvel or waste any sympathy. We must expect appeals to our prejudices from the unregenerate standpatters and reactionaries. But if the Harbor Commision should adjust the ferry slips in a way highly advantageous to the Western Pacific and not at all to the liking of the octopus and its purblind patrons, doubtless there will be talk of injustice and patriotism but it will not emanate from the plain people, for it was the plain people that elected Mr. Johnson to do precisely what he said he would do to the S. P. It may be argued that he only said that he would put the S. P. out of politics but if he goes further and tears up the tracks it will be for the praiseworthy purpose of encouraging honest competition and striking off the yoke that irritates. And by the way the Western Pacific I fancy is in need of encouragment. The other day the Denver and Rio Grande, a Gould road, passed its dividend, and the International and Great Northern, another Gould road, was sold at Receiver's Sale. So it really behooves our State officials to do something for the Gould family and thus indirectly do good to the whole State.

A Complaint

Speaking of the ferry slips reminds me of a complaint I heard the other day about the Harbor Commission. It was to the effect that the Commissioners are not attending strictly to their business. The State pays the president of the Commission five hundred dollars more a year than is paid to his confreres, the reason being that he is expected to keep office hours on the water front and attend to his multifarious official duties. But, so the complainant informs me, President Hale cannot afford to spend all his time down where the bilge water breezes gently blow. Nor

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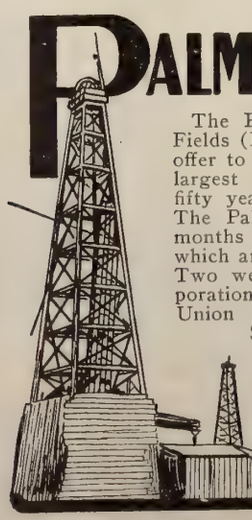

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does Joe Dwyer spend his time there either, but Commissioner Hill hasn't anything else to do. One commisioner on the job, in my opinion, might be able to transact all the business under a well regulated reform Administration. The fact is I am impatient of carping criticism directed at officials who are guaranteed to be incapable of doing wrong either by omission or commission.

News for Billie Burke

"What is to be your play next season?" an interviewer asked Billie Burke the other day. "I know absolutely nothing about it," she replied. "Have no idea who wrote it, what the plot is or anything else, but my role, I am afraid, will be the same as the widow or Jacqueline or poor little 'my wife.' The story will be different, the plot will be different, the scenery will be different and the environment will be different; only I will remain just the same." Billie is a sweet little woman and it will always afford me pleasure to do a favor for sweet little women; so I am going to give her some information about her next play. She will no doubt be surprised to learn that her manager, Charles Frohman, is considering the advisability of allowing her to appear in a French play in Paris next season. She will be gratified to learn that her role is to be different from those she has played hitherto. Messrs. De Caillavet and De Flers whose works are known in English through the adaptations of our own Gladys Unger, have agreed to meet Frohman in London and arrange with him to secure Billie's services for their next play which will be presented at the Gymnase. One of the characters is an English girl who speaks French indifferently and this is the part they want Billie to enact. If Frohman will let her go to Paris they are prepared to assign to him the English and American rights in the play and of course Billie would bring the play from Paris to London and New York and afterwards take it on tour. Is it not an attractive proposition, Miss Burke? And are you not glad to hear this news?

Margaret Illington in Stock

At last Mrs. Edward J. Bowes, otherwise Margaret Illington, is to enjoy a spell of domestic bliss. Not that Margaret is to retire with Edward to private life; but she is going to play a stock engagement at the Burbank Theater in Los Angeles and during her engagement there she will have an opportunity to cultivate the long-craved graces of the household, including of course the chief of all, to-wit: sock-darning. It is no reflection on Margaret that she is going into stock. Great players are doing this every day. James K. Hackett, Virginia Harned and Florence Roberts, Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon are among the mummers who have not disdained to appear in stock at the Alcazar; so why should Margaret object to a season in Los Angeles? Her engagement is the result of the consolidation of the Oliver Morosco and John H. Blackwood theatrical interests in the metropolis of the citrus belt. These men have capitalized their interests at a cool million and control the Burbank, the Belasco, the Majestic, the old Orpheum and the new Belasco theaters. They have arranged affiliations with the Alcazar in this city, Ye Liberty in Oakland, the Baker stock in Portland and with stock companies in Spokane and Seattle. So who knows but that we may see Margaret in stock right here before long? But let us hope that she won't play that awful near-drama in which we saw her last and which she took on the road with such disastrous results.

BONDS

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Mrs. Naybor—You seem rather hoarse this morning, dear.

Mrs. Lushman—Well, my husband came home rather late last night.

Jack London's Latest

Jack London, still under the impression that the first duty of the novelist is to point out what's wrong in the world and suggest a remedy, has written a story called "Burning Daylight," The hero, Elam Haguist, is a superman, one of the pioneers of the Yukon, who becomes a Klondike king and later a "robber capitalist" in San Francisco where he is on the point of being jilted by the girl he loves because she is an idealist and hates big business and its magnates. To win the girl he sacrifices all his millions and goes with the darling of his heart to a ranch in the Sonoma Valley where he settles down and enjoys the "clean game" of the open air. The last glimpse which London gives of his hero, he is toiling frantically to hide from the knowledge of men all traces of a gold reef he has discovered on his ranch on Sonoma Mountain. Crazy? Oh, no; a sane sentimentalist, cured of his greed, a man to be admired for his ideals, for his humane and most virtuous impulses. All of which may be called romantic in the sense that it is anything but classical. As romance it is so crude as to be grotesque; fully as grotesque as the average old-time melodrama and not half so plausible. I have read a criticism of this book in The Nation of London and I find that while it is pronounced inartistic the "blend of sentimentalism in an ultra-masculine nature" is conjectured to be "a regulating force that makes for American sanity." In other words the English reviewer is inclined to allow that what may seem preposterously incredible to Englismen is plausible enough in this country. He is even willing to give credence to the "extraordinarily schoolboyish love-making" of London's hero. He accepts it as explanatory of "why most American women wish to keep their men's noses to the business grindstone."

His Purpose

The English reviewer of London's novel pronounces it a healthy corrective of the American craze for business." This is probably what London intended it should be. London is more of a reformer than a literary artist, and he allows his passion for preaching to impair his skill for story-telling, the result being that his polemics go for naught. A novel to be a healthy corrective of anything must first be a good novel. For the novelist must first persaude his hearers before he can convince them and there is nothing persuasive in melodramatic claptrap. Nor is London any the more persausive when he digresses for the purpose of expounding his views of the synthesis of society. He makes it evident enough that if he were God he would order some things better than they are, but still the question remains, might he not neglect some loose ends with disastrous results? You never can tell.

Stock in a Muckraker

"I've lost my confidence in the muckraking magazines," a prominent cit confided to me the other day. I asked him why and he explained.

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It seems that Hampton's Magazine which is muckrakiest of the muckraky, advertised more than a year ago that it was prepared to sell stock to its readers. The definite statement was made that if at any time the purchaser of the stock desired to get his money back, the stock would be bought back by the company at the price paid for it plus interest on the money invested. The offer appealed to the prominent cit and he bought five shares of stock for his little boy. After a time he decided that it was not the sort of investment he wanted for the lad, so he wrote to Hampton's stating that he was prepared to avail himself of their offer by returning the certificates. He has been writing ever since, but he can't get his money back, apparently. "It's a case of the cashier being out or the bookkeeper being sick or the vice-president being rushed with other business every time I make demand for that money," he told me in deep disgust. And being an innocent soul who expected consistency in muckrakers he was greatly shocked to discover that Hampton's resorted to methods not of the most examplary kind.

The Kohl Shooting

Lamentable as was the shooting of Fred Kohl it brought out in such strong relief the sweetness of his character that it cannot be said to have been without compensation. Lying in what he believed to be his death-bed he expressed forgiveness of the woman who had shot him. The human heart never appears so strong as when it appears to have no room for the memory of a wrong; and there is no generosity that more directly appeals to the imagination than that which shines with the godlike glory of forgiveness. The shooting of Fred Kohl stirred the tender feelings of all who know him because he is just the sort of man one might judge him to be from his behaviour immediately after the shooting. I have never forgotten that Fred Kohl's conduct after the earthquake was in strong contrast with that of most of our millionaires. It will be remembered that nearly all of them were in a state of panic and that some who had the least reason to worry about the future discharged all their servants. Fred Kohl though he had lost his city home sent the servants that had been employed therein to join the staff at his country house. A millionaire friend met him one day and observed, "Well, Fred, I suppose you've cut down your help to reduce expenses." "No," said Kohl, "I think they need to be kept now more than before."

Let Us Inquire

There appears to be no doubt that the unfortunate woman who shot Kohl is insane. From what I have read about her I infer that even before the shooting it was not difficult to perceive that her mind was disordered. From what occurred in court on the trial of her suit against Kohl I infer that there was no evidence to warrant his being made a defendant. If there had been such evidence the motion of a non-suit presumably would not have been granted. In the circumstances may there not be reason for criticism of the attorneys who took the case? This is no trivial question. To me it seems of sufficient importance to justify inquiry on the part of the Bar Association. Some weeks ago I observed that there were many suits which never should have been filed,and that there is much dishonest litigation. Is it not the business of the Bar Association to discourage dishonest litigation?

The Gideon Bibles

San Francisco's ungodly hotels are soon to be submitted to the Christianizing influence of the Bible. The Gideons have shipped to this city 25,000 copies of the Good Book and when the shipment arrives the Bibles will be allotted to the various big hotels which will be expected to place them in their rooms. The Gideons, be it understood, are an association of traveling salesmen who go in for Christian uplift in hotels. They feel that the ordinary drummer is exposed to many temptations when his itinerant activities bring him to a big city and they are trying to inoculate him with religion. The theory is that when the drummer picks up a Bible from the writing table in his room he will give up all notion of sallying forth to dally with the insidious highball or the demoralizing Havana or the wicked game of draw and will settle down for an improving evening of religious reading. It is a picturesque theory and we cannot but look for-

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ward with interest to its working out in a practical manner. The traveling salesman is a man of wide sympathies, eager for all sorts of enlightenment and it may be that he will prefer the Book of Job or the Psalms of the royal shepherd to the white glare of Powell street. Still we cannot but cherish a slight feeling of doubt. The love of serious reading is a habit not to be acquired in a day or a week or a month. Hotel life is peculiarly unsuited to its development; and of course the Bible is the most serious of all serious books. I understand that between the front fly leaves of each Bible the Gideons have inserted a printed slip containing these suggestions:

If lonesome or blue and friends untrue, read Psalms 23 and 27; Luke 15.

If trade is poor, read Psalms 37; John 15.

If discouraged or in trouble, read Psalm 126; John 14.

If you are all out of sorts, read Hebrews 12.

If you are losing confidence in men, read 1 Cor. 13.

If skeptical, read John 6:40; 7:17; Phil. 2:9-11.

If you can't have your own way, read James 3.

If tired of sin, read Luke 18:35-43; 18:9-14; John 9.

If very prosperous, read 1 Cor. 10:12, 13.

Happy conclusion, Ps. 121; Matt. 6:23; Rom. 12.

All of which shows a touching faith in the susceptibility of the drummer to religious influence. We shall see what we shall see.

In Defense of Sterling

Some time ago the New York Times Review of Books published a sonnet from George Sterling's latest book, "The House of Orchids" and declared that William Watson might be proud to have written it. But the Times treated Sterling as a "minor poet." This aroused the indignation of one of Sterling's admiring readers and he has written to the paper as follows: "It seems a singular anomaly that a poet of Mr. George Sterling's rank and responsibility should be referred to as a minor poet, and still more so that Mr. William Watson should be mentioned in the same connection. Mr. Sterling is not only a great poet, but inconceivably the greatest living, in either England or America. The sense of his art as a divine mission—

Remiss the ministry they bear
Who serve her with divided heart;
Who stand reluctant to impart
Her strength to purpose, end, or share—

—stamps the high seriousness of one whom Shelley, Poe and Keats would have been the first to welcome. Let us honor the living as well as the dead.

—Samuel Loveman.

Cleveland, Ohio, May 20.

Newspaperman Goes to London

San Francisco has sent many of its best newspapermen to New York and the story of their success in the metropolis is an oft-repeated tale. Now we are to send a newspaperman to London. The fortunate gentleman is Mr. Ben Allen of the Associated Press. Some time ago Mr. Allen left one of the local papers to accept a position with this great news gathering institution. At that time there had been many complaints from interior papers that they were not getting a prompt news service from San Francisco and it was Mr. Allen's task to remedy this deficiency. Owing to his intelligent efforts the papers of the interior are supplied with the news of important happenings in this city as promptly as our own press. In recognition of his ability the A. P. has decided to transfer Mr. Allen to a bigger field. He will be what is known as an "outside man" in the London office and will receive many assignments on the continent of Europe. That he will make good those who know him readily agree.

In Trouble at Stanford

Allen had the distinction while at Stanford to earn the displeasure of the university authorities. He collided with the peculiar system which has made Stanford a "sick university" and had to leave in consequence. He was the editor of the Daily Palo Alto when the Students' Affairs Com-

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mittee, headed by Professor Green (the same committee which expelled Will and Wallace Irwin), planned to put spies in Encina Hall, the men's dormitory. Allen exposed and attacked the gumshoe project and advocated students' self government. He was expelled for his boldness but the exposure resulted in Dr. Jordan's appointing the most popular committee the college ever had and Encina was put under student government. This incident excited widespread comment and the New York Sun, admiring Allen's spunk, offered him a position. But the worry of the affair brought on a fever and for a time he was in a desperate condition. It was only after the earthquake, however, that he was allowed to return and take his degree.

Colonel Johnson's Latest

Time was, not so long ago, when Colonel Frank Johnson of San Rafael would have nothing but aviation. After the first big aviation meet at Los Angeles, the meet which imparted the aviatory fever to all our amateur fliers, Colonel Johnson purchased a Curtiss biplane and started to defy the laws of gravity. The results were rather discouraging. From Fresno and Bakersfield, from Sacramento and Petaluma and other communities where Colonel Johnson gave exhibitions, stories came regularly about the biplane's distressing habit of smashing its nose against telegraph poles and other upstanding obstructions. Colonel Johnson escaped without serious accident, but apparently he has tired of the upper spaces and has returned to the definite joys of terra firma. For the other day, as I walked up Market street, my ears were assailed by the sophisticated strains of "The Barber's Ball" played on an automobile horn. The music attracted general attention from passers-by and I was only one of several hundred who craned at the musical motor and its occupant. I just had time, as the car flashed by, to glimpse a conspicuously elevated pair of gorgeously purple ankles and to recognize the classic features of the colonel.

The Play at Carmel

Down at Carmel-by-the-Sea they are whispering a tale which purports to carry the explanation of the choice of "Twelfth Night" as this year's forest play. That choice has caused some surprise. Carmelites as a class are not too keen about Shakespeare. Some of them have been heard talking about him in language one might expect from Dr. Owen, the Baconmaniac of Detroit or from George Bernard Shaw. So, when "Twelfth Night" was picked out there was considerable speculation. Were there no unacted plays reposing in the cedar drawers of the desks of the highbrows of Carmel? Was there to be no sucessor to Constance Skinner's "David?" And then it was told that the directors of the forest theater had selected a Shakespearian play because they didn't want to accept a drama written by one of the bright particular stars of Carmel. This bright particular luminary has not had much experience in writing. He lacks the chastening influence of publication. He is still to achieve fame. But he thought he could write a play and set to work. The result of his labors, I am told, was amazing. But it was not a play. So when he offered it for production in the forest theater the Carmelites gently but firmly declined it with regrets, explaining that they had decided to give a Shakespearian comedy.

A Matter of Principle

"But, as I understand it," said the lawyer who had been assigned to defend him, "you had plenty of opportunities to kill your victim in half a dozen States. Why did you wait until he got into New York State before you assassinated him?"

"Because," replied the murderer, "I am opposed to capital punishment."

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'Father," asked the little son, "what is a lawyer?"

"A lawyer? Well, my son, a lawyer is a man who gets two men to strip for a fight and then runs off with their clothes."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Society at the "Coast"

When Mary Garden was represented in the papers as suffering such shock from the spectacle of men and women dancing the "turkey trot" at Caesar's that she up and ran away, I pointed out that the "turkey trot" had the approval of our exclusive society people and that Mary's prudishness, if it was prudishness, was in strong contrast to the liberality of our aristocracy. I mentioned some of the smart folk who have not disdained the resorts of the Barbary Coast, who in fact have gone there to "turkey trot." My statement received additional verification the other night when a gay party of young people who had attended a smart wedding "blew into" Caesar's. They were chaperoned by a wealthy maiden lady and the girls were as pretty a collection of girls as one ever sees. One of them became so enthusiastic in her enjoyment of the delights of the place that she jumped up and executed a dance of her own while even the waiters paused to applaud. Another girl in the party espied some friends at a nearby table and approaching them, begged that they join her party. "This is an all night party," she said. "Come with us. We are going to the Midway." It was then one in the morning and the invitation was not accepted.

Scharz photo

MISS VALMA HARDY

Another maid whose engagement has distracted her attention from the musical activities of the Prelude Club. The name of her fiance has not been made known as yet, only a few intimates sharing her secret. Miss Hardy is also a member of the Junior Assembly and the Friday Night Club.

A Not Too Munificent Reward

Down Blingum way and in the rarefied atmosphere of Hillsboro they are laughing over a story in which Mrs. Henry T. Scott is the principal figure. It seems that Mrs. Scott drove in her handsome trap to a nursery near Burlingame and purchased some plants and orchids. The orchids were pinned to her dress with a long pin containing a valuable solitaire. The stone became loosened and dropped from its setting. Taking her whip Mrs. Scott prodded about among the bushes where she thought the stone had dropped. But she could not find it. The nurseryman's assistants went down on their knees and began grubbing for the precious stone, but without success. Finally, while they continued their efforts, Mrs. Scott climbed into her trap and whipped up her ponies, saying: "I'll give five dollars to the man that finds it." The nurseryman's assistants looked at one another and gave up the search.

Alas, Poor Paul!

All the world knows by this time that when pretty Jennie Lee announced her engagement to Lieutenant Rees she sent a pang through the warm heart of Paul Verdier. Immediately after the announcement of the engagement Verdier departed for Paris and although he did not go away on account of the dashing of his hopes, the coincidence called more attention to his disappointment than it might otherwise have received. Those of his friends who attended the wedding breakfast following Miss Lee's quiet wedding were rather put out by the jokes at Paul's expense which were perpetrated by some well meaning but tactless humorist of the bridal party. It was a little unkind, for instance, to place a salad a la Verdier on the menu; and there was not a great deal of wit in the cable which purported to come from Paul, embodying an expression of his disappointment. If Verdier had been present, it would have been different. He is a good natured chap and it is possible that he would have joined in the fun, but in his absence these things did not look well. So say his friends who, like Paul, are neither illiberal nor lacking in a sense of humor.

The Family Is Noisy

Ellis Parish, safe returned from the far East, had his return celebrated with due form and ceremony at the Family Club last week. Wednesday night a score of jovial souls took motor for the Family Farm where a dinner was enjoyed at the expense of H. O. Harrison, host of the occasion. The piece de resistance was Family Club steaks roasted on spits before the open fire-place. They say some of the neighbors who put up summer cottages in the vicinity some years ago to spend seasons of rural quiet are trying to sell their property.

Let Us Watch 'Em in August

The story of how Louis Sloss paid $1,000 for Frank Moroney's drink at Santa Cruz has been told. Moroney was on the water wagon pledged to pay Wellington Gregg and John Daniels $500 apiece if he fell from grace. Sloss asked him to drink with others at the Casa del Rey opening and on hearing why the invitation was turned down wrote out a check for $1,000 to pay the fines, and Moroney drank. It is left for me to tell the sequel. Moroney went back on the water-wagon first thing in the morning and he is there yet under the original conditions. These I am assured will obtain for the 90 days agreed upon, the fines having squared only a single defection. Gregg, Moroney and Daniels will get off the wagon together in August.

High-Priced Hyphens

I hear that Delmar Smith of Manila whose wife was a San Francisco belle came into the sum of $10,000 for consenting to add Clinton to his name. His mother, a wealthy Eastern woman, requested her two sons to assume her maiden name and accompanied the request with a promise of $10,000 each if they complied. I am reminded of the Hyde-Smith family of which the daughters used the double name until a bequest from their paternal relations in Chicago was left them on condition that they no longer combined Hyde with their father's name. Both agreed to the change but married Baldwin Wood and young Dillingham of Honolulu soon after and their mother continues to be known as Mrs. Hyde-Smith. She is a daughter of Alcalde Hyde who amassed a fortune in San Francisco in early days. Her sister, Mrs. Camillo Martin, married the consul from Spain to this port.

Bushnell photo

MISS FLORENCE FERNHOFF

Whose engagement is worrying the president of the Prelude Club of Oaklanders. There have been so many romances in this exclusive musical society of late that its membership is decimated. Miss Fernhoff's engagement to William D. Simonds, Jr., of Piedmont was announced recently.

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Two Washington Belles Coming

Society will have the addition of two Washington belles next winter. They are the daughters of General and Mrs. Warren, U. S. A. and are handsome girls with many attractions. General Warren comes to take command of one of the new Pacific divisions of the army. His wife who was a Miss De Rusey of this city will be accorded a warm welcome from her old friends. The De Rusey family belonged to the old regime in San Francisco. They had a home in South Park and the De Rusey sisters took an active part in social doings thirty years ago. They were friends of the McAllisters and Friedlanders and others of the South Park and Rincon Hill residents. General Warren has been in Washington for several years and his family has been prominent in the smart set activities of the capital. They will probably occupy a house in the city while stationed here.

A Son and an Anniversary

The son and heir born to Ensign and Mrs. Kirkwood Donovan at San Diego last week arrived on the anniversary of their marriage which took place last June at the bride's home in San Rafael, Mrs. Donovan was Dorothy Draper, the younger of the dashing Draper sisters. Mrs. Draper is now in San Diego with her daughter and new grandson. The coincidence of his birth on the anniversary of his parent's marriage pleased them greatly.

Miss Elkins May Return Soon

Society is wondering if the William Delaware Neilsons will visit San Francisco next winter with the wife's beautiful daughter Marie Louise Elkins. When Mrs. Kate Felton Elkins went East in the Spring she promised to return in December and after her marriage renewed the promise in letters to friends in this city. Her father, ex-Senator Felton, is past the three score and ten mile stone and it is probable his daughter with the grand children of whom he is very fond will cross the continent to see him. I am told that a romantic attachment for a well known member of the local jeunesse doree will lead Miss Elkins to urge her mother to take the trip. Some of her intimate friends looked for an announcement of her engagement before her departure, to the young scion of one of San Mateo's richest families. He is a graduate of Oxford and his sister and cousin both married French titles. The match would be suitable and would be an alliance of two old and wealthy California families.

Mrs. Martel Worried

Mrs. Jane L. Martel was plunged into the greatest anxiety about the welfare of her son Louis who was in Mexico during the revolution. He was traveling with Edward Hoag, the brother of Mrs. Prentice Cobb Hale, and was apparently unable to communicate with his mother. But a wire came last Saturday and relieved Mrs. Martel's anxiety. It brought the news that the two travelers were sailing northward on the Peru. Through an error of the telegraph operator the wire read: "Ed and I are sane" instead of "safe." Mrs. Martel had no doubts about her son's mental condition and when her fears were relieved she couldn't help laughing at the message.

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Miss Cosgrave Here

Miss Patricia Cosgrave has been here visiting her friends and has been entertained at a number of delightful affairs. This young woman has had an interesteing life. When Miss Katherine Dillon inherited an immense fortune from her millionaire uncle, she invited Miss Cosgrave to make her home with her. When the two friends wearied of social activities here they would tour the world. Their tastes in the better things of life were sympathetic and the intimacy was not interrupted by Miss Dillon's marriage to Emory Winship. But some time ago Miss Cosgrave's brother J. O'Hara Cosgrave, the editor of "Everybody's" asked her to go to New York and keep house for him and she did so. Cosgrave has a charming home in New York and gives dinner parties for which invitations are eagerly accepted. He has a position in New York that is the envy of many climbers.

The Latest in Bawths

A rising young lawyer tells this story on himself. He was invited recently to spend a week end at a country house where things were done a notch or two more elaborately than he was accustomed to, and he stood in not a little awe of the solemn person who was assigned to act as temporary valet to him. The climax came when this functionary tapped at his door on Sunday morning and told him it was 8 o'clock. "All right, I'll get up," said the visitor, and the solemn man disappeared into the bathroom, from which presently the noise of water running into the bath tub was audible. In half a minute more the solemn person emerged, holding a large silver bowl full of water, with which he approached the bed. "He must have seen the astonishment in my face," said the lawyer. "I couldn't conceal it. It was a wholly new game to me and I didn't know whether I was expected to dip my head in it or to drink it. It was an awful moment, but that man was a diplomat. He realized my embarrassment and he just let drop in a cold and aloof tone, as if he had outsiders to deal with every day, the simple explanation: "'The temperature of your bawth, sir.'"

New Way to "Sit Out"

London chaperons have now to cope with a new danger. It is a new fashion of "sitting-out" dances and much more exciting for the participants than the old practice of seeking (usually in vain) a "cosy corner" in a leafy conservatory or on the stairs. This new sitting-out device is to hire a taxicab at the door of one's hostess and to go for a spin with one's partner. This little escapade can be decidedly flirtatious, and some couples recently were indiscreetly long in their absence. The first pair who thought it necessary to say the taxi broke down found the excuse acceptable; but when the same tale was brought out by the fifth couple some folk smiled. The girls from here who are in London for the crowning will doubtless bring the fad back with them and we may look for some interesting developments.

Del Monte Activities

Word has been received that the Southern Pacific will make a rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip from California points to Hotel Del Monte between August 15 and September 12, in connection with the annual month of sports which will be held then. Some of the events of this time will be the dog show, the annual golf tournament and the golf championship of the Pacific Coast. The golf tournament has been recognized as the premier golf event of the year and is eagerly anticipated by many of the best players who plan their vacations so that they can be there for the whole time. Much interest has been aroused in the coming tournament which will extend from July 1 to 5 inclusive. The tournament will carry some handsome trophies and cups which will be well worth playing for and will give opportunity for some very delightful games. Manager Warner is busy arranging other features of interest for the entertainment of his "over-holiday" guests and will spring some pleasing surprises.

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Miss Crocker Stranded

An interesting story is going the rounds about Jennie Crocker's trip to the County Fair in Merced County, where she and Templeton Crocker have large holdings and where she is so much interested in her model dairy and poultry farm that she made an exhibit at the County Fair. With Julia Langhorne for a companion, the trip was made in Jennie Crocker's machine, and a scion of one of our newly quoted first families was at the wheel when the car got stranded many miles from nowhere as the shades of night were falling fast. Finally, they were towed into the only place where they could put up for the night, which happened to be one of those places where they dispense liquid refreshments along the country road. They made the best of it and hoped the story would not get about. But it has.

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Mrs. Kirby at Tait's

Mrs. Kirby, the noted local soprano, is nightly delighting the guests of the Tait-Zinkand Cafe, with her repertoire of songs rendered in her inimitable charming manner.

Mrs. Kirby sings every evening from 7:30 to 12 o'clock and a treat is in store for those who have not as yet heard this magnificent soprano.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. H. D. Pressy is down from her home in Petaluma for a ten day's stay in San Francisco. She is a guest at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Hall are Boston visitors registered at the Hotel Victoria during a stay in San Francisco.

W. Gonda of Berlin who has many friends in and about San Francisco, arrived at the St. Francis a few days ago for a visit.

Miss Daisy Ryan came up from Menlo Park for a few days stay in town this week. She was a guest at the Hotel Victoria.

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Two Weeks Beginning Monday, June 19
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in the double bill of J. M. Barrie's plays
"ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE"
and the remarkable play
"THE TWELVE POUND ($60) LOOK"

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Sutter and Steiner Sts. Belasco & Mayer, Owners-Mgrs.
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THE RIGHT OF WAY

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Prices: Night, 25c to $1. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.
Seats for Sale at Box Office and Emporium.

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

The Estate of RICHARD WILSON, Deceased—No. 11730, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, J. D. CONDON, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice, to the Executor at the office of his attorneys, Brennan & Lane, in the Kohl Building, California and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Richard Wilson, deceased.

J. D. CONDON,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, June 17, 1911.

BRENNAN & LANE Att'ys. for Executor,
Kohl Bldg., Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, California.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Toby, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Ball, William Cluff, Mrs. M. Downey, Miss F. Cluff, Mr. and Mrs. P. Janss, E. Janss, Marion D. Cohn, M. M. Fancompanie, E. R. Cullen, Miss Eda Metzger, H. Metzger, Mrs. C. W. Earle, Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson, Master Walter Gibson, Charles Gibson, G. E. Rowell, B. E. Smith, Mrs. J. L. Bond, Mrs. A. Rounieguiere and son, Miss Louise Rounieguiere, Mrs. B. H. Plummer.

Recent arrivals at Paraiso Hot Springs registering from San Francisco are: Ben Dieckriede and wife, Mrs. B. H. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Plummer, D. S. Prince and wife, L. C. Norstrom and wife, Mrs. C. Truvilla and daughter, Jno. N. Sresovitch, Victor Morregia, John H. Hughes, Miss Rose Cary, Mrs. A. L. James, Mrs. Paul Rossiter, Miss G. L. Rossiter, Miss H. M. Rossiter, W. H. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Dickinson, Mr. James Soney, W. J. Geiman and wife, Miss Gladys Geiman, Miss M. W. Hanlon, W. M. Reedy and wife.

Among those at Del Monte for ourdoor sports and enjoyments are Mrs. Walter S. Martin and Mrs. Eugene B. Murphy of Burlingame. Mrs. Martin has engaged a suite for August and expects to remain over for the big golf tournament in September.

Mrs. Jack Spreckels is having a jolly houseparty of four guests in a comfortable cottage near Del Monte's Pebble Beach Lodge. They motor to all the interesting points about the peninsula. Mr. Francis McComas with his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Curran are enjoying Mrs. Spreckels' delightful hospitality.

Ex-Governor Eben S. Draper of Hopedale, Mass., his wife and daughter arrived at Del Monte in their private car, bringing Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Barnes, Jr., Miss Dennis and Robert Batcheller, all very fond of golf.

Keen interest is taken in everything which pertains to Miss Billie Burke and her delightful company who have been making the St. Francis their home during their two weeks in San Francisco. Miss Burke has been the motif of many a charming luncheon and dinner party.

John Drew is spending the vacation period in San Francisco with his company. Probably no actor on the stage has more friends, real personal friends, than John Drew, and to see him walk through the lobby or down the corridors of the St. Francis is to see him stopped many times to renew the acquaintance of this one or that one.

Colonel and Mrs. Dan Burns who have been touring Mexico for the past several months, returned to their apartments at the St. Francis during the week.

The St. Francis Special, made up to accomodate guests and friends of the hotel, returned Sunday evening from the opening of the Casa del Rey at Santa Cruz. All report having a good time, and pronounce the opening a grand success. Mr. James H. McCullough, formerly with the Hotel St. Francis, is the manager of the new hotel and is receiving the congratulations of his many friends.

The headquarters of the Woman's Franchise League located in the Hotel St. Francis has been a busy place during the past week, and probably will continue so up to the time of the election.

Mrs. Ralph Brown who has been making her home at the St. Francis for the past several months leaves shortly for a sojourn at Lake Tahoe.

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"Zaza" at the Alcazar

By Edward F. O'Day

The Alcazar will be waterlogged before the week is out. Not since the night during Max Figman's engagement when they had to raft the audience into the aisles has there been such an inundation. "Zaza" is the cause of the downpour and Florence Roberts is the Juno Pluvia (if I may so far trifle with mythological diction) of the occasion. I used to think that "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" was Florence Roberts' prime tear-compeller, but after taking soundings Monday night I am in doubt. The plumb reported fathoms of salt water in the aisles. And of course dripping handkerchiefs must be taken into the calculation. High tide, I suppose, will be reached at the Saturday matinee when the girly-girly ducts let loose their streams of sympathy. Poor Zaza! I didn't think it was in you. Thought the last drop had been shed for you years ago. But no, you are still good for a lachrymal display. Your woes still have power to evoke a saline tribute from soft feminine eyes. Whether Leslie of the incarnadine locks could still produce the phenomenon is a question, but Florence Roberts who has been responsible in her career for enough tears to fill the Panama Canal, certainly retains her mastery of the sobful secretions. This feminine Moses can strike the rockiest feminine bosom and make it gush. The ladies, God bless 'em! make intermittent fountains of their eyes every time hers fill. And hers are forever filling in "Zaza." I wonder how they manage to remain so bright through it all. It is a good cast that supports Florence Roberts in "Zaza." Handsome, throaty-voiced Thurlow Bergen carries the role of the ass Dufresne very gracefully. Theodore Roberts as Cascart, Zaza's singing partner, finds considerable enjoyment in a small part and the audience shares the enjoyment to the full, which is as it should be. Georgie Woodthorpe as the brandy-drinking, scheming old aunt, does as fine a piece of character work as we have ever had from her and that is saying a great deal. Her facial play is irresistible and her boozy voice is a triumph. Burt Wesner as the doddering old duc adds another fine portrait to his gallery. Why doesn't somebody write a play for Burt Wesner and Georgie Woodthorpe? Lillian Armsby as Zaza's servant is appropriately stupid and adoring. Florence Smythe looks sweet and pretty and ignorantly good in the part of Zaza's poor but honest friend. Viola Leach as Dufresne's wife is very proud and haughty and handsome. Altogether it's a good cast and of course the play is mounted in the superior Alcazar style. But the property man had better look out or the furniture will be ruined by tears.

Gossip of the Theatre

Ethel Barrymore in Barrie Plays

Ethel Barrymore, no longer the portrayer of namby-pamby society heroines in plays in which fine frocks and dress clothes form so much of the stage adornment, but an actress capable of expressing and portraying the deeper emotions of life, comes to the Columbia Theater on Monday when Charles Frohman is to present her in a bill that is very promising. This bill is a double one by James Matthew Barrie and comprises "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" and "The Twelve Pound Look." Barrie has endeared himself to the theatre-goers of two countries through the charm and worth of his plays. In the double bill he shows himself in two moods and each of them admirable in its way. To some of the admirers of the Scotch author "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" will always remain his most beautiful play. It tells the sweet and tender story of a mother who returns to her children to find herself a stranger in her own home. There is much wit, a good deal of playful satire and some whimsy in the story and running underneath it all there is much humanness. All of Barrie's plays carry a message and the one brought out by "Alice-Sit-by-the Fire" is that a mother's place is with her children. The position of prominence on the bill is given to "The Twelve Pound Look," it coming last. This drama in one act is by some considered the strongest and most virile work that Barrie has written. It is a severe arraignment of mere man and with direct force it shows the dire and utter failure of success. The story is told concisely and there is not a gesture or a syllable in it that is not of import. "The Twelve Pound Look" is described as a perfect play admirable in construction and flawless in technique. The work gets its title from the look given a man by his wife. Barrie wrote the play for Miss Barrymore and in it she has scored very heavily. Among those in Miss Barrymore's support are Charles Dalton, Louise Drew, Mrs. Sam Sothern, Frank Goldsmith, Helen Freman, Thomas Kelly, Alice Beresford, James Kearney and Anita Roth. Miss Barrymore's engagement is for a fortnight.

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"The Right of Way" at the Alcazar

"The Right of Way," announced as the Alcazar's attraction throughout the coming week, will afford the Roberts-Bergen-Roberts stellar combine another splendid opportunity for the individual and collective display of fine acting.

EDWIN ABELES AND CHARLOTTE LANDERS

Who will appear this Sunday Matinee at the Orpheum.

In the cast with them is the complete roster of Alcazar players and the pictorial side of the production will be most picturesque. Most of the scenes are laid in the rugged mountains of Northern Canada. Eugene Presbrey adapted the play from Sir Gilbert Parker's famous novel similarly titled, and an excelent job he made of it. Mr. Theodore Roberts made one of the greatest hits of his professional career when he starred in Portugais, several years ago.

Fine Fare at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill will be headed next week by Edward Abeles who made such a great hit last season in the one act drama, "Self Defense." His contribution will consist of Grant Stewart's international comedy success "He Tried To Be Nice," and associated with him in the cast will be Charlotte Landers, a well graced actress who never fails to appeal successfully to her audiences. Raymond and Caverley whose names are household words, will reappear after quite a lengthy absence. They are conceded to be the two funniest German comedians in vaudeville and do much to maintain their great popularity by presenting an entirely new act each year. Now their offering includes the skits "A Booming Town," "Swivel Service" and "Talk of Society." Albert Hole, the English boy soprano who made an American tour with Liza Lehmann and created quite a sensation with his beautiful voice, will be a feature of the new bill. He is famous as the most remarkable of boy sopranos and his voice in sweetness, purity and volume is remarkable. The Bellclair Brothers, known in theatrical circles as "The Modern Hercules" will appear in their extraordinary feats of strength. Next week will be the last of Belle Adair; James H. Cullen; The Farrell Taylor Co. and Joseph Hart's production of "A Night in a Turkish Bath."

A Big Choral Concert

The big choral concert which is to precede the formal opening of the thirteenth annual International Sunday School Convention, to take place at the Coliseum on Monday evening, bids fair to be a musical event of importance. Over a thousand voices and an orchestra of one hundred picked musicians will render music such as has not been heard here in many a day, including many of the master compositions of Mendelssohn, Gounod, Mozart, A. R. Gaul and others. The musical directors of the big affair are Robert Husband and Wallace A. Sabin and the rehearsals have been held ever since March. Louise Brehany, a soprano of great repute, will be a soloist, Miss Blanche Merrill, a violinist of note, will play the Fantasia Appasionata by Vieuxtemps; and St. Luke's Episcopal Church Male Quartet, composed of Charles F. Bullotti, tenor, Carl E. Anderson, barytone, Clarence Oliver, first bass and Wilfred Glenn, second bass, will sing

CANDY SENT TO THE COUNTRY

A box of candy is always welcomed by friends in the country. Easily sent by mail or express from any one of Geo. Haas & sons' four candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

"O Lord of My Salvation," by Ford, and "Remember Now Thy Creator," by Bartlett. Some of the choral numbers will be Keller's American hymn, "The Radiant Morn," by Woodward, Mendelssohn's "Be Not Afraid," from the oratorio of "Elijah," "How Lovely are the Messengers," from the oratorio of "St. Paul," also by Mendelssohn, "Great and Marvelous," from the oratorio of the "Holy City," by Alfred R. Gaul, Mozart's "Gloria" from his Twelfth Mass, "By Babylon's Wave," by Gounod, and the "Hallelujah" from the oratorio of "The Messiah," by Handel. An orchestral number of peculiar interest will be the overture from "St. Patrick at Tara," conducted the composer, Wallace A. Sabin, and two male choruses from Mr. Sabin's composition, "The March of the Kings," and "Veni Creator," will also be on the program. W. Fletcher Husband, organist of St. Luke's, will play the piano accompaniments and Mabel Jones and Lilia Forderer will preside at the organ. There will be a seating capacity of over eight thousand at the Coliseum.

Truly Shattuck, erstwhile of our town, has given up the literary life after a brief experience. She was engaged as press agent for Hammerstein's Roof Garden in New York, but she couldn't get along with Oscar Hammerstein. Besides, she was expected to be in her office at eleven o'clock every morning and she indignantly declared that she wouldn't get up in the middle of the night for anybody.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Manzanita Hall

Palo Alto, California.

A healthful home school for boys—thorough, efficient, growing, progressive. Location adjacent to Stanford University makes possible a school life of unusual advantages and privileges. First Semester opens August 29, 1911. For catalogue and specific information, address W. A. SHEDD, Head Master.

Lillian Russell, Newspaper Woman

Lillian Russell is back on Broadway after a very successful season in the comedy called "In Search of a Sinner" in which she was seen here some time ago. To the interviewers she confided that during her absence from New York she had become a newspaper woman. "I have been telling my sisters what I know about beauty in a regular paper that is published every day in Chicago," she said. The cynical interviewer hinted that her very capable press agent may have written the beauty talks for her, whereupon she waxed indignant. "The idea is absurd" she cried, jingling a diamond studded fountain pen that hung from her chatelaine. "My father was an editor and so was my mother before I was born and it would be a disgrace to my family if I couldn't do my own writing. Besides the San Francisco Press Club presented me with a key to their clubhouse more than three years ago." That clinched the matter and the interviewer subsided. What Miss Russell said about the local Press Club is less than the truth. She has been presented with three golden keys to the club houses of the newspapermen. The first fitted the lock of the old Withrow home in Pine street where the scribes were housed after the fire; the second was for the door of the rooms in Bush street; and the third which was presented during her last visit, was the open sesame to the new home of the club in the Commercial Building. Miss Russell is the only member of the club who has been so honored.

Saved by His Spouse

"I tell you you can't beat my wife for presence of mind," said the man at the club proudly. "Listen to this. One day last week an old gossip of our neighborhood called, and I left her and wife alone in the parlor. An hour later, having the impression that our caller had departed, I bounced into the room with, 'So the old cat has gone, eh!' Well, say! as I lifted my eyes, there was the woman herself in front of me. But my wife—bless her—was there with the goods. 'Yes, dear,' she said calmly, 'I sent it to the cat's home in a basket this morning.'"

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Report of the Condition of the

Anglo & London Paris National Bank

Of San Francisco

At the Close of Business, June 7, 1911

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$17,902,482.67
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation at par	2,500,000.00
U. S. Bonds on hand	25,281.26
Other Bonds	2,558,935.87
Other Assets	350,190.14
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit	1,379,869.19
Cash and Sight Exchange	**9,844,157.21**
	$34,560,916.34

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,549,800.41
Circulation	2,500,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign	1,379,869.19
Deposits	**25,131,246.74**
	$34,560,916.34

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Tne Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—In view of the substantial progress toward higher prices already made by the stock market since the trust decisions and a consequent reduction of the short interest, leading bull interests continued reluctant to bring about a further substantial upturn. Uncertainty regarding the effect upon the grain and cotton crops of the long continued drouth in the southwest, which was described at length in the Government's weather report, also exerted a restraining influence upon bullish operations. Although the bear element took advantage of the opportunity to extend its committments on the short side the leading shares receded only fractionally while a large number of specialties and usually inactive stocks made material gains. The movement of prices was irregular throughout the week, and at the close of the week small net losses were counterbalanced by net gains.

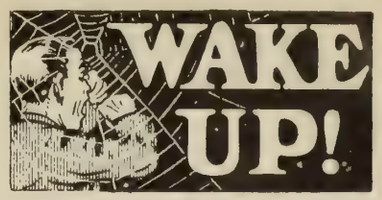
Wheat—The July option was the center of attraction in the wheat pit the past week and fluctations were fast and furious. The big bull leaders spread the report that the deal in the May option would be continued in the July option. Frightened shorts bid this option up to 94 early in the week fearing a repetition of the May squeeze. However, at the advance there seemed to be plenty of wheat for sale, and when this selling was traced to the bull crowd prices turned very weak with almost a panic at the close of the week. The news was generally in favor of the selling side although the excessive heat during the week was responsible for a little nervousness on the part of the shorts. In some sections of the winter wheat-belt the wheat is in the milk and there was some talk of damage which would result in shriveled berries and light weight should high temperatures continue. The winter wheat crop is said to be almost perfect, and temperatures have been about nominal with occasional showers. Cash demand has been poor and the same can be said of the flour market. Stocks of wheat in both this country and abroad are ample for this season of the year. And the foreigner shows no inclination to take any of our wheat at prevailing prices. Some new wheat is arriving at primary markets and it will take heavy buying by the bull interests to hold wheat at this level.

Cotton—Owing to the continuance of the drouth in the southwest and the Mississippi Valley States new crop values were traded in at higher levels the past week. News from the interior is to the effect that while corn is commencing to deteriorate for the want of moisture, cotton is holding its own and that conditions, except that rain will soon be needed, could hardly be more favorable,—fields clean, stands good and early planted cotton squaring. The continuance of dry weather, however, would probably give cause for complaint, and it is these possibilities that the market is trying to discount before their maturity. It is said that if a good general rain were had over the entire belt, the fields and crops are in such splendid shape to receive moisture that the rains would put them in the pink of condition. But the rains have yet to be had and until they make their appearance, nervous and probably excited markets will follow, as the trade can not suffer the crop to deteriorate before it has been laid by. From now on the weather influential as it has been of late will become a price-making factor. If the drouth continues, a higher level of prices is inevitable, especially for fall and winter options.

Corn—Dry hot weather over the corn belt the past week has awakened interest in the coarse grain markets. Temperatures of over 100 in the big corn States with very little moisture has sent a flood of buying orders to the pit and the prices have responded to a three cent advance. A good deal of the advance was caused more by the damage done to the oat crop and the poor outlook for the hay crop rather than actual damage done to corn. Corn is not suffering any in the big corn States but the southwestern States are urgently in need of moisture and should the drouth continue it will be reflected in the distant futures. Cash demand for corn is not very brisk and stocks are accumulating.

G. K. C. on Detective Stories

For a man who writes detective stories G. K. Chesterton maintains a painfully skeptical attitude toward them. Here is "G. K. C.'s" recipe for the writing of this kind of literature: "I like detective stories; I read them, I write them; but I do not believe them. The bones and structure of a good detective story are so old and well known that it may seem banal to state them even in outline. A policeman, stupid but sweet-tempered, and always weakly erring on the side of mercy, walks along the street, and in the course of his ordinary business finds a man in Bulgarian uniform killed with an Australian boomerang in a Brompton milk shop. Having set free all the most suspicious persons in the story, he then appeals to the bulldog professional detective, who appeals to the hawklike amateur detective. The latter finds near the corpse a bootlace, a French newspaper, and a return ticket from the Hebrides, and so, relentlessly, link by link, brings the crime home to the Archbishop of Canterbury."



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The Red Barque

(Continued from Page 8.)

he suddenly espied the girl, standing on the quay, her white zendado lashed by the wind. She cried:

"Ardi, Ardi, wait, I must speak to you!"

He grasped the edge of the dock with his iron hook and held the barque, until Uriana had reached it.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"For fish."

"Take me with you."

Ardi gazed at her, fearing that she had lost her mind.

"Don't you want me?" cried Uriana.

"You are not a child," replied Ardi, "and you ought to know that I cannot take you with me, alone, at night."

"Are you afraid of the gossips?"

"No, it is for your good that I speak."

"My good is here!" she said, raising her dark eyes. "What does the rest matter! Take me with you, I have waited for you three hours this evening, you cannot leave me here alone."

Into the dark eyes of the sailor there came a sudden light, the awakening of a fierce desire; but his brow darkened.

He was bending over the hook that held the barque strained to the shore; his head and his breast were bare. It was night now, and the fishing boats were far out upon the sea.

"Uriana," the man repeated sternly, "think well what you are doing!"

"I want to go with you!" she said, leaning toward him until her face almost touched his.

Then Ardi straightened himself, loosened the hook from the shore, unfurled the sail, and as the wind caught it slowly, the barque sped swiftly out upon the sea, under the trembling stars.

There was a brief silence between the two, then Ardi said:

"You are running an ugly risk, Uriana. Look out! Repent, while there is time. Go down into the hold, so that I shall not know you are with me."

"But I love you!" she cried, stretching out her arms to him. "I have no one in the world but you, and I will follow you wherever you go. I will be your servant, if you will only love me. For nearly a year I have waited for you. Now beat me if you like, I will follow you."

She flung herself upon his breast and threw her arms about his neck, pressing her lips boldly upon his. Her hair fell about her, covering the snow-white zendado as with a red stain.

And over the sea crept a white phosphorescence, so that the red barque seemed to be sailing on waves of silver.

The wedding followed. Rimuel made no opposition to his father's wish. He saw him renewing his youth and assented joyfully.

Uriana, in her white zendado, was beautiful and young. She would be a cheerful companion and a good housewife for the two men, lonely as they were. So she entered her new home, a blessing, welcomed by love and kindness. The storm had cleared from her breast; her dark and turbulent spirit was robed anew as with the fresh spirit of spring and she became like a child again. A touching simplicity took possession of her, a great longing for peace. With every new moon, she sang her song of contentment and incantation.

The months passed, tranquil and sweet, but the season of joy was rapidly ebbing. At first all her being seemed to soften in the consciousness of her victory over the man, whom her imagination had so ardently exalted. His love, so long passive, breaking forth in innumerable forms of sentiment and adoration, fascinated her heart so completely that she believed herself at the summit of joy. But Uriana was like the air that rages and is lulled again by forces over which it has no control.

She adored Ardi, abandoning herself to him with all the exuberance of her strong youth, showering upon him all the wealth of her womanly sweetness; she belonged to him, as the stump to the flame, that mounts hissing about it. But Ardi, in this later love, had all the weakness of a boy, his masculine vigor forsook him and his strength; he was content to obey his little queen, with the burning locks, whom he adored so humbly; for he realized now that he was growing old, whereas she was in her full bloom and flower.

Uriana had imagined a stern master, a man proud and forceful, and she had sought him with the blind abandon of the earth, that precipitates itself into the infinite, in its quest for the golden sunshine. Now she saw him before her, quiet, submissive, her slave in everything. His eyes had none of the fire, the savage rebellion, which she had formerly imagined. They gazed at her, half-imploringly, full of a tender, sentimental light; his words followed one another in whispers and pleadings half-suppressed; he obeyed, obeyed always. If she had said to him, "Stretch yourself there on the ground! I will walk over your prostrate form!" Ardi would have done it without a murmur.

She tried at times to irritate him, but in vain; she endeavored to arouse his jealousy and he only smiled at her incredulously. And so Uriana, finding herself bound to a man whom she no longer loved, gave free rein to her secret rebellion.

Growing up beside her was Rimuel, the fair youth, who was beautiful as a young god. He lived with her, breathing the same air in the small space of one house, in the smiling verdure of one garden.

In the noonday pauses, as she sat with her

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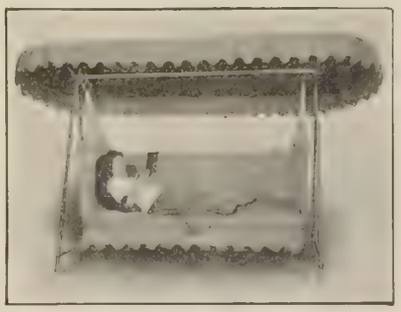

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eyes fixed, lost in her daydreams, he would smile at her, silently; or sit at her feet, while she sang of the legends of the sea.

Stirred by the soft sweetness of the spring time, half-unconsciously, she was drawn towards him; a sudden tenderness came over her for the fair boy, with the curly silken hair and the great expressive eyes, more beautiful than words can tell.

They were alone, almost always alone, in the long days of summer, under the burning sun. She could not work for the great pain in her heart, and idled from house to garden, in a constant tremor of restlessness, of waiting; while Rimuel, seated in the blue noonday shadows, worked incessantly on some task in preparation for the great fishing season.

They smiled at one another, more and more often; they sat nearer, suddenly, both were conscious of a dark presentiment of the end. And one day, as he gazed at a tremulous little vein, as it throbbed in her temples, all of a sudden, their lips met as if sealed together.

The darts of the summer sun, shot from the quiver of love, thus found a prey.

Ardi was returning from a long voyage to Istria. He had his barque laden with lumber, resinous and sweet-smelling, and the wind was favorable. His route was towards the east; it would be a long time yet before he could trim the sail for his own peaceful little port. There were four men with him, the companions of his long voyages; and among them, one who was idle and talkative and malicious; a cross-eyed man, with an olive complexion and a flat nose, He was called Pirsant.

Pirsant had seen a great deal with those eyes of his that went in opposite, and he divined still more. He knew that the happiness of Ardi was like a breath and that he could destroy it. The mere thought of having such power over the peace of a soul, gave him a feeling of intense satisfaction. First, he reflected, in the dark silences of his imagination, on the tragedy that he was about to awaken, then, when it seemed to him that the propitious moment had come, he spoke.

They were alone one night, on the deck of the barque; Pirsant and Ardi. Pirsant was at the helm, Ardi, leaning against the high mast, watching the flickering of the lantern that was fastened to the yard-arm of the fore-sail.

The ship was running under a high wind, pitching a little in the surf, and over the men spread the great sails, that were black in the darkness and beating against the cordage like the rhythm of a pulse.

Suddenly Pirsant said: "Ardi, unless my eyes mistake me, the stars indicate that our own land is near."

The sailor raised his eyes to the heavens and nodded his head.

"How long shall we still be on the sea?" continued the man, with his eyes crossed.

"Two months or more!"

"Until the autumn?"

"Yes."

"Then we shall return in time for the feast of San Claudio. You will be taking a gown of silk to Uriana, and she will be a queen."

Ardi made no response.

"This is a stupid life of ours!" continued the steersman. "The good one has, one can enjoy very little of; and, who knows! some one else may be enjoying it in the meanwhile!"

Ardi paid no attention to the spiteful insinuation and was silent.

"Some one else may be enjoying it in the meanwhile! Distance is a danger. One never returns suddenly from the sea."

"You cross-eyed fool!" cried Ardi, turning slowly. "I don't understand you tonight. What do you mean?"

"I am only speaking in general," replied Pirsant. "I mention no names."

"And what do you know? You talk in riddles."

"I know a great deal that I keep to myself."

Ardi was on him almost with one leap and grasping him by the shoulder, he screamed:

"Tell me what you know, and beware, you squinting fool!"

"If I speak, it is for your good name!" returned the man maliciously, shaking himself free.

Then in a lower voice: "Uriana is faithless to you and so is your son! This is a fact as true as the light. You can surprise them, if you wish. I stake my life on it!"

So the red barque changed its course, veering suddenly towards the northern coast, while Pirsant, at the prow, watched the setting of the stars.

Ardi was alone when he stepped from his barque the following night. His companions had landed in a region far down the coast. He left his barque anchored at the end of the quay. No one saw him arrive, as it was late and the night was dark, with great masses of clouds. He sprang ashore, with his eyes staring into the darkness, running as if the sea were pursuing him, as if the waves, roaring and high as mountains, were at his heels.

He had no perception of what had passed; only a terrible numbness of pain that drove him forward, running madly, dishevelled through the night. He was panting, before his eyes danced

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Had pierced the region of my heart.

But oh, what anguish, what dismay,
When Beauty frowns or turns away,
When Beauty laughs, I know not why
My hopes fall earthward from the sky.

Alas, I feel how far above
My wild ambition is her love.
But when those Eyes are Bathed in tears
The crystal drops dispel my fears.

When Beauty's Eyes are closed in sleep,
Earth's loniliness o'er me creep.
Without those Eyes to shape my mood,
The world is filled with solitude.

And when they open fair again,
Life, joy and music fill my brain.
'Tis strange indeed what power lies
Within the depth of Beauty's Eyes.

My acts, my thoughts, my life control,
Those Witching Orbs command my soul.
And yet, again, their glances mild
Would soothe to sleep a fretful child.

I plucked one day a pretty flower,
And stole away to Beauty's bower,
To leave it, as an act of grace,
On Beauty's plate glass dressing case.

There Beauty sat, to my surprise,
A'dropping Murine in her eyes.
And now I know the secret art
That to her Eyes such "Glows" impart.

And whence the power and grace that lies
Within the depths of Beauty's Eyes.
And many a comely lass, I ween,
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innumerable little flames, darting and writhing out of the shadows, the illusion of his senses. His eyes were fixed, intent, as if seeking in the impenetrable darkness, the hidden secret of their love; his pulses were beating a terrible reveille and he ran and ran, faster and faster, hurling himself forward.

Like a sudden gust of wind that sweeps past shrieking to lose itself in the spaces of the wilderness, so his whole body was shaken with sudden shudderinges of terror. He fled like the swift shadow of the sail across the sea, driven by some unseen force, past the first cottages, half hidden in the darkness.

Then the hair began to rise on his head as he seemed to hear behind him the rhythm of two bare feet, running even more swiftly than his own. Who was following him in the night? He heard them coming nearer and nearer, more and more menacing, the footsteps of the unknown, and, though he hurried faster, straining forward in a last brave attempt, the rapid footsteps caught up with him. He heard a breath, a whisper, the sound of two names intertwined, the echo of a threat; then suddenly a piercing voice, calling him by name.

"Ardi!"

Instantly he fell full length, lying on the ground. When he raised himself and looked about him, his eyes troubled and dark, he saw nothing and heard nothing.

From the distant mountains came the sound of crackling, as of a funeral pyre. The sailor made the sign of the cross on his breast; for he knew that Death had followed him.

A few steps more and he was at his own cottage.

Cautiously he slipped the key into the lock, turning it slowly to avoid a sudden creaking; he entered, closing it behind him, like one in a hypnotic state.

In the lower room, which was lighted by a lantern, he saw that Rimuel was not there. On the table were the remains of the supper, a bunch of hawthorne and two clusters of the sweet basil. It was all revealed with unmistakable clearness.

He began to climb the wooden stairway, suffering at the slightest sound, listening as he advanced slowly, stopping, closing his eyes in mute protest. All at once he stood motionless, rigid, before the low door.

The silence was intense, it seemed as if the life had stopped about him. The sailor, his pupils staring and bloodshot, was like the tragic shadows suspended over the abyss.

Then he heard a movement, a murmur and a voice heavy with sleep: "Rimuel, it is light! Look, Rimuel, Rimuel! Some one is there!"

Then came a shrill cry, the shivering of broken glass and the crash of a door, shattered by a heavy blow.

Uriana was seated on the edge of the bed, her long, red hair encircling her pallid face; she remained motionless, gazing at Ardi, without a tremor.

"Follow me!" cried the man.

Drawing her white zendado about her shoulders, barefooted, fearlessly and without a cry, she followed him to her death.

Together, united for a last time, they went to the end of the quay, where the red barque was anchored. A wind had sprung up, but the clouds were heavy and motionless.

Behind Ardi, Uriana stepped upon the barque, silently, without hesitation or fear. Her love was so great; what did the rest matter!

To the high mast, slowly, with a sailor's skill, Ardi bound her fast, with long twists and innumerable knots—the pale woman who was his wife, his once proud companion.

She gave no sign of pain as the rude ropes cut into the delicate flesh, as the blood from the wounds fell drop by drop. In the depths of her savage heart was only a bitter tumult of passion. With the sudden, strange changeableness of a woman's heart, she loved again this man of violence, who was sacrificing her to his vengeance.

When Ardi had finished his long task and stood upright, he saw that Uriana was smiling at him. He went down into the hold, returning with a fiery torch; presently the cargo of resinous lumber began to crackle here and there, throwing out little tongues of curling flame. Then he swiftly unfurled the sail and made it secure.

Amidst the first flashes he heard the voice of Uriana, imploring him sadly:

"Ardi! Kiss me once more! ..."

He ignored her. With a spring he was on the prow, casting aside the moorings, then as the barque made swift headway under the wind, he flung himself into the sea and gained the shore.

As the distance increased, the luminous flame spread, mounting upward with rosy tongues, until it towered like a threatening torch, suspended over the abysses of the sea.

The sailor gazed at the vanishing pyre, rigid and convulsed; he crouched forward, waiting for a cry, a beseeching voice, a call of love; but all he heard was the fierce crashing of the waves.

So Uriana and the barque went down together. Ah, the love that gives, the love that takes, therein lies the spirit of the sea!

Far off in the distance, the flames were scarcely visible, dying away into eternal solitudes, forever; while he, full of terror and anguish, called madly, vainly upon Death.

The beating of the heart in his breast was like the blows of an axe against the tree-trunk. Suddenly he saw near him the form of Rimuel, tragic, pitiful. The boy was scarcely breathing. As Ardi stretched out his arms to him, he fell forward with a terrible cry.

Then once more, the sailor heard the footsteps of Death, coming swiftly through the night.

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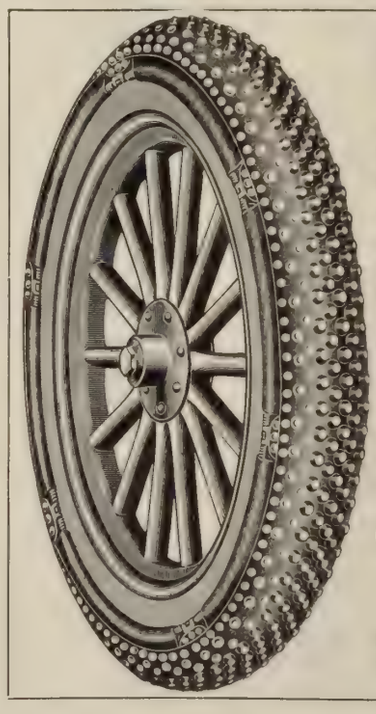

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The Woodworth Treads have been on the market for years, and have had the test of time.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—N. 29492, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, ANNA McELVOY, JENNIE McELVOY, EMMA McELVOY, HELEN McELVOY and JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin) ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Berry Place, distant thereon one hundred and fifteen (115) feet easterly from the easterly line of Grant avenue; running thence easterly along said line of Berry Place twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles westerly twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles southerly sixty (60) feet to the northerly line of Berry Place and point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. C. FLANNERY, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE H. SHAFER, JOHN DOE, and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send greeting to George H. Shafer, John Doe and Jane Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. FLANNERY, Attorney for Plaintiff.
545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28051, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, Plaintiff, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Shrader street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Page street and running thence northerly along said line of Shrader street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches to the westerly line of Shrader street and point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff.
952-3 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California.

Auto Notes

According to advices received by the Pacific Motor Car Co. from the Grundy Motor Car Co. of Los Angeles, a big demand is developing in Southern California for the Cole 30 car. Machines of this make are being sent out on delivery as soon as supplied by rush shipments from the factory. The Cole's popularity in Southern California had its beginning last year when Bill Endicott won his sensational victories in a Cole stock car on the Los Angeles Motordrome.

A number of Eastern automobilists are already touring California for their summer outing. Among those who have recently visited San Francisco is John B. Jones of Sioux City, Iowa, who has just begun an extensive tour of the State in his Cartercar. The car he declared is running perfectly. His speedometer shows that he has driven the machine over 10,000 miles during the past year during which time he says that not a cent has been spent on repairs.

Jos. Littlewood, Minneapolis branch manager for The F. B. Stearns Company, manufacturers of Stearns motor cars, broke all existing records last week in a wild dash from Minneapolis to St. Cloud. He covered the distance on a $1500 wager in one hour and 28 minutes, this being an average including one stop, of over 46 miles per hour.

C. A. La Rue of Davis is one of the most recent purchasers to take delivery of a Cartercar touring car. Mr. La Rue who came to San Francisco to get the machine, reported roads about Davis and between that town and Sacramento in excellent repair. A number of new machines have been brought to Davis this spring.

According to advices just received from Tahoe, the Maxwell car which is reported to have crossed the Sierra Summit did not make the trip via the new State highway to Tahoe Tavern and consequently did not lift the cup offered by that resort for the first car to make this particular trip this season.

The adoption of the worm drive by the Pierce Arrow Motor Car Company of Buffalo for its 5-ton truck has stirred up considerable interest in Europe where the worm drive for commercial vehicles has been in use successfully for a decade.

Two large additions to the plant of the Thomas B. Jeffery Company, manufacturers of Rambler Motor Cars, at Kenosha, will be made immediately. A new addition to the drop forge is now in course of erection, while ground was broken this week for a new building, 60x200 feet in dimensions, to be devoted to the finished car department. Just 22,750 square feet of additional floor space will be added.

The Red Raven, Comet and Teta motor boats made a clean sweep at the recent regatta held in conjunction with the Colusa carnival and captured all the trophies offered. The motors of these three boats were lubricated with the new Monogram Marine Motor oil. It would appear that this Monogram Marine oil is to be as large a factor in motor-boat racing as the original Monogram oil is in motor car and aeroplane contests.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.No. 29489, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of ALICE T. MARTIN, deceased, MARY A. MARTIN; ELLEN T. MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the westerly line of Van Ness avenue with the northerly line of Willow avenue; thence running northerly along said line of Van Ness avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Att'y. for Plaintiff,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAWRENCE O'KEEFFE, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary O'Keeffe, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Joseph Farry, Esq., her attorney, at No. 614 Kohl Building, Northeast corner of California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), deceased.

MARY O'KEEFFE,
As Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1911.

JOSEPH FARRY, Atty. for Executrix,
No. 614 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN HARTNETT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Philip M. Des Marais, Executor of the Last Will of Ellen Hartnett, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ellen Hartnett, deceased.

PHILIP M. DES MARAIS,
Executor of the Last Will of Ellen Hartnett, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1911.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Attys. for Executor,
Rooms 504-507 Grant Bldg., San Francisco. 6-10-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FREDERICK STEELE, Deceased—No. 11,657; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Frederick Steele, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Martin Stevens, Room 309 Mills Building, Northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Frederick Steele, deceased.

ROSE McCOOEY,
Administratrix of the Estate of Frederick Steele, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1911.

MARTIN STEVENS, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 309 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of E. J. BENEDICT, sometimes known, called and written as EGBERT J. BENEDICT, also sometimes known, called and written as EGBERT JUDSON BENEDICT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of E. J. Benedict, sometimes known, called and written as Egbert J. Benedict, also sometimes known, called and written as Egbert Judson Benedict, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, Emily W. Benedict, at the law office of Seth Mann and Aitken & Aitken, 559-565 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of E. J. Benedict, etc., deceased.

EMILY W. BENEDICT,
Executrix of the Estate of E. J. Benedict, etc., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1911.

SETH MANN and AITKEN & AITKEN,
Attorneys for Executrix,
559-565 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WALTER N. BUSH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Walter N. Bush, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of O. M. Goldaracena, Esq., at Number 4 Montgomery avenue, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Walter N. Bush, deceased.

PAUL BARBIERI,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Walter N. Bush, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1911.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,748. Dept. No. 3.

ALMA McWILLIAMS, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L. McWILLIAMS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Joseph L. McWilliams, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten (10) days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty (30) days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Plaintiff,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-10

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 9330; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of CULBERT BERTRAM BOWMAN and ELVA GERTRUDE BOWMAN, Minors.

Mary Theresa Bowman, having filed herein her petition for an order authorizing her to sell all of the real property belonging to the said minors, as appears by said petition to which reference is hereby made for further particulars;

It is hereby ordered that Monday, the 19th day of June, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Courtroom of this Court, Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, be and the same are hereby set as the time and place for hearing the said petition; and that notice of the time and place so set for such hearing be given to all persons interested for at least three weeks before the time so set, by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, of a copy of this order.

JAS. M. TROUTT, Judge.

Dated, May 23, 1911.
Filed May 23, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. at Law,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-4

NOTICE OF VOLUNTARY APPLICATION FOR DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,685; Dept. No. 4.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Application of MEADOWS DAIRY COMPANY, a Corporation, for Judgment of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the voluntary application of Meadows Dairy Company, a corporation formed, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, for a judgment of dissolution of said corporation, has been presented to the above named Court, and that Friday, the 30th day of June, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, and the Courtroom of Department No. 4, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been fixed as the time and place for hearing said application.

This notice commencing May 20, 1911, will expire on June 24, 1911, at any time before which expiration any person may file herein his objections to said application for dissolution.

Dated, May 16, 1911
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Applicant,
363 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-7

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,894.

W. P. HASSELL, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. BUNGE, LUTELLUS SMITH, E. M. HERBERGER, and BLACK TOM GOLD MINES COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to William H. Bunge, Lutellus Smith, E. M. Herberger and Black Tom Gold Mines Company, a Corporation, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 17th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

L. S. LAMSON and LEO D. BYRNE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. [illegible]

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,486. Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN deceased, JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BERKDSLEE, formerly Martin, ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have or claim upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL ONE

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of "C" street with the easterly line of 44th avenue, running thence easterly along said southerly line of "C" street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles southerly, parallel with 44th avenue, one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles westerly seventy-five (75) feet to the easterly line of 44th avenue; and thence at right angles southerly along said line of 44th avenue one hundred and ten (110) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL TWO

Commencing at a point on the northwestern line of Folsom street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy (170) feet and six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Tenth street; thence running southwesterly along said line of Folsom street thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northeasterly thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Mission Block No. 7 on the official Map of the City and County of San Francisco.

PARCEL THREE

Commencing at the northwest corner of 20th street, formerly Napa and Wisconsin streets; thence running westerly along the northerly line of 20th street, formerly Napa street, one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly three hundred and sixty (360) feet, more or less, to an old stone wall or fence being the south line of land claimed by Matthew Crooks; thence southeasterly along said stone wall or fence one hundred and seven (107) feet, more or less, to the westerly line of Wisconsin street at a point thereon eighty-six (86) feet southerly from the southerly line of 19th street; thence southerly along said westerly line of Wisconsin street three hundred and fifteen (315) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning.

PARCEL FOUR

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon fifty (50) feet northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Eighth street; running thence northeasterly on said line of Folsom street eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly ninety (90) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly fifty-two (52) feet and six (6) inches to the southwesterly line of Folsom avenue; thence southeasterly six (6) feet on said line of Folsom avenue; thence at right angles southwesterly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly seventy-five (75) feet to the northeast line of Eighth street; thence at right angles northwesterly on said line of Eighth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles northwesterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

PARCEL FIVE

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of 34th avenue, distant thereon two hundred and thirty-four (234) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of "N" street, running thence northerly along said line of 34th avenue forty-eight (48) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet and three (3) inches; thence southeasterly forty-one (49) feet, more or less, to the northerly line of subdivision No. 7; thence westerly one hundred and twenty-one (121) feet and five (5) inches to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SIX

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of Point Lobos avenue with the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue, running thence westerly along the said southerly line of Point Lobos avenue one hundred and eighty (180) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Thirty-first avenue, one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and eighty (180) feet to the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of Thirty-first avenue one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SEVEN

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Second avenue, south, distant thereon, northwesterly one hundred and thirty-three (133) feet and four (4) inches from the intersection of the southerly line of Second avenue, south, with the westerly line of "N" street, running thence northwesterly on the southerly line of Second avenue, south, sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; thence southwesterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the northerly line of [illegible] avenue, south; thence southeasterly along said line of [illegible] avenue, south, sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; and thence northeasterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the southerly line of Second avenue, south, and the point of commencement.

PARCEL EIGHT

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of First avenue, south, distant thereon one hundred [illegible] feet [illegible] "I" street, running thence northwesterly on said line of First avenue, south, one hundred and [illegible] (120) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly [illegible] (200) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and [illegible] feet; thence at right angles northeasterly [illegible] feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. E. MOGAN, FITZPATRICK & GRELLEY, and STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Att'ys for Plaintiffs,
913-3 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,836.

M. L. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff, vs. AMELIE ROSALIE MACE ARON and HENRY PEARTREE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Amelie Rosalie Mace Aron and Henry Peartree, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
502 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Superior Court, State of California, in and for City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,445.

Estate of HERMAN WESTERFELD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of F. J. Castelhun, Attorney at Law, Rooms 117-118 Investors Building, 787 Market Street, in said City and County, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased.

MARY L. WESTERFELD,
Administratrix of the Estate of Herman Westerfeld, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6, 1911.

F. J. CASTELHUN and JOHN A. McGEE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Rooms 117-118 Investors Bldg., San Francisco. 5-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES F. LYONS, Deceased—No. 11,631.

Notice is hereby given to the undersigned Patrick Lyons, Administrator of the estate of James F. Lyons, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Attorney at Law, 616-617 Metropolis Building, Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James F. Lyons, deceased.

PATRICK LYONS,
Administrator of the Estate of James F. Lyons, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1911.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Atty. for Administrator,
616-617 Metropolis Building,
Market and New Montgomery Sts., S. F. 6-10-5

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE

WESTERN STATES AMUSEMENT COMPANY, a corporation. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of office, 817 First National Bank Building, corner of Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment levied on the 29th day of April, 1911, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders as follows:

Names.	No. Cer.	No. Shs.	Amt.
A. S. Cohn	274	1000	$100.00
A. S. Cohn	275	1000	100.00
A. S. Cohn	276	1000	100.00
A. S. Cohn	277	1000	100.00
A. S. Cohn	278	1000	100.00
A. S. Cohn	279	1000	100.00
A. S. Cohn	282	100	40.00
C. D. Bibbins	285	1	.10
C. D. Bibbins	295	4333	433.30
Jules Cohn	290	3200	320.00
Jules Cohn	291	3200	320.00
D. W. Bishop	298	4800	480.00
Charles White	301	4333	433.30

Notice in accordance with law and by order of the Board of Directors made on the 29th day of April, 1911, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction at the office of the Company, 817 First National Bank Building, corner Post and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the 26th day of June, 1911, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale.

W. P. REESE, Secretary.

Western States Amusement Company, 817 First National Bank Building, Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2

Letters

A Dialect Study

Docia Trigg Cooney's "Study in Ebony" is a record of the sayings and doings of a precocious little colored girl whose short life ended in her twelfth year. Ethey had a strain of Indian and perhaps some white blood to modify the African, but in any case she combined the power of observation of her Indian and the loquacity of her negro ancestry. She was the child of Miss Graham's cook, and the mistress tacitly encouraged her conversation, which was in reality a monologue made up of negro folk lore, superstitution, shrewd observation and fertile imagination. For lack of other auditors she could talk to herself or to the flowers, the birds or the insects and her nimble fancies were a bewilderment to the slow-witted Pete, the chore boy who classed all her flights as plain lies deserving of punishment and wondered that the white lady could have patience to hearken to her. The only time that Ethey's tongue was silent was when listening to fairy tales and mythological romances related to her by the mistress or when she had coaxed Aunt Vesta into reminiscences of "Furginia" and her own childhood during slavery time. The characters are probably drawn from life and the women, though unquestionably negro, have all been house servants and are of a better class than is apt to figure in books, their language and morals approximating nearer to those of the white race. Ethey is not a type but an individual, an exception in any race or community. Taken in small doses, "A Study in Ebony" will be both interesting and amusing, but as it is written in dialect throughout, and as the author has frequently fall into the error of seeking to heighten her effects by adopting rag-time spelling that in no way modifies the pronunciation, the two hundred and eighty-four pages of childish chatter cannot but be monotonous, despite its originality. From the Neale Company.

A Good War Book

Considering that two full generations have grown up since the first call to arms was made in 1861, it is remarkable how much interest still survives in the narratives of those who participated in the action. Of late quite a number of volumes of personal reminiscences have come from the press, stories of privates who served in different branches of the army on both sides, and as they are devoid of the controversies, charges and recriminations which have been so unfortunately prominent in the histories of the officers, they make, for the layman, infinitely more interesting reading. One of the latest of these accounts is "Three Years in the Confederate Horse Artillery," the substance of which is a journal kept with remarkable regularity during the whole period in which George M. Neese served as a gunner in Chew's Battery, a unit in the command of General J. E. B. Stuart in the army of Northern Virginia. Neese, like thousands of others, was personally opposed to war, but found the call of duty stronger than his inclinations. From first to last the glory of victories never shut out the horrors of butchery, and his inclination always was to dwell more on the natural beauties of the situation than the military possibilities. The fighting was a grim and terrible business to be got through with as effectively as possible. The writer carried with him an admirable sense of humor which enabled him to see the amusing side of things, though it is never once directed against the person of friend or foe. Indeed, if the journal has not been copiously and carefully edited, it is a remarkable example of restraint, considering the time. The only approach to heat is to be found in the one or two references to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the ravaging of the Shenandoah Valley, the writer's home land. Though only "an humble private in the rear rank," making no pretense to understand the plans of his officers and directors, it is evident that he might have filled a higher if not a more important place, but the absence of even a frontispiece portrait is characteristic. Though he had countless narrow escapes from death or disablement, Mr. Neese passed through the war without a wound. The last eight months were spent as a prisoner of war at Point Lookout. Prisoners of war do not expect to be treated like star boarders under any circumstances, but a never-ending mystery is the question why, with abundance at command, the Confederates should have been starved, frozen and denied decencies. The treatment of the captives in the Northern prisons is as great a disgrace as the carpet bag regime of the Reconstruction period. Another good book from the press of the Neale Company.

Apropos F. Marion Crawford's posthumous volume of ghost stories, the last time the author was in New York he attended a dinner where Spiritualism was a topic under discussion. "In principle it may be true," said Mr. Crawford, "but Spiritualism as it is practiced today is a thing to beware of. I know a man whose wife suddenly developed a great interest in Spiritualism. She attended seance after seance at the home of a handsome medium with dark, thick hair and smouldering eyes. The husband cured her though. He took to accompanying her to the medium's, and at every seance he got the most passionate and tender messages from his first wife."

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll says that the pathos expended over Robert Louis Stevenson's hard fortune in having received only a hundred pounds in royalties on his 'Treasure Island" is all wasted. It is true that the author received only that sum on account but up to the present time the book has netted to author and executors the comfortable sum of four thousand four hundred pounds, quite a fortune in itself.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Mrs. Fiske.

TOWN TALK

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Lest We Forget

The question regarding the explosion that wrecked the Maine having been solved it is now proposed to tow the shattered mass of steel into the Atlantic and there sink it to the bottom. The Navy Department knows of no reason why this should not be done, believing that the wreck can serve as nothing but a memento of a most deplorable catastrophe. As a matter of fact it might serve as a memento of something else, something which the sovereign people of this country, for their own good, should never be allowed to forget: a memento of the rash impetuosity of public opinion. The explosion that wrecked the Maine should be remembered for all time for the salutary lesson available from the dark and bloody consequences which it enabled an unscrupulous and tyrannical press to precipitate through the medium of weak and faithless public servants. The cruel and unjust war with Spain, a monstrous crime which we are now expiating under the "white man's burden," was the greatest of all the notable, boasted triumphs of yellow journalism. The most powerful of all American journalists, the man who today is doing more than all our statesmen, more than all our muckrakers, more than all our apostles of discontent and innovation, toward shaping the opinion of the "most enlightened people under the sun," never claimed credit for anything with greater justice than for the darling consummation of his protracted and perfervid appeals to popular prejudice and passion in the days of the Cuban revolt against the power of Spain. And now that under his guidance we are embracing new schemes of government the effect of which will be to quicken the sensibilities of public officials under the spur of public opinion; now that we are intent upon amending the Constitution to the end that the treaty-making power of the nation shall be made of the same temperament as the pupulistic lower house of Congress, would it not be well for us to consider the Maine, how it was wrecked, and how precipitously we responded to the rabble-rousing suggestions of our incendiary Fourth Estate? If the shattered old battleship is not to be preserved let us at least revive and perpetuate the soul-stirring battle cry with which we thrilled our gallant volunteers in the dawn of a new epoch when a supplementary pension roll was in the making. Let us indeed remember the Maine; nay, lest we forget, let us have miniatures of it struck off in enduring bronze and distributed by a paternal government to serve as symbols of public opinion on the rampage.

The Honoring of Phelan

In the Bulletin the other day we read this attractive headline: "Native Sons of Golden West Honor Phelan." Beneath was a despatch from Santa Cruz:—"The Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West disposed of much notable business at yesterday's session, but the day will be most remembered because of the hospitality extended to the delegates by Hon. James D. Phelan. Mr. Phelan extended a general invitation to all attending the convention to be his guests at his country place and from 4 to 6 o'clock the delegates were royally entertained." That was how the Native Sons honored Phelan: they accepted his royal hospitality. An honor of this kind has come to be greatly appreciated by our charming and versatile young millionaire whose appetite for distinction is more eclectic than what it used to be. A change has come o'er the temperament of the man who once made a great figure in the State, taking as he did a deep interest in general humanity. The darling object of his desires ravished from him by envious fortune, softened and subdued by habitual self-contemplation, he has become something of a stoic, calm, passive, yet companionable, viewing the busy world, however, with philosophic indifference through the loop-holes of retreat. He who once "flattered the rank breath of the world and bowed to its idolatries," would no longer condescend to barter repose for the chance of disappointment. No more does conscious worth bid for the homage of the huge monster of ingratitude which takes up its favorites in no greater haste than it puts them aside. The serene air for him of his country home on the Cliff, far above the restless surf that beats upon the rocks at Santa Cruz. Inaccessible there to the malice of man he looks down with compassion on the follies of frail mortals. No longer an object of attention or curiosity he revels in the life of a pure spirit, a surfeited spectator of the mighty scene peopled by the madding crowd. But no Timon is our seasoned philosopher. Experience has not made a misanthrope of the man who was once the most public spirited of all ambitious citizens. His raptures on the lonely shore he is ever ready to share with Native Sons, Elks, Eagles, Knights of Columbus or any other organized body of men. Welcome, thrice welcome to his shady bowers and luxurious repasts are all fraternal promoters of the brotherhood of man. Nothing gives him greater pleasure than to see the vapors of his celestial nectar ply round their susceptible hearts. The recluse of the Cliff, now easily stifled in the atmosphere of frigid clubs where he was wont to loosen up and simulate bonhomie, is still in his old responsive mood, and he needs but to be asked to grace an occasion of almost any kind. His oratory is on tap as well as his nectar for any body of men or women. In this respect he is as gracious as "Laughing" Billy Hynes and not less willing. Yet he does not appear to be so much in demand as formerly. Hence perhaps the Bulletin's effort to remind the public of him by the news of the honor that was paid him at Santa Cruz. Perhaps we shall soon hear of his distributing prizes at Sunday picnics.

The Commonwealth Debate

That was a very lively debate on the question of the advisability of applying the recall to the judiciary which was held by the Commonwealth Club last week. It was more lively than instructive. It was instructive only in the sense that it elucidated the insincerity of the proponents of the recall amendment and the ignorance of their adversaries. Most vehement among the advocates of the recall was Francis J. Heney who had very little to say of the principle involved or of any principle whatever. He addressed himself to the question of the fitness of certain judges, and made it clear that he was in favor of the recall not because it would further the ends of justice but because it might enable him to gratify his consuming passion for revenge. Preoccupied with the nursing of his grudges Mr. Heney fondly hopes to enlist the sympathy of the people of the whole State. There are three judges, he says, whom the people do not trust and whom they will recall if given the chance. Which means that Mr. Heney thinks that the venom privately and publicly circulated by the cabal which he represents has had the desired effect. W. C. Clark of Oakland who appeared as a proponent of the recall made the point that the people had come to the conclusion that the courts held property rights above personal rights; and such being the case he is in favor of employing the recall as a bludgeon to bring the courts to a sense of the will of their masters. Mr. Clark is not a profound thinker else he would perceive that there can be no protection for the individual except in the absolute independence of the courts. In this country where the people is the supreme power the judge theoretically stands between the individual and the sovereign. Mr. Clark unconsciously is in favor of giving the sovereign absolute power over the individual. In other words he is the advocate of a species of monarchical despotism. One of the leading opponents of the recall proposal in the Commonwealth debate was Warren Olney who said that the two great objections are "that it will have a bad effect upon the judiciary and that it will not accomplish what its supporters expect." These happen to be merely minor objections as Mr. Olney might learn by studying the fundamentals of the science of government. There is really but one great objection to the recall and that is that it would substitute might for right as was the case in Athens when all the horrors of a cruel despotism resulted from the administration of justice by the mul-

titude. It will be remembered that when the Athenians resolved to put some of their military chiefs to death and were told that their action would be in violation of the laws they answered, "We made the laws and it is our privilege to suspend them." This is the privilege which the advocates of the recall would bestow on the dear people. If to the initiative and the referendum we add the recall why should the dear people suffer themselves to be restrained by one of their own statutes? What judge would be so ridiculous as to attempt to restrain them? Even now with our absurd system of electing judges the effect that Mr. Olney fears is apparent enough. A great French actress once said, "How much better we should play if we cared less for applause." How much better our judges would administer the law if they cared less for public approval?

The Maid of Domremy

In the town of Rouen where Joan of Arc was tried according to ecclesiastical justice and burned at the stake as a heretic and a witch the fifth centenary of her birth is about to be celebrated. And thus will be added another curious circumstance to the many attached to the memory of the Maid of Domremy. For hardly less remarkable than some of the events of her career is the circumstance that by the celebration now projected will be fulfilled a prophecy made by a writer to whom we are indebted for one of the most touching tributes ever paid to the memory of the great French heroine. Turn to Thomas De Quincey's beautiful essay on Joan of Arc, and there you will find the prophecy. De Quincey is the most neglected of all the great writers of English prose. A man of extraordinary genius, endowed with a mind of peculiar analytical power, a prolific producer of genuine literature, yet he is hardly known but for the bizarrerie of his "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," which, by the way, is one of the least important of his works. De Quincey made a most sympathetic study of the career of Joan of Arc, and like Andrew Lang, Saint-Beuve and the many other literary men to whose imagination and admiration she strongly appealed he tried to explained her in terms of physical science. And in the midst of his meditations and reflections he made this prophecy: "Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found en contumace. When the thunders of Universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries." How strange that De Quincey should have stretched the time of his fancy out to the second decade of the twentieth century and that this should be precisely the period resolved upon for the glorification of the Maid by the people of Rouen! In his day French historians guided by the love of truth were beginning to regard Joan of Arc as a pathetic figure most worthy of pity and admiration, but there was no prospect of her being taken seriously as an object of glorification. Then, as until very recently, she received her warmest commemoration from the maganimous justice of Englishmen. In 1850 the Historical Society of France collected in five volumes the history of Joan of Arc, particularly the texts of the two trials, the trial of condemnation and the trial of rehabilitation, which took place twenty-five years later, and we learn from Saint-Beuve in his review of the work that the people of France had ceased to applaud Voltaire's licentious poem Pucelle, "which," said the great critic, "he himself would be ashamed of today"; also that it was no longer safe to risk the slightest witticism on the subject. What remarkable transformations and vicissitudes has the reputation of the Maid of Orleans undergone! Burned at the stake in the early part of the fifteenth century, before its close her purity and piety affirmed as the result of a most thorough investigation; in the eighteenth century made the object of licentious ridicule by one of the intellectual lights of the age; in the nineteenth rehabilitated again; in the twentieth beatified by the church under whose authority she was condemned to the stake, and now to be glorified in the very town that witnessed her death. In all history there is not a more captivating subject of inquiry than that of the point of view from which we should regard Joan of Arc and her achievements. To account for those achievements on anything but the hypothesis of supernatural agency has been the effort of many learned men who regard every doctrine that involves miraculous phenomena as little worthy of serious refutation. But the case of Joan of Arc presents so many inexplicable prodigies attested beyond question that nobody has ever attempted to account for all of them as the result of natural agencies. Most writers assume that it is sufficient to demonstrate the possibility that what Joan believed to be a mysterious voice urging her to raise the siege of Orleans was nothing more than imagination. As Saint-Beuve points out, imagining that thoughts born from within are external or superior suggestions is a well verified fact of science, very rare, very exceptional, but by no means a miracle; rather an hallucination. This is De Quincey's and also Andrew Lang's idea. Indeed it is the idea of all writers who have too much faith in science to have any in religion: the idea, to be more explicit, of auto-suggestion which is believed to have been especially plausible with respect to Joan of Arc because she was exceedingly pious, because she lived in an age and in a country and amid scenes propitious to a credulous leaning toward the supernatural. Besides in her case there was her natural sympathy with France whose wounds were reopened at the battle of Agincourt in Joan's childhood. The calamities of her country must have lain with a great weight on her mind, giving rise to the thoughts which produced the hallucination of external suggestion. Plausible enough is this theory in the case of Joan of Arc, but hardly so in the case of Saul of Tarsus, for when that young Roman was on his way to Damascus his mind was not preoccupied with thoughts of the sufferings of the early Christians. His sympathies were not with those whom he had been persecuting. Admitting however that it was auto-suggestion that started Joan of Arc on the road to Chinon to see the Dauphin, how are we to account for the acknowledgment and approval of her by the king? Did he have a touch of auto-suggestion, too? And on what scientific principle are we to account for Joan's ability to stand the tests to which she was subjected by the learned doctors? For tests the ignorant girl was subjected to as we learn not from legend but from well-authenticated history. Then, again, how are we to account for the raising of the siege which had been holding all hearts in suspense, for the liberation of a city beleagured by an elaborate application of engineering skill unprecedented in Europe? These are perplexities which some writers have attempted to solve, but it may well be doubted whether they believe in their own solutions. The fact is that the mysterious voice which Joan heard is the easiest of all things to explain; is easier than the dove in the last scene which De Quincey mentions and without the slightest suggestion of incredulity. An English soldier who had sworn to throw a faggot on Joan's scaffold as his tribute of abhorrence, did so, and then suddenly turned away, a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood. Certainly if this was auto-suggestion it is not of the same principle discussed by Saint-Beuve; for the man who so abhorred the girl by whom his country's armies had been conquered that he contributed fuel to the flames that devoured her cannot have had such tender thoughts regarding the tragedy as must have been pre-requisite, according to the Saint-Beuve idea, to a mere hallucination.

The Herdsman

O herdsman driving your slow twilight flock
By darkening meadow and hedge and grassy rath;
The trees stand shuddering as you pass by;
The suddenly falling silence is your path.

Over my heart too, the shadows are creeping;
But on my heart for ever they will lie;
O happy meadows and trees and rath and hedges,
The twilight and all its flock will pass you by.

—Seumas O'Sullivan.

Perspective Impressions

In Dr. Aked's creed equal suffrage seems to be the paramount dogma.

King George bears all the earmarks of a genuine survivor of the Early Victorian period.

If hell is paved with conventionalities some people will prefer the tenderloin.

If Jack Hammond didn't make 'em sit up and take notice Jack Johnson certainly did. With the ebony pugilist in the midst of things the white ambassador was really nothing more than the forlorn hope of his race.

Although the Sunday School delegates do not travel on the Sabbath, one cannot help remembering that it was on the Sabbath that their Master rode into Jerusalem on an ass.

John Temple Graves demands the immediate resignation of Senator Elihu Root. Now let us hear from Alfred Henry Lewis and then issue a hurry-call for Hearst to come home.

As Senator Lee Gates publicly confesses that he didn't know the nature of one of the most important bills that he voted for at Sacramento perhaps he will be candid enough to admit that he ought to apply the recall to himself.

The great conflict in this country today is between the motorcrats and the walking classes.

The democracy of our respected Governor is intensely practical. He abhors staff colonels who are merely ornamental but he employs a butler.

If the Hetch-Hetchy water project is a frame-up Supervisor Paul Bancroft wants to know who are in it. What's the matter with indulging in the process of elimination? Beginning with the Mad Mullah and coming down to the man who winds the ferry clock, so well-informed a person as a Supervisor need have no fear of including an innocent man.

Correspondence

The Bandit and the Reporter

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: From reading Town Talk I have received the impression that you attribute the vices of American journalism to the demoralizing influence of the rich men who have gone into the newspaper business for the power that it gives them. I would suggest that there is some reason for believing that some of the vices may be traced to the peculiar educational system of this country which, as you have pointed out, has brutalizing tendencies. I am told that the editorial staffs of the big dailies are recruited principally from the graduating classes of the universities; that most of our reporters are college-bred men. Now there is much to be found in the news columns of the dailies to justify the charge that reporters have never had their sensibilities refined. It was because I have just run across a specimen of reporterial callousness that I write this letter. In the Chronicle's account of the capture of the boy bandit I find that he was once in love with a young woman in Los Angeles whose picture was found in his possession, "but he absolutely refused to divulge her name." This seems to imply that the reporter wanted to know her name. Why? To involve in scandal a young woman, who, for all the reporter knows, is the respectable daughter of respectable people. Now this is typical of reporters. Their curiosity is insatiable. They will not spare anybody or anything. They are absolutely ruthless, and apparently their editors cannot perceive that by the light which they are constantly reflecting on their instincts they excite disgust and bring discredit on their profession. Even the boy bandit, hardened criminal though he is, deprived of the "advantages" of higher education but schooled in the penitentiary, impresses me, in the light in which he has been presented, as a person made of better stuff than the reporter who wanted to know the name of the woman whom he was in love with.

Yours truly,

—Francis L. Banks.

San Francisco, June 18.

The Suffrage Question

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I have read with much interest the quotations from several authors touching the capacity of the skirted sex, and still I have not made up my mind as to how I shall vote on the suffrage question. The question that I must solve for myself is not whether it is good politics to allow a women to vote but whether for certain other reasons it is desirable that women should vote. The question of capacity doesn't, or at least ought not, enter into the matter at all. It is not to be disputed that women are as well able to qualify for citizenship as man. Indeed it is hardly to be doubted that taken in the mass there is much greater intelligence, much less ignorance and illiteracy among the women of this country than among the men. But in view of the fact that ignorance (excepting the profoundest) is not a bar to citizenship why consider at all the mental capacity of the skirted sex? The only logical objection that may be made to the proposal to give the franchise to women is that by so doing we shall increase the preponderance of emotionalism as a factor in the determining of elections. But there is nothing in the principles of our government that argues the desirability of reducing the volume of emotionalism. As a matter of fact the emotions play a greater part than the intellect in our government, and if the perfection of government depends on the growth of democracy as our progressive statesmen are now asserting then it must also depend on the increase of the influence of the emotions, so why not let them vote? Were it not for other considerations I should not hesitate to be logical. Perhaps it is a sign of effeminacy and weakness and lack of patriotism in me that I am more concerned for the welfare of the sex than for the government itself. I feel that we are more indebted to women than to government for making life worth living, and therefore I think that the conservation of the sex is of paramount importance. By conserving them I mean keeping them as they are, uncertain, coy, hard to please, "variable as the shade by the light quivering aspen made." I fear that as voters and politicians they would cease to make playthings of us, quit reigning over our passions. Like Goldsmith I might find it as hard to pardon a fair one for endeavoring to wield the club of Hercules as a man for endeavoring to twirl a distaff. I appreciate the fair ones most when they persuade without argument. I cannot think of women in politics without being at once confronted by an awful looking person wearing the badge of the W. C. T. U.

Sincerely yours,

—A Bachelor

Bombastes Furioso

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Strong assertions without proof, declamation without argument, violent censures without dignity, have been heard in the land and we know that Francis J. Heney is with us again. Again the public attention has been attracted to a character which will only pass without censure when it passes without observation. The address or diatribe of Heney to the Commonwealth Club contradicted even the plainest dictates of reason. Said he of a venerable and distinguished jurist: "He is crazy. He goes into clubs loudly, noisily and boisterously proclaiming his belief in the innocence of indicted men." The gentleman thus referred to for a generation has presided with dignity, fairness and ability over the highest court of this State. A judge considered by lawyers and laymen alike as having the integrity and mental equipment to sit upon the bench adorned by a John Marshall—and yet even that man is placed in pawn to win the plaudits of the Heney claquer. "He believes indicted men are innocent." A state of mind, it seems to us, essential to the proper performance of the duty of a just judge. "He believes indicted men are innocent." Yes, Mr. Heney, perhaps he had in mind the Brobeck case, reported in volume 152, page 289 of the California Reports—to which you will note is subjoined a very interesting footnote which reads: "The indictment referred to in this opinion was subsequently dismissed by the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco upon motion of the District Attorney on the ground that there is no evidence sufficient to put said W. I. Brobeck on his defense to said charge and that in the interest and furtherance of justice the said indictment as to said W. I. Brobeck should be dismissed and discharged."—The Court. "He goes into clubs," says Heney referring to this judge, "boisterously and loudly proclaiming his belief in the innocence of indicted men—he is crazy." This is rather a benign form of mental malady when compared with the attitude of mind of a man who on the street, in the home, at the club, through the press and upon the platform, "noisily, boisterously and loudly proclaims his belief in the guilt of indicted men. We all seem to remember how Heney in his semi-judicial capacity of district attorney "roped and tied" a defendant "like a Spanish bull" on a public platform. And perhaps some of us will reflect that the man who was recently so offensive in a local club that he had to be disciplined with physical force is hardly qualified to censure another for resenting the insult of a boor. Indeed perhaps some of us may reflect that a man betrays a curious state of mind who, while violating the amenities of debate in a club, sets himself up as a critic of the conduct of another.

Respectfully,

—Junius.

Varied Types

XXVII—RICHARD BURKE

By Edward F. O'Day

"Of all comparisons, those instituted between cities are most likely to be odious. And yet there are many points in which Dublin and San Francisco may be compared and contrasted."

It was Richard Burke who said it, and he ought to know. For Richard Burke is a man of two cities, the same being Dublin and San Francisco. It would be difficult to say which city he knows better. For years he has been swinging from one side of the world to the other at measured intervals, a very active sort of human pendulum. Alike in Golden Gate Park and Stephens Green he is a familiar figure. As many friends hail him in the court of the Palace as grasp his hand in the Gresham on O'Connell street. In the very new Pacific-Union and in the very old United Service his advent is not distinguished as that of a traveler but celebrated as that of an old friend.

It would be invidious to inquire which city Richard Burke likes better. Dublin he loves as only an Irishman can love his country's ancient capital. For San Francisco he has a deep and abiding affection. And why not? It was here that the romance of a happy marriage came into his life when he wooed and won a daughter of the prominent Donohoe family. It was here too that his son courted and married beautiful Genevieve Walker. And he has valuable holdings here. He is, for instance, one of the owners of the lot where the Occidental Hotel used to be. His present trip to San Francisco was not unconnected with the plans for a new building on that site. While rather diffident about discussing the future of the property, he lets it be known that he would like to see a grander Occidental rise where the famous old hostelry went down to ashes.

"Wherever I travel," he says, "the old Occidental is lovingly remembered. It was a landmark of the city. When I arrived here five weeks after the fire my judgment was that it should be rebuilt on lines which would restore its old character but of course with all uptodate improvements. Since that time complications have arisen to delay action, but I am of the same opinion still."

Readers of the papers may guess, as one complication, that the owners are divided in opinion as between constructing a hotel and an office building. On sentimental grounds disinterested San Franciscans would probably cast a unanimous vote for a hotel.

Speaking of hotels, Burke prefers the American to the English and Irish system.

"When you engage a room in an American hotel," he points out, "you pay a fixed price which covers everything, but in England and Ireland you receive a bill which carries itemized amounts for your rooms, for attendance, for your lights, for fires and so on. The bill is probably smaller than your bill would be in America, but the aggregation of small items is irritating. It is much more satisfactory to pay so much a day."

Our restaurants, he admits, cannot be equalled by anything in Dublin.

"If you want a good luncheon or a good dinner in Dublin," he explains, "you must go to a hotel or a club. There are no places there like the fine establishments in San Francisco."

To our clubs also he pays high compliment.

"They are second to none in the world. And there are features of club life such as you find at the Bohemian and Olympic, that are not attempted in Dublin."

But he does not underrate the attractions of the United Service and the Stephens Green and other clubs which Irishmen have a right to compare with some of the best of those in London.

In the matter of theaters he throws up his hands.

"You are far more of a theater-going people than we are in Dublin," he says. "There are only two good theaters in Dublin. The reason of course is that we are so near London that most people go there to see the big plays.

"London," he continues, "is really the capital of Ireland. That is why the glories of the Dublin that flourished before the Union may not be restored when we get Home Rule. Before the Union Dublin had the best of society. Everybody had a good time. Art and literature flourished. All things beautiful were sought. The city had beautiful houses, beautiful pictures and the finest wines in the world, especially claret which was the favorite drink. But these

RICHARD BURKE

things will not revive with Home Rule. London was very far away in those old days and few Dubliners went there. But steam has made a great difference. London is so easy to reach that it is the metropolis of Irishmen as well as of Englishmen."

Yes, Richard Burke believes that Home Rule is coming, as you have inferred from the foregoing. His views on Irish politics are not those of the enthusiast but of the thinker and observer who has studied events by the light of experience and under the guidance of a quiet sense of humor. Thirty years ago, when he was a young barrister in Clonmel, he thought of trying for a seat in Parliament. It was at the time of Gladstone's great land act and he probably handled more cases under the rent-fixing provisions of that act than any other man in Ireland. But he was Master of the Tipperary Hunt, the best hunt in the kingdom, and on the advice of his friend T. P. O'Connor, he decided not to try to combine the two positions. He stayed with the sport for twenty-four years and now his thoughts may be turning once more toward Parliament.

"Under a Home Rule Parliament which is imminent," he says, "I shall probably renew my early ambition."

A Home Rule Parliament! To many expatriated Irishmen it sounds too good to be true and yet there has been a wonderful renascence in every department of Irish life.

"Until recently," says Burke, "there were lots of people who had never heard of Daniel O'Connell and Robert Emmet. Many Irishmen were under the impression that Ireland had no history to boast of. They were told so and they believed it. It was the settled policy of England to wipe out the faith, the literature and the customs of the country. Why, the Duke of Wellington once expressed regret that he was an Irishman. If he were living today he'd wear a green hat. I can remember when people were prosecuted for playing 'The Wearin' of the Green,' but now it is given by the military bands all over the country.

"All things Irish are much sought after. In the public market Irish publications of earlier date fetch a great deal of money. The love of art has been stimulated by the opening of the Municipal Gallery which has a splendid collection of modern masters. The literary movement is growing stronger and stronger all the time. There is a great demand for old Irish silver and Irish glassware and no wonder, as the specimens extant are very beautiful. The best period for Irish silver was from the end of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century. Glass factories too were numerous, the most famous being at Waterford. It is now nearly one hundred years since glass was made there and what remains is exceedingly valuable. No modern makers have succeeded in imitating it. And we had more than our share of the best engravers. Just to mention three names, there were Thomas Burke, John Jones and J. R. Smith, masters of the art whose prints used to sell in Grafton street, Dublin, or in Bond street, London, for two and six. Now they fetch several hundred pounds."

In this matter of antiquity of course we cannot hope to rival things Irish for many generations. But in more modern things? Well, Richard Burke, good Dubliner that he is, is not prepared to admit that our street cars are as good as the trams of the older city. He points out too that Dublin has its municipal water supply and that the city has a plant for electric-lighting the public buildings. Certainly we are behind there. And what have we, he asks, to rival the Dublin Museum, the Royal Irish Academy and the great library of Trinity College. And as for railway depots, there are six fine depots in Dublin, while San Francisco—but that is a sore subject with us.

Not that Burke is aggressive in these comparisons. He made them very unwillingly. I had to draw them out of him. He is entirely satisfied with San Francisco and does not come here as a critic but as one of us. And yet, if he had to make his choice between the two towns as a place of fixed abode, I think I know which one he would choose. Down deep in his heart, I think, the situation is formulated thus:

"Not that I love San Francisco less but Dublin more."

Can you blame him? I leave the answer to any Irishman.

BONDS

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Summer Love

By Richard Skowronnek (From the German)

Immediately on receipt of her letter, he hastened to the railway station, took the first express train to the Austrian frontier, and traveled the whole night. At Orderberg he was obliged to change cars and board an agonizingly slow local, as no other trains stopped at his destination.

Zdarnow, Galicia!

This was the place named in her letter, but no railway guide consulted by him mentioned a station of that name. The railway officials in Berlin advised him to buy a ticket to the Austrian frontier and to inquire further there. Luckily, a few miles beyond Breslau, he chanced to obtain the desired information from a traveling companion. Zdarnow was a little Polish country town inhabited mostly by Jews, about an hour's ride this side of Cracow.

And now he stood shivering and yawning outside the little depot which the Austrian State Administration in its inscrutable wisdom had placed several miles away from the town to which it naturally belonged.

A drizzling rain had succeeded the impenetrable fog, and he could now see a stretch of the country road, flanked by two rows of melancholy willows. It resembled a sluggish stream of viscous mire, dotted here and there with large boulders that rose out of the mud like islands. An antediluvian vehicle was stationed near the depot, but its appearance was more depressing, if anything, than the stream of mire. The body of the cart was made of wicker work, and it was supported by four rickety wheels. A miserable nag, looking like a huge bag of bones, was harnessed to it by a rope.

Yankel Abramek, the owner of the outfit, had in the meanwhile coolly gathered up the luggage of the traveler, and motioned him with an inviting gesture to get in.

"This road wasn't made for Excellency's patent leather shoes," he remarked. "You may just as well get in. What's the odds?"

To the somewhat dubious inquiry whether the cart might get stuck in the mud, the Galician Jehu replied with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders:

"Stuck in the mud? The wagon is solid enough to take you to America. And the horse? When he gets started, he goes as fast as a locomotive."

While the speed developed by the beast failed to come up to Abramek's promises, the traveler, by watching the trees along the road, was soon able to observe a certain rate of progress, and beneath the mire there was evidently a stratum of stones and little ravines, which made a sort of pavement, and preserved the vehicle from sinking bodily into the mud.

Abramek was dressed in a long Galician kaftan reaching down to his heels and charitably concealing the rest of his attire. His intimate knowledge of the road helped him to avoid to some extent the consequences of the vehicle's contact with the treacherous shoals in the miry sea, which jerked the passenger almost from his seat.

By and by the driver respectfully inquired where the "baron" came from.

"From Berlin."

"From Berlin? Blessed be the name of the God of Israel!" Greatly impressed by the reply vouchsafed him, Abramek raised his bushy eyebrows, and attempted to goad his horse by a few blows of the whip to an increased tempo.

After a few minutes' silence the driver continued:

"Excuse me, Herr Baron, but if you are from Berlin, what can you be looking for in Zdarnow?"

Herr Eekensteen smiled involuntarily. The inquiry betrayed a boundless astonishment that any inhabitant of the great city of Berlin should voluntarily undertake a special journey to so forsaken a spot as Zdarnow, and the contemptuous tone with which Abramek pronounced the name of his native town was inimitable.

What was he seeking in Zdarnow?

The story was done with long ago. It was all over. A sequel or a different ending at this time seemed so foolish.

Two years had passed since the day when he had seen her last, and the memory of that scene was now so dim that he could hardly recall her features with clearness. Only the sound of her voice remained in his ears: the silvery cadence of her laugh, and a certain peculiar intonation with which she would commence to speak if startled out of a reverie—tremulously clear, like the sudden ringing of a bell in the distance.

Two short years ago they would have sworn that eternity would not part them. She had clung to his neck, and vowed again and again that she would break the fetters that bound her to another. And how earnestly they had built their castles in the air!

As the little steamboat bore him away the next morning from the narrow island in the Quenaro, he ground his teeth in an endeavor to stifle a sob. She was standing on a rock, her white dress fluttering in the wind. His eyes were fixed avidly on the slender figure; he leaned against the railing and watched her until nothing was left of her form save a tiny white speck outlined against the black rock.

Then they corresponded. He wrote her of his hopes and dreams, of his efforts to prepare a home worthy of the pampered child of fortune. Her letters were full of droll notions. She gossiped about the silly women in the hotel, and complained of her cousin, an Austrian cavalry officer, who suddenly made his appearance in the resort and pursued her with his attentions. She assured him of her constancy, and like a shout of triumph there rang in her letters the confident hope of a speedy reunion that should know no parting. One of these epistles impressed itself upon his memory with special force, for it reflected her personality more truly than most of the others.

I am sitting alone in the little chapel on Monte Giovanni, whither I have fled for refuge from the intolerable gossip of the colonel's wife. At times I listen to her with pleasure—that is, when she speaks of you. My cousin, Ladislas, has just left me in a towering rage, for when he asked me to whom I was writing, I answered: "To my sweet lord and master." He is jealous, poor fellow, and does not know his rival. But I must be careful, for though he has no scruples against starting a flirtation with the wife of his cousin, he would be the first to betray me to my husband. Sometimes I have a suspicion that he is here to spy on me. What else could have brought him to Lussin? He is surely no invalid. Well, here I am sitting all alone, and all sorts of absurd notions are running through my brain. At times I shudder when I think of my homecoming, of the moment when I shall meet him and tell him: "I love another, we must part." I believe he will kill me. And the colonel's wife, with whom I discussed the affair (academically, of course) told me a perfectly horrid story of a husband coolly cutting his wife's throat in a similar situation. Do you think he would do a thing like that? How silly, when you do not even know him! I forgot that. Very odd, dearest, is it not, that you two have never met? (I was about to say something, but will suppress it as being too risque). And the colonel's wife says that divorces are no longer fashionable. I find that idea, however, too absurd, especially as a menage a trois in our case would be utterly impracticable. We both have a far higher conception of our love. Besides, you desire me to obtain a divorce, and your desire is to me a law, my beloved master. Tell me, dearest, you really do not mind the nonsense I am writing, do you? I must stop now, for it is growing dark and the air is chilly. But within me all is rosy bright, like the glow of the sunset yonder on the summits of Velebit. All is glowing and happy within me as I think of our future. Farewell. I embrace you and kiss you in my thoughts and I love you madly.

And then, after an interval of four weeks, her last letter:

My dearest, I am but a wretched beggar, for I have lost the costliest of my possessions, my hope for the future. I have wallowed in the dust at his feet, but he will not set me free; and as I persisted, he threatened to shut me up in a madhouse unless I returned to reason. For more than a week I have struggled with him daily for my freedom, but my strength is gone, and I have given up the fight. I lack courage to take that last step—to leave him and the child; for though I am sure of your loyalty, beloved, I doubt myself. I am not sure that some day I might not long for that which I shall have lost forever. Perhaps if the path were clear for me to become your wife—! As it is, I am afraid.

Let us then part, and be not angry. I embrace you for the last time, and shall never forget you.

Two years had passed since he received that letter. At first, he felt that he would never be able to master his sorrow, and even many months later, when the wounds of his heart had seemingly healed, he would drain anew the bitter cup of his loss whenever he chanced to see some woman who resembled her in feature or in manner. Then he passed days of dull despair and dark brooding. He might never have pulled himself together had not his first successful paintings plucked him out of the nameless crowds at that critical moment and placed him alongside of the foremost living masters of his art.

In the days that followed the farewell on the Lussin, he had commenced a picture in which he sought to reproduce her form as she appeared to him on the rock at Lussin Grande, waving her tender farewell. He left it uncompleted, and when, after a lapse of time, he had picked it up, he obeyed a sudden impulse to finish it. He thought that he might thus rid his soul of the burden that oppressed it. When he stood face to face with his completed work, he realized that he had put into it something entirely

(Continued on Page 22.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Trouble for Turkey

There is a well defined belief in Europe that Russia and England have reached an agreement which, if carried out, will end in the driving of Turkey from Europe. They have adopted the policy which they agreed on in the summer of 1908 when King Edward met the Czar at Reval, a policy that was the immediate cause of the Turkish revolution in that its interference in the internal affairs of the Ottoman Empire offended enough politico-military sentiment in Turkey to enable the committee to overthrow Abdul Hamid. That policy was left in abeyance until time should show whether the Young Turks and their constitutional parliamentary system could produce a decent administration. The verdict of the Russian and apparently of the British Government is hostile. England, according to the view taken in Europe, has completely reversed her old time policy toward the Turkish Empire. Toward the end of his career the late Lord Salisbury said that in the Russo-Turkish problem England had put her money on the wrong horse. Now she has stopped even hedging on her stake and gone over to the Russian and the original Gladstonian policy that the Turk as a political administrator must get out of Europe bag and baggage. Presented graphically, the process now being applied resembles the upper and nether millstone at work and Constantinople being ground between them. Russia in the Macedonian north and England in the Arabian south are regarded as engaged deliberately in destroying the authority of the Turkish central Government at Constantinople. The motive for the present inflexible hostility of the two Governments to the new Turkish regime is by no means based on altruistic sympathy with oppressed Christian nationalities nor even on treaty rights. It springs from the conviction held by Russia and England that Turkey is not to be trusted. Moreover they think that she is not to be feared. Her sole strength in the way of prestige is the German organization of her army, and since the present year began this newly modelled army has been subjected north and south to continuous humiliation. Many Russians go so far as to hold that the present movement will finish the Ottoman Empire and the Sublime Porte, that the Turkish administrative system as it exists at present will be relegated to Asia Minor with its capital at Bagdad, and that it will rank approximately with Persia among the political powers.

Absinthe Consumption in France

Statistics recently published show that France drinks annually more absinthe than all the rest of the world put together. The consumption in 1910 amounted to 36,000,000 litres, compared with 700,000 in 1874; while the total quantity of alcohol drunk reached the enormous figure of 129,000,000 litres, or three and a third litres per head. The amount has been gradually rising since 1840, when each inhabitant accounted for only one litre on the average. It is believed that even the huge figure falls short of the truth, owing to fraudulent returns. To combat this state of things, which is feared by many to be sapping the strength of the country, a temperance movement has been afoot for some years past, but has met with very little success. Now the government has arranged to give special courses of lessons to children, teaching the evils, direct and indirect, of alcoholism; and a textbook has been written by the director of a hospital and a headmaster, showing the ravages made by habitual drinking on the human body and giving examples of the gradual degeneration of the nation from this cause.

Record Sentry Duty

A Russian private soldier named Mednikoff owes his sudden promotion to the rank of a non-commissioned officer to the fact that he stood on sentry duty for thirty-two hours on end. Mednikoff belonged to the Twenty-first Regiment of Sappers at Gitomir, a garrison town in western Russia, and was detailed to guard a powder magazine situated about two miles distance from the town. At 1 o'clock in the morning he took up his post, expecting to be relieved at 6 o'clock, but no one came. There he stood, foodless and exposed to inclement weather, all the next day and the whole of the following night, until 9 o'clock a. m. on the second day, when through sheer exhaustion he fell down in a faint. The explanation was that the regimental commander had committed suicide and in the ensuing confusion the sentry had been forgotten. The case was reported to the Czar, who forthwith made Mednikoff a non-commissioned officer and sent him a present of $12.50.

The Thunder Cure

Another case has been added to the long list of those who are said to have been cured of deafness and dumbness by a sudden shock. This time the story comes from Amiens, France, where a woman is said to have recovered her speech after a particularly loud clap of thunder. There have been heavy storms in the region for the last few days, accompanied with hail, rain, thunder, and lightning, and trees in some places have been pulled up by the roots. At others lightning struck houses and barns and horses and cattle have been killed. A woman 48 years of age, the wife of a workman, had completely lost her speech since 1905. She was still able to hear, but the only way she had of communicating with anyone was by writing. She was subjected to various treatments, among others that of electricity; but they seemed to have no effect. During the recent thunderstorms she was seized with a terrible nervous attack, and suddenly she recovered her speech, and is now able to converse as easily as before. Several physicians have gone to question here, and her cure is talked of as almost miraculous.

Teddy's Secretary Naturalized

Through the application for his naturalization papers in the naturalization bureau of the United States Circuit Court last week, it became known that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's new secretary, Frank Harper, is not an American citizen. The young man apologized for not making his application sooner, and explained to the officials in charge that he would have done so but for the fact that the former President has been keeping him so busy that he has not had time to make the journey to the courthouse. He is 27 years of age and was born in Birmingham, England. When he appeared at the naturalization bureau he got into line with a nondescript horde of Russians, Poles and Italians, prepared to wait his turn with the rest of them. Someone in the building recognized him and had him brought into one of the inner offices, where his papers were issued without delay so that he could return to his duties. Colonel Roosevelt was waiting for him when he got back, and proceeded to dictate a trunk full of correspondence to him that made amends for the time he lost. But some mean persons are asking, Were there no native born voters fit to handle the Colonel's mail?

"Straining at a Hair"

Under this heading the San Bernardino Sun takes "a fall out of" the progressive railroad commission, as follows:

With some astonishment, The Sun confesses that it had looked for bigger and better things from the reconstituted railroad commission in California than to have it land on school children as among its first trophies. But the latest news is that "special rates made to school children by transportation companies have been declared discriminatory, by the State Railroad Commission." An order has been issued by the commission calling upon the transportation companies to either do away with the school rate or allow all other children up to the age of 18 years the same rate of fare when such children are traveling under similar conditions. In other words if a child makes a trip between certain points during what are considered school hours, that child will be entitled to the same rate as a student even though the child does not attend school. Just what action the electric and steam roads will take because of the commission's ruling is not known, but it is believed the school rate, which is about 60 per cent of the regular full fare, will be abolished entirely. We'll confess that jars us a bit. In all cities it has been customary for the street car lines to make a special rate applicable to school children really a half rate, so that those residing at some distance from their schools might use the cars. But the wise men of the railroad commission say that's "discriminatory." It is. But if the commission wipes out all the more serious discriminations, it will have its hands full for a long time to come, and let the school children alone.

Revising the Vulgate

Dom Gasquet, the great Biblical scholar, from his cell in the great Benedictine stronghold in Rome, is quietly directing the stupendous undertaking of revising the Vulgate version of the Bible. Since the first report of the work was issued two years have passed, and much progress has been made, but the careful and systematic collation of all the most important codices will take more time and money than was expected. One of the methods is to obtain copies of as many texts as possible through photography. An indication of the enormous work which this one item means is seen in the trial volume, which has the variants of Exodus alone, and consists of thirty MS. readings. Spain, Austria, and a part of Germany have already been searched. The manuscripts of Munich were so numerous that nothing after the thirteenth century was looked at. America has had her share in helping the work, as J. Pierpont Morgan is the possessor of part of what are known as the Golden Gospels, the rest of them being in the Musee Germanique, Nuremberg.

TO CELEBRATE THE FOURTH

Firecracker, Cannon, and Flag and Shield Boxes filled with candies are appropriate Fourth of July gifts for young and old. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

The Spectator

The Fair Site

We shall soon know whether it is to be put in the Park, at Harbor View or at Lake Merced. Perhaps the scrap will have been brought to a close before this page comes off the press. It has been a pretty lively scrap, and the partisans of each of the sites have displayed a good deal of feeling, but I think they may be depended upon to get together when it is all over and agree that the site selected is the best. For any of the three sites will serve the purpose, and as there has been very little wholly distinterested partisanship the partisans that lose will hardly be justified in making faces at the victors. The most popular of all the sites—the Park—is undoubtedly the one that has been backed by the greatest amount of selfishness. "Put it in the Park" has been the slogan chiefly of dealers in sand lots and small property owners in Richmond and Sunset. But there are many people in favor of the Park site whose judgment was influenced by no selfish interest, just as there are many who opposed the selection of the Park on civic considerations alone. Among the supporters of Harbor View are many persons who believe it to be best suited to the purpose because of the facilities it affords for marine effects and because its selection would necessitate many important public improvements, such, for example, as a tunnel the effect of which would be to bring a now remote and populous district into the heart of the city. The same argument applies to Lake Merced. So we see that whatever be the judgment of the committee there will be no substantial reason for public disappointment, for each site has its advantages.

The Psychological Teredo

Some harrowing pictures of imminent catastrophe have been drawn for us by the most veracious of all our contemporaries, pictures that have started gooseflesh on many a timid commuter and caused that credulous person, the average citizen, to stare pop-eyed at the tower of the ferry building, his emotions keyed to the highest pitch by the expectation of seeing it suddenly collapse or topple into the bay. The story of the piles honeycombed with decay, by voracious teredos made like unto sieves, far worse at any rate than Swiss cheese, has filled us all with horror and alarm. Doubtless some of us have also been filled with indignation while reflecting on the criminal negligence of the bad politicians who formerly mismanaged affairs on the water front. And doubtless, too, some of us have felictated ourselves on our wisdom in voting for that grand young man Hiram Johnson who swept the bad politicians out of office and thus sweetened the public service and saved the ferry building. If I have not been moved by the harrowing pictures and the startling story of the prospect of appalling catastrophe, it is not because I am less emotional than the average citizen. The truth is, I fear, that when I read of the diver who came up from below, his pale face telling the story of terror that transfixed him when he saw the state of the piles, I might have experienced a sensation of horror had I not been accosted at that moment by my antique friend the sceptic philosopher who winds the ferry clock.

The Real Dope

The clock man gave me some inside information. "This teredo pile-feeding stunt," he said, "is a continuous performance. Every little while it is necessary to put in new piles, and sometimes they are put in oftener than necessary. I have yet to know a commission that was so economical with the people's money as to be reluctant to spend it for piles."

"How about the building," I asked; "is it safe?"

"As safe," he replied, "as it was the morning of the earthquake, and its stability seemed conclusive on that occasion."

"Well, what's all this noise about," I asked.

The man that winds the ferry clock seemed amused to find me so unsophisticated. "You appear to have forgotten about the ten million bond issue," he said. "The commissioners have ten million dollars to spend on the water front in the next two years, and naturally they want the people to be prepared to appreciate the spending of it. Don't be alarmed about the building. There's never a tremor in it save when Hale and Dwyer with a full cargo of dignity appear on the job simultaneously. Then it vibrates and the clock loses a minute. But don't worry."

Having thus kindly admonished me my grizzled friend took up his key and walked.

Our Progressive Governor

Why all this pother about the discovery that Governor Johnson's railroad commission amendment is designed to give His Excellency power over the railroads for six years after the expiration of his term of office? Governor Johnson has done nothing to weaken our confidence in his integrity or our faith in his uncompromising devotion to the plain people. We elected Hiram Johnson to the gubernatorial office that he might regulate our railroads, and if in his judgment it will take him till 1921 to get them well in hand we should vindicate our confidence in him by voting for his pet amendment. From this amendment it is to be inferred that Governor Johnson has no intention of abandoning the work of reformation at the end of his term. It is to be inferred that he purposes even as a private citizen to continue the good work which he is now prosecuting with the assistance of patriotic attorneys of the Western Pacific. I hold no brief for Governor Johnson, but I am in favor of giving him as much rope as he wants and letting him go as far as he likes. If Senator Lee Gates is opposed to the amendment then he must be classed as a reactionary and a friend of the Octopus.

The City of Delight

Chief of Police White, though he never wore a locust or grinned behind a star, appears to have a sense of the first duty of the head of a police department. He told the reporters the other day that he had no intention of taking them into his confidence, preferring to let the public discover his policy from his acts rather than from his talk. Not since Pat Crowley's day have we had a chief who considered it unnecessary to employ a brass-band to signalize his performances. And tradition tells us that Pat was an effective policeman. He never talked about the lid or the morals of the tenderloin, but when things went wrong he mended them without any fuss, and though Kearny street and Grant avenue were spotted with dives as far south as Market the old town was reckoned a pretty good place to live in. And there are some folks who still have a good word to say about this thriving metropolis notwithstanding that it is never, but always about to be, as virtuous as the newspapers would have it. Of course there is much dissatisfaction with the existing order of things. But the memory of the oldest inhabitant runs not to the time when everybody was happy and the goose was hanging high. Nor was there ever perhaps less dissatisfaction than there is at this moment. The fact is there are some people whose hearts are always throbbing with moral indignation. And as to the press, the conscience of it is worn to the bone by its continuous solicitude for the morals of its neighbors. There are editors whose souls are forever steeped in moral wrath. They are of the type that hates gambling in Chinatown and shares with the white lottery dealers the profits of their enormous business. Their faculties are benumbed from fighting evil all the time and never thinking of the good things of life. If they should quit bruising the serpent they wouldn't know what to do. Jeremiahing is their vocation and they must stick to it. On their horizon they can see nothing but Circe's palace where men are being transformed to swine to wallow in congenial mud. There is really more need of a rescue expedition in their behalf than in the interest of the votaries of the turkey-trot. Something ought to be done to persuade them to enjoy a little relaxation from reform and look about them and be frankly pleased with this beautiful city which is now so good that it is entertaining a Sunday School Convention and extending its hospitality to the platitudes of ministers from everywhere. There is really a lot to enjoy in San Francisco. Of local color there is no end, of atmosphere there are forty-seven varieties and when the sun is out we have beautiful sunsets, and when the refreshing fog wraps us our park with its illusions that abound in the misty distance is paradise to any man who possesses the luxury of an imagination.

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Once More the Turkey Trot

The turkey trot is to become a dance of national fame. Word comes that the "Follies of 1911" will contain a scene in which the "Anna Held girls" will execute its entrancing measures with strict fidelity, their studies having been made right here in San Francisco. And so Broadway is to have a chance to decide whether Mary Garden had a right to be shocked, provided always that she was really and truly shocked, a thing which some of the knowing ones persist in denying. The turkey trot apparently will not down, though it is being soundly berated. It was introduced at Santa Cruz by the blithe spirits who hied them thither to celebrate the opening of Fred Swanton's big beach hotel, but the Santa Cruz editors immediately repudiated it with virtuous heat. In Sacramento the Union has swatted it unmercifully, having found tender girls dancing it at Oak Park Pavilion. But here in the "Paris of America" its pagan sinuosities continue to hold men and women in thrall. Even money is being wagered that it will be danced at the smart affairs this winter, but of course this is a sporting proposition and we all know that gambling is a greater evil than dancing. Even the police frown on gambling while the dance goes merrily on. The popularity of the turkey trot may be inferred from the fact that the knowing Menippus who writes from San Francisco to the Stockton Mail has been trying to formulate rules for it. "To hug the lady with the peroxide hair and gold teeth as closely as possible constitutes rule one," says this pseudo-authority. "Walking backward in step then develops a peculiar sidewise swaying motion which the lady never fails to perform with great gusto. Then they rub up against the bar and the steam-slinger hands the fair (chemically speaking) partner a blue ticket, redeemable at two bits. Beer costs fifty cents a pint at Cowboy Mag's." Which of course is an intolerable libel on the latest eccentricity of frolicsome Terpsichore.

Mary Garden's Vindication

Mary Garden left San Francisco under a cloud. That is, her reputation for good-fellowship was under a cloud. The dailies reported that the turkey-trot had shocked her just as the tame and jejune waltz shocked the prudes in Byron's day, and the news of Mary's objection to a mildly libidinous dance of fashionable as well as vulgar vogue was as painful to many of her admirers as the news of a clergyman's fall from grace is to the pious members of his congregation. But from recent advices it appears that Mary was done a grievous injustice. It has been explained that she objected to our barnyard dance only when it was danced by a gentleman for whom she had a very tender regard with a woman to whom he had not received an introduction. There are certain proprieties for which Mary is a stickler on peculiarly personal grounds. That she is no prude she publicly demonstrated when she started for Europe on the Kaiser Whilhelm der Grosse. In their description of her spectacular departure the newspapers might have given her ample vindication, but they were more or less disingenuous leaving much to the imagination. The New York Sun, for example, employed as a headline these words, "Ice, Give Mary Garden Ice," but the reporter neglected to say whether she wanted the ice to sit on or to eat. She told the reporter that she had forty-five pairs of American shoes and exhibited a pair she had about her person and when she rushed up the gangplank "her American shoes were entirely visible." Furthermore "as the ship moved out somebody's shoes were hanging over the rail." Now this is all very indefinite. And no matter how many papers you read you cannot get all the facts. Apparently all the reporters were under restraint. But by compounding the accounts of Mary's departure and thus forming a coherent, composite picture one is able to glimpse a lady doing the turkey-trot, the Texas-tommy and the old-fashioned can-can all at the same time and with variations.

Our "Potes"—an Addition

Let us add Dunk McPherson, editor of the Santa Cruz Sentinel and newly chosen Commissioner of the city by the pounding surf, to our list of California bards. Dunk, at whom Ambrose Bierce hasn't frowned for many years, offers this gem of purest ray serene:

Better Be Careful

A Mentor they call the Recall
Is watching you councilmen all;
Says: "Look ere you leap;
Still waters run deep;
Pride ever precedeth a fall."

Dunk doesn't seem to know that the limerick has been recalled and the daffydil elected in its place.

Some Daggett Stories

Editor Goodwin of Salt Lake City has been reminiscing about the big men with whom he was associated during his earlier years on the Pacific Coast and has just delivered himself of a delightful paper on Rollin M. Daggett. This is a fruitful topic, for Daggett, as founder of the old Golden Era of this city and afterwards as co-worker with Mark Twain, J. T. Goodman and Dan DeQuille on the Territorial Enterprise of Virginia City, was an ever bubbling fountain of wit and humor. And the personal magnetism of the man disarmed those who had every reason to feel unfriendly towards him. For instance: After the Civil War when General Sheridan was in command of the Department of the South, he sent word to Washington that the legislature of Louisiana was made up of banditti and asked permission to dissolve it. The request caused a great sensation everywhere, especially among the Democrats. There was a Democratic editor in Virginia City whom Editor Goodwin disguises in the name of Snyder. Snyder editorialized to the effect that Sheridan's demand was sufficient to justify another rebellion. Daggett resolved to silence this inflammatory talk, so he wrote: "Mr. Snyder paid his respects to Lieutenant General Sheridan in last evening's Chronicle. It was good of him thus to remember an old companion in arms. Both were in the service. When Sheridan was planning a raid on the Shenandoah Valley, Snyder was planning a raid on a government safe. Both succeeded. Sheridan cleaned out the valley; Snyder cleaned out the safe." Goodwin told Daggett that Snyder would kill him for that editorial. "The article appeared in the next morning's paper," says Goodwin. "I saw no more of Dagget until after dinner the next evening, when he and Snyder came in, each a little mellow. They had been dining together."

Muckraking a Dairy

Here is another typical Daggett yarn: Daggett and myself were quietly at work one afternoon when a man, unannounced, came in, walked straight to Daggett, and presenting a folded Enterprise to him said: "Daggett, that is a shame. My cows are as well fed as any man's and the milk I sell is rich and sweet." Daggett took the paper, glanced at the heading, "Swill Milk," swiftly read it over and knew that one of the reporters had been writing up the man's dairy in not very complimentary terms; then turning upon the man an indignant face, said: "You are a pretty man to come to me. I was down by your corral night before last," (he had not been there in three years) "and as I walked along the high-board fence, I heard your cows gnawing bones, and when I turned the corner they looked up at me and growled like dogs." The man dropped his hands, exclaimed, "Well, by—," turned and left the office.

Citing an Authority

This also is worth repeating: General Thomas H. Williams was one of Virginia City's great lawyers. He carried through successfully a difficult law suit, and his client gave him a small fee and 1,800 old shares of Con. Virginia stock. Williams tried to sell it, but the mine was in borasca then and on the stock board was rated at only a few cents a share. But after a while whispers began to be circulated that there was something in Con. Virginia, and the stock began to creep up. Then the shares were mul-

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tiplied by five; but they continued to creep up; then to jump; then to soar and Williams woke up one morning to find himself worth $12,000,000. It was not long until it began to be told that General Williams was a candidate for the U. S. Senate. Hearing of this Dagget wrote and published an article, giving some data in Williams' record, calculated to depress Mr. Williams' hopes of success. The General met Daggett next morning and trembling with anger, through white lips demanded to know Daggett's authority for what he had said to him. Daggett named a not very brilliant lawyer who was a half pensioner on Williams. Williams bowed and walked out. An hour later this man whom Daggett had named burst into the editorial rooms and demanded in almost uncontrollable anger, if he had given General Williams him as authority for the infamous article he had written. Daggett turned in his chair, seemed to be thinking for an instant and then said: "I believe I did." "Well, on what grounds?" was the next demand. "It was this way," said Daggett: "Williams came on me sudden-like, and you were the first son of a gun that came into my mind."

Ruef, Philosopher, Socialist

According to recent report in one of the dailies Abe Ruef is behaving at San Quentin like a man whose mental faculties are breaking down. This was the impression he made on an acquaintance who saw him a few weeks ago. Nothing like this impression has been received by the prison officials from whom I hear that Ruef is the most popular man in the village. Like a true philosopher, they say, he has adapted himself to his environment and is taking a sympathetic interest in the affairs of his fellow prisoners, many of whom are grateful to him for acts of kindness. At present he is the most active of all the members of the Fourth of July Committee of San Quentin, and it is said that he will make the celebration the finest, the most elaborate that was ever witnessed in the penitentiary. There is to be a big vaudeville performance in the evening and Ruef is to be the impresario. He has rented a piano in this city for the occasion, and it has been shipped over to the prison. He commissioned a friend to buy wigs and other essential accessories of a theatrical performance, and he has also written a vaudeville sketch. I am told that the ex-boss has become something of a socialist and that he has done a good deal of uplifting. My informant tells me that prisoners who are eligible to parole and who are without money and without friends beyond the prison walls are nearly always "staked" by long-termers who have saved a little money; that indeed there is never any difficulty in having a purse made up out of the savings of prisoners. But since Ruef arrived at San Quentin he has done all the purse-making.

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Rooster—Miss Pullet seems awfully stuck up.
Biddy—Yes, she claims descent from one of the highest-priced incubators on the market.

What Does He Mean?

The heat of the daffydil season seems to have affected the Sunday School reporter of the Examiner in more ways than one. Thus we find him warning the assembled hosts of Bible teachers against the "allurements of this greatest of world's fair cities" among which he counts "the strong call of the sea and the beckoning voice of the mountains." Just how a voice can beckon he fails to explain, but that is aside from the question. He goes on: "San Francisco and California never have held themselves responsible for their attractions, and they want to give notice to the International Sunday School Association that if any delegate should be found asleep at the edge of the ocean or a-daze in a bed of poppies, we and ours will plead not guilty and demand a jury trial." "Asleep at the edge of the ocean or a-daze in a bed of poppies!" Does the writer infer that the Sunday School teachers may get drunk at the beach resorts or "hit the pipe" in Chinatown? If not, just what does he mean?

Speaking of Daffydils

Speaking of daffydils, there are other indications that the silly season is upon us. The heat is affecting the editors. They think not neither do they care what webs of words they spin so long as the column is filled up. Thus we have Editor Milnes of the San Jose Times penning the editorial theological. His subject is the Gospel of St. John. "It is beautiful reading," he hazards. "The mystic introduction, anticipating much of the Gnostic doctrines of the Logos, cannot fail to interest those who think." The Gnostic doctrines of the Logos! Has Editor Milnes bought him the new Britannica that he waxes so learned? To get even Editor "Black" Hayes will have to discourse on "Homoousion and Homoiousion." Further to the southward, where the heat blisters the prunes, Editor Rowell gives us the editorial satirico-classical. To his perfervid vision William Randolph Hearst becomes an Atlas supporting the world and to vindicate his book learning he quotes:

Atlas en ipse laborat,
Vixque suis umeris candentem sustinet axem.

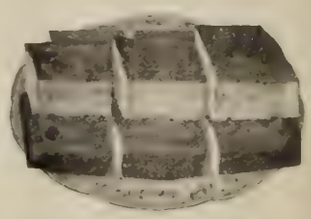
How many Republican subscribers in the maritime city of Fresno know the difference between this Atlas and the school geography?

A Disgusted Statesman

"Billy" Kent, the rollicking, spendthrift millionaire of Marin has dropped out of sight in Washington. So I am informed by the special Washington correspondent of Sacramento's leading journal, the Union. "He is very much disgusted with the way Congress transacts business," says the correspondent, but instead of staying on the job and trying to set things right he "shows his disgust by remaining away. He sometimes responds to the roll-calls but not always." From the same source I learn that "Billy" is still insurging against the President being sore "because of prosecutions instituted against his cattle company for illegal fencing of public lands in Nevada and because he has not been allowed to settle on his own terms." He is expected to show his resentment by rounding up the California delegation for La Follette. If "Billy" sticks to "Battle Bob" President Taft may have some difficulty in getting California's votes in the convention, for the man from the second district is no piker in politics. He and "Rebate" Earl of Los Angeles are the only prodigal angels of the Progressives in California, and whenever either signifies his intention of broaching a barrel all the leading patriots of journalism and politics stand ready to concur in the golden sentiments of the moment. At this moment, however, the insurgents in Washington are falling over one another in their mad rush for the President's band-wagon, and the La Follette boom is fast petering to extinction.

Wails from Alameda

Since the Southern Pacific converted its Alameda steam road into an electric system there has been a great deal of sorrow among commuters who make their homes in the soporific town. It seems that the tooting of the locomotives used to serve the commuter in several useful ways. By one toot he would arise and prepare himself for the day's work and by the toot-



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ing of a later locomotive he would measure the time he had to wipe the egg off his chin, kiss his wife and run to the station. But now there are no more toots in Alameda. The locomotive disturbs no more the slumberous calm of that interesting community. The electric cars come and go and make no noise and the commuter is frequently late at the office. Many commuters are purchasing alarm clocks and preparing to keep abreast of the march of progress.

A Delicate Distinction

The newspapermen who are writing politics for the morning dailies are far from being impressed by the astuteness of the men who are kindly devoting their valuable time to the task of picking out the right men for the dear people to elect. I was talking to one of the political writers about the efforts of these disinterested gentlemen and he let me know that he and his associates had a way of distinguishing them. "The members of the Municipal Conference," he told me, "are known as the boobs while the members of the Republican county committee are known as the bums."

A Gordon in Los Angeles

Los Angeles harbors a relative of Byron and this relative harbors ideas of his own about the poet. Some of these ideas he has communicated to a correspondent of the New York Times Review of Books. They are interesting, if not all equally convincing. Colonel Hanford Lennox Gordon is the man in question and he is a relative of the "heiress of Gight" who was Byron's mother. I learn that this Los Angeles Gordon used to be a Republican orator and "a fire-eater generally" and that he is "a poet of more than local celebrity." The last statement will bear investigation. Was he ever kissed by Mary Garden? Be that as it may, Colonel Gordon is to the fore with an explanation of Byron's lameness. "I find," he says, "on looking over old, musty memoranda and documents that it was the personal abuse and brutal conduct of her dissolute and profligate husband, while Lord Byron's mother was carrying her unborn boy, that crippled the poet's feet and doubtless seriously affected his nervous system and disposition. His mother herself had a fitful and violent temper (especially after her marriage to Capt. Byron), and in her tantrums sometimes beat and threw cudgels at her son when he was a child; but his feet were crippled before he was born." It is up to Colonel Gordon to place those old, musty memoranda and documents at the disposal of the next writer of Byron's life.

Knocking His Lordship

"Being myself a descendant of the Clan Gordon of Aberdeenshire," continues Colonel Gordon, "in my boyhood I heard and read much of Lord Byron and his mother. I was fascinated by his poetry and read it all with avidity, but I fear with little moral profit. At any rate, in my mature years I interdicted Byron to my own children, and on their account banished his works from my open library." One cannot but feel a little sorry for Colonel Gordon's children. No doubt, like their father, they were fascinated by Lord Byron's poetry and it was pretty hard for them to be denied access to the volumes which contained "Childe Harold," the "Hebrew Melodies," the "Prisoner of Chillon," "Mazeppa," the "Siege of Corinth" and other poems that stir the youthful blood and fill the juvenile mind with aspirations that are not altogether devoid of moral profit. I wonder, without desiring to be impertinent, whether Colonel Gordon's children, if given their choice, would prefer their father's poetry to their distinguished kinsman's.

"I can tell you," said he, "how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart."

"How much?" asked she.

"Two pints."

Copies of Keith

I hear that pictures in imitation of the late William Keith's landscapes are now bobbing up and that at least one of them has been offered for sale by a well known art dealer. Which reminds me of the story from London about a

Hints for Vacationists

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man named Walter Greaves who has been exhibiting paintings so much like those of James McNeill Whistler that some critics believe he was Whistler's tutor. It is known that he worked with Whistler and that he did some work on some of Whistler's better known pictures. Some of Whistler's warmest admirers among the critics say they cannot tell Whistler's work from Greaves' and they believe that Whistler worked on some of the pictures which Greaves has exhibited and which have created no small sensation in London. Greaves professes deeply to reverence Whistler, but gives the impression that during his association with the eccentric artist he was under something in the nature of an hypnotic spell and was required to suppress himself that his work might not dim the glory of his contemporary. From what I hear of the pictures that are said to be copies of Keith's landscapes there is no likelihood of their causing the slightest confusion.

"Friend," began the strolling philosopher, "do you know anything about the pursuit of happiness?"

"Ought to," chuckled the rural constable, as he filled his mouth with tobacco. "Calculate I have chased more eloping couples than any man in this region."

Dick Havey Going Blind

One of the best known of race track men in this part of the world is threatened with the loss of his eyesight. Dick Havey who began life as a jockey and who has seen a great deal of history made on the American turf, has been told by his physician that it is only a question of time when he will be totally blind. Fortune has not smiled on "Dick" in these latter years which have been parlous years for most followers of the track, so he must make a sacrifice to secure the medical attention and the comforts which his unfortunate condition demand. Years ago he rode the winner in the American Derby and the owner of the horse had a picture of the animal painted at a cost of $1,000. Experts in horse pictures have declared this one of the best in America. The picture is now the property of Havey and he is going to raffle it.

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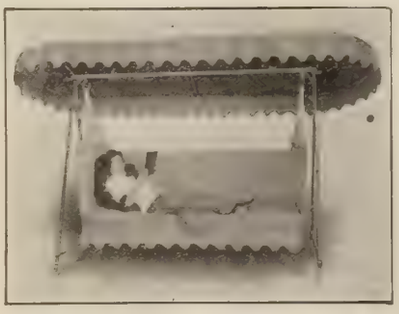

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A Hardy "Pome"

Thomas Hardy's verse is becoming eccentric. His most recent lucubrations, called "Satires of Circumstances," includes a little thing that trills as follows:

In the Room of the Bride-Elect

"Would it had been the man of our wish!"
Sighs her mother. To whom with vehemence
she:
"Then why were you so mollyish
As not to insist on him for me!"
The mother amazed: "Why, dearest one,
Because you pleaded for this or none!"

"But father and you should have stood out strong!
Since then, to my cost, I have lived to find
That you were right and that I was wrong;
This man is a dolt to the one declined.
Ah!—here he comes. Well—'tis too late now,
And I must marry him anyhow!"

This is parodied in a recent issue of Punch:

At the Mother-in-Law's

"Your son deserts me on Tuesday next,"
Remarks the wife in a wailing croon;
"I cannot disguise I am greatly vext
That he should be at it again so soon;
He only eloped with me last year,
And the anniversary's not yet here."

"I warned you once," says the mother-in law;
'Tis in his blood; he is not to blame;
His heritage had this fatal flaw,
For his poor dear father was just the same;
From the first time out, when he ran with me,
He was always eloping with somebody."

Too Much Verbiage

It was Sunday evening, and likewise his first call. The Harlem flat was, to say the least, stuffy, for he was used to the breezes wafted across the river to Hoboken, where nestled his ancestral home. Have you ever noticed that an ancestral home always nestles? Other domiciles may be built, but according to the canons of fiction an ancestral home must always nestle.

However, that has nothing to do with the Harlem flat, where she had invited him to call on Sunday evening. It is sufficient to say that he was there, and to add to his discomfort she was entertaining him at the piano, and he was not fond of music. Of course she couldn't be expected to know that, poor girl.

She was not particularly accomplished, but she didn't know what else to do, and he hadn't suggested anything. So she played on and on, occasionally skipping a few bars that she didn't remember and trusting to luck. Finally, from sheer weariness and to make conversation she turned to him and said:

"Papa thinks it is wicked for me to play on the piano on Sunday."

"Papa is certainly right," he replied wearily, "but why does he—er—specify Sunday?"

It is needless to record that he was never again invited to that little Harlem flat.

Kitchener, Sceptic

There is a good story of Lord Kitchener going the rounds. Talking at a London dinner over his schemes for the Gordon College, at Khartoum, he expressed very great doubts as to whether the money needed could be raised. He was told his name would be enough. Still, he hesitated. At last, one of the company said: "Well, Lord Kitchener, if you had doubted about your campaign as much as you do about this, you would never have got to Khartoum." "Perhaps not," said K. of K., his face hardening; "but then I had myself to depend on, now I have got the British public."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Their Engagement Broken

Once again Cupid has aimed wrong and his victims are called upon to correct his errors. The engagement of Miss Florence Musto of Stockton and Lieutenant Gaylord Church of the navy has been broken, the young couple believing they are not suited to each other and wisely deciding to recognize their incompatibility before marriage. Lieutenant Church is at San Diego where his betrothed has been visiting her sister Mrs. John Lewis, wife of Ensign Lewis who was Leonore Musto. The Mustos are prominent in Stockton society and are relatives of the Musto family of this city. Lieutenant Gaylord has just been placed in command of the torpedo boat

Photo, H. Pierre Smith
MISS EMMA BAZET
Daughter of Dr and Mrs. Bazet whose engagement to Mr. Edward Aiken Flanders was recently announced.

flotilla at San Diego. The engagement was announced last Christmas on the return of Miss Musto from San Diego. A second visit a few weeks ago resulted in its being discontinued. When she reached home Miss Musto wrote formal notes to her friends stating that her engagement was broken.

Society at the Columbia

As might have been expected, many representatives of our haughtiest society were on hand Monday night to welcome Ethel Barrymore. The fact that she had become a wife and mother since her last visit stimulated curiosity. There was little interest in the Barrie dialogue until Ethel appeared and then a sort of suppressed babble was heard throughout the theater. "My, how stout she has grown" was the burden of feminine twitter. The women simply couldn't get over it. They gazed and kept on gazing, much more interested in Ethel's adipose than in the plot of "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." Some regarded her with satisfaction—those, namely, who have watched with alarm their own progress toward stoutness in the last two or three years. They seemed to feel that if Ethel Barrymore couldn't stop the unpleasant process, it was useless for them to try. Others who have preserved their slenderness had a triumphant glitter in their eyes. They sort of patronized Ethel, which is the way of the svelte with the stout woman everywhere. And yet Mrs. Colt is not so stout. She is not the slender girl who used to kick and prance in "Captain Jinks" by any means, but she still has a most attractive figure, matronly though it may be. She hasn't put on enough flesh to justify the amount of chatter which has been devoted to the subject. And, as I have said, on that first night the women chattered about nothing else. I am referring of course to the women in society. The unknowns in the audience seemed to care more about the play than about the star's avoirdupois. By their indifference to the all-absorbing topic they showed themselves beyond the pale of smart society. It is only the bourgeoisie that can subordinate adipose to Barrie, thereby exhibiting anything but the aristocratic sense of comparative values.

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Billie Burke's Squire

Many are the young men of our provincial aristocracy who have been striving to leave the impress of their devotion upon the heart of pretty Billie Burke. If Miss Burke were so situated that every hour of the day was hers to frivol in masculine company, there would still be more cavaliers than enough to squire her. But Miss Burke is a very busy woman, what with her evening performances and matinees and the hours for amusement must of necessity be those when the hand of the clock is circling about the midnight hours. So she has not been able to accept all the invitations which have been extended to her. Many of those which she has accepted have been for jolly little parties at the beach and it has been unusual when Mr. Thornwell Mullally was not along. Mr. Mullally is one of our eligible bachelors and, unlike so many others of that tribe, he possesses much personal pulchritude. No wonder then that he seemed to find special favor with Miss Burke, or that he has been the envy of less favored beaux.

Mrs. Alexander's Plans

Mrs. Alexander and her daughter Harriet have returned from their tour abroad and are occupying apartments in one of the fashionable apartment houses in Pacific Avenue. While Miss Alexander is meeting her old chums, narrating her European experiences and showing her Pommeranian pup, her mother is revolving plans which have to do with the winter campaign. Mrs. Alexander has returned to San Francisco more determined than ever to assert her social leadership, so we may look for an interesting season. She is a woman of great force of character, is Mrs. Alexander, and is not to be deterred from prosecuting her designs by obstacles, no matter how formidable they may appear. During her tour abroad she spent a good deal of time in Paris where she had the invaluable advice of Mrs. Frank Carolan touching her social projects. She returns to the fray, therefore, reinforced at every point for a social battle of prime importance. Whether Mrs. Carolan gave Mrs. Alexander anything besides advice will not be known for some time. It is possible that she may have given the aspirant to the social throne a promise of help from those matrons with whom Mrs. Carolan's word is law. If that be so, there will be exciting developments. However, I am only speculating. Mrs. Alexander has not informed me of her plans. If she sees fit to do so I shall be an attentive listener. In the meantime there seems to be nothing to indicate that the mind of Czar Greenway is robbed of its customary serenity.

How Miss Cluff Disclosed Her Secret

Miss Florence Cluff chose an original way of announcing her engagement to Dr. Edwin Janss.

Photo, Bushnell
MRS. JAMES HENRY LAVENSON
Formerly Miss Harriet Alexander of Oakland. She was wedded last week in Oakland and will make her home in this city.

She invited a number of young people to share her hospitality at the theater Monday night in honor of her bosom friend Miss Amalia Simpson, and her betrothed "Billy" Hough. Not until the party gathered at supper in one of the down town cafes was there any intimation of the real reason for the occasion. When the guests were seated they found at each place a roll of parchment, tied with ribbons and sealed. The official looking documents were unrolled and amid exclamations of surprise and much merriment the smiling young couple were deluged with congratulations. The document read, "To whom it may concern: Be it known that Florence Cluff and Edwin Janss have plighted their troth on

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this nineteenth day of June, in the year of grace, nineteen hundred and eleven." It was a complete surprise and the congratulations to Dr. Janss on winning one of the belles of debutante row are not unmixed with envy from local beaux. "Flossie" Cluff is a winsome miss who is pretty and dainty and has been much sought since her debut. She resembles her handsome sister Mrs. J. C. Wilson. The Cluffs are all noted for their good looks, Mrs. Cluff being a very pretty woman and her second daughter Mrs. John Breuner being another of society's handsome young matrons. I am told the next announcement will be of the betrothal of her intimate friend Miss Marguerite Doe, rumors of which come from Santa Barbara.

They Shared Honors with Ethel

The Keeney-Talbot wedding party divided attention with the performance at the Columbia Monday night. It occupied two stage boxes and the fair bride-elect was much admired. There is all told a particular degree of beauty in the several bridesmaids for next week's wedding. Miss Keeney herself is frequently rated the most beautiful belle in society. She is a brunette with clear coloring and regular features, and her large dark eyes are one of her chief attractions. Miss Florence Hopkins is of lighter complexion, having a major share of the family pulchritude. Mrs. Fred McNear who is her sister and youngest of the dashing trio of matrons, looked as stunning as any of the bridesmaids she chaperoned. She had on a frock of black and silver and a hat covered with shaded pink plumes and the long earrings she affects. Miss Jeanne Gallois who was the hostess of the evening is handsome and vivacious. Small wonder the party attracted attention between acts with so much beauty on view.

Where Are the Grahams Lodged?

In many ways the accounts of the coronation festivities in London have been disappointing. For instance, we are left in the dark as to just what great house Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham have been occupying. This is no small matter. During the better part of a year we have been regaled at intervals with cable dispatches about negotiations on behalf of the Miller Grahams for this, that and the other historic residence. For quite a while we held our breath with excitement, watching the race between Mrs. Graham and Mrs. William B. Leeds for the famous Keppel home in Grosvenor Square. The Atlantic cable sizzled with messages anent that struggle and when Mrs. Leeds won there was general mourning among the Graham faction. But now, through some amazing oversight on the part of the London correspondents, we are compelled to guess where the Grahams are lodging. I traced them across the Channel to Chantilly where they witnessed the races on that vexatious day when the Paris taxicab drivers went on a strike, and thence back to London. There, I learn, they are near neighbors of Mrs. Will Crocker who has Lord Ingestre's house in Grosvenor Square. But we are entitled to more definite information on a subject of such transcendent importance.

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Miles Baird's Bride

The fact that Miles Baird brought a wife home from Manila was given publicity when he got into difficulty over a worthless check last week. Mrs. Baird sought him out in jail and disclosed her identity, stating that they had been married in the tropics. She had not always lived in the Orient for at one time she was a familiar figure in this city. Mrs. Veronica Baird who controls the millions left by her late husband is in Europe and has not yet had opportunity of welcoming her new daughter-in-law into the family. I hear she made good by cable the amount of the check her son had given in payment for automobile hire.

Mrs. Coryell's Picture Taken

William G. Irwin set a new fashion when he imported a photographer from the East to take the pictures of his daughter Helene and her bridal party just before her marriage to Templeton Crocker. The fashion has been followed in a modified form by Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell who is destined to be famous in California literature as the mistress of the House of Orchids which inspired the muse of George Sterling. Mrs. Coryell whose beautiful home is at Fair Oaks, down the peninsula, desired a few days ago to have the pictures of herself and children taken. There has been a recent addition to the Coryell nursery and as the baby's picture must needs be taken, Mrs. Coryell resolved to have the operation performed on the whole family. But everybody knows how bothersome it is to bring children and nurses to San Francisco in order to visit a photographer, so Mrs. Coryell simply sent her limousine to the city and transported the picture-man with all his paraphernalia to Fair Oaks. With wealth, you see, one can summon the mountain to Mahomet.

An Interesting Engagement

An engagement just made public is that of Miss Gertrude McMillan of Claremont and Mr. Henry Dakin of Salinas. Miss McMillan is the daughter of Anthony McMillan, a prominent business man, by his first wife. She is an unusually attractive and cultivated young woman and is well known on both sides of the bay. Her husband-to-be is one of the managers of the Hearst Estate and has a large fruit ranch in Salinas whither he will take his bride after the wedding which will be quietly celebrated on June 27 with only the immediate relatives present.

Clarence Got Cold Feet

Clarence Walker and his bride eliminated one item from the schedule of their aviation honeymoon, according to advices which have just reached me from Honolulu. The millionaire birdman, as the islanders like to call Clarence, thought that a flight in his biplane over the volcano of Kilauea would win him international renown. The flights around the Eiffel Tower and the Statue of Liberty and the landing on a battleship were to be eclipsed by this spectacular performance. But when Clarence took a look at the burning pit of Halemaumau he quickly changed his mind. "How deep did you say that Holy-mama hole was?" inquired Clarence. He was told that the lava was within two hundred feet of the top. "And it's real hot and boiling, is it?" he faltered. Clarence was assured that it was as hot as Tophet. So he decided that while boiling lava might be as soft as a feather bed it was not a good thing to alight in. The officially promulgated reason for the change of plans was that so much burning lava underneath the biplane would disturb the atmospheric conditions and that the smoke-deadened air would affect the engine disastrously. Which translated means that Clarence had cold feet.

A Captain on Crutches

Captain Henry Casey, U. S. A., is recovering from a broken ankle and is getting around to his duties on crutches. He is one of two U. S. military instructors of the national guard in this country appointed to instruct the State's militia in regular military tactics, the other being Captain Mitchell stationed in New York. Captain Casey has been under treatment at the Presidio hospital. He fell recently when stepping from a California street car and sustained the injury that crippled him and will prevent his participating in the army post dances for some time to come.

The Trembly Flower Girl

Commenting on the marriage in St. Louis of Miss Marie Garneau and Theodore Murphy of this city, an eastern correspondent says that the tenderest incident of the affair was the extreme trembliness of the bride's sister, little Frances Garneau. Frances, although eighteen years old, is just out of a convent and it was the ordeal of her life to face the crowded cathedral chapel as her sister's attendant. She shook so visibly that the flowers which she carried never ceased quivering and the more each flower danced the prettier she looked in her extreme modesty. The bride was adjudged one of the most charming of the season. The wedding pleased the Archbishop of St. Louis who officiated very much and he remarked happily on the union of "a daughter of St. Louis with a son of St. Francis."

In the Social Spotlight

The Vancouver and British Columbia delegation to the International Sunday School Convention make their headquarters at the Hotel Victoria. The delegation is under the direction of Rev. R. W. Williamson.

Mrs. R. F. Upton is spending a few days in town from her home in Los Gatos. Mrs. Upton is a guest at the Hotel Victoria, where she formerly had apartments.

H. Dumit of New York City, and Nellie L. Weeks, of Huntington, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Manning of Portland registered at the Hotel Victoria during the week.

Mrs. W. A. Nichols, wife of Col. Nichols has been called East to Denver because of the serious illness of her sister. Col. and Mrs. Nichols are settled at the Hotel Victoria.

Among the many arrivals at Paraiso Hot Springs are Judge A. L. Frick and J. B. Melvin of Oakland.

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Mr. and Mrs. M. Brasch of Honolulu returned to the Victoria from a fortnight's stay at Castle Crag Farm during the week. They will be in San Francisco for some time. Mr. Brasch is a prominent business man of the Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Franklin Fletter will spend the summer at Lake Tahoe.

In the list of arrivals at Aetna Springs are: Mrs. Frank F. Fredericks, Dr. and Mrs. S. J. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Kierulff, Mrs. M. N. Lawton, John Lawton, Jack Nightingale, Miss Lovelle Jackson, Oscar O. Osen, Mrs. R. H. Feige, R. C. Feige, Miss Florence C. Feige, Mr. and Mrs. W. Moller and sons, Miss Annie Florence Brown, J. J. O'Brien, Mrs. Geo. B. Sears, G. L. Shaeding, Mrs. Joseph H. Priel, Jos. W. Johnson, Frederick Russ, J. F. Carny, Max Levine, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kempkey and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Breeden and son, David Selby, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McFarland, C. L. McFarland, L. Martinez, Walter G. Feldman, Henry Johnson, Mrs. Samuel Crimm, Mrs. H. A. Cohen, Jos. Sweeny, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Pinkham, Mrs. C. Pinkham, Miss Hancock, Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenall, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Dibble, Allen J. Kittle.

Among the week's arrivals at the Victoria were Miss J. Renny Catton, Honolulu, A. A. Catton, McKittrick, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Wilson, Campbell, Mrs. Minnie McNally, Fresno.

The rush at the opening of Casa del Rey at Santa Cruz is being repeated as a result of the arrival of dog fanciers with their aspirants for show honors. The benching facilities at the Pavilion meet with general satisfaction.

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Some of the golf enthusiasts are visiting Del Monte every day or so, and placing their names on the entry list for the Fourth of July Tournament. Mr. W. W. Carson of San Francisco came Saturday and spent every possible moment on the links.

Col. and Mrs. Frederick Von Schrader entertained at dinner during the past week, at the Hotel Victoria where they have been settled for several weeks. They have relinquished their apartments there, and are settled at the Presidio for the summer months.

The Peninsula at San Mateo, continues strong in the estimation of the public, and has proven so far to be a most popular summer resort. The recent arrivals at this "Hotel in a Garden" are as follows: Mrs. H. S. Bates and family, Mrs. W. L. Breese and family, Lieut. and Mrs. Emory Winship, Miss Casey, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Crellin, Mrs. Spencer Ashlin, Mrs. E. C. Hertzel, Mrs. Chas. Ackerman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Ehrman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fries, Miss Florence Fries, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Grow, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lund, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Lindsay, Mrs. H. H. Dunham, Mr. Frank Langstroth, Mr. J. A. Dowling, Mr. E. R. Patteron, Mrs. J. M. Purrington, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne, Miss E. D. Tetley, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Senator and Mrs. A. P. Williams.

There will be an elaborate display of fireworks at The Peninsula on the Fourth.

Mrs. Merriman, Mrs. Bracken and Mrs. Evans came up from the Presidio of Monterey for a few days' visit to San Francisco. They make the Hotel Victoria their headquarters when they are in town.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel Del Coronado are: W. C. Wynkoop, Mrs. W. C. Wynkoop, Mrs. J. L. McKinnon, Miss Aileen McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Higbee, Miss Higbee, George H. Higbee, Jr., Lieut. and Mrs. Bruce B. Butler, Captain N. E. Cousins, C. D. Duncan, W. J. Poland, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Marchutz, Mrs. Edward Miller, Charles Widholm, M. L. Hathaway, Mrs. M. L. Hathaway, Mrs. V. T. McGillicudy and child, Mrs. A. Farrell, Miss Kathleen, Mrs. James Campbell, George M. Campbell, Mildred Campbell, Mrs. H. S. Tittle, Ensign and Mrs. George Joerns, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Sand, W. A. Smith, Alfred B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. M. Wallensten, Mrs. L. Lobree, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Lobree, Ruth Lobree, Alvin Lobree, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Martindale, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Toby, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Ball and Miss Jessie Easton. From Oakland came: Dr. and Mrs. George C. Pardee, Miss Penniman, Miss Madeline Pardee, Miss Carol Pardee, Miss Helen Pardee, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Daniels, Miss Vera Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wielbye, Miss Jessie Easton, Miss Mildred Sanders, Mrs. W. A. Barton, Miss Barton, Miss Stahl, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bull, Miss Elizabeth Latham, Arthur Latham, Mrs. K. Haas and Mrs. F. O. Hatch and son.

Mrs. H. H. McGowan and Miss Sybil of Paraiso Springs are house guests of Dr. and Mrs. H. B. McCruann at their beautiful country home Lakecrest, Pleasanton.

Miss E. J. Hagey of Cedar Rapids, Miss Marcella Norris and Madeline Richards of Chicago are a trio of Eastern visitors domiciled at the Victoria during their visit to San Francisco.

Miss E. Bradford, Miss Bessie Hovey, and Miss S. J. Janes are registered from Cambridge, Mass., at the Victoria, where they plan to spend several days.

Mr. and Mrs. George Starr motored up from the Peninsula Hotel, San Mateo, where they are summer guests, to spend the week-end at the St. Francis.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Ethel Barrymore In Barrie Plays

By Edward F. O'Day

Ethel Barrymore is like Maude Adams in that she has a large personal following of playgoers. To these devoted admirers the Ethel Barrymore of private life is well nigh as interesting as the Ethel Barrymore of the theater. This unusually intimate relation between the actress and the public must have been apparent to all observers at the time of Ethel Barrymore's marriage. Many people who had never been within a hundred feet of her discussed her chances of connubial happiness with as much seriousness and personal interest as they would have bestowed upon their next door neighbors in similar circumstances. But the interest which was aroused when Ethel Barrymore became Mrs. Colt was as nothing to the excitement which was displayed when Mrs. Colt became a mother. Ethel Barrymore with a baby! It was a distinct sensation. I'll wager that many of her admirers didn't believe it till they saw that famous picture of the mother and child which has been published broadcast in American newspapers. Today there are plenty of people about you who can tell you all sorts of interesting things about that youngster. For instance, it is of the utmost importance to know that his mother calls him "Sammy," but that his real name is Samuel Pomeroy Colt, II. which Jack Barrymore has shortened to "Pommery Sec". Now it is well known that hundreds of American actresses are wives and mothers, but of how many are such little intimate details narrated and treasured? I cannot name another actress who stands beside Ethel Barrymore in this matter. It is strange too, because America has had many other young actresses of greater ability than Ethel Barrymore. I suppose we must set it down to her charm, that peculiar feminine quality which, as Barrie told us in "What Every Woman Knows," is too elusive for accurate definition. Certainly Ethel Barrymore has always been very charming. She has always walked the boards like a young goddess, or, if you please, like a young hereditary princess conscious of her rank. She could do no wrong. Her very crudities were metamorphosed to graces by the magic of her manner. She hypnotised all who showed the least sign of succumbing to her influence and in their trance state they would hear no ill of her. Perhaps she typified for many young American womanhood with all its attractions and its privileges. And then she married. Naturally her followers knew all about her marriage. Her followers in San Francisco—and she undoubtedly has as many here in proportion to population as in New York or any other large city—were eager to discover whether the Ethel Barrymore of maidenhood had been transformed into a Mrs. Colt of quite different attractiveness. When they saw her this week at the Columbia their opinions varied. Certainly the Ethel Barrymore of other days is not the Ethel Barrymore of today. She has gained many pounds. She looks as matronly as many much older women. There is a look of settled content on her face which is very different from the restless peering look which was so characteristic of the other Ethel Barrymore. As to these physical facts there can be no difference of opinion. But is the new Ethel Barrymore a better actress? On this point there are bound to be arguments.

MARGUERITE KEELER

Who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

On the one hand we shall be told that youth is a prerogative for which the gods can supply no substitute and that the time when Ethel Barrymore was gloriously young has gone by. We shall be told that youth is not altogether a matter of years; that Maude Adams, for instance, is still nearly as young as Peter Pan, but that Ethel Barrymore has consciously surrendered her former privilege and now rests content to be numbered among those who are not afraid of the scales or the calendar. We shall be told that Ethel Barrymore has put youth and the things of youth behind her as definitely as Alice Grey does at the end of Barrie's play. Nay, we shall be assured that the poignancy of that last beautiful scene consists in the close personal application to Ethel Barrymore of everything that Alice Grey says. To those who so regard the matter Ethel Barrymore's principal attraction as an actress resided in her ebullient youthfulness and with the passing of that youthfulness her attraction as an actress has been impaired. But there are others who think that with the advent of more serious things in the life of Ethel Barrymore has come a real development of her artistic capabilities; that now she is equal to more complex roles, to big roles that are charged with stuff for meditation and mental and moral profit. These very serious folks think that Ethel Barrymore is done with being Ethel Barrymore on the stage and is now able to be the character depicted by the playwright; that she is no longer winning plaudits on the strength of her individuality, but is giving mature characterizations of important types. To these persons the theater is almost a temple of religion. They are the persons who write letters to the newspapers on theatrical matters and usually they are quite competent to make their points seem plausible, if not to convince. Personally I cannot but think that their position in regard to Miss Barrymore would be more easily held if the plays in which she is appearing were plays which exhibited women of complex natures, women who made strong intellectual demands on the actress. But this is not the case with either "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" or "The Twelve Pound Look." Alice Grey is not a difficult woman to play; neither is Kate, the typist of "The Twelve Pound Look." These parts are singularly free from difficulties. There is very little range in them. Few emotions are depicted and those not hard for any actress of experience to make interesting. If Ethel Barrymore were playing the woman that Maude Adams played in "What Every Woman Knows," we should have an opportunity to say whether Ethel Barrymore, in losing the distinctive grace of youthfulness, had won the larger attributes that come to women in her profession only with the joys and pangs of maturity. Perhaps if we saw her in Pinero's "Mid-Channel" which she has played in the East, we should be able to pass judgment on this interesting point. So we must wait until we have a better opportunity to appraise her powers. Ethel Barrymore, to give an individual opinion, has lost that glowing, irrepressible youthfulness which won her a position almost unique on the American stage, but owing to the character of the plays she is presenting, has not yet been able to show San Franciscans that she has gained more important qualities to compensate her and her devoted followers.

Gossip of the Theatre

Mrs. Fiske Coming

Ethel Barrymore is enjoying one of the most successful engagements she has known for many seasons. The second and last week of her stay will begin Monday night, June 26. Matinees during the Ethel Barrymore engagement will be on Wednesday and Saturday. Mrs. Fiske will make her appearance in a comedy July 3, when she will offer "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." Mrs. Fiske's New York engagement in this play proved one of remarkable success, and after appearing in it for ten weeks, she was forced to discontinue in order to make the tour of the Pacific Coast. Her engagement at the Columbia will be for one week.

"Sans-Gene" at the Alcazar

Florence Roberts will satisfy a long-harbored ambition when she appears in the title role of "Madame Sans-Gene" (Madame Devil-May-Care) next Monday evening at the Alcazar, and there is assurance that the audience will share her satisfaction, for she has devoted much study to the character and is physically and temperamently qualified to give it admirable interpretation. Besides, in the cast with her are Thurlow Bergen, Theodore Roberts and the cream of the Alcazar's regular acting corps in well-fitting parts, and extra rehearsals have been held to effect smooth ensemble work. Victorien Sardou and Adrien Moreau collaborated in the construction of "Madame Sans-Gene" and Charles Henry Meltzer adapted it for the English stage. So

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

The Estate of RICHARD WILSON, Deceased—No. 11730. Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, J. D. CONDON, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice, to the Executor at the office of his attorneys, Brennan & Lane, in the Kohl Building, California and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Richard Wilson, deceased.

J. D. CONDON,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, deceased.

Dated; San Francisco, California, June 17, 1911.

BRENNAN & LANE Att'ys. for Executor,
Kohl Bldg., Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, California. 6-17-5

great was its success in Paris that translations into almost every civilized language were made, and within the last twenty years it has been presented to every community of any importance in Christendom. For the universal popularity of the play its historic interest is no less responsible than its dramatic strength. Among the characters are Napoleon Bonaparte, Marshal Lefebre, Marie Louise of Austria and other celebrities of France immediately preceding and during the Corsican's phenomenal rise from obscurity to world-fame.

Two Brothers Meet at the Orpheum

The headline feature of next week's Orpheum bill will be an episode by Porter Emerson Browne entitled "In and Out." It will be acted by Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler who will have the support of a quartette of genuine comedians. Mr. Mason will be favorably remembered by theatergoers as the star of "A Stubborn Cinderella" in which Miss Keeler also distinguished herself. "In and Out" proves an excellent vehicle for Mr. Mason as a comedian and Miss Keeler as the coquettish little sister is very bewitching. A decided novelty will be Rousby's scenic review of "London by Day and Night." The performance is divided into three parts showing Leicester Square, a panoramic view of the celebrated "Star and Garter" Hotel in Richmond, and evening festivals during Exhibition time at the Court of Honors. Mr. Rousby is a brother of E. M. Rosner, the popular leader of the Orpheum orchestra. In 1887 the two brothers appeared on the opening program of the old Orpheum Theater with the Electric Hungarin Orchestra and created quite a furore. Shortly afterwards their ways parted and the brothers now meet after an interval of twenty-four years. The difference in the surnames is accounted for by the statement that Rousby is said to be the English of Rosner. Melville Ellis, an exceptionally smart entertainer, will be a special feature of the coming program. It is several years since he last appeared in this city and he left it with a splendid reputation to join the Shubert forces. Mr. Ellis has become probably the most noted authority on stage costuming in the country. He is now playing a few weeks in vaudeville prior to taking charge of the costuming of the Shubert productions in the fall. He will introduce a new budget of songs that he recently brought from Europe. A clever and amusing act will be Lydell & Butterworth's "The Light Brown Girl and the Funny Dancer." Next week will be the last of Raymond and Caverly, Albert Hole, the English boy soprano, the Bellclair Brothers and also of Edward Abeles and Charlotte Landers in "He Tried to Be Nice."

William Archer on Our Stage

Mr. William Archer who is much more felicitous when speaking of the drama than when defending Francisco Ferrer has just paid one of his periodical visits to New York and has been telling Britishers about the state of the theater on this side of the pond. He is not unduly enthusiastic but finds some things to admire. "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" on which George Randolph Chester and George Cohan collaborated was the most entertaining play he saw. Wilson Mizner's "The Deep Purple" he calls an adroit melodrama." The most promising of our playwrights, he thinks, is Edward Sheldon, author of "Salvation Nell" and "The Nigger." Of Gus Thomas' latest play, "As a Man Thinks," he expresses a tempered admiration. But he cannot forbear poking a little fun at it, thus: "The chief character is a very wise and very sententious Jewish physician, who no longer practices the religion of his people; yet he will not let his daughter marry a Gentile, because in doing so she will somehow derogate from the monotheistic principle which has been the heirloom of Israel throughout the ages. I confess that the force of his argument escapes me. The difficulty might be met, one would think, by a stipulation that the children of the marriage should be brought up as Unitarians. I may add that the daughter is equally unconvinced by the paternal logic, and proves, by eloping, that love has its own monotheism, more potent than that of the synagogues."

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Tne Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Last week the stock market fluctuated within a narrow range. On the average the industrial stocks did not show a net move of over a point, while less than three-quarters of one per cent would not cover the extreme range of the railroad stocks. The latter tended to work higher, as they have done since the average crossed the previous high figure of February 7. The volume of business was slight and movement of more than a point or so was for the most part in specialties. It must be confessed that the public interest in the market is inconsiderable and trade in consequence is to a large extent professional. It has been pointed out many times that too much importance is attached to merely ostensible causes of dullness. Everything was to change by kaleidoscope, with the Standard Oil and American Tobacco decisions out of the way. The decisions have come and gone and the market is as dull as ever. No experience can foretell what particular inducement can stimulate public interest. We are now beginning to talk about activity and confidence, with the crops out of the way, and a forecast is worth as much or as little as those which preceded the Supreme Court decisions.

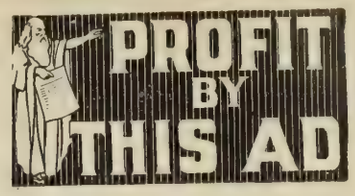
Wheat—There was a nervous trade in wheat the past week with prices up one day and down the next. News has been conflicting but principally on the side of the short seller. Weather conditions were generally favorable, although at times there were quite a number of claims from the southwest of a poor yield and a poor quality of wheat owing to the excessive heat. The farmers were said to be offering new wheat quite freely and new wheat for July shipment was freely offered at July price. The northwest on the whole sent favorable crop reports with the possible exception of South Dakota where it is said dry weather with excessive heat had caused some deterioration. Still, at the close of the week rain was falling in that section. Supplies of old wheat are ample for this time of the year and there is said to be considerable old wheat left on the farm. The cash demand for wheat the past week has been flat and sales were limited to car lot arrivals. The flour demand was reported poor from all sections and a further reduction of 20 cents per hundred was reported in the Spring varieties. Foreign news was against the price. India reports harvesting the largest crop on record; Russian news was more favorable and shipments from these countries were large. We are still out of line for export and it looks as if there would be very little on the long side of the market at these prices.

Corn—Receipts have been large and the cash demand only fair which has resulted in quite an accumulation of corn at primary points. Farmers have been holding out for 50 cents and whenever shippers bid this price they seem to get all they want. However, the market from now on will be a weather market and will be governed by climatic condition rather than by supply and demand. At present the crop is said to be in good shape in the big corn states but is in need of rain. The southwest has been suffering from lack of rain and excessive heat and should this extend to the big corn states it would cause a quick change in sentiment and prices would advance rapidly as the plant is in no condition to stand excessive heat without abundant moisture. The strength in oats as well as the poor outlook for the hay crop will have a tendency to check anything more than a slight reaction.

Cotton—As a result of the continuation of hot and dry weather in the central and western belt the early part of the week, new high levels were established in new crop deliveries. The temperatures were excessively high, generally around 100, in the Mississippi Valley and at an average of 104 and over in Oklahoma, and there was no rain west of the Mississippi River. However, toward the end of the week, reports of rain in Texas, while not general, seemed to take the edge off the market and there was heavy selling in all futures with the old crop futures leading in the decline. While the statistical position of cotton remains very strong, as far as the supply of old cotton is concerned, there does not seem to be much of a demand for old cotton at this level. Mills are only in the market for a limited supply and no doubt will continue on a hand to mouth basis. A prominent crop expert was out with a report up to June 15 which showed an improvement in the condition of the plant, and was a surprise to the bulls, inasmuch as a deterioration due to the hot weather was expected. Above 13 cents for the new crop futures cotton looks big and should we get a more favorable turn in the weather it will be hard to maintain present prices.

The Governor's Double

The Chicago Tribune sugests that the remarkable resemblance between Governor Woodrow Wilson and George Ade might be turned into account if the overworked official were to make the author his assistant. When he "let George do it" no one would ever suspect the substitution. Not to suggest that George Ade would be apt to make a mess of things, one is reminded of that first literary venture of the late Edward Everett Hale, "My Double and How He Undid Me" in which an overworked clergyman conceived the scheme of looking up a physical double to relieve him of all the perfunctory and unnecessary services which devour the time and sap the energy of ministers, and how, by the aid of four stereotyped sentences, he was able to carry out the deception until that unlucky day when one of the cogs slipped and the machine was stalled in its tracks.



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Summer Love

(Continued from Page 8.)

foreign to his original idea. The subdued tones of approaching autumn had mellowed the landscape that was bright with the glory of the summer sun; the right hand in which the young woman held the white handkerchief had dropped to her side after the first salute, and her face betrayed the consciousness that she might never again see the man for whom her salute was intended. He called his picture "Summer Love"—a love that was done with when the first leaves of autumn lay faded on the ground.

And this picture was his first great success. It brought him recognition when first exhibited, and wandered then from salon to salon until in Frankfort it found a buyer whose identity, to his sorrow, he could never learn. His inquiries brought out the fact that it had been purchased by an elderly foreigner who had paid the high price demanded for it without haggling, taking his purchase with him. His pleasure at the sale of his work was marred by this mystery. He fondly hoped that she might have bought it to show him that she still remembered him. Other triumphs followed in quick succession. The "promising artist" became "our great painter Eekensteen," and finally the government placed the seal of its official approval upon his career by appointing him to a professorship at the Royal Academy

Now ensued for him a period of restless activity. He found it hard to keep up with his rapidly increasing commissions and his official duties at the Academy, and the result was that the memory of his summer love gradually grew fainter and fainter, and one day he was surprised to note that the memory was no longer accompanied by rebellious bitterness, but merely by that soft, sweet melancholy longing, with which one thinks of happy moments that have fled past recall. And a time came, too, when he could tell himself that he had fully recovered. A new love entered into his life, not the mad passion of the past which had fallen into his heart like a firebrand, but a still, calm affection which he thought sufficiently strong to build his future upon.

Had he not acted like a sentimental fool the day before, when immediately on receipt of her letter he had rushed to the railway, to shiver for twelve hours in an unheated compartment and be drawn and quartered on a Galician country road? Yet, when he had opened and read the letter, it moved him with wonderful power and compelled his obedience.

Dearest, you once promised me that you would come to me if I called you. I remind you now of your word, for I cannot die without seeing you again. I know that you have long since forgotten your "Summer Love," but I pray God to let you come. Kara.

Kara, Countess Pal-Wedembergh! He recalled the moment when he first noticed that odd, semi-Magyar, semi-Teutonic name in the register of the Lussin Grande health resort, and learned to his surprise that the jolly young lady he had met during the pleasant voyage from Trieste to Lussin was the bearer of a proud and aristocratic name; and when she, a scion of the exclusive Austrian aristocracy, cordially recognized him at the table-d'hote, he felt that it was quite a distinction for a young and absolutely unknown painter.

Yankel Abramek's curiosity aroused the artist from his reveries. Could he be of service to the Herr Baron in his business? He surely had some kind of business or he would not have come to Zdarnow? If he expected to buy horses from Haim Wiener, he felt constraint to warn his excellency against that desperate cutthroat and horsethief, who was unworthy to be called a son of Israel. The village was teeming with unscrupulous cheats, and a stranger would do well to have an honest counselor and guide to advise him.

Hans Eekensteen shook his head.

"My dear fellow, you cannot be of any assistance to me in the business which I have on hand."

"May be you are right, your excellency, may be; but perhaps you will find the way to Yankel Abramek after all if you are in a difficulty."

"Well, can you help me to blot out two long years, every trace of them, so that none can see them, or to join together a broken thread as if the ends had never parted?"

Abramek thought for a moment, and slowly replied:

"When a man talks like that, it's a love affair with a lady. The district attorney's wife is too old, the major's wife has grown up children. Well, I will tell you, Herr Baron, you have come to Zdarnow to see once more her ladyship, the Countess of Pal-Wedembergh, the wife of the rich and noble captain who was transferred last year to the Zdarnow dragoons!"

Hans Eekensteen was about to protest, but Abramek shook his head deprecatingly.

"Why deny it, excellency? May be you will do me the honor to give me a commission? I will carry it out and forget what it was. Is it my business to remember? Are you, perhaps, a relative of the countess?"

Eekensteen's searching glance rested for a moment upon the face of the rugged driver. He had not thought how he could arrange to see Kara. Perhaps, after all, the Hebrew could be of assistance to him.

"Well, my friend, can you deliver a letter to the countess?"

Abramek opened his eyes, and with an inim-

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itable gesture shifted his great kaftan from one shoulder to another. He seemed to want something to say and lacked words to say it. After a moment's interval, during which the painter fancied that the driver was regarding him with an almost pitying glance, Abramek inquired:

"Did the countess write you to come?"

"Yes."

"Well, let me see. May be her ladyship wrote you another letter?"

Through the rain laden air came the sound of the tolling of bells from the mountain beyond the village, first faint, then gradually swelling louder and louder.

"Why are these bells ringing?" inquired Hans.

"How do I know? It may be a wedding, or again it may be a funeral."

Abramek turned his attention to his nag, and assiduously belabored the animal's back with his whip, though without producing any appreciable effect.

A sudden fear gripped the painter's heart.

"Has the countess been sick?"

Abramek answered in the affirmative without turning around.

"And is she well now?"

Bowing his grizzled head, the old Jew sat a while in silence; and when he commenced to speak, his words came from his lips like a wail for the dead.

"She was a good soul, a kindly soul, and God grant her eternal rest. All the Jews in Zdarnow are weeping for her.

"When she rode in her carriage with the four horses—I bought them for her ladyship from Abraham Eisenberg of Cracow—she looked like a queen, and when she came to see the poor and the sick in their houses, she looked like an angel of God. But she did not seem happy, and we called her 'The Great Heart Sorrow,' for no one ever saw her smile. And God stretched out His hand and He sent the Angel of Death for her. May be she was too good for this world."

Yankel Abramek stopped and turned to his passenger. The latter had collapsed completely as if stricken by a powerful blow. He was staring into the distance while his teeth were tightly clenched as if in an endeavor to hold back the onrush of tears.

They had called her "The Great Heart Sorrow," for no one ever saw her smile! She had been mourning for him all this while, and he, like a coward, had given way to an idle and unmanly grief; he had painted little pictures, striving to regain his "inner peace," instead of hurrying to help her while there was yet time, instead of facing the man who held her captive, and saying: "Release her, for she is mine!" And now it was too late, and he could never again see her for whose sake alone it was worth while to suffer toil and want. Fool, to have thought that he could ever forget her! He had imagined that he could blot out the past as he would brush a speck of carbon from a canvas, without leaving a trace; he had fancied that he was well again, while the fever had steadily crept from vein to vein to break out now with renewed force. How she must have longed for him during those six long days, while her letter was following him from one old studio to another! He mentally cursed the post-office red tape which prescribed such a procedure, when any city directory, or, as he imagined, any schoolboy, might have told the stupid officials that Professor Eekensteen could be found at the Royal Academy.

Six days she had waited and hoped in vain, and she died with the thought in her heart that he had forgotten her.

Abramek's vehicle wormed its way through a maze of narrow streets to the market square, and pulled up before an inn which bore the pretentious name "Hotel de l'Europe." A crowd of ragged and barefoot children surrounded the cart. Eekensteen having alighted from the cart, mechanically divided some coins among the youthful mendicants, and was shown by the obsequious landlord to his room. A few moments later he was alone in the fairly tidy apartment. Standing at the window, he looked across the market place over to the little church, and listened to the uninterrupted monotonous tolling of the death knell. His clothes were wet through and his teeth chattered, but his head burned feverishly and one thought constantly tortured his brain: If he had received the letter in time, he might have seen her!

And as he stood there pressing his burning forehead against the window-pane, the gloomy market square receded from his view, the tumbling houses and the ragged urchins vanished, and he saw again the sunny coast of Adria. A swelling sail glistened in the distance, myrtles bloomed on the mountain side. They were walking along the road to Lussin Piccolo, a road which followed the strand in devious turnings, and neither spoke a word. They had known for some days that they belonged to each other, their glances had revealed the sweet secret a hundred times, but their lips had not yet confessed it. And right there where the road sharply turned up the hillside, near the Valle Oscuro, she suddenly stopped. She leaned against the wall, and with her face upturned, softly called to him: "Come, kiss me!"

And now he recalled with distinct clearness every feature of her sweet face, the memory of which heretofore had come to him as if shrouded in a hazy veil. The white forehead, with a stray dark curl, the large eyes, now half closed, the pretty nose with a hardly noticeable strip of freckles, and the sweet full lips, behind which glistened two rows of matchless teeth.

Then they walked about for days and weeks like a pair of happy dreamers, and each hour they could not spend together seemed like a

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[illegible] her loss, he had treated her love like a fleeting favor bestowed on him by chance, instead of grasping with a strong hand and retaining what Fate had offered to him. Now it was too late, now the lustre of her eyes was dimmed forever and her lips were faded and cold.

A motley crowd had gathered outside the gates leading to the little park which surrounded the church: Polish peasants in their white greencoats, Jewish women, and many children. Suddenly the doors of the church swung open, and the mournful tones of the organ mingled with the laments of the crowd as the dark coffin was slowly borne through the doorway. Christian and Jew bowed before one who had been their sympathizer in their cares and sorrows.

At the head of the procession, between two acolytes dressed in white cottas, marched a crucifer bearing aloft the image of the crucified Saviour. At the side of the priest, whose hand was raised in benediction, walked a tall officer in the uniform of the Austrian dragoons. His bearded face was held forward and his glance [illegible] followed by the mourners, consisting of a few officers and some relatives dressed in black. Finally, the entire multitude, which had been waiting outside, joined the cortege on the way to the cemetery. Hans Eckensteen mingled with the last of the procession. No one paid any attention to him, but looking up suddenly he found Abramek at his elbow. The Jew had hunted him up, and they walked side by side like companions in sorrow.

At the little cemetery just beyond the town limits, near an open grave, the grave digger was already waiting to complete his task. The six pall bearers set down their burden, the priest uttered a few brief prayers, and the coffin slowly slid into the grave.

Eckensteen stood outside the gate, surrounded by a crowd of weeping Jewesses, and stared at the blackgowned people who approached the grave one by one to throw their threefold tribute of dust as a parting salute to his sweetheart. He thought of nothing, and he felt nothing, but when the first spadeful of earth fell on the coffin with a dull thud, he felt impelled to stop the arm of the digger who plied the spade so assiduously, and a loud groan was wrung from his heart. Then the face of the man near the grave turned in his direction, a searching glance mastered the crowd of mourners and finally rested on the stranger outside. And that glance had a strange expression, almost like a welcome to someone who might have been expected as a guest.

Having finally persuaded his charge to change his clothes and swallow some wine, Abramek [illegible] later to take him to the depot. Hans Eckensteen protested against such high-handed disposition of his doings, but at length acquiesced. He did not care whether he went or remained.

An infinite weariness overcame him, but his [illegible] waited for some fitting consummation of the day's events. And it came at last. There was a [illegible] and they stood face to face.

The count [illegible] His [illegible] was deep, and the pronounced Austrian accent lent it somewhat peculiar gentleness.

"[illegible] I should have hunted you up two years ago, but I did not then know your name. I learned it only when my wife ordered your picture to be purchased for her. You remember the one with the white dress and the dark rock behind? To take you to task now would be futile, and besides I gave her a promise on her deathbed that I would not harm you."

Hans Eckensteen raised his head and frigidly [illegible]

"Count, I am at your disposal."

Count Pal replied with a weary motion of his hand.

"What good would it do me to shoot you? Would it bring my wife back to me? Ah, when she returned from Lussin and I first noticed that she had become a stranger to me, if I had met you then, you should not have lived! But today, who knows but that I would be doing you both a favor to send you to the beyond as soon as possible!" In an agony of pain, he grasped the artist's shoulder. "Sir, you do not know of what you robbed me!"

His voice broke and he stepped to the window. The painter sank into a chair, and the silence which ensued was so profound that one could hear the falling of the rain drops on the window ledge. After a while Count Pal spoke again, and his voice was calm.

"Sir, I ought to loathe you, loathe you like—I cannot find a fitting expression. But when I saw you there at the cemetery, my hatred vanished, and something moved me to come to you. I do not know what to say to you. Perhaps I came because I cannot speak of this to anyone else, and it may help me to get over it, for she died with you name on her lips, and I read in her eye the accusation: 'I would have lived had you let me go.' If I had known that it would be her death, I would have released her. I ridiculed her at first, thinking it was merely a passing whim, but when I realized that she meant it, I was overcome with rage"—his voice sank to a [illegible] not betray your name."

Hans Eckensteen ground his teeth.

"[illegible]"

The count retreated and involuntarily grasped his sword. An instant later he dropped his hand.

"Calm yourself. I said that I cannot touch you. Which of us is the more guilty? I who clung to my own, or you who broke into my [illegible] like a robber?"

The painter's hand sank, and he looked at the [illegible]

"We could not help ourselves, neither I nor——" he was about to say Kara, but could not utter her name in the presence of his visitor. "It came over us as a matter of course, and when [illegible] we felt that we were destined for each other for all eternity."

Count Pal broke in with a contemptuous gesture.

"There was this slight difference in your feelings: My wife died over it, you have comforted [illegible]"

"You think so, count?" Eckensteen rose and drew himself to his full height. His eyes glowed with inextinguishable hatred. "Then let me tell you that I do not intend to share the memory of her who was once mine with anyone else in this world."

Count Pal's cheek blanched. "Sir, I have given my word!" he cried.

"But when you gave it, you did not know all, and I take the right to release you from your oath."

The next day the evening edition of the Vienna "Neue Freie Presse" contained the following telegram:

Zdarnow, Galicia: The famous German painter, Hans Eckensteen, who was visiting this little town, was killed today in a duel which was fought under very mysterious circumstances. His opponent was Count Pal-Wedembergh, Captain of the Zdarnow Dragoons, whose wife had been laid to rest on the morning of the encounter, the funeral being attended by almost the entire community. The most conflicting rumors are afloat concerning the cause of the duel. Those who are supposed to know best maintain absolute silence. Professor Eckensteen fell after the first exchange of bullets.

Yankel Abramek read the despatch a few days later in the "Hotel de l'Europe," and shrugged his shoulders. He might have given the correspondent of the Neue Freie Presse some authentic information, but he was a poor man who found it hard to make both ends meet, and he could not afford to incur the enmity of the officers of the garrison.

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SOME DATES

June 28, 29, 30
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28051, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, Plaintiff, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Shrader street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Page street and running thence northerly along said line of Shrader street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches to the westerly line of Shrader street and point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
951-3 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAWRENCE O'KEEFFE, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary O'Keeffe, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Joseph Farry, Esq., her attorney, at No. 614 Kohl Building, Northeast corner of California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), deceased.

MARY O'KEEFFE,
As Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1911.

JOSEPH FARRY, Atty. for Executrix,
No. 614 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN HARTNETT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Philip M. Des Marais, Executor of the Last Will of Ellen Hartnett, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ellen Hartnett, deceased.

PHILIP M. DES MARAIS,
Executor of the Last Will of Ellen Hartnett, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1911.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Attys. for Executor,
Rooms 504-507 Grant Bldg., San Francisco. 6-10-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FREDERICK STEELE, Deceased—No. 11,657; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Frederick Steele, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Martin Stevens, Room 309 Mills Building, Northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Frederick Steele, deceased.

ROSE McCOOEY,
Administratrix of the Estate of Frederick Steele, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1911.

MARTIN STEVENS, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 309 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of JOHN M. DUNCAN, Deceased—No. 11,744; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, James H. Duncan, Administrator of the estate of John M. Duncan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Brennan & Lane, 901 Kohl Building, Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John M. Duncan, deceased.

JAMES H. DUNCAN,
Administrator of the Estate of John M. Duncan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., June 24, 1911.

BRENNAN & LANE, Attys. for Administrator,
901 Kohl Bldg., Montgomery and California Streets,
San Francisco, California. 6-24-5

Auto Notes

Four years ago the Pierce Arrow Motor Car Company of Buffalo, in seeking to extend the variety of upholstery materials to be used in its cars, adopted hand tooled Cordovan leather. The first instance in which this leather was used was in an enclosed car shown at Madison Square Garden at the exhibition held in November, 1907.

Dr. W. T. Burks, the well-known automobile enthusiast of Fresno, arrived in San Francisco the other day and described a miraculous escape he and his chauffeur had last Saturday when driving in the mountains by suddenly coming to an open ditch in Squaw Valley and having to jump it in order to avoid being dashed down the mountains. The car he was driving was a 1911 Chalmers "30" touring car which he has driven over 3200 miles since March 19. Dr. Burks' son is the possessor of a Chalmers "30" Pony. Both the doctor and his son have owned several cars of other makes, but they now state that the Chalmers will serve the Burks family for a long time.

The Lozier is one of the latest of the big makers to enter the commercial truck field and about September 1 the Lozier trucks will be placed on sale with the various agencies throughout the country. This announcement was foreshadowed by the form of contracts which were sent out to dealers who are selling 1912 Lozier pleasure vehicles, these contracts expressly stipulating that the "privilege of selling Lozier commercial vehicles is not granted by this contract." The principal Lozier agencies in the larger cities, however, are arranging to take care of this part of the Lozier business next fall and of course the Lozier branch houses will all handle the truck line in connection with Lozier automobiles.

The Henderson Motor Car Co., national distributor for the Cole "30," advises the Pacific Motor Car Co. that a large percentage of that car's 1912 output will find a market in foreign fields. Extensive allotments have already been contracted for South America, the West Indies, Australia, Austria-Hungary, the Philippines and the East Indies.

On June 1 the Fisk Rubber Company of Chicopee Falls, Mass., opened a new branch at 1310-1312 K street, Sacramento. This makes thirty direct factory service branches now operated by the Fisk Company in different parts of the country Each branch is equipped with a repair department of unusual excellence and in charge of experienced tire workmen. In dealing with the branches a user of Fisk tires is getting direct factory service. Besides this direct representation, the Fisk Company has agencies for its products everywhere.

Every man, woman and child in the United States interested in motor cars has read of the recent remarkable time trials in Florida in which Bob Burman, the newly crowned speed king, lowered the world's records for the kilometre, mile and two miles. Only a few weeks before the same fearless driver had pulled down fifty miles with the Buick "Bug." Just the other day a 30 horsepower Buick won in the 230 and 300 cubic inch class in the famous Redlands Mile High Hillclimb in this State. This latter performance has at once become the talk of the coast in automobile circles. This Redlands course leads from the center of the town over two mountain ranges to an altitude of one mile, the course being 16 miles in length. At this time of the year this road is very rough and most of it narrow and full of sharp turns. This is the third consecutive year that the Buick has won this event in its class. The time was 21 minutes, 4 seconds.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WALTER N. BUSH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Walter N. Bush, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of O. M. Goldaracena, Esq., at Number 4 Montgomery avenue, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Walter N. Bush, deceased.

PAUL BARBIERI,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Walter N. Bush, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1911.

O. M. GOLDARACENA, Atty. for Executor,
4 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Superior Court, State of California, in and for City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,445.

Estate of HERMAN WESTERFELD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of F. J. Castelhun, Attorney at Law, Rooms 117-118 Investors Building, 787 Market Street, in said City and County, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased.

MARY L. WESTERFELD,
Administratrix of the Estate of Herman Westerfeld, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6, 1911.

F. J. CASTELHUN and JOHN A. McGEE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Rooms 117-118 Investors Bldg., San Francisco. 5-6-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. C. FLANNERY, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE H. SHAFER, JOHN DOE, and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send greeting to George H. Shafer, John Doe and Jane Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. FLANNERY, Attorney for Plaintiff.
545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

NOTICE OF VOLUNTARY APPLICATION FOR DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,685; Dept. No. 4.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Application of MEADOWS DAIRY COMPANY, a Corporation, for Judgment of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the voluntary application of Meadows Dairy Company, a corporation formed, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, for a judgment of dissolution of said corporation, has been presented to the above named Court, and that Friday, the 30th day of June, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, and the Courtroom of Department No. 4, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been fixed as the time and place for hearing said application.

This notice commencing May 20, 1911, will expire on June 24, 1911, at any time before which expiration any person may file herein his objections to said application for dissolution.

Dated, May 16, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Applicant,
363 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal 5-20-6

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 36,232; Dept. No. 4.

B. F. DURPHY, Plaintiff, vs. HUMBOLDT COUNTY BANK, a Corporation, BAYSIDE LUMBER COMPANY, a Corporation, E. W. CAMPBELL, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Humboldt County Bank, a Corporation, Bayside Lumber Company, a Corporation, E. W. Campbell, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of June, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Plaintiff. 6-24-10

spoliation of their love. She had been his, the glorious one, and he had consoled himself over her loss, he had treated her love like a fleeting favor bestowed on him by chance, instead of grasping with a strong hand and retaining what Fate had offered to him. Now it was too late, now the lustre of her eyes was dimmed forever and her lips were faded and cold.

A motley crowd had gathered outside the gates leading to the little park which surrounded the church; Polish peasants in their white greencoats, Jewish women, and many children. Suddenly the doors of the church swung open, and the mournful tones of the organ mingled with the laments of the crowd as the dark coffin was slowly borne through the doorway. Christian and Jew bowed before one who had been their sympathizer in their cares and sorrows.

At the head of the procession, between two acolytes dressed in white cottas, marched a crucifer bearing aloft the image of the crucified Saviour. At the side of the priest, whose hand was raised in benediction, walked a tall officer in the uniform of the Austrian dragoons. His bearded face was held forward and his glance was fixed to the ground. He was followed by the mourners, consisting of a few officers and some relatives dressed in black. Finally, the entire multitude, which had been waiting outside, joined the cortege on the way to the cemetery. Hans Eekensteen mingled with the last of the procession. No one paid any attention to him, but looking up suddenly he found Abramek at his elbow. The Jew had hunted him up, and they walked side by side like companions in sorrow.

At the little cemetery just beyond the town limits, near an open grave, the grave digger was already waiting to complete his task. The six pall bearers set down their burden, the priest uttered a few brief prayers, and the coffin slowly slid into the grave.

Eekensteen stood outside the gate, surrounded by a crowd of weeping Jewesses, and stared at the blackgowned people who approached the grave one by one to throw their threefold tribute of dust as a parting salute to his sweetheart. He thought of nothing, and he felt nothing, but when the first spadeful of earth fell on the coffin with a dull thud, he felt impelled to stop the arm of the digger who plied the spade so assiduously, and a loud groan was wrung from his heart. Then the face of the man near the grave turned in his direction, a searching glance mastered the crowd of mourners and finally rested on the stranger outside. And that glance had a strange expression, almost like a welcome to someone who might have been expected as a guest.

Having finally persauded his charge to change his clothes and swallow some wine, Abramek went his way. He was to call for him an hour later to take him to the depot. Hans Eekensteen protested against such high-handed disposition of his doings, but at length acquiesced. He did not care whether he went or remained.

An infinite weariness overcame him, but his soul was possessed of a strange unrest, as if it waited for some fitting consummation of the day's events. And it came at last. There was a sound of footsteps and clanking spurs on the stairway, a stentorian knock, and they stood face to face.

The count was the first to speak. His voice was deep, and the pronounced Austrian accent lent it somewhat peculiar gentleness.

"You will be surprised, sir, to see me here. I should have hunted you up two years ago, but I did not then know your name. I learned it only when my wife ordered your picture to be purchased for her. You remember the one with the white dress and the dark rock behind? To take you to task now would be futile, and besides I gave her a promise on her deathbed that I would not harm you."

Hans Eekensteen raised his head and frigidly replied:

"Count, I am at your disposal."

Count Pal replied with a weary motion of his hand.

"What good would it do me to shoot you? Would it bring my wife back to me? Ah, when she returned from Lussin and I first noticed that she had become a stranger to me, if I had met you then, you should not have lived! But today, who knows but that I would be doing you both a favor to send you to the beyond as soon as possible!" In an agony of pain, he grasped the artist's shoulder. "Sir, you do not know of what you robbed me!"

His voice broke and he stepped to the window. The painter sank into a chair, and the silence which ensued was so profound that one could hear the falling of the rain drops on the window ledge. After a while Count Pal spoke again, and his voice was calm.

"Sir, I ought to loathe you, loathe you like—I cannot find a fitting expression. But when I saw you there at the cemetery, my hatred vanished, and something moved me to come to you. I do not know what to say to you. Perhaps I came because I cannot speak of this to anyone else, and it may help me to get over it, for she died with you name on her lips, and I read in her eye the accusation: 'I would have lived had you let me go.' If I had known that it would be her death, I would have released her. I ridiculed her at first, thinking it was merely a passing whim, but when I realized that she meant it, I was overcome with rage"—his voice sank to a whisper—"and I ill-treated her because she would not betray your name."

Hans Eekensteen ground his teeth.

"Stop, for God's sake, or I will——"

The count retreated and involuntarily grasped his sword. An instant later he dropped his hand.

"Calm yourself. I said that I cannot touch you. Which of us is the more guilty? I who clung to my own, or you who broke into my happiness like a robber?"

The painter's hand sank, and he looked at the ground

"We could not help ourselves, neither I nor——" he was about to say Kara, but could not utter her name in the presence of his visitor. "It came over us as a matter of course, and when we had met twice, we felt that we were destined for each other for all eternity."

Count Pal broke in with a contemptuous gesture.

"There was this slight difference in your feelings: My wife died over it, you have comforted yourself."

"You think so, count?" Eekensteen rose and drew himself to his full height. His eyes glowed with inextinguishable hatred. "Then let me tell you that I do not intend to share the memory of her who was once mine with anyone else in this world."

Count Pal's cheek blanched. "Sir, I have given my word!" he cried.

"But when you gave it, you did not know all, and I have the right to release you from your oath"

The next day the evening edition of the Vienna Neue Freie Presse contained the following telegram:

Zdarnow, Galicia: The famous German painter, Hans Eekensteen, who was visiting this little town, was killed today in a duel which was fought under very mysterious circumstances. His opponent was Count Pal-Wedembergh, Captain of the Zdarnow Dragoons, whose wife had been laid to rest on the morning of the encounter, the funeral being attended by almost the entire community. The most conflicting rumors are afloat concerning the cause of the duel. Those who are supposed to know best maintain absolute silence. Professor Eekensteen fell after the first exchange of bullets.

Yankel Abramek read the despatch a few days later in the "Hotel de l'Europe," and shrugged his shoulders. He might have given the correspondent of the Neue Freie Presse some authentic information, but he was a poor man who found it hard to make both ends meet, and he could not afford to incur the enmity of the officers of the garrison.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

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Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

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Do you believe in any organization which denies to any individual the right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

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3

Routes to select from in arranging your Summer Trip East this year under the extremely low round trip excursion tickets on sale many days during the months May to September 1911, via the

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SOME OF THE RATES ARE

Colorado Springs	$ 55.00
Atchison	60.00
Leavenworth	60.00
St. Joseph	60.00
Omaha	60.00
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Kansas City	60.00
St. Paul	73.50
Minneapolis	73.50
Duluth	79.50
Chicago	72.50
St. Louis	70.00
Houston	60.00
Dallas	60.00
Memphis	70.00
New Orleans	70.00
Washington	107.50
Baltimore	107.50
Philadelphia	108.50
Boston	110.50
New York	108.50
Toronto	95.70
Montreal	108.50
Quebec	116.50
Portland, Me.	113.50

SOME DATES

June 28, 29, 30
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7

Ask about the attractions and advantages offered by our Sunset, Ogden and Shasta Routes. Send for our Passenger Agent to call and explain routes and help you outline your trip. No charge. We'll be glad to do it.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28051, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, Plaintiff, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Shrader street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Page street and running thence northerly along said line of Shrader street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches to the westerly line of Shrader street and point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
951-3 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAWRENCE O'KEEFFE, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary O'Keeffe, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Joseph Farry, Esq., her attorney, at No. 614 Kohl Building, Northeast corner of California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), deceased.

MARY O'KEEFFE,
As Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Lawrence O'Keeffe, (also called Lawrence O'Keefe), (also called Laurence O. Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keeffe), (also called Laurence O'Keefe), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1911.

JOSEPH FARRY, Atty. for Executrix,
No. 614 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN HARTNETT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Philip M. Des Marais, Executor of the Last Will of Ellen Hartnett, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ellen Hartnett, deceased.

PHILIP M. DES MARAIS,
Executor of the Last Will of Ellen Hartnett, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1911.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Attys. for Executor,
Rooms 504-507 Grant Bldg., San Francisco. 6-10-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FREDERICK STEELE, Deceased—No. 11,657; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Frederick Steele, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Martin Stevens, Room 309 Mills Building, Northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Frederick Steele, deceased.

ROSE McCOOEY,
Administratrix of the Estate of Frederick Steele, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1911.

MARTIN STEVENS, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 309 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of JOHN M. DUNCAN, Deceased—No. 11,744; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, James H. Duncan, Administrator of the estate of John M. Duncan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Brennan & Lane, 901 Kohl Building, Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John M. Duncan, deceased.

JAMES H. DUNCAN,
Administrator of the Estate of John M. Duncan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., June 24, 1911.

BRENNAN & LANE, Attys. for Administrator,
901 Kohl Bldg., Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, California. 6-24-5

Auto Notes

Four years ago the Pierce Arrow Motor Car Company of Buffalo, in seeking to extend the variety of upholstery materials to be used in its cars, adopted hand tooled Cordovan leather. The first instance in which this leather was used was in an enclosed car shown at Madison Square Garden at the exhibition held in November, 1907.

Dr. W. T. Burks, the well-known automobile enthusiast of Fresno, arrived in San Francisco the other day and described a miraculous escape he and his chauffeur had last Saturday when driving in the mountains by suddenly coming to an open ditch in Squaw Valley and having to jump it in order to avoid being dashed down the mountains. The car he was driving was a 1911 Chalmers "30" touring car which he has driven over 3200 miles since March 19. Dr. Burks' son is the possessor of a Chalmers "30" Pony. Both the doctor and his son have owned several cars of other makes, but they now state that the Chalmers will serve the Burks family for a long time.

The Lozier is one of the latest of the big makers to enter the commercial truck field and about September 1 the Lozier trucks will be placed on sale with the various agencies throughout the country. This announcement was foreshadowed by the form of contracts which were sent out to dealers who are selling 1912 Lozier pleasure vehicles, these contracts expressly stipulating that the "privilege of selling Lozier commercial vehicles is not granted by this contract." The principal Lozier agencies in the larger cities, however, are arranging to take care of this part of the Lozier business next fall and of course the Lozier branch houses will all handle the truck line in connection with Lozier automobiles.

The Henderson Motor Car Co., national distributor for the Cole "30," advises the Pacific Motor Car Co. that a large percentage of that car's 1912 output will find a market in foreign fields. Extensive allotments have already been contracted for South America, the West Indies, Australia, Austria-Hungary, the Philippines and the East Indies.

On June 1 the Fisk Rubber Company of Chicopee Falls, Mass., opened a new branch at 1310-1312 K street, Sacramento. This makes thirty direct factory service branches now operated by the Fisk Company in different parts of the country Each branch is equipped with a repair department of unusual excellence and in charge of experienced tire workmen. In dealing with the branches a user of Fisk tires is getting direct factory service. Besides this direct representation, the Fisk Company has agencies for its products everywhere.

Every man, woman and child in the United States interested in motor cars has read of the recent remarkable time trials in Florida in which Bob Burman, the newly crowned speed king, lowered the world's records for the kilometre, mile and two miles. Only a few weeks before the same fearless driver had pulled down fifty miles with the Buick "Bug." Just the other day a 30 horsepower Buick won in the 230 and 300 cubic inch class in the famous Redlands Mile High Hillclimb in this State. This latter performance has at once become the talk of the coast in automobile circles. This Redlands course leads from the center of the town over two mountain ranges to an altitude of one mile, the course being 16 miles in length. At this time of the year this road is very rough and most of it narrow and full of sharp turns. This is the third consecutive year that the Buick has won this event in its class. The time was 21 minutes, 4 seconds.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WALTER N. BUSH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Walter N. Bush, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of O. M. Goldaracena, Esq., at Number 4 Montgomery avenue, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Walter N. Bush, deceased.

PAUL BARBIERI,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Walter N. Bush, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1911.

O. M. GOLDARACENA, Atty. for Executor,
4 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Superior Court, State of California, in and for City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,445.

Estate of HERMAN WESTERFELD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of F. J. Castelhun, Attorney at Law, Rooms 117-118 Investors Building, 787 Market Street, in said City and County, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Herman Westerfeld, deceased.

MARY L. WESTERFELD,
Administratrix of the Estate of Herman Westerfeld, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 6, 1911.

F. J. CASTELHUN and JOHN A. McGEE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Rooms 117-118 Investors Bldg., San Francisco. 5-6-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. C. FLANNERY, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE H. SHAFER, JOHN DOE, and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send greeting to George H. Shafer, John Doe and Jane Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. FLANNERY, Attorney for Plaintiff.
545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

NOTICE OF VOLUNTARY APPLICATION FOR DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,685; Dept. No. 4.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Application of MEADOWS DAIRY COMPANY, a Corporation, for Judgment of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the voluntary application of Meadows Dairy Company, a corporation formed, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, for a judgment of dissolution of said corporation, has been presented to the above named Court, and that Friday, the 30th day of June, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, and the Courtroom of Department No. 4, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been fixed as the time and place for hearing said application.

This notice commencing May 20, 1911, will expire on June 24, 1911, at any time before which expiration any person may file herein his objections to said application for dissolution.

Dated, May 16, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Applicant,
363 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal 5-20-6

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco No. 36,232; Dept. No. 4.

B. F. DURPHY, Plaintiff, vs. HUMBOLDT COUNTY BANK, a Corporation, BAYSIDE LUMBER COMPANY, a Corporation, E. W. CAMPBELL, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Humboldt County Bank, a Corporation, Bayside Lumber Company, a Corporation, E. W. Campbell, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of June, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Plaintiff. 6-24-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.No. 29489, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of ALICE T. MARTIN, deceased, MARY A. MARTIN; ELLEN T. MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the westerly line of Van Ness avenue with the northerly line of Willow avenue; thence running northerly along said line of Van Ness avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Att'y. for Plaintiff,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—N. 29492, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, ANNA McELVOY, JENNIE McELVOY, EMMA McELVOY, HELEN McELVOY and JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin) ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Berry Place, distant thereon one hundred and fifteen (115) feet easterly from the easterly line of Grant avenue; running thence easterly along said line of Berry Place twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles westerly twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles southerly sixty (60) feet to the northerly line of Berry Place and point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,894.

W. P. HASSELL, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. BUNGE, LUTELLUS SMITH, E. M. HERBERGER, and BLACK TOM GOLD MINES COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: William H. Bunge, Lutellus Smith, E. M. Herberger and Black Tom Gold Mines Company, a Corporation, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

L. S. LAMSON and LEO D. BYRNE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 6-3-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,486, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin), ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL ONE

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of "C" street with the easterly line of 44th avenue; running thence easterly along said southerly line of "C" street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles southerly, parallel with 44th avenue, one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles westerly seventy-five (75) feet to the easterly line of 44th avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of 44th avenue one hundred and ten (110) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL TWO

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy (170) feet and six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Tenth street; thence running southwesterly along said line of Folsom street thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northeasterly thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Mission Block No. 7 on the official Map of the City and County of San Francisco.

PARCEL THREE

Commencing at the northwest corner of 20th street, formerly Napa and Wisconsin streets; thence running westerly along the northerly line of 20th street, formerly Napa street, one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly three hundred and sixty (360) feet, more or less, to an old stone wall or fence, being the south line of land claimed by Matthew Crooks; thence southeasterly along said stone wall or fence one hundred and seven (107) feet, more or less, to the westerly line of Wisconsin street at a point thereon eighty-five (85) feet southerly from the southerly line of 19th street; thence southerly along said westerly line of Wisconsin street three hundred and fifteen (315) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning.

PARCEL FOUR

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon fifty (50) feet northeasterly from the notheasterly line of Eighth street; running thence northeasterly on said line of Folsom street eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly ninety-four (94) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty-two (52) feet and six (6) inches to the southwesterly line of Folsom avenue; thence southeasterly six (6) feet on said line of Folsom avenue; thence at right angles southwesterly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles nothwesterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly seventy-five (75) feet to the northeast line of Eighth street; thence at right angles northwesterly on said line of Eighth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles northwesterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

PARCEL FIVE

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of 15th avenue, distant thereon two hundred and thirty-four (234) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of "A" street; running thence northerly along said line of 15th avenue forty-eight (48) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet and three (3) inches; thence southeasterly forty-nine (49) feet, more or less, to the northerly line of subdivision No. 7; thence westerly one hundred and twenty-one (121) feet and five (5) inches to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SIX

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of Point Lobos avenue with the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue, running thence westerly along the said southerly line of Point Lobos avenue and hundred and eighty (180) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Thirty-first avenue, one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and eighty (180) feet to the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of Thirty-first avenue one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SEVEN

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Second avenue, south, distant thereon northwesterly one hundred and thirty-three (133) feet and four (4) inches from the intersection of the southerly line of second avenue south, with the westerly line of "N" street; running thence northwesterly on the southerly line of Second avenue south, sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; thence southwesterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the northerly line of Third avenue south; thence southeasterly along said sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; and thence northeasterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the southerly line of Second avenue south, and the point of commencement.

PARCEL EIGHT

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of First avenue south, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet northwesterly from "I" street south, running thence northwesterly on said line of First avenue south, one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly two hundred (200) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, and STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Att'ys. for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,836.

M. L. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff, vs. AMELIE ROSALIE MACE ARON and HENRY PEARTREE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Amelie Rosalie Mace Aron and Henry Peartree, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
502 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of E. J. BENEDICT, sometimes known, called and written as EGBERT J. BENEDICT, also sometimes known, called and written as EGBERT JUDSON BENEDICT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of E. J. Benedict, sometimes known, called and written as Egbert J. Benedict, also sometimes known, called and written as Egbert Judson Benedict, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, Emily W. Benedict, at the law office of Seth Mann and Aitken & Aitken, 559-565 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of E. J. Benedict, etc., deceased.

EMILY W. BENEDICT,
Executrix of the Estate of E. J. Benedict, etc., Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1911.

SETH MANN and AITKEN & AITKEN,
Attorneys for Executrix,
559-565 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES F. LYONS, Deceased. No. 11,631.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Patrick Lyons, Administrator of the estate of James F. Lyons, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Attorney at Law, 616-617 Metropolis Building, Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James F. Lyons, deceased.

PATRICK LYONS,
Administrator of the Estate of James F. Lyons, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1911.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Atty. for Administrator,
616-617 Metropolis Building,
Market and New Montgomery Sts., S. F. 6-10-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 34,748, Dept. No. 3.

ALMA McWILLIAMS, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH L. McWILLIAMS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Joseph L. McWilliams, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten (10) days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty (30) days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Plaintiff,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-15-10

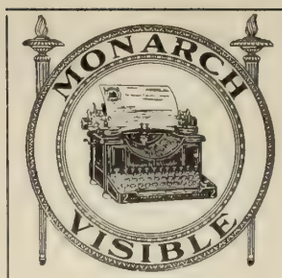
Letters

Remarks on Books for the Young

Some one has kindly compiled a list of a dozen books made up from the reports of librarians and has put it forth as the "best" books for boys, the judgment being based apparently on the choice of boys themselves. The list includes: "Toby Tyler," "Treasure Island," "Tom Sawyer," "The Fast Mail," "The Aztec Treasure House," "Derrick Sterling," "Master of the Strong Hearths," "The Red Mustang," "The Young Section Hand," "Little Smoke," "Fighting a Fire," and "The Young Ranchman," and appears to be a fair selection from the usual type of books put within easy reach of the young. However, at best, boys and girls have but little determining hand in the matter of book selection. They can but choose more or less wisely from selections already made for them and if one may judge from the attitude of the parents and elders who are encountered in the book stores, the ultimate choice is that of the salespeople who have no real interest in the matter save in disposing of their wares. A number of volumes are segregated, placed on a table or on shelves and labeled and the purchasers are attracted by the guiding signs. One often encounters well-meaning elders buying "Rollo" books, in blissful unconsciousness that the scheme of travel has been changed and even the map of Europe made over since the days when the series was almost the only one suitable for young children and the didactic, statistical style in which the youthful traveler was crammed with information really a pleasant path to learning in comparison with anything else to be had. The reviews of children's books are written by generations one or two removes from that for which the tales are composed, and very often out of touch with it. Elderly folk have lost the point of view and decide a story is admirable because they think they would have found it so in their own youth. The juvenile sections of the libraries are supplied with the volumes which the elders think boys and girls like, and the young make the best of a bad bargain. Meanwhile, being fed on the water gruel of literature and the predigested and peptonized adaptations, whatever natural taste they may have been endowed with is stunted and vitiated or else they cease to read at all because they derive neither pleasure nor profit from what is within reach Can any one imagine a real live boy sitting down to Alger or Optic or Stratemeyer, if he had a chance at Stewart Edward White's "The Mountains," "The Pass," "The Forest," "The River Man," "The Rules of the Game?" A new edition of the "Life and Adventures of James Capen Adams" has recently been issued, but it will be hidden away amongst the biographies and memoirs instead of going into the juvenile division. Eleanor Gates' "Biography of a Prairie Girl" ought to be amongst the girls' book whether the adults are supplied or not. Bailey Millard's "Lure of Gold" belongs to the boys, too, and Alvah Milton Kerr's "Diamond Key" It would be an easy matter to make up a list of twenty-five good books that would take the place of the juvenile trash which the children themselves complain of as being "all read up the first time." The children of today have their literary judgmen blunted by extremes. In school they are dosed with the predigested classics, distorted Scott and Dickens chewed over by prudes who have changed plots and relationships and remodeled the language lest some precocious one may become sophisticated, and in the libraries they are supplied with cheap chewing gum because it saves trouble. It is the exceptional child who sees a book at home at all and even in the odd cases it is too apt to be something from the department store selected on the recommendation of a sales girl who has little knowledge and no interest in the recipient. Precisely the opposite extreme has been reached in Russia where there is no restriction on the inclinations of the very young, with the result that they gorge themselves on Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Gorky and everything else indiscriminately, and suffer acutely from mental and moral indigestion for which their remedy is too frequently suicide. As an indication of what boys really like when they have a free choice in the matter and a knowledge and opportunity for indulging it, there is an interesting group of youngsters yet in knickerbockers who frequent the reading room of one of the public libraries and seize upon "Popular Mechanics" and "The Scientific American," poring over new and old copies, studying out diagrams and calling each other's attention to articles of special interest to them. In appearance they are just average boys of twelve years or so but by some good fortune they have been turned from the treadmill. It would be of no loss and probably a considerable gain if the whole volume of girls' and boys' books were swept out of existence along with nine-tenths of all the fiction. In theory the inability to read is a dire misfortune for which nothing can compensate. In fact a large part of the population would be gainers if they could not read anything rather than as now, wasting their time on sensational newspapers and trashy books.

Pierre Loti, the eccentric French novelist and essayist, claims that he is a reincarnation of the Egyption King Sesostris, and by way of proof he had postal cards printed showing the profile of the Sesostris mummy side by side with his own. The likeness is said to be striking, both profiles showing the same receding forehead, hawk-like nose and identical chin. Below the picture is the inscription: "Sesostris, deincarnated B. C. 1250;" "Pierre Loti, not yet deincarnated, A. D. 1911."

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland who took time by the forelock and launched a volume of school-girly essays when she was mistress of the White House has just brought out a new translation of the "Soliloquies of St. Augustine."



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